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*Photo, by Herbert Bell, Ambleside, taken from the painting.*

The  
Complete Works  
of  
William Wordsworth.

With  
Introduction and Notes  
by

Charles Kennett Burrow.

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# IOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

ce the year 1770, in which William  
orth was born, and from that point  
ward and forward for ten years,  
seen into what a changing and  
ary period he first entered. Those  
ears show very clearly to us

how the old order was being  
for the advent of the new, not  
natters of literature, but also in  
which were to touch very closely  
nd constancy of the people. The

of the eighteenth century in  
as on the wane long before the  
at century. The year after the  
on of Goldsmith's "Traveller"  
ame the publication of Bishop  
"Reliques of Ancient British  
an event of infinite importance  
ture—an event so important,  
that even to-day its influence is  
in indirect and suggestive ways.

o at that time there were things  
nt which were to lead to conse-  
unforeseen and terrible. In  
he Revolution was already sim-  
and that catastrophe was to  
England even against her will.  
influenced Wordsworth in par-  
re shall see later.

n Wordsworth, then, in his own  
was born at Cockermouth, in  
and, on April 7th, 1770, the  
on of John Wordsworth, attorney-  
s lawyers of this class were then  
nd law-agent to Sir James  
afterwards Earl of Lonsdale.  
er was Anne, only daughter of  
Cookson, mercer, of Penrith, and  
ay, born Crackanthorpe, of the  
mily of that name, who from the  
Edward the Third had lived in  
en Hall, Westmoreland." The  
andfather was the first of the  
rth name who came into West-  
, so that in the main we have to

attribute Wordsworth's passion for his  
native county more to his maternal than  
to his paternal stock; and it is worth  
noting that, in the life history of poets, the  
maternal stock has usually counted for  
much. This grandfather was descended  
from a family which had settled at Penis-  
ton, in Yorkshire, near the sources of the  
Don: probably, says Wordsworth himself,  
with characteristic naïveté, before the  
Norman Conquest. At any rate, these  
Wordsworths appear in the records of  
Peniston parish at quite an early date,  
which we may accept as carrying them  
back to the fifteenth century.

John Wordsworth, then, as we have  
seen, was an attorney at Cockermouth.  
His marriage with Anne Cookson had  
issue in five children, of whom Richard  
(1768-1816) was first. Then came William,  
the greatest of the Wordsworth name, and  
afterwards Dorothy (1771-1855), John  
(1772-1805), and Christopher (1774-1846).  
Mrs. Wordsworth, the mother of this  
remarkable family, died in 1778, of a chill  
contracted in London—a chill, as Words-  
worth somewhat quaintly puts it, resulting  
from "a best bedroom," which was, doubt-  
less, damp. Of all her children, William  
had caused Mrs. Wordsworth the most  
anxiety, for the austere and equable poet  
of later years had in his youth a brooding  
and violent temper. It is recorded of  
him that he once slashed a whip through  
a picture, and that at another time he  
contemplated suicide as a retaliation for a  
punishment which he no doubt considered  
unjust. But after all, these things go for  
nothing; anyone who knows anything  
about the imaginative boy, even though  
his imagination takes him no further than  
the insecure refuge of a tree-top, knows  
that in these things is merely the natural  
and wholesome revolt of youth.

It is not necessary to say much of

Wordsworth's earliest education. He went to schools in Cockermouth and Penrith, but learned very little—very little, that is to say, which commended itself to his teachers. But soon he was to begin that finer learning which is concerned neither with creeds nor classics—that learning which is only open to the simple in spirit and the entirely pure in mind. John Wordsworth, after the death of his wife, never quite recovered any reasonable degree of cheerfulness, and between his business and his children he became perplexed. Therefore, and not unreasonably, Richard and William were sent to Hawkshead Grammar School in 1778.

And with this change begins the real and authentic life of the boy who was to give a new impulse to English literature. Of the essential value of that impulse there can be no doubt, but, as I shall try to show later, it has often been exaggerated and sometimes misunderstood. At Hawkshead Wordsworth was very happy, partly, as he says himself, because he was left at liberty, then and in the vacations, to browse at will amongst books. He read all Fielding, "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," and as much Swift as he liked—fairly strong food for a boy. Hawkshead Grammar School was, in its way, almost an ideal institution; it was founded in 1585 by Archbishop Sandys, and maintained a kind of simple and patriarchal discipline. The teaching staff was small, consisting of a head master and an usher, and the pupils were mainly drawn from the families of local farmers. One great and rare advantage of the institution was the freedom allowed—a freedom, in Wordsworth's case, which stimulated in precisely the right direction a mind quick to receive impressions and passionate to retain them. When the boys left the school-house they were free; most of them had lodgings in the village—simple and cheap, of necessity, but of the kind to foster a love of quiet things. And Wordsworth was happy in

these surroundings as well as in his favourite teacher, William Taylor, who was head master during the last four years of his time at Hawkshead. Of Taylor, Wordsworth has left some record in the poem "Matthew," though the portrait is rather composite than individual. But there was much in "Matthew" of the teacher who fostered in the boy that brooding love of nature which was to bear such imperishable fruit.

And Hawkshead itself was just the place to inspire the boy. The little gray town to-day is much the same as it was then, nestling in a country whose pastoral quiet is surrounded by the more august quiet of the hills. Wordsworth, indeed, was always a freeman of the hills, from whence came his strength. No poet has been more fortunate in his youth, just as no poet ever made such use of his youthful opportunities. In a way he was set apart from the first for the high calling to which he was to attain; and in the later difficulties which arose, when he was tossed about by indecision and doubt, he always seemed to look back to the Hawkshead days for strength and assurance. But it must not be supposed that he was a melancholy and moody boy; he delighted in active exercise of all kinds, in riding and fishing and rowing, and he had none of the physical fear which is so often one of the weaknesses of imaginative youth. He would go to take a raven's nest, as he has told us in "The Prelude," with the utmost confidence, and looking back on the adventure the circumstances were recorded with an added touch of knowledge:—

Oh! when I have hung  
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass  
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock,  
But ill-sustained and almost (so it seemed)  
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,  
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time  
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,  
With what strange utterance did the loud dry  
wind

## BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a  
• sky  
Of earth—and with what motion moved the  
• clouds!

There is a sense of fear in the lines, but it is not a sense of physical fear; it is rather the noble terror of the imagination for vastness and uncomprehended power.

Of Wordsworth's earliest attempts at versification not much need be said: no doubt he experimented much, and spoiled paper, as is the way of all poets in their youth. And it was some time before he was to become himself, throwing aside, as far as possible, hampering tradition and the vicious eighteenth century conventions. But we shall have to return later to his poetical development, which was so logical and so slow.

In 1783 John Wordsworth, the poet's father, died, leaving his family in very straitened circumstances, for the greater part of his fortune, £5000, had been "forcibly borrowed" from him, as Mr. Myers puts it, by that remarkable person Sir James Lowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale. Such a high-handed proceeding was apparently dictated by Sir James Lowther's desire to have absolute control over the unfortunate attorney who was his agent; and having borrowed the money, he refused to repay it. The greater part of the remaining money was spent in endeavouring to force Lord Lonsdale to disgorge; but when the case came before the court, it was found that the eccentric nobleman had retained every counsel on the circuit, and he appeared in person with a cloud of witnesses. The money was finally repaid by Lord Lonsdale's successor in 1801, when £8500 was handed over to the Wordsworths, which included the original sum, with interest added.

It was with considerable difficulty that the guardians, his uncles Richard Wordsworth and Christopher Crackanthorpe, raised sufficient money to keep the poet at Hawkshead. He remained there,

however, until 1787, when it was decided that he should be sent to Cambridge. Accordingly, in October of that year, he went up as an undergraduate to St. John's College, Cambridge. But he went up without any definite ideas of study, and his guardians were at a loss how to deal with a youth who objected to advice, and was, at the same time, extremely self-confident. Teaching, the Bar, or the Church, seemed the only professions open to him, but as time went on he became more and more disinclined to tie himself to any definite occupation.

The influence of University life upon Wordsworth was in some directions, no doubt, entirely good, though in others it made only for unsettlement. The Cambridge of those days was undisciplined, and its ideals not of the highest; there was much barely-concealed license, and little encouragement for serious spirits. Wordsworth naturally went up with a high and glittering conception, based, perhaps, as much upon imagination as tradition. When the coach drew up at the Hoop Inn he found himself surrounded by old Hawkshead friends, who gave him advice on all manner of points, and helped him to provide himself with all manner of things, from silk stockings to a splendid dressing-gown. Yet though he fell into the ways of University life, always excepting vicious ways, he felt himself something of a stranger and a sojourner. Not there were his "holy powers" to come to fruition, nor was Cambridge to mark him as one of her characteristic sons. But he was not indifferent to what the place could really give him, nor was he likely to forget the long roll of English poets whom the University had nurtured, to which roll he was to add another splendid name. And he came to love, too, the simple scenery which surrounded him, so different from his native moors and mountains, yet part of that universal nature which was to him the very symbol and expression of God.

Fortune here, at least, was kind beyond the common way of fortune. In the history of poets there is no more happy instance of the hour supplying the need, and Wordsworth at once grasped the chance and used it worthily. He was used to economy—it was, indeed, bred in him both by heredity and circumstance, and decision was instant. To his own slender fortune was added what little Dorothy possessed, and in 1795 they settled together at Racedown, in Dorsetshire. With the Racedown days Wordsworth's true life-work commenced. It is true that the verse written there was small in quantity (if we except "*The Borderers*," a tragedy for which one reader at least can find no enthusiasm), and it is also true that it was inveterately gloomy in character; but the cure had commenced, and the certainty of his vocation grew stronger day by day.

Dorothy, as has been said, was the prevailing and beautiful instrument of that cure. Perhaps it is hardly just to apply the word "sacrifice" to her life-long association with her brother; and yet to the student of life who looks below mere facts, the element of sacrifice can hardly be counted out. She was herself almost a woman of genius, and she certainly possessed the intuitive genius of sympathy and appreciation which tells so strongly in a world of moods and blindness. Coleridge said of her: "She is a woman indeed! In mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! . . . In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw would say:

Guilt was a thing impossible with her.

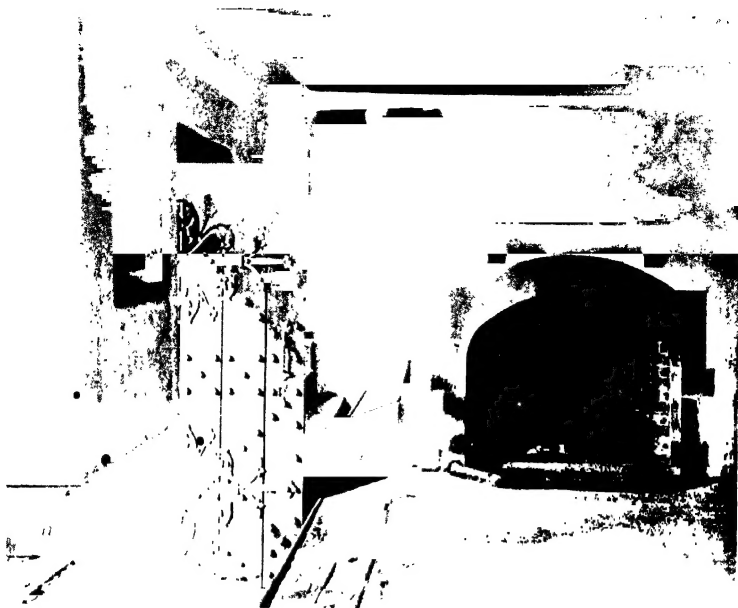
Her information is various. Her eye watchful in minutest observation of Nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer. It bends, protrudes, and draws

in at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults."

But perhaps De Quincey's final summing up of her is even more suggestive: "She was content to be ignorant of many things, but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her most fervid heart."

Dorothy Wordsworth's personality completed, as it were, the imperfect circle of her brother's; she had a lightness, gaiety, and alertness which he lacked; and even the illness which weighed so heavily both upon mind and body in her later years, was probably due to the fact that she overtaxed her strength in keeping pace with the poet in his strenuous mountain rambles. Under this lovely influence Wordsworth returned to Nature with purged eyes.

"*The Borderers*" was offered to Covent Garden in 1797, and was, quite naturally, rejected, the truth is, that Wordsworth had no faculty for drama; he lacked, indeed, almost all the essentials. But that year was to mark an association and a departure of far greater importance than the failure of "*The Borderers*" to find a home. In June, Coleridge, who was living at Nether Stowey, visited the Wordsworths, and in July, in order to be near that compelling genius, they moved to Alfoxden, some three miles from Coleridge's home. The change was in every sense fortunate; it brought Wordsworth into contact with a mind more brilliantly speculative than his own, enlarged his views, and gave a new impulse to his powers. At the same time, Alfoxden had natural beauties which Racedown lacked. The house was large, its park was stocked with deer, and it was within sight, almost within sound, of the sea. The Coleridge circle, too, included men of ideas, such as George Burnett, Charles Lloyd, and John Thelwall, and in Coleridge's house at Nether Stowey he first met Charles Lamb.



*Photo. by Herbert Bell, Ambleside.*

**Wordsworth's Desk.**



*Photo. by Herbert Bell, Ambleside.*

**WO.**

**Dove Cottage.**



The story of the inception of the idea of the "Lyrical Ballads," the joint venture of Coleridge and Wordsworth, has been often told, but it must once more be repeated, and it can best be done in Wordsworth's own words:—

"In the autumn of 1797, Mr. Coleridge, my sister, and myself started from Alfoxen pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton, and the Valley of Rye near to it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. In the course of this walk was planned the poem of 'The Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which was to bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading Shelvocke's 'Voyages,' a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the petulant spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. We began the composition together, on that to me memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:

And listened like a three years' child;  
The Mariner had his will.

wo.

As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. 'The Ancient Mariner' grew and grew, till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume, which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects, taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium."

The "Lyrical Ballads" were published by Cottle, of Bristol, in September, 1798, the authors receiving the not ungenerous sum of thirty guineas. The volume was a failure, and Cottle transferred the copyright to Wordsworth, who brought out a new edition in 1800 containing the celebrated preface on poetic diction. Of the poems contained in the "Lyrical Ballads," infinitely the finest was "The Ancient Mariner," though, curiously enough, Wordsworth never had a full appreciation of that wonderful piece of work. Indeed, he even attributed to its inclusion in the volume the failure of the "Lyrical Ballads;" but it was retained in the second edition. Wordsworth's narrowness of appreciation is shown very characteristically in his attitude towards "The Ancient Mariner;" it was not that he refused to admire it, but that he was incapable of grasping its heart of mystery and terror and elusive beauty. There was, indeed, little in common between the imagination which produced "The Ancient Mariner" and the imagination which produced "The Idiot Boy." Already Wordsworth was on the track of that theory of realism which was to influence all his more elaborate work—a theory, however, from which he sometimes fortunately escaped into the freedom which is the kingship of poetry.



and Coleridge, made an excursion to the Lakes, and before Christmas of that year the poet and Dorothy were settled in Dove Cottage, Grasmere.

From this point the poet's life runs smoothly to its end. Many things, of course, were to happen, and much work remained to be done, but with the establishment of the little household at Grasmere the door was closed upon uncertainties and doubts. That life of quiet contemplation amongst his native fells and waters which had always, since the Hawkshead days, been Wordsworth's dream, opened out before him in a delightful prospect. The selection of Dove Cottage was an inspiration, and round it, rather than round Rydal Hall, are gathered the most intimate Wordsworth associations. Even to-day, when the house has been turned into a museum, and the best bed is disguised in an embroidered coverlid (the gift of indiscreet admirers), one may summon up authentic and touching emotions. Days of greater prosperity were in store, as well as public recognition; also for Wordsworth at least, days of completer happiness in marriage; but one likes to dwell particularly upon the first two years at Dove Cottage, when brother and sister had found rest in the desired haven.

In 1800, Coleridge settled at Greta Hall, Keswick, and the old familiar intercourse was resumed. Wordsworth, of necessity, lived the simplest of lives; he worked in his garden, wrote, walked, and occasionally entertained visitors. In this year the first book of "The Recluse" was completed and many of the Pastorals written; also "The Prelude" slowly grew. The manner of the life at Dove Cottage may be gathered from almost any entry in Dorothy's Journal:—

"Friday, 1st August (1800).—In the morning I copied 'The Brothers.' Cole-ridge and Wm. went down to the lake. They returned, and we all went together to Mary Point, where we sate in the breeze,

and the shade, and read William's poems. Altered 'The Whirlblast,' etc. We drank tea in the orchard."

"Saturday morning, 2nd.—Wm. and Coleridge went to Keswick. John went with them to Wytheburn, and staid all day fishing, and brought home two small pikes at night. I accompanied them to Lewthwaite's cottage, and on my return papered Wm.'s rooms. . . . About eight o'clock it gathered for rain, and I had the scatterings of a shower, but afterwards the lake became of a glassy calmness, and all was still. I sate till I could see no longer, and then continued my work in the house."

A simple pastoral life, and in the case of Dorothy, a life full of patient and loving service.

The next event to be recorded is the poet's marriage to Mary Hutchinson, which took place at Brompton, near Scarborough, on October 4th, 1802. No happier marriage is to be found in the annals of poets. Mrs. Wordsworth united placidity and the faculty for self-effacement with a keen poetical appreciation; she was, indeed, herself capable of genuine poetical production, and Wordsworth himself stated that the finest lines in "The Daffodils"—

They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,

were his wife's. She was also entirely free from the little jealousies of women, so that her old companionship with, and love for, Dorothy was in no wise affected. Dorothy still continued to live under the same roof, devoting herself, as before, to the service to which she had voluntarily dedicated her life. Wordsworth was clearly fortunate above the ordinary lot of mortals in his womenkind. His worldly prospects, too, were now safe from shipwreck. Lord Lonsdale's successor had repaid the money, with interest, which the arbitrary old peer had dragged from his unfortunate agent. The poet's

and Dorothy's share of this amounted to about £1800 each. To them this represented riches and peace.

The year 1803 was marked by three important events—the birth of the poet's first child, John; the beginning of his friendship with Sir George Beaumont, of Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire; and the first Highland tour. Sir George Beaumont was staying at Greta Hall with Coleridge when he first met Wordsworth, and his desire to bring Wordsworth to Keswick resulted in the gift to the poet of a piece of land at Applethwaite, below Skiddaw. But the plan fell through. More important than this gift, however, was the friendship to which it led, for Sir George Beaumont brought Wordsworth into contact with a world which he was always rather prone to neglect. Also, he inspired in Wordsworth that interest in landscape-gardening which resulted in certain practical and beautiful experiments, which may be seen in full development in the Lake District to-day.

The Highland tour was fruitful in another way—it produced some of Wordsworth's most perfect work, notably "The Highland Girl" and "The Solitary Reaper." Of the last-named poem nothing remains to be said; it is there for all time—a piece of simple music, full of passion that hardly understands itself, and a yearning which must always find an echo in the hearts of men. This Highland girl, indeed, always haunted his thoughts, so that even in his seventy-third year he said, "I have a most vivid remembrance of her, and the beautiful objects with which she was surrounded."

In the following year, 1804, "The Prelude" was continued, and Dora, the dearly-loved, was born. The year 1805 saw the first of the losses which were later to darken the poet's life; in February, his brother John, who had spent some months with him at Grasmere a few years before, was drowned in the wreck of the *Abergavenny*, the

East Indiaman of which he was captain. The pilot failed in getting the ship out of the Channel, and she struck on the Shambles. This loss hit the poet hard. "For myself," he said, "I feel that there is something cut out of my life which cannot be restored. I never thought of him but with hope and delight. . . . I never wrote a line without a thought of giving him pleasure; my writings, printed and manuscript, were his delight, and one of the chief solaces of his long voyages." But from this discipline of sorrow he learnt only an added tenderness.

The remaining incidents in Wordsworth's life need not be dwelt upon in such full detail. We have seen him pass safely through an unsettled youth to the quiet of conviction and the content of an ideal home life. The remainder of his life-story is concerned mainly with his work, and the slow, the very slow, growth of public recognition. In 1805 "The Prelude" was finished, and in 1807 "Poems in Two Volumes" was published. The "Poems" were violently attacked in the *Edinburgh Review*, for no more reason than usually inspired the violent attacks for which the *Edinburgh* of those days was notorious. Yet the volumes contained some of the best of the Sonnets, and the magnificent "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." In 1808, Wordsworth moved from Dove Cottage to Allan Bank, where he continued the composition of "The Excursion." At Allan Bank he saw much of Coleridge and De Quincey, and in 1810 occurred that unfortunate estrangement between Wordsworth and Coleridge which was to continue for two years. These, indeed, were dark days for the poet; his best had gone unrecognised save by the few; his family was increasing, and money, in spite of the strictest economy, was running short. In this predicament he bethought him of the successor of his

father's old employer, Lord Lonsdale, to whom, in 1812, he applied for some office carrying reasonable emolument. This was secured to him in 1813 by his appointment as Stamp Distributor for Westmoreland, a position which implied only very trifling duties, such as could be discharged by a clerk, and added about £400 a year to the poet's income. It was thus that the whirligig of time was pleasantly revenged on the obstinate old peer.

In the year of this good fortune Wordsworth moved to Rydal Mount, the house which was to be his home till the end. The year before, while living at the Rectory, he had lost two of his children, both very young. A second tour in Scotland was planned and executed in 1814, but of this not much record was left in verse. In that year also "The Excursion" was published, and in 1815 the first collected edition of the "Poems" appeared. The reviews of "The Excursion" were not particularly encouraging, though the fault was not always the reviewer's. Lamb's notice in the *Quarterly* was terribly hacked about by Gifford. Writing to Wordsworth on the subject, Lamb said: "The *language* he has altered throughout. Whatever inadequateness it had to its subject, it was, in point of composition, the prettiest piece of prose I ever writ: and so my sister (to whom alone I read the MS.) said. That charm, if it had any, is all gone: more than a third of the substance is cut away, and that not all from one place, but *passim*, so as to make utter nonsense. Every warm expression is changed for a nasty cold one." But, after all, "The Excursion" was not built for popularity: it had, of necessity, to grow slowly into recognition, and even to-day not many people, I imagine, have read it through. Yet it holds infinite beauties in its sometimes hoddend-grey, like gems shining against a background of earth.

In 1817 Wordsworth was in London, staying with his brother, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, at Lambeth Rectory, and on the occasion of that visit to town he met Keats at Haydon's "immortal dinner." A couple of years later the poet was made a J.P. for Westmoreland, an office not inconsistent, perhaps, with poetry, but one which seems peculiarly unfitted for such a poet as Wordsworth. The powers that were, however, doubtless regarded him not so much in his true vocation as poet, as in his official capacity of Distributor of Stamps.

The remaining thirty years of Wordsworth's life were years of increasing fame and recognition. His best verse, indeed, was done, but he never ceased to write or to revise what he had already written. No poet was ever more careful, more patiently laborious over the perfection of his work. From this time on both new work and various editions of the old appeared. In 1820, with his wife and sister, he made a tour through Switzerland to the Italian Lakes, which he recorded in verse by no means at his highest level, and in the same year his "Miscellaneous Poems," in four volumes, were published, besides a second edition of "The Excursion." The "Ecclesiastical Sketches," that remarkable series of sonnets, were produced in 1822.

Three things only of importance remain to be recorded. In 1834 died Coleridge and Charles Lamb, two men who had been of infinite service to Wordsworth's intellectual life. Coleridge, indeed, had been the first outside the poet's immediate circle to recognise and acclaim his genius, and to Lamb he owed the sanest of criticism, as well as the humanizing influence which all felt who came into contact with that beautiful spirit. In 1843, Wordsworth then being 73 years of age, he was appointed to the Laureateship, an appointment which was the proper culmination of the honour in which the old



*Photo. by Herbert Bell, Ambleside.*

**Rydal Mount.**



*Photo. by Herbert Bell, Ambleside.*  
W.O.

**Wordsworth's Grave.**



was then held, putting the crown, as ere, upon the enthusiasm of the audience, to whom Keble introduced him as prary D.C.L. of Oxford University years earlier. Four years later the daughter, Dora, who had married ard Quillinan in 1841, died. With event Wordsworth's life may be said ave come to an end. For three years lived to mourn her loss, but not as e who sorrow without hope.

any accounts of Wordsworth's peral appearance and character are extant, on the whole, they agree surprisingly. observers are agreed as to the tall, nt figure, the lined and rugged face, and force and fire of the eyes. His temper naturally headstrong, but he kept it under control; his habit of violent sical exercise was in this respect a guard and a cure. To those with m he came into close personal act he was sympathetic and comicative, but he had small faculty for ecting himself. He had, unquestion-; the power of sympathetic imagina- but it was almost wholly subjective. h as he loved the people who were t him in the countryside, much as wrote about them, he does not seem to : entered into their lives and ways any actual enthusiasm. In this con- ion some of the most interesting ements on record have been collected anon Rawnsley. The butcher boy, once carried meat to the Rydal nt kitchen, said: . . . "as for Mister dsworth, he'd pass you, save as if yan nobbut a stean. He niver cared for der, however; yan may be certain of , for didn't I have to pass him four s in t'week, up to the door wi' meat? he niver oncst said owt. Ye're well re, if he'd been fond of children he a spoke." Another witness, who had : been gardener's boy at Rydal Mount, : "He was ter'ble thrang with visitors folks, ye mun kna, at times, but if he

could git awa fra them for a spell, he was out upon his gres walk; and then he would set his head a bit forrad, and put his hands behint his back. And then he would start a bumming, and it was bum, bum, bum, stop; then bum, bum, bum, reet down till t'other end, and then he'd set down and git a bit o' paper out and write a bit; and then he git up, and bum, bum, bum, and goa on bumming for long enough right down and back again. I suppose, ya kna, the bumming helped him out a bit." And another man who had known him, being asked whether Wordsworth had any friends amongst the shepherds, replied: "Naay, naay, he cared nowt about fwoak, nor sheep, nor dogs (he hed a girt fine yan, weighed nine stone, to guard t' hoose), not nae mair than he did aboot claes he hed on—his hobby was potry." All of which goes to prove that Wordsworth did not mingle with his kind, and write from the actual experience only so to be acquired, but that he idealised and wrote subjectively. And this is very important to remember in view of certain statements to the effect that Wordsworth was a faithful delineator of the character of the dalesmen. Faithful he was, but it was to an ideal.

\* So much has been written about Wordsworth, so much, too, which in no way tended to enlightenment, that one approached a recent new study of his work and personality with some uneasiness. But in the case of Professor Raleigh's Wordsworth there was no cause for such uneasiness. Professor Raleigh appears to have had no aim other than that of illustrating and illuminating his author by means of careful, sincere, and profound study of his work. He refused to separate Wordsworth, the supreme poet, from Wordsworth the uninspired

\* The concluding part of this introduction is practically reprinted from an article contributed by the writer to *The Academy* for March 24th, 1903.

and indifferent versifier; he declined to accept the attitude practically adopted by some critics that there were two Wordsworths, the "less loquacious of the two" being inspired, which leads to the assumption that "the poet is no longer a man speaking to men, but a reed through which a god fitfully blows." This position, with many poets, could hardly be defended; but with Wordsworth, who was essentially a single-minded and philosophical poet, it only needs postulating for the instant perception of its truth. It may be said, of course, with justice that when Wordsworth was least philosophical, when he was overwhelmed with a sense of beauty or caught up by a divine memory, he was greatest as a poet. But, after all, those supreme visitings were not too common: Wordsworth was a poet rather of passionate contemplation than of direct lyrical impulse: he glorified memory by experience, and touched the past, his own past, with the almost unimaginable glow of accumulated perceptions. And out of this method there came forth a sublimated truth founded actually upon experience and life itself—a narrow life and narrow experience it may be, but nevertheless capable of infinite adjustments to human needs because of its most profound sincerity.

Professor Raleigh writes:—"Of Wordsworth . . . it is hardly true to say that his strength and his weakness are closely knit up together; rather they are the same; his strength at its best is weakness made perfect, his weakness is the wasteful ebullition of his strength. It may be just and necessary to pronounce some of his poems childish, and others dull or silly; it cannot be right to neglect them on that account, if we remember that the teachers whom he most revered, and from whom he learned the best part of his lore, were children, rustics, men of simple habits and slow wits."

In that statement the author, I think,

goes too far, though he corrects it a little what in his later chapter on "The Diction." There is really no reason in the world why poems inspired by "children, rustics, men of simple habits and slow wits," should be either "childish, dull or silly." Often these results were brought about by Wordsworth's persistent use of the vernacular which was not a vernacular at all; in aiming at a simplicity based on an impracticable theory, he often lay himself in the deeps of bathos. They indeed, lay not with his teachers but with himself, and mainly in a lack of humour and the absence of a sense of the incongruous. And it has always appeared to me that Wordsworth's knowledge of the rustics stopped short of real knowledge. I am always haunted by the feeling that his rustics are not studies from which we see the philosopher by the roadside or on the mountain asking questions, giving us the answers which he receives after passing them through the crucible of his own personality. Children, we are told, were rather afraid of him, and the instinct of the rustic and the child was often one. We do not conceive of Wordsworth as an actor in fire-side revels or an explorer of actual motive in other people; he searches after emotions in the very heart of action. He had no spirit of adventure. When, in the Fourth Book of "The Prelude," he meets with the soldier, he "tells in few plain words a soldier's tale," he merely finds shelter for the man in the wayside cottage, and leaves him with entreaty that he will not linger in the public highway, but ask for help when he needs it. There, I always feel, was an opportunity wasted; at once the poet's eye is turned in again upon himself. Wordsworth's treatment of the Cumberland dalesmen, says Professor Raleigh, "we have been suitable enough for royal use itself." That is to say, that Wordsworth hardly approached them in the best spirit, and though we must respect him for

enderness and consideration, we feel that it was not intimate enough, the knowledge which touches to the heart. I have said so much concerning this side of Wordsworth's personality because Professor Raleigh and Mr. Myers lay stress upon the poet's truthful depiction of country character. Mr. Myers so far as to say:—"We may almost venture . . . to assert that no writer

Shakespeare has left so true a record of the British nation"—an assertion with which I cannot at all agree.

Wordsworth is a self-interpreter, and as an interpreter of nature through the medium of a personality which had trained the inner eye to the utmost of sane capacity, if I use the phrase, Wordsworth stands alone. No other such honest poetical biography exists as "The Prelude;" the story of a development glorified and by memory, but never swerving from the plain road of truth. It was Wordsworth's way to treasure memories of experiences until some later flash of insight set them in their true relation, or upon them the glory which was their true consummation; he waited, in a spirit of rapt humility, "for the light from heaven to fall."

Professor Raleigh well says:—"True as the sun, he held, is not to be attained by the effort of intellectual elaboration, but by the opening of the eye, an intense and rare clarity of outlook. He was haunted by a sense that truth was there, directly before him, filling the whole compass of the universe—the greatest and most obvious and clearest of all things, if only the eye could learn to see it. But the tricky, ill-trained sense of man moves restlessly and restlessly over its surface and finds nothing to arrest attention; sees nothing, indeed, until it is caught by the antics of some of the old accomplices. . . . For himself,

he sought admittance to the mystery by two principal means. It is something to clear the mind of petty cares and to be still and attentive, but it is not enough. There are guides to the heights of contemplation; and there are fortunate moments of excitement that roll away the clouds against which the traveller has long been straining his baffled eyesight."

It was for "the illumination which comes from the transfiguring power of high-wrought emotions" that Wordsworth waited. He sometimes mistook the illumination; in a mind so self-centred, the light evolved from within was now and then accepted as an authentic visitation from without. Yet sometimes the two lights seemed to meet and mingle in a beauty which was both of earth and spirit; so they mingled in "Lines written above Tintern Abbey," and in the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." In those two poems we have Wordsworth at a best unapproached, and it may well be unapproachable.

There is no danger nowadays that Wordsworth will be given a lower place than he deserves, and it is true that those who know him best grow into an increasing love and reverence for him. Even in his most pedestrian moments, even when the very technicalities of his art seem to have slipped beyond his reach, we feel the breathings of an august spirit and the glimmerings of some not wholly forgotten "clouds of glory." He lived, indeed, for the joy of beauty. No poet ever devoted himself more singly to his life-work than Wordsworth, and no poet ever had a fuller reward. He outlived his impulse, and his old age was practically songless; the ashes of his youth could not be fanned into more than the most fitful flame. But that youth was splendid and immortal.

CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.



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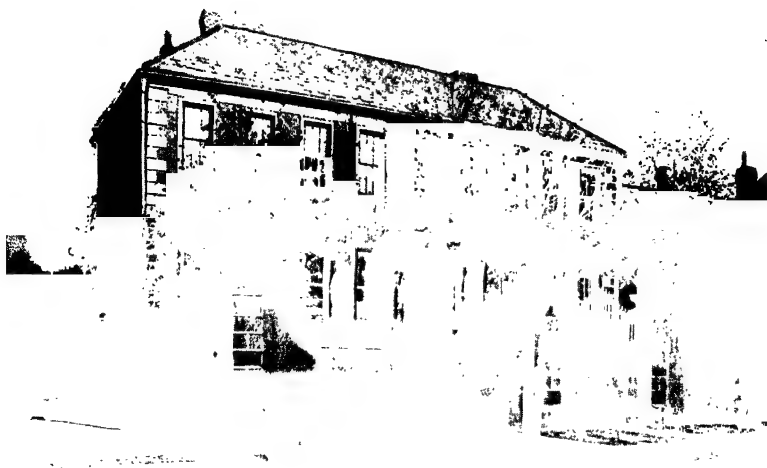
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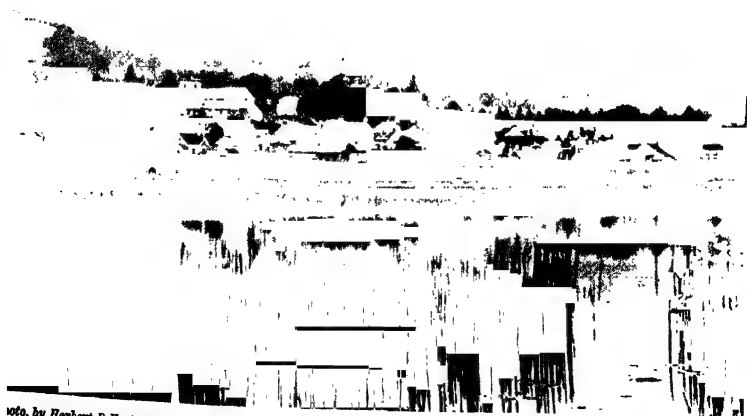
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„ VI.—Cambridge and the Alps . . . . .	717	Elegiac Verses, in Memory of my Brother John Wordsworth, Commander o the E. I. Company's Ship, the Earl Abergavenny, in which he perishe by Calamitous Shipwreck, Feb. 6 1805 . . . . .
„ VII.—Residence in London . . . . .	728	Sonnet . . . . .
„ VII.—Retrospect—Love of Nature leading to Love of Man . . . . .	739	Lines composed at Grasmere, during Walk one Evening, after a storm Day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the Dissolution o Mr. Fox was hourly expected . . . . .
„ IX.—Residence in France . . . . .	749	Invocation to the Earth. February, 1811
„ X.—Residence in France ( <i>Con- tinued</i> ) . . . . .	757	Lines written on a Blank Leaf in a cop of the Author's Poem "The Excurs sion," upon hearing of the Death o the late Vicar of Kendal . . . . .
„ XI.—France ( <i>Concluded</i> ) . . . . .	765	Elegiac Stanzas. Addressed to Sir G. H. B. upon the Death of his Sister- in-Law . . . . .
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*Photo. by Herbert Bell, Ambleside.*

**Wordsworth's Birthplace.**

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*Photo. by Herbert Bell, Ambleside.*

WO.

**Hawkhead.**



# POEMS

BY

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

#### EXTRACT.

THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM,  
POSED IN ANTICIPATION OF LEAV-  
SCHOOL.

native regions, I foretell,  
what I feel at this farewell,  
wheresoe'er my steps may tend,  
henceoe'er my course shall end,  
that hour a single tie  
of local sympathy,  
shall cast the backward view,  
gazing look alone on you.

As, while the Sun sinks down to rest  
the regions of the west,  
hail to the vale no parting beam  
seen, not one memorial gleam,  
giving light he fondly throws  
on dear hills where first he rose.

#### WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

As all nature as a resting wheel.  
We are couched upon the dewy  
grass;  
Horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,  
piping audibly his later meal:  
On the ground; a slumber seems  
steal  
away.

O'er vale, and mountain, and the star-  
less sky.

Now, in this blank of things, a har-  
mony,

Home-felt, and home-created, comes to  
heal

That grief for which the senses still  
supply

Fresh food; for only then, when  
memory

Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends!  
restrain

Those busy cares that would allay my  
pain;

Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel  
The officious touch that makes me  
droop again.

#### AN EVENING WALK.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

FAR from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine  
to rove

Through bare gray dell, high wood,  
and pastoral cove;

Where Derwent rests, and listens to  
the roar

That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high  
Lodore;

Where peace to Grasmere's lonely  
 island leads,  
 To willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald  
 meads ;  
 Leads to her bridge, rude church, and  
 cottaged grounds,  
 Her rocky sheepwalks, and her wood-  
 land bounds ;  
 Where, undisturbed by winds, Winan-  
 der \* sleeps ;  
 'Mid clustering isles, and holly-  
 sprinkled steepes ;  
 Where twilight glens endear my  
 Esthwaite's shore,  
 And memory of departed pleasures,  
 more.

Fair scenes, erewhile, I taught, a  
 happy child,  
 The echoes of your rocks my carols wild :  
 The spirit sought not then, in cherished  
 sadness,  
 A cloudy substitute for failing gladness.  
 In youth's keen eye the livelong day  
 was bright,  
 The sun at morning, and the stars at  
 night,  
 Alike, when first the bittern's hollow bill  
 Was heard, or woodcocks † roamed the  
 moonlight hill.

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the  
 plain,  
 And hope itself was all I knew of pain ;  
 For then the inexperienced heart would  
 beat  
 At times, while young Content forsook  
 her seat,

---

\* These lines are only applicable to the  
 middle part of that lake.

† In the beginning of winter these mountains  
 are frequented by woodcocks, which in dark  
 nights retire into the woods.

And wild Impatience, pointing u  
 showed,  
 Through passes yet unreach  
 brighter road.  
 Alas! the idle tale of man is four  
 Depicted in the dial's moral roun  
 Hope with reflection blends her  
 rays  
 To gild the total tablet of his day  
 Yet still, the sport of some mal  
 power,  
 He knows but from its 'shad  
 present hour.

But why, ungrateful, dwell on  
 pain?  
 To show what pleasures yet t  
 remain,  
 Say, will my Friend, with unreli  
 ear,  
 The history of a poet's evening he

When, in the south, the wan  
 brooding still,  
 Breathed a pale steam around  
 glaring hill,  
 And shades of deep-embattled c  
 were seen,  
 Spotting the northern cliffs with  
 between ;  
 When crowding cattle, checked by  
 that make  
 A fence far-stretched into the sh  
 lake,  
 Lashed the cool water with their re  
 tails,  
 Or from high points of rock looker  
 for fanning gales ;  
 When school-boys stretched their le  
 upon the green ;  
 And round the broad-spread oak, a  
 mering scene,

rough fern-clad park, the herded  
 the still-twinkling tail and glanc-  
 ing ear ;  
 horses in the sunburnt intake \*  
 good,  
 mainly eyed below the tempting  
 good,  
 looked the passenger, in mute dis-  
 tress,  
 forward neck the closing gate to  
 pass—  
 while I wandered where the  
 ddling rill  
 runs with water-breaks the hollow  
 gyll †  
 enchantment, an obscure retreat  
 at once, and stayed my devious  
 t.  
 hick above the rill the branches  
 se,  
 y basin its wild waves repose,  
 l shrubs, and moss of gloomy  
 en,  
 om the rocks, with pale wood-  
 eds between ;  
 own twilight softens the whole  
 re,  
 ere aloft the subtle sunbeams  
 hine  
 ered briars that o'er the crags  
 ine ;  
 ere, with sparkling foam, a  
 ll cascade  
 s, from within, the leafy shade ;  
 along the vista of the brook,  
 ntique roots its bustling course  
 ook,

\* word *intake* is local, and signifies a  
 nclosure.

is also, I believe, a term confined to  
 y: ghyll and dingle have the same

The eye reposes on a secret bridge,\*  
 Half gray, half shagged with ivy to its  
 ridge ;  
 There, bending o'er the stream, the  
 listless swain  
 Lingers behind his disappearing wain.  
 —Did Sabine grace adorn my living  
 line,  
 Bandusia's praise, wild stream, should  
 yield to thine !  
 Never shall ruthless minister of death  
 'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel  
 unsheath ;  
 No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned  
 with flowers,  
 No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy  
 bowers ;  
 The mystic shapes that by thy margin  
 rove  
 A more benignant sacrifice approve—  
 A mind that, in a calm angelic mood  
 Of happy wisdom, meditating good,  
 Beholds, of all from her high powers  
 required,  
 Much done, and much designed, and  
 more desired,—  
 Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth  
 refined,  
 Entire affection for all human kind.

Dear Brook, farewell ! To-morrow's  
 noon again  
 Shall hide me, wooing long thy wild-  
 wood strain ;  
 But now the sun has gained his western  
 road,  
 And eve's mild hour invites my steps  
 abroad.

---

\* The reader, who has made the tour of this  
 country, will recognise, in this description, the  
 features which characterise the lower waterfall  
 in the grounds of Rydal.



While, near the midway cliff, the  
 silvered kite  
 In many a whistling circle wheels her  
 flight ;  
 Slant watery lights, from parting clouds,  
 apace  
 Travel along the precipice's base ;  
 Cheering its naked waste of scattered  
 stone,  
 By lichens gray, and scanty moss, o'er-  
 grown ;  
 Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or  
 thistle's beard ;  
 And restless stone-chat, all day long, is  
 heard.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to  
 view  
 The spacious landscape change in form  
 and hue !  
 Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood  
 Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood ;  
 There, objects, by the searching beams  
 betrayed,  
 Come forth, and here retire in purple  
 shade ;  
 Even the white stems of birch, the  
 cottage white,  
 Soften their glare before the mellow  
 light ;  
 The skiffs, at anchor where with um-  
 brage wide  
 Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-  
 house hide,  
 Shed from their sides, that face the  
 sun's slant beam,  
 Strong flakes of radiance on the tremu-  
 lous stream :  
 Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty  
 cloud  
 Mounts from the road, and spreads its  
 moving shroud ;

The shepherd, all involved in w  
 of fire,  
 Now shows a shadowy speck, an  
 is lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the  
 sink,  
 A blue rim borders all the lake  
 brink ;  
 There doth the twinkling aspen  
 age sleep,  
 And insects clothe, like dust, the  
 deep :  
 And now, on every side, the  
 breaks  
 Into blue spots, and slowly length  
 streaks ;  
 Here, plots of sparkling water to  
 bright  
 With thousand thousand twinkling  
 of light ;  
 There, waves that, hardly welterin  
 away,  
 Tip their smooth ridges with a  
 ray ;  
 And now the whole wide lake in  
 repose  
 Is hushed, and like a burnished  
 glows,  
 Save where, along the shady w  
 marge,  
 Coasts, with industrious oar, the  
 coal barge.

Their panniered train a gro  
 potters goad,  
 Winding from side to side up the  
 road ;  
 The peasant, from yon cliff of  
 edge  
 Shot, down the headlong path  
 with his sledge ;

beams the lonely mountain-  
 re illumine  
 'mid purple heath, "green  
 gs,"\* and broom;  
 he sharp slope the slackened  
 ms confounds,  
 ard the ponderous timber-wain  
 ounds;  
 ay breaks the rill, with merry  
 -ing,  
 i o'er the rough rock, lightly  
 aps along;  
 onesome chapel at the mountain's  
 et  
 humble bells their rustic chime  
 peat;  
 i from the water-side the ham-  
 ered boat;  
 blasted quarry thunders, heard  
 mote!

n here, amid the sweep of endless  
 oods,  
 pomp of lakes, high cliffs and  
 lling floods,  
 undelightful are the simplest  
 harms,  
 l by the grassy door of mountain-  
 rms.

etly ferocious,† round his native  
 alks,  
 of his sister-wives, the monarch  
 alks;  
 lad his nervous feet, and firm his  
 ead;  
 : of purple tops the warrior's head.

ivid rings of green."—GREENWOOD'S  
*Shooting.*

olcemente feroce."—TASSO.—In this  
 ion of the cock, I remembered a spirited  
 the same animal in L'Agriculture, ou  
 rgiques Françaises, of M. Rossuet.

Bright sparks his black and rolling  
 eye-ball hurls  
 Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls;  
 On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion  
 throat,  
 Threatened by faintly-answering farms  
 remote:  
 Again with his shrill voice the mountain  
 rings,  
 While, flapped with conscious pride,  
 resound his wings!

Where, mixed with graceful birch,  
 the sombrous pine  
 And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks  
 recline,  
 I love to mark the quarry's moving  
 train,  
 Dwarf panniered steeds, and men, and  
 numerous wains:  
 How busy all the enormous hive within,  
 While Echo dallies with its various  
 din!  
 Some (hear you not their chisels'  
 clinking sound?)  
 Toil, small as pygmies in the gulf pro-  
 found;  
 Some, dim between the lofty cliffs  
 descried,  
 O'erwalk the slender plank from side to  
 side;  
 These, by the pale-blue rocks that  
 ceaseless ring,  
 In airy baskets hanging, work and sing.

Just where a cloud above the moun-  
 tain rears  
 An edge all flame, the broadening sun  
 appears;  
 A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,  
 And breaks the spreading of its golden  
 tides;

And now that orb has touched the  
 purple steep,  
 Whose softened image penetrates the  
 deep.  
 'Cross the calm lake's blue shades the  
 cliffs aspire,  
 With towers and woods, a "prospect all  
 on fire;"  
 While coves and secret hollows, through  
 a ray  
 Of fainter gold, a purple gleam  
 betray.  
 Each slip of lawn the broken rocks  
 between  
 Shines in the light with more than  
 earthly green:  
 Deep yellow beams the scattered stems  
 illumine,  
 Far in the level forest's central  
 gloom:  
 Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the  
 vale,  
 Directs his winding dog the cliffs to  
 scale,—  
 The dog, loud barking, 'mid the  
 glittering rocks,  
 Hunts, where his master points, the  
 intercepted flocks.  
 Where oaks o'erhang the road the  
 radiance shoots  
 On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted  
 roots;  
 The druid-stones a brightened ring  
 unfold;  
 And all the babbling brooks are liquid  
 gold;  
 Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens  
 still,  
 Gives one bright glance, and drops  
 behind the hill.\*

In these secluded vales, if village  
 Confirmed by hoary hairs, belie  
 claim;  
 When up the hills, as now, retire  
 light,  
 Strange apparitions mocked the  
 herd's sight.

The form appears of one that  
 his steed  
 Midway along the hill with des-  
 speed;  
 Unhurt pursues his lengthened  
 while all  
 Attend, at every stretch, his head  
 fall.  
 Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous:  
 Of horsemen-shadows moving to and  
 At intervals imperial banners stream  
 And now the van reflects the  
 beam;  
 The rear through iron brown betrays  
 sullen gleam.  
 While silent stands the admiring  
 below,  
 Silent the visionary warriors go,  
 Winding in ordered pomp their up-  
 way,\*  
 Till the last banner of their long  
 Has disappeared, and every trace is  
 Of splendour—save the beacon's  
 head  
 Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burn-  
 red.

Now, while the solemn even  
 shadows sail,  
 On slowly-waving pinions, down  
 vale;

---

\* See a description of an appearance of  
 kind in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, ac-  
 companied by vouchers of its veracity, that  
 amuse the reader.

onting the bright west, yon oak  
 wines  
 ening boughs and leaves in  
 onger lines;  
 asant near the tranquil lake to  
 ay  
 winding on along some secret  
 /,  
 an uplifts his chest, and back-  
 d flings  
 ck, a varying arch, between his  
 uring wings :  
 e that marks the gliding crea-  
 e sees •  
 aceful, pride can be, and how  
 ajestic, ease.  
 tender cares and mild domestic  
 ves  
 utive watch pursue her as she  
 oves,  
 male with a meeker charm suc-  
 eds,  
 er brown little-ones around her  
 ads,  
 ng the water-lilies as they pass,  
 ying wanton with the floating  
 ass.  
 a mother's scare, her beauty's pride  
 ing, calls the wearied to her  
 le;  
 tely they mount her back, and rest  
 y her mantling wings' embraces  
 est.

; may they float upon this flood  
 ene;  
 be these holms untrodden, still,  
 d green,  
 leafy shades fence off the bluster-  
 gale,  
 eathes in peace the lily of the  
 e!

Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-  
 maid's feet,  
 Yet hears her song, "by distance made  
 more sweet,"  
 Yon isle conceals their home, their hut-  
 like bower;  
 Green water-rushes overspread the  
 floor;  
 Long grass and willows form the woven  
 wall,  
 And swings above the roof the poplar  
 tall.  
 Thence issuing often with unwieldy  
 stalk,  
 They crush with broad black feet their  
 flowery walk;  
 Or, from the neighbouring water, hear  
 at morn  
 The hound, the horse's tread, and mel-  
 low horn;  
 Involve their serpent-necks in changeful  
 rings,  
 Rolled wantonly between their slippery  
 wings,  
 Or, starting up with noise and rude de-  
 light,  
 Force half upon the wave their cum-  
 brous flight.

Fair Swan! by all a mother's joys  
 caressed,  
 Haply some wretch has eyed, and called  
 thee blessed;  
 When with her infants, from some shady  
 seat  
 By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the  
 noon-tide heat; Ballav Sen  
 Or taught their limbs along the dusty  
 / road  
 A few short steps to totter with their  
 load. EXCHANGEABLE  
 NOT SALABLE.

I see her now, denied to lay her  
 head,  
 On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-  
 built shed,  
 Turn to a silent smile their sleepy  
 cry,  
 By pointing to the gliding moon on  
 high.  
 —When low-hung clouds each star of  
 summer hide,  
 And fireless are the valleys far and  
 wide,  
 Where the brook brawls along the  
 public road  
 Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching  
 broad,  
 Oft has she taught them on her lap to  
 lay  
 The shining glow-worm; or, in heedless  
 play,  
 Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted;  
 While others, not unseen, are free to  
 shed  
 Green unmolested light upon their  
 mossy bed.

Oh! when the sleety showers her path  
 assail,  
 And like a torrent roars the headstrong  
 gale;  
 No more her breath can thaw their  
 fingers cold,  
 Their frozen arms her neck no more  
 can fold;  
 Weak roof a cowering form two babes  
 to shield,  
 And faint the fire a dying heart can  
 yield!  
 Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly  
 fears  
 Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its  
 tears;

No tears can chill them, and no  
 warms,  
 Thy breast their death-bed, coffin  
 thine arms!

Sweet are the sounds that  
 from afar,  
 Heard by calm lakes, as peep  
 folding star,  
 Where the duck dabbles 'mid  
 rustling sedge,  
 And feeding pike starts from the  
 edge,  
 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his  
 and bill  
 Wetting, that drip upon the  
 still;  
 And heron, as resounds the  
 shore,  
 Shoots upward, darting his long  
 before.

Now, with religious awe, the fa  
 light  
 Blends with the solemn colour  
 night;  
 'Mid groves of clouds that cre  
 mountain's brow,  
 And round the west's proud lodge  
 shadows throw,  
 Like Una shining on her gl  
 way,  
 The half-seen form of Twilight  
 astray;  
 Shedding, through paly loop-holes  
 and small,  
 Gleams that upon the lake's still  
 fall;  
 Soft o'er the surface creep those  
 pale  
 Tracking the motions of the  
 gale.





"Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads  
To willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald meads."

Photo. by Herbert Bell, Ambleside.  
W.O.

restless interchange at once the  
light  
in the shade, the shade upon the  
light.

coloured eye was e'er allowed to  
see

an earlier spectacle in faery days;  
gentle Spirits urged a sportive  
dase,

gliding with lucid wands the water's  
edge:

music, stealing round the glim-  
mering deeps,  
and the tall circle of the enchanted  
recesses.

lights are vanished from the  
airy plains:

check of all the pageantry remains.  
The faded night has overcome the vales:

dark earth the wearied vision  
loses;

the forest lingerer of the forest train,  
the black fir, forsakes the faded  
plain;

evening sight, the cottage smoke,  
more,

the thickened darkness, glim-  
mers hoar;

lowering from the sullen dark-  
brown mere,

black wall, the mountain-steeps  
peer.

o'er the soothed accordant heart  
feel

athetic twilight slowly steal,  
er, as we fondly muse, we find

it gloom deepening on the tran-  
quil mind.

sensitive, sadly-pleasing visions,  
ye!

as fades the vale, they fade  
away:

vo.

Yet still the tender, vacant gloom re-  
mains;

Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear  
retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading  
light, to thread

Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet's  
bed,

From his gray re-appearing tower shall  
soon

Salute with gladsome note the rising  
moon,

While with a hoary light she frosts the  
ground,

And pours a deeper blue to Æther's  
bound;

Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of  
clouds to fold

In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and  
gold.

Above yon eastern hill, where dark-  
ness broods

O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns,  
and woods;

Where but a mass of shade the sight  
can trace,

Even now she shows, half-veiled, her  
lovely face:

Across the gloomy valley flings her  
light,

Far to the western slopes with hamlets  
white;

And gives, where woods the chequered  
upland strew,

To the green corn of summer, autumn's  
hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her  
blessed horn

Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's  
own morn,



Till higher mounted, strives in vain to  
cheer  
The weary hills, impervious, blackening  
near;  
Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the  
while  
On darling spots remote her tempting  
smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant  
scene,  
(For dark and broad the gulf of time  
between)  
Gilding that cottage with her fondest  
ray,  
(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of  
my way;  
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods  
appear!  
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in  
mine ear!)  
Where we, my Friend, to happy days  
shall rise,  
Till our small share of hardly-paining  
sighs  
(For sighs will ever trouble human  
breath)  
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast  
of death.

But now the clear bright Moon her  
zenith gains,  
And, rimy without speck, extend the  
plains:  
The deepest cleft the mountain's front  
displays  
Scarce hides a shadow from her search-  
ing rays;  
From the dark-blue faint silvery threads  
divide  
The hills, while gleams below the azure  
tide;

Time softly treads; throughou  
landscape breathes  
A peace\*enlivened, not disturbe  
wreaths  
Of charcoal-smoke, that, o'er the  
wood,  
Steal down the hill, and spread  
the flood.

The song of mountain-streams  
heard by day,  
Now hardly heard, beguiles 'my  
ward way.  
Air listens, like the sleeping water,  
To catch the spiritual music of the  
Broke only by the slow clock to  
deep,  
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man  
sleep,  
The echoed hoof nearing the di  
shore,  
The boat's first motion—made  
dashing oar;  
Sound of closed gate, across the  
borne,  
Hurrying the timid hare through rus  
corn;  
The sportive outcry of the mocking  
And at long intervals the mill-  
howl;  
The distant forge's swinging th  
profound;  
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lo  
hound.

---

### LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT  
AT EVENING.

How richly glows the water's breast  
Before us, tinged with evening hues  
While, facing thus the crimson west  
The boat her silent course pursues!

how dark the backward stream!  
 moment past so smiling!  
 I, perhaps, with faithless gleam,  
 their loiterers beguiling.

shows the youthful Bard allure;  
 endless of the following gloom,  
 when their colours shall endure  
 to go with him to the tomb.  
 Let him nurse his fond deceit,  
 at if he must die in sorrow!  
 could not cherish dreams so  
 sweet,  
 grief and pain may come to-  
 morrow?

---

MEMORANCE OF COLLINS,  
 IMPOSED UPON THE THAMES  
 NEAR RICHMOND.

mently, thus for ever glide,  
 yes! that other bards may see  
 thy visions by thy side  
 fair river! come to me.  
 O fair stream! for ever so,  
 quiet soul on all bestowing,  
 let our minds for ever flow  
 in deep waters now are flowing.

thought!—Yet be as now thou art,  
 when thy waters may be seen  
 the image of a poet's heart,  
 bright, how solemn, how serene!  
 as did once the Poet bless,  
 murmuring here a later\* ditty,  
 find no refuge from distress  
 the milder grief of pity.

---

Collins' Ode on the death of Thomson, the  
 written, I believe, of the poems which  
 published during his life-time. This Ode  
 alluded to in the next stanza.

Now let us, as we float along,  
 For *him* suspend the dashing oar;  
 And pray that never child of song  
 May know that Poet's sorrows more.  
 How calm! how still! the only sound,  
 The dripping of the oar suspended!  
 —The evening darkness gathers round  
 By virtue's holiest Powers attended.

---

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR  
 AMONG THE ALPS.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy  
 ground  
 Where from distress a refuge might be  
 found,  
 And solitude prepare the soul for  
 heaven;  
 Sure, nature's God that spot to man had  
 given  
 Where falls the purple morning far and  
 wide  
 In flakes of light upon the mountain-  
 side;  
 Where with loud voice the power of  
 water shakes  
 The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.

Yet not unrecompensed the man  
 shall roam,  
 Who at the call of summer quits his  
 home,  
 And plods through some wide realm  
 o'er vale and height,  
 Though seeking only holiday de-  
 light;  
 At least, not owing to himself an  
 aim  
 To which the sage would give a prouder  
 name.

No gains too cheaply earned his fancy  
 cloy,  
 Though every passing zephyr whispers  
 joy;  
 Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease,  
 Feeds the clear current of his sym-  
 pathies.  
 For him sod-seats the cottage-door  
 adorn ;  
 And peeps the far-off spire, his evening  
 bourn!  
 Dear is the forest frowning o'er his  
 head,  
 And dear the velvet green-sward to his  
 tread :  
 Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's  
 flaming eye?  
 Upward he looks—"and calls it luxury:"  
 Kind Nature's charities his steps at-  
 tend ;  
 In every babbling brook he finds a  
 friend ;  
 While chastening thoughts of sweetest  
 use, bestowed  
 By wisdom, moralise his pensive road.  
 Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide  
 bower,  
 To his spare meal he calls the passing  
 poor ;  
 He views the sun uplift his golden fire,  
 Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's  
 lyre ;\*  
 Blesses the moon that comes with  
 kindly ray,  
 To light him shaken by his rugged  
 way.  
 Back from his sight no bashful children  
 steal ;  
 He sits a brother at the cottage-meal ;

---

\* The lyre of Memnon is reported to have  
 emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was  
 touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.

His humble looks no shy  
 impart ;  
 Around him plays at will the  
 heart.  
 While unsuspended wheels the  
 dance,  
 The maidens eye him with en-  
 glance,  
 Much wondering by what fit of  
 care,  
 Or desperate love, bewildered, h  
 there.

A hope, that prudence cou  
 then approve,  
 That clung to Nature with a t  
 love,  
 O'er Gallia's wastes of corn m  
 steps led ;  
 Her files of road-elms, high above  
 In long-drawn vista, rustling  
 breeze ;  
 Or where her pathways straggle  
 please  
 By lonely farms and secret villag  
 But lo! the Alps, ascending white  
 Toy with the sun and glitter from

And now, emerging from the f  
 gloom,  
 I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I  
 thy doom.  
 Whither is fled that Power whose  
 severe  
 Awed sober Reason till she crouc  
 fear?  
 That Silence, once in deathlike  
 bound,  
 Chains that were loosened only b  
 sound  
 Of holy rites chanted in mea  
 round?

voice of blasphemy the fane  
 ms,  
 ister startles at the gleam of  
 s.  
 ndering tube the aged angler  
 s,  
 the groaning flood that sweeps  
 y his tears.  
 iercing pine-trees nod their  
 bled heads,  
 ocks, and lawns a browner  
 it o'erspreads;  
 terror checks the female  
 ant's sighs,  
 rt the astonished shades at  
 male eyes.  
 Bruno's forest screams the  
 righted jay,  
 low the insulted eagle wheels  
 ray.  
 less flight of laughing Demon's  
 ock  
 ross, by angels planted\* on the  
 rial rock.  
 parting Genius" sighs with  
 llow breath  
 the mystic streams of Life and  
 eath,†  
 g the outcry dull, that long  
 ounds  
 ous through her old woods'  
 ckless bounds,  
 bre,‡ 'mid her falling fanes,  
 plores,  
 er broke, the sabbath of her  
 wers.

---

ling to crosses seen on the tops of the  
 cks of Chartreuse, which have every  
 ce of being inaccessible.  
 es of rivers at the Chartreuse.  
 ie of one of the valleys of the Char-

More pleased, my foot the hidden  
 margin roves  
 Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut  
 groves.  
 No meadows thrown between, the giddy  
 steeps  
 Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow  
 deeps.  
 —To towns, whose shades of no rude  
 noise complain,  
 From ringing team apart and grating  
 wain—  
 To flat-roofed towns, that touch the  
 water's bound,  
 Or lurk in woody sunless glens pro-  
 found,  
 Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive  
 cling,  
 And o'er the whitened wave their  
 shadows fling—  
 The pathway leads, as round the steep  
 it twines;  
 And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.  
 The loitering traveller hence, at evening,  
 sees  
 From rock-hewn steps the sail between  
 the trees;  
 Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-  
 eyed maids  
 Tend the small harvest of their garden  
 glades;  
 Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to  
 view  
 Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad  
 and blue,  
 And track the yellow lights from steep  
 to steep,  
 As up the opposing hills they slowly  
 creep.  
 Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed  
 In golden light; half hides itself in  
 shade:

While, from amid the darkened roofs,  
 the spire,  
 Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like  
 fire:  
 There, all unshaded, blazing forests  
 throw  
 Rich golden verdure on the lake below.  
 Slow glides the sail along the illumined  
 shore,  
 And steals into the shade the lazy oar;  
 Soft bosoms breathe around contagious  
 sighs,  
 And amorous music on the water dies.

How blest, delicious scene! the eye  
 that greets  
 Thy open beauties, or thy lone  
 retreats;  
 Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood  
 that scales  
 Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy  
 vales;  
 Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the  
 shore,  
 Each with its household boat beside  
 the door;  
 Thy torrents shooting from the clear-  
 blue sky;  
 Thy towns that cleave, like swallows'  
 nests, on high;  
 That glimmer hoar in eve's last light,  
 descried  
 Dim from the twilight water's shaggy  
 side,  
 Whence lutes and voices down the  
 enchanted woods  
 Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten  
 floods;  
 —Thy lake that, streaked or dappled,  
 blue or gray,  
 'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from  
 morning's ray

Slow-travelling down the west  
 to enfold  
 Its green-tinged margin in a  
 gold;  
 Thy glittering steeples, when  
 matin bell  
 Calls forth the woodman from  
 desert cell,  
 And quickens the blithe sound  
 that pass  
 Along the steaming lake, to early  
 But now farewell to each and  
 adieu  
 To every charm, and last and  
 you,  
 Ye lovely maidens that in no  
 shade  
 Rest near your little plots of  
 glade;  
 To all that binds the soul in  
 trance,  
 Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-  
 dance;  
 Where sparkling eyes and  
 smiles illumine  
 The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened  
 —Alas! the very murmur of the stream  
 Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous  
 dreams,  
 While Slavery, forcing the  
 sunk  
 to dwell  
 On joys that might disgrace the  
 tive's cell,  
 Her shameless timbrel shakes  
 Como's marge,  
 And lures from bay to bay the  
 barge.

Yet are thy softer arts with  
 induced  
 To soothe and cheer the poor  
 solitude.

t cottage-doors, the peasant's  
 ant for the day, I loved to  
 n.  
 I pierced the mazes of a wood  
 a cabin undeserted stood;  
 a old man an olden measure  
 ned  
 de viol touched with withered  
 d.  
 or fawns in April clustering lie  
 hoary oak's thin canopy,  
 l at his feet, with steadfast  
 ard eye,  
 uren's children listened to the  
 id;  
 ermit with his family around!

let us hence; for fair Locarno  
 niles  
 vered in walnut slopes and citron  
 es:  
 k at eve the banks of Tusa's  
 ream,

'mid dim towers and woods,  
 r \* waters gleam.  
 he bright wave, in solemn gloom,  
 tire

ull-red steeps, and, darkening  
 ll, aspire  
 re afar rich orange lustres glow  
 undistinguished clouds, and  
 cks, and snow:

d where Via Mala's chasms  
 nfine  
 ndignant waters of the infant  
 ine,

'er the abyss, whose else imper-  
 ous gloom  
 ning eyes with fearful light illumine.

river along whose banks you descend  
 ng the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

The mind condemned, without re-  
 priev, to go  
 O'er life's long deserts with its charge  
 of woe,  
 With sad congratulation joins the  
 train  
 Where beasts and men together o'er the  
 plain  
 Move on—a mighty caravan of pain:  
 Hope, strength, and courage, social  
 suffering brings,  
 Freshening the wilderness with shades  
 and springs.  
 —There be whose lot far otherwise is  
 cast:

Sole human tenant of the piny waste,  
 By choice or doom a gipsy wanders  
 here,  
 A nursling babe her only comforter;  
 Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy  
 rock,  
 A cowering shape half hid in curling  
 smoke!

When lightning among clouds and  
 mountain-snows  
 Predominates, and darkness comes and  
 goes,  
 And the fierce torrent at the flashes  
 broad  
 Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring  
 road—  
 She seeks a covert from the battering  
 shower  
 In the roofed bridge;\* the bridge, in  
 that dread hour,  
 Itself all trembling at the torrent's  
 power.

---

\* Most of the bridges among the Alps are of  
 wood, and covered: these bridges have a heavy  
 appearance, and rather injure the effect of the  
 scenery in some places.

Nor is she more at ease on some *still*  
 night,  
 When not a star supplies the comfort of  
 its light;  
 Only the waning moon hangs dull and  
 red  
 Above a melancholy mountain's head,  
 Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant  
 sighs,  
 Stoops her sick head, and shuts her  
 weary eyes;  
 Or on her fingers counts the distant  
 clock,  
 Or to the drowsy crow of midnight  
 cock  
 Listens, or quakes while from the  
 forest's gulf  
 Howls near and nearer yet the famished  
 wolf.

From the green vale of Urseren  
 smooth and wide  
 Descend we now, the maddened Reuss  
 our guide;  
 By rocks that, shutting out the blessed  
 day,  
 Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as  
 they;  
 By cells \* upon whose image, while he  
 prays,  
 The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to  
 gaze;  
 By many a votive death-cross † planted  
 near,  
 And watered duly with the pious tear,

---

\*The Catholic religion prevails here: these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman tombs, along the road side.

† Crosses, commemorative of the deaths of travellers, by the fall of snow and other accidents, are very common along this dreadful road.

That faded silent from the upward  
 Unmoved with each rude form of  
 night;  
 Fixed on the anchor left by Him  
 saves  
 Alike in whelming snows and rough  
 waves.

But soon a peopled region on  
 sight  
 Opens—a little world of calm delight  
 Where mists, suspended on the expiring  
 gale,  
 Spread rooflike o'er the deep sequestered  
 vale,  
 And beams of evening, slipping  
 between,  
 Gently illuminate a sober scene:—  
 Here, on the brown wood-cottage  
 they sleep,  
 There, over rock or sloping pasture  
 creep.  
 On as we journey, in clear view  
 played,  
 The still vale lengthens underneath  
 shade  
 Of low-hung vapour: on the freshest  
 mead  
 The green light sparkles;—the  
 bowers recede.  
 While pastoral pipes and streams  
 landscape lull,  
 And bells of passing mules that tint  
 In solemn shapes before the admiring  
 eye  
 Dilated hang the misty pines on high  
 Huge convent domes with pinnacles  
 and towers,  
 And antique castles seen through gleaming  
 showers.

---

\*The houses in the more retired valleys are all built of wood.

such romantic dreams, my  
 awake  
 r pleasure, where, by Uri's  
 s pristine majesty outspread,  
 her road nor path for foot to

rise naked as a wall, or  
 e water, hung with groves of  
 ;  
 s' from loftier steep's ascend,  
 out where creation seems to

and there, if 'mid the savage  
 e  
 scanty plot of smiling green,  
 the lake a zigzag path will

a small wood-hut hung boldly  
 ie steep.  
 those thresholds (never can  
 know

of traveller passing to and fro,)  
 nt leans upon his pole, to

at morning tolled the funeral

ch-dog ne'er his angry bark  
 es,

by the beggar's moan of  
 n woes;

porch ne'er offered a cool

s overcome by summer's heat.  
 : the world's business finds its

and tales unsought beguile  
 y,

are those fond thoughts  
 Solitude,

tern, is powerless to exclude.

There doth the maiden watch her  
 lover's sail

Approaching, and upbraid the tardy  
 gale;

At midnight listens till his parting  
 - oar,

And its last echo, can be heard no more.

And what if ospreys, cormorants,  
 herons cry,

Amid tempestuous vapours driving by,  
 Or hovering over wastes too bleak to  
 rear

That common growth of earth, the  
 foodful ear;

Where the green apple shrivels on the  
 spray,

And pines the unripened pear in sum-  
 mer's kindest ray;

Contentment shares the desolate domain  
 With Independence, child of high  
 Disdain.

Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,  
 Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom  
 flies,

And grasps by fits her sword, and often  
 eyes;

And sometimes, as from rock to rock  
 she bounds,

The Patriot nymph starts at imagined  
 sounds,

And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs  
 aghast,

Whether some old Swiss air hath  
 checked her haste,

Or thrill of Spartan life is caught be-  
 tween the blast.

Swoln with incessant rains from hour  
 to hour,

All day the floods a deepening murmur  
 pour:



The sky is veiled, and every cheerful  
sight:

Dark is the region as with coming  
night;

But what a sudden burst of over-  
powering light!

Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,  
Glances the wheeling eagle's glorious  
form!

Eastward, in long perspective glittering,  
shine

The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the  
lake recline;

Those lofty cliffs a hundred streams  
unfold,

At once to pillars turned that flame  
with gold:

Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to  
shun

The *west*, that burns like one dilated  
sun,

A crucible of mighty compass, felt

By mountains, glowing till they seem to  
melt.

But, lo! the boatman, overawed,  
before

The pictured fane of Tell suspends his  
oar;

Confused the Marathonian tale appears,  
While his eyes sparkle with heroic  
tears.

And who, that walks where men of  
ancient days

Have wrought with godlike arm the  
deeds of praise,

Feels not the spirit of the place control,  
Or rouse and agitate his labouring  
soul?

Say, who, by thinking on Canadian  
hills,

Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,

On Zutphen's plain, or on the  
land dell,

Through which rough Garry  
his way, can tell

What high resolves exalt the  
thought

Of him whom passion rivets  
spot,

Where breathed the gale that  
Wolfe's happiest sigh,

And the last sunbeam fell on the  
eye;

Where bleeding Sidney from  
retired,

And glad Dundee in "faint  
expired?

But now with other mind  
alone

Upon the summit of this  
cone,

And watch the fearless chamois  
chase

His prey, through tracts abrupt  
desolate space,

\* Through vacant worlds where  
never gave

A brook to murmur or a bon-  
wave,

Which unsubstantial Phantoms  
keep;

Thro' worlds where Life, and  
and Motion sleep;

Where silent hours their desol-  
ate sway extend,

Save when the avalanche breaks  
to rend

---

\* For most of the images in the next  
verses, I am indebted to M. Raymond's  
interesting observations, annexed to his  
edition of Coxe's Tour in Switzerland.

with uproar, till the ruin,  
 led  
 lense wood or gulf of snow  
 and,  
 dull ear of Time with deaf  
 ve sound.

, while wandering on from  
 to height,  
 planet's pomp and steady

ast star of scarce-appearing

pale moon moves near him,  
 bound  
 ining with diminished round,  
 and wide the icy summits

in the glory of her rays:  
 the day-star glitters small and  
 it,  
 its beams, insufferably white,  
 can look beyond the sun,  
 view  
 st-receding depths of sable

vision can no more pursue!  
 e bewildering mists around  
 close,

and hunger are his least of  
 ;

ion of the snow, with angry

g, shuts for aye his prison

1 despair's whole weight his  
 sink;

he none, the snow must be  
 ink;

his eyes can close upon the

of the Alps o'ershades her

Now couch thyself where, heard with  
 fear afar,

Thunders through echoing pines the  
 headlong Aar;

Or rather stay to taste the mild delights  
 Of pensive Underwalden's \* pastoral  
 heights.

—Is there who 'mid these awful wilds  
 has seen

The native Genii walk the mountain  
 green?

Or heard, while other worlds their  
 charms reveal,

Soft music o'er the aerial summit  
 steal?

While o'er the desert, answering every  
 close,

Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes  
 and goes.

—And sure there is a secret Power  
 that reigns

Here, where no trace of man the spot  
 profanes,

Nought but the *chalets*,† flat and bare,  
 on high

Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky;

Or distant herds that pasturing upward  
 creep,

And, not untended, climb the dangerous  
 steep.

How still! no irreligious sound or  
 sight

Rouses the soul from her severe delight.

An idle voice the sabbath region fills

Of Deep that calls to Deep across the  
 hills,

\* The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps; this, if true, may proceed from their living more secluded.

† This picture is from the middle region of the Alps. *Chalets* are summer huts for the Swiss herdsmen.

G 272A

Even so, by faithful Nature guarded,  
here

The traces of primeval Man appear;  
The simple dignity no forms debase;  
The eye sublime, and surly lion-  
grace :

The slave of none, of beasts alone the  
lord,

His book he prizes, nor neglects his  
sword;

—Well taught by that to feel his rights,  
prepared

With this "the blessings he enjoys to  
guard."

And as his native hills encircle  
ground

For many a marvellous victory re-  
nowned,

The work of Freedom daring to oppose,  
With few in arms,\* innumerable foes,  
When to those famous fields his steps  
are led,

An unknown power connects him with  
the dead :

For images of other worlds are there;

Awful the light, and holy is the air.

Fitfully, and in flashes, through his  
soul,

Like sun-lit tempests, troubled trans-  
ports roll;

---

\* Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the House of Austria; and, in particular, to one fought at Næffels near Glarus, where three hundred and thirty men are said to have defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription, 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians, attempting to make a stand, were repulsed anew.

His bosom heaves, his Spir-  
it amain,

Beyond the senses and th-  
reign.

And oft, when that dread vi-  
sion past by,

He holds with God himself cor-  
responding high,

There where the peal of  
torrents fills

The sky-roofed temple of the  
hills;

Or, when upon the mountain  
brow

Reclined, he sees, above h-  
imself below,

Bright stars of ice and azure  
snow;

While needle peaks of granite s-  
tand bare

Tremble in 'ever-varying ti-  
le air.

And when a gathering we-  
dow shadows brown

Falls on the valleys as the s-  
un goes down;

And Pikes, of darkness named a-  
nd storms,\*

Uplift in quiet their ill-  
luminous forms,

In sea-like reach of prospect rou-  
ndly spread,

Tinged like an angel's smile a-  
nd red—

Awe in his breast with holies  
unites,

And the near heavens impart the  
delights.

---

\* As Schreck-Horn, the pike of  
Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, etc.,

downward to his winter hut he  
 more dear the lessening circle  
 ;  
 which on the hills so oft  
 oys  
 ghts, the central point of all  
 ys.  
 swallow, at the hour of rest,  
 n ere she darts into her nest,  
 homestead, where the grand-  
 ends  
 attling child, he oft descends,  
 a look upon the well-matched  
  
 and driving ice blockade  
 here.  
 fely guarded by the woods  
 nd,  
 s the chiding of the baffled  
 l,  
 /inter calling 'all his terrors  
 id,  
 st within himself, he shrinks  
 from the sound.  
  
 gh Nature's vale his homely  
 sures glide,  
 l by envy, discontent, and  
 ;  
 id of all his vanity, to deck,  
 bright bell a favourite heifer's  
 ;  
 sed upon some simple annual  
  
 ered half the year and hoped  
 est,  
 roduce, from his inner hoard,  
 e ten summers dignify the  
 d.  
 n every clime a flying ray  
 have to cheer our wintry way;

And here the unwilling mind may more  
 than trace  
 The general sorrows of the human race:  
 The churlish gales of penury, that blow  
 Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of  
 snow,  
 To them the gentle groups of bliss deny  
 That on the noon-day bank of leisure  
 lie.  
 Yet more;—compelled by Powers which  
 only deign  
 That *solitary* man disturb their reign,  
 Powers that support an unremitting  
 strife  
 With all the tender charities of life,  
 Full oft the father, when his sons have  
 grown  
 To manhood, seems their title to dis-  
 own;  
 And from his nest amid the storms of  
 heaven  
 Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was  
 driven;  
 With stern composure watches to the  
 plain—  
 And never, eagle-like, beholds again!  
  
 When long familiar joys are all  
 resigned,  
 Why does their sad remembrance haunt  
 the mind?  
 Lo! where through flat Batavia's wil-  
 lowy groves,  
 Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves;  
 O'er the curled waters Alpine measures  
 swell,  
 And search the affections to their  
 inmost cell;  
 Sweet poison spreads along the listener's  
 veins,  
 Turning past pleasures into mortal  
 pains;

Poison, which not a frame of steel can  
brave,  
Bows his young head with sorrow to  
the grave.\*

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song  
resume!  
Ye flattering eastern lights, once more  
the hills illumine!  
Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious  
morn,  
And thou, lost fragrance of the heart,  
return!  
Alas! the little joy to man allowed  
Fades like the lustre of an evening  
cloud;  
Or like the beauty in a flower  
installed,  
Whose season was, and cannot be  
recalled.  
Yet, when opprest by sickness, grief, or  
care,  
And taught that pain is pleasure's  
natural heir,  
We still confide in more than we can  
know;  
Death would be else the favourite  
friend of woe.

'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow  
that shine,  
Between interminable tracts of pine,  
Within a temple stands an awful  
shrine,  
By an uncertain light revealed, that  
falls  
On the mute Image and the troubled  
walls.

---

\*The well-known effect of the famous air,  
called in French *Ranz des Vaches*, upon the  
Swiss troops.

Oh! give not me that eye  
disdain  
That views, undimmed, Einsiedler's  
wretched fane.  
While ghastly faces through the  
appear,  
Abortive joy, and hope that  
fear;  
While prayer contends with  
agony,  
Surely in other thoughts content  
die.  
If the sad grave of human life  
bear  
One flower of hope—oh, pass a  
it there!

The tall sun, pausing on a  
spire,  
Flings o'er the wilderness a  
fire:  
Now meet we other pilgrims ere  
Close on the remnant of the  
way;  
While they are drawing toward  
sacred floor  
Where, so they fondly think, the  
shall gnaw no more.  
How gaily murmur and how  
taste  
The fountains † reared for the  
the waste!  
Their thirst they slake:—the  
their toil-worn feet,  
And some with tears of joy  
greet.

---

\* This shrine is resorted to, from a  
relief, by multitudes, from every corner  
Catholic world, labouring under  
bodily afflictions.

† Rude fountains built and covered  
sheds for the accommodation of the  
in their ascent of the mountain.



Photo. by Herbert Bell, Ambleside.  
WO.

"To Loughrigg-Tarn, round clear and bright as heaven."



ust see you when ye first  
d  
turrets tipped with evening

ad moment will for you a

of charitable sympathy;  
d moment when your hands  
est  
devotion on the thankful  
!

us turn to Chamouny that  
s

s and gloomy woods her  
fields:

ms of ice amid her cots  
nd,

wild flowers and blooming  
rds blend;—

ore fair than what the Grecian

e lights and ever-vernal  
;

the seasons revel hand in

is and shades by breezy  
s fanned,

t beneath that mountain's  
less height

s no commerce with the  
er night.

o age, throughout his lonely  
s

h of ruin fitfully re-  
s;

havoc! but serene his

light lingers on perpetual

stars above, and all is black

What marvel then if many a Wan-  
derer sigh,

While roars the sullen Arve in anger  
by,

That not for thy reward, unrivall'd  
Vale!

Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal  
gale;

That thou, the slave of slaves, art  
doomed to pine

And droop, while no Italian arts are  
thine,

To soothe or cheer, to soften or  
refine.

Hail Freedom! whether it was mine  
to stray,

With shrill winds whistling round my  
lonely way,

On the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-  
clad moors,

Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scot-  
land's shores;

To scent the sweets of Piedmont's  
breathing rose,

And orange gale that o'er Lugano  
blows;

Still have I found, where Tyranny pre-  
vails,

That virtue languishes and pleasure  
fails,

While the remotest hamlets blessings  
share

In thy loved presence known, and only  
there;

Heart-blessings—outward treasures too  
which the eye

Of the sun peeping through the clouds  
can spy,

And every passing breeze will  
testify.



There, to the porch, belike with jasmine  
bound  
Or woodbine wreaths, a smother path  
is wound ;  
The housewife there a brighter garden  
sees,  
Where hum on busier wing her happy  
bees ;  
On infant cheeks there fresher roses  
blow ;  
And gray-haired men look up with  
livelier brow,—  
To greet the traveller needing food and  
rest ;  
Housed for the night, or but a half-  
hour's guest.

And oh, fair France! though now  
the traveller sees  
Thy three-striped banner fluctuate on  
the breeze ;  
Though martial songs have banished  
songs of love,  
And nightingales desert the village  
grove,  
Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's  
alarms,  
And the short thunder, and the flash of  
arms ;  
That cease not till night falls, when far  
and nigh,  
Sole sound, the Sourd \* prolongs his  
mournful cry ;  
—Yet hast thou found that Freedom  
spreads her power  
Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage-  
door :

All nature smiles, and own  
her eyes  
Her fields peculiar, and  
skies.  
Yes, as I roamed where Loire  
glide  
Through rustling aspens he  
side to side,  
When from October clouds  
light  
Fell where the blue flood rip  
white ;  
Methought from every cot the  
bird  
Crowed with ear-piercing power  
unheard ;  
Each clacking mill, that broke  
muring streams,  
Rocked the charmed thought  
delightful dreams ;  
Chasing those pleasant dreams  
falling leaf  
Awoke a fainter sense of  
grief ;  
The measured echo of the  
flail  
Wound in more welcome cadence  
the vale ;  
With more majestic course \* t  
rolled,  
And ripening foilage shone with  
gold.  
—But foes are gathering—Liberty  
raise  
Red on the hills her beacon's  
blaze ;

---

\* An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

---

\* The duties upon many parts of the rivers were so exorbitant, that the people, deprived of the benefit of carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

he tocsin ring from tower to  
 —  
 I nearer comes the trying  
 rave Land, though pride's  
 ted ire  
 's own aid, and wrap thy  
 n fire:  
 e flames a great and glorious

v-made heaven were hailing  
 'earth!  
 not be: the promise is too  
 .  
 res doomed to breathe terres-  
 ir:  
 for this will sober reason  
 : promise, nor the hope dis-  
 s that only from high aims  
 .  
 dons, and to them alone are

May in its progress see thy guiding  
 hand,  
 And cease the acknowledged purpose  
 to withstand;  
 Or, swept in anger from the insulted  
 shore,  
 Sink with his servile bands, to rise no  
 more!

To-night, my Friend, within this  
 humble cot  
 Be scorn and fear and hope alike  
 forgot  
 In timely sleep; and when, at break of  
 day,  
 On the tall peaks the glistening sun-  
 beams play,  
 With a light heart our course we may  
 renew,  
 The first whose footsteps print the  
 mountain dew.

---

### LINES

od! by whom the strifes of  
 re weighed  
 ertial balance, give thine aid  
 st cause; and, oh! do thou  
 e  
 ighly stream now spreading  
 s waters, from the heavens  
 ed  
 s showers, from earth by  
 some springs,  
 the long-parched lands with  
 ke wings!  
 that every sceptred child of  
 presumptuous, "Here the  
 shall stay,"

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands  
 near the lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate  
 part of the shore, commanding a beautiful  
 prospect.

NAV, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-  
 tree stands  
 Far from all human dwelling: what if  
 here  
 No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant  
 herb?  
 What if the bee love not these barren  
 boughs?  
 Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the  
 curling waves,  
 That break against the shore, shall lull  
 thy mind

By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

Who he was  
That piled these stones and with the  
mossy sod  
First covered, and here taught this  
aged Tree  
With its dark arms to form a circling  
bower,  
I well remember.—He was one who  
owned  
No common soul. In youth by science  
nursed,  
And led by nature into a wild  
scene  
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went  
forth  
A favoured Being, knowing no  
desire  
Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst  
the taint  
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and  
hate,  
And scorn,—against all enemies pre-  
pared,  
All but neglect. The world, for so it  
thought,  
Owed him no service; wherefore he at  
once  
With indignation turned himself  
away,  
And with the food of pride sustained  
his soul  
In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy  
boughs  
Had charms for him; and here he  
loved to sit,  
His only visitants a straggling  
sheep,  
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-  
piper:  
And on these barren rocks, with fern  
and heath,

And juniper and thistle,  
o'er,  
Fixing his downcast eye, he  
hour  
A morbid pleasure nourished  
here  
An emblem of his own  
life:  
And, lifting up his head, he the  
gaze  
On the more distant scene,—he  
'tis  
Thou seest,—and he would gl  
became  
Far lovelier, and his heart c  
sustain  
The beauty, still more beauteou  
that time,  
When nature had subdued  
herself,  
Would he forget those Beings  
minds  
Warm from the labours of  
lence  
The world, and human life, ap  
scene  
Of kindred loveliness: then h  
sigh,  
Inly disturbed, to think tha  
felt  
What he must never feel: and  
Man!  
On visionary views would  
feed,  
Till his eye streamed with te  
this deep vale  
He died,—this seat his only mo  
  
If Thou be one whose heart  
forms  
Of young imagination hav  
pure,

enceforth be warned ; and  
 at pride,  
 guised in its own majesty,  
 that he who feels contempt  
 of thing, hath faculties  
 is never used ; that thought  
 n  
 ncy. The man whose eye  
 himself doth look on one,  
 of Nature's works, one who  
 move

The wise man to that scorn which  
 wisdom holds  
 Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, 'Thou !  
 Instructed that true knowledge leads  
 to love ;  
 True dignity abides with him alone  
 Who, in the silent hour of inward  
 thought,  
 Can still suspect, and still revere  
 himself  
 In lowliness of heart.

## RRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

eaps up when I behold  
 w in the sky :  
 when my life began ;  
 w I am a man :  
 hen I shall grow old,  
 ie die !  
 is father of the man ;  
 ld wish my days to be  
 h to each by natural piety.

A very hunter did I rush  
 Upon the prey :—with leaps and  
 springs  
 I followed on from brake to bush ;  
 But she, God love her ! feared to brush  
 The dust from off its wings.

### FORESIGHT.

#### A BUTTERFLY.

me—do not take thy flight !  
 iger stay in sight !  
 verse do I find in thee,  
 of my infancy !  
 ' me ; do not yet depart !  
 s revive in thee :  
 g'st, gay creature as thou art !  
 image to my heart,  
 's family !

ant, pleasant were the days,  
 when, in our childish plays,  
 Emmeline and I  
 chased the butterfly !

THAT is work of waste and ruin—  
 Do as Charles and I are doing !  
 Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,  
 We must spare them—here are many :  
 Look at it—the flower is small,  
 Small and low, though fair as any :  
 Do not touch it ! summers two  
 I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne !  
 Pull as many as you can.  
 —Here are daisies, take your fill ;  
 Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower :  
 Of the lofty daffodil  
 Make your bed, and make your bower ;  
 Fill your lap, and fill your bosom ;  
 Only spare the strawberry-blossom !

Primroses, the spring may love them :  
 Summer knows but little of them :  
 Violets, a barren kind,  
 Withered on the ground must lie ;  
 Daisies leave no fruit behind  
 When the pretty flowerets die ;  
 Pluck them, and another year  
 As many will be blowing here.

Forth-startled from the fern  
 lay couched ;  
 Unthought of, unexpected,  
 Of the soft breeze ruffling the  
 flowers ;  
 Or from before it chasing  
 The many-coloured images  
 Upon the bosom of a placid

God has given a kindlier power  
 To the favoured strawberry-flower.  
 Hither soon as spring is fled  
 You and Charles and I will walk ;  
 Lurking berries, ripe and red,  
 Then will hang on every stalk,  
 Each within its leafy bower ;  
 And for that promise spare the flower !

### CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

LOVING she is, and tractable, though  
 wild ;  
 And innocence hath privilege in her  
 To dignify arch looks and laughing  
 eyes ; round  
 And feats of cunning ; and the pretty  
 Of trespasses, affected to provoke  
 Mock-chastisement and partnership in  
 play.  
 And, as a faggot sparkles on the  
 hearth,  
 Not less if unattended and alone  
 Than when both young and old sit  
 gathered round  
 And take delight in its activity,  
 Even so this happy creature of her-  
 self  
 Is all-sufficient ; solitude to her  
 Is blithe society, who fills the air  
 With gladness and involuntary songs.  
 Light are her sallies as the tripping  
 fawn's

### ADDRESS TO A CHILD A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

BY MY SISTER.

WHAT way does the wind  
 What way does he go ?  
 He rides over the water and  
 snow,  
 Through wood, and through  
 o'er rocky height,  
 Which the goat cannot climb,  
 sounding flight ;  
 He tosses about in every bar  
 As, if you look up, you please  
 see ;  
 But how he will come and whirl  
 There's never a scholar in  
 knows.  
 He will suddenly stop in a  
 nook  
 And ring a sharp 'larum !—but  
 should look,  
 There's nothing to see but a  
 of snow  
 Round as a pillow and white  
 milk,  
 And softer than if it were  
 with silk.  
 Sometimes he'll hide in the ca  
 Then whistle as shrill as the  
 cock ;

him,— and what shall you  
the place?

it silence and empty space;  
corner a heap of dry leaves,  
left, for a bed, to beggars  
ives!

s 'tis daylight, to-morrow,  
ie

go to the orchard, and then  
ll see

is been there, and made a  
out,

d the branches, and strewn  
out;

ant that he spare but that  
right twig

d up at the sky so proud  
g

mer, as well you know,

with apples, a beautiful

the roof he makes a pause,  
as if he would fix his claws  
e slates, and with a huge

down like men in a battle;  
im range round; he does  
arm,

p the fire, we're snug and

by his breath see the  
shines bright,  
with a clear and steady

we to read,—but that half-  
! knell—

the sound of the eight  
k bell.

ow, we'll to bed! and when  
e there

ork his own will, and what  
we care?

He may knock at the door,—we'll not  
let him in;

May drive at the windows,—we'll  
laugh at his din;

Let him seek his own home wherever  
it be; [and me.

Here's a *cosie* warm house for Edward

## THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY THE SAME.

A MONTH, sweet little ones, is passed  
Since your dear mother went away,—  
And she to-morrow will return;  
To-morrow is the happy day.

Oh, blessed tidings! thought of joy!  
The eldest heard with steady glee;  
Silent he stood; then laughed amain,  
And shouted, "Mother, come to me!"

Louder and louder did he shout,  
With witless hope to bring her near;  
"Nay, patience! patience, little boy!  
Your tender mother cannot hear."

I told of hills, and far-off towns,  
And long, long vales to travel  
through;—

He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,  
But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast:  
She wars not with the mystery  
Of time and distance, night and day,  
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy  
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;  
She dances, runs without an aim,  
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,  
And echoes back his sister's glee;  
They hug the infant in my arms,  
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,  
We rested in the garden bower ;  
While sweetly shone the evening sun  
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done,—  
Our rambles by the swift brook's side  
Far as the willow-skirted pool,  
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,  
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,  
Of birds that build their nests and  
sing,  
And "all since mother went away."

To her these tales they will repeat,  
To her our new-born tribes will show,  
The goslings green, the ass's colt,  
The lambs that in the meadow go.

—But, see, the evening star comes  
forth!

To bed the children must depart ;  
A moment's heaviness they feel,  
A sadness at the heart :

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit  
They run up stairs in gamesome race ;  
I, too, infected by their mood,  
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, oh, the  
change!

Asleep upon their beds they lie ;  
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,  
And closed the sparkling eye.

---

### LUCY GRAY ; OR, SOLITUDE.

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray :  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Luc  
She dwelt on a wide moor  
The sweetest thing that ev  
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn  
The hare upon the green  
But the sweet face of Luc  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy  
You to the town must go ;  
And take a lantern, child,  
Your mother through the s

"That, father, will I gladly  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just  
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his  
And snapped a faggot band  
He plied his work ;—and L  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powd  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before  
She wandered up and down  
And many a hill did Lucy cl  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all th  
Went shouting far and wide ;  
But there was neither sound  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they  
That overlooked the moor ;  
And thence they saw the  
wood,  
A furlong from their door.

t, and turning homeward,  
 "we all shall meet:"  
 The snow the mother spied  
 Of Lucy's feet.

wards from the steep hill's  
 fast  
 ed the footmarks small;  
 ough the broken hawthorn  
 e, long stone-wall;

an open field they crossed:  
 s were still the same;  
 ed them on, nor ever lost;  
 e bridge they came.

wed from the snowy bank  
 marks, one by one,  
 middle of the plank;  
 or there were none!  
 maintain that to this day  
 ying child;  
 nay see sweet Lucy Gray  
 onesome wild.

and smooth she trips along,  
 looks behind;  
 a solitary song  
 les in the wind.

#### WELL; OR, POVERTY.

oy drove with fierce career,  
 ning clouds the moon had  
 ed;  
 e hurried on, my ear  
 1 with a startling sound.

nd blew many ways,  
 e sound—and more and

o follow with the chaise,  
 heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;  
 He stopped his horses at the word;  
 But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
 Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and  
 fast  
 The horses scampered through the  
 rain;  
 But, hearing soon upon the blast  
 The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,  
 "Whence comes," said I, "this piteous  
 moan?"  
 And there a little girl I found,  
 Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,  
 But loud and bitterly she wept,  
 As if her innocent heart would break;  
 And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?" She sobbed,  
 "Look here!"

I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
 A weather-beaten rag as e'er  
 From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,  
 It hung, nor could at once be freed;  
 But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,  
 A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,  
 To-night along these lonesome ways?"  
 "To Durham," answered she, half  
 wild—

"Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief  
 Sat the poor girl, and forth did send  
 Sob after sob, as if her grief  
 Could never, never have an end.



"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"  
 She checked herself in her distress,  
 And said, "My name is Alice Fell;  
 I'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, sir, belong."  
 Again, as if the thought would  
 choke

Her very heart, her grief grew strong;  
 And all was for her tattered cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's  
 end

Was nigh; and sitting by my side,  
 As if she had lost her only friend,  
 She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;  
 Of Alice and her grief I told;  
 And I gave money to the host,  
 To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil gray,  
 As warm a cloak as man can sell!"  
 Proud creature was she the next day,  
 The little orphan, Alice Fell!

---

### WE ARE SEVEN.

—————A SIMPLE child,  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
 What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:  
 She was eight years old, she said;  
 Her hair was thick with many a curl  
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
 And she was wildly clad:  
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
 Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
 How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all,"  
 And wondering looked at me

"And where are they? I tell."

She answered, "Seven are we  
 And two of us at Conway dw  
 And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard  
 My sister and my brother;  
 And, in the churchyard cottag  
 Dwell near them with my mot

"You say that two at Conway  
 And two are gone to sea,  
 Yet ye are seven!—I pray you  
 Sweet maid, how this may b

Then did the little maid repl  
 "Seven boys and girls are we;  
 Two of us in the churchyard  
 Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little ma  
 Your limbs they are alive;  
 If two are in the churchyard  
 Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they  
 seen,"

The little maid replied,  
 "Twelve steps or more f  
 mother's door,  
 And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often  
 My kerchief there I hem;  
 And there upon the ground I  
 And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,  
 When it is light and fair,  
 I take my little porringer,  
 And eat my supper there.

that died was sister Jane ;  
 e moaning lay,  
 eleased her of her pain ;  
 she went away.

churyard she was laid ;  
 the grass was dry,  
 ound her grave we played,  
 r John and I.  
 n the ground was white with

ld run and slide,  
 r John was forced to go,  
 s by her side."

y are you then," said I,  
 vo are in heaven?"

the little maid's reply,  
 ! we are seven."

are dead ; those two are

ts are in heaven ! "

wing words away : for still  
 naid would have her will,  
 'Nay, we are seven ! "

#### NOTE FOR FATHERS.

HOW THE PRACTICE OF LYING  
 MAY BE TAUGHT.

boy of five years old ;  
 is fair and fresh to see ;  
 are cast in beauty's mould,  
 ly he loves me.

we strolled on our dry walk,  
 home all full in view,  
 such intermitted talk  
 e went to do.

hts on former pleasures ran ;  
 of Kilve's delightful shore,  
 ant home when spring began,  
 ong year before.

A day it was when I could bear  
 Some fond regrets to entertain ;  
 With so much happiness to spare,  
 I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet  
 Of lambs that bounded through the  
 glade,  
 From shade to sunshine, and as fleet  
 From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—and each  
 trace  
 Of inward sadness had its charm ;  
 Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,  
 And so is Liswyn farm."

My boy beside me tripped, so slim  
 And graceful in his rustic dress !  
 And, as we talked, I questioned him,  
 In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had you rather be,"  
 I said, and took him by the arm,  
 "On Kilve's smooth shore, by the  
 green sea,  
 Or here at Liswyn farm?"

In careless mood he looked at me,  
 While still I held him by the arm,  
 And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be  
 Than here at Liswyn farm."

"Now, little Edward, say why so ;  
 My little Edward, tell me why."  
 "I cannot tell, I do not know."  
 "Why, this is strange," said I.

"For here are woods, hills smooth and  
 warm :  
 There surely must some reason be  
 Why you would change sweet Liswyn  
 farm  
 For Kilve by the green sea."

At this my boy hung down his head,  
He blushed with shame, nor made  
reply ;  
And three times to the child I said,  
“Why, Edward, tell me why?”

His head he raised—there was in  
sight,  
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—  
Upon the housetop, glittering bright,  
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,  
And eased his mind with this reply :  
“At Kilve there was no weathercock,  
And that’s the reason why.”

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn,  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn.

---

### RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

THERE’s George Fisher, Charles Flem-  
ing, and Reginald Shore,  
Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the  
highest not more  
Than the height of a counsellor’s bag,  
To the top of Great How\* did it please  
them to climb;  
And there they built up, without  
mortar or lime,  
A man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up  
as they lay ;  
They built him and christened him all  
in one day,  
An urchin both vigorous and hale ;

---

\* Great How is a single and conspicuous hill,  
which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on  
the western side of the beautiful dale of Legber-  
thwaite, along the high road between Keswick  
and Ambleside.

And so without scruple they ca  
Ralph Jones.  
Now Ralph is renowned for th  
of his bones :  
The Magog of Legberthwaite

Just half a week after, the win  
forth,  
And, in anger or merriment, on  
north  
Coming on with a terrible pot  
From the peak of the crag l  
giant away.  
And what did these school-  
The very next day  
They went and they built up

Some little I’ve seen of blind  
ous works  
By Christian disturbers more  
than Turks,  
Spirits busy to do and undo :  
At remembrance whereof m  
sometimes will flag ;  
Then, light-hearted boys, to th  
the crag,  
And I’ll build up a giant with

---

### THE PET-LAMB: A PAST

THE dew was falling fast, t  
began to blink ;  
I heard a voice ; it said, “Dri  
creature, drink !”  
And, looking o’er the hedge  
me I espied  
A snow-white mountain lamb  
maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near ;  
was all alone,  
And by a slender cord was tel  
a stone ;

knee on the grass did the  
maiden kneel,  
hat mountain lamb she gave  
ening meal.

, while from her hand he  
his supper took,  
feast with head and ears;  
is tail with pleasure shook.  
retty creature, drink," she  
n such a tone  
most received her heart into  
wn.

e Barbara Lewthwaite, a  
of beauty rare!  
hem with delight, they were  
ly pair.  
her empty can the maiden  
away;  
yards were gone her foot-  
did she stay.

urds the lamb she looked;  
om a shady place  
ed could see the workings  
face:

to her tongue could  
ed numbers bring,  
ght I, to her lamb that little  
night sing:

thee, young one? what?  
ull so at thy cord?  
ll with thee? well both for  
d board?  
grass is soft, and green as  
an be;  
young one, rest; what is't  
eth thee?

thou wouldst seek? What  
ing to thy heart?  
re they not strong? And  
il thou art:

This grass is tender grass; these  
flowers they have no peers;  
And that green corn all day is rustling  
in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but  
stretch thy woollen chain,  
This beech is standing by, its covert  
thou canst gain;  
For rain and mountain storms! the  
like thou need'st not fear—  
The rain and storm are things that  
scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast  
forgot the day  
When my father found thee first in  
places far away,  
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou  
wert owned by none,  
And thy mother from thy side for  
evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity  
brought thee home.  
A blessed day for thee! then whither  
wouldst thou roam?  
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam  
that did thee yearn  
Upon the mountain tops no kinder  
could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have  
brought thee in this can  
Fresh water from the brook, as clear  
as ever ran,  
And twice in the day, when the ground  
is wet with dew,  
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm  
milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as  
stout as they are now,  
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a  
pony in the plough;

My playmate thou shalt be ; and when  
the wind is cold  
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house  
shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—poor crea-  
ture, can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is  
working so in thee?  
Things that I know not of belike to  
thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou  
canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain tops that look so  
green and fair!  
I've heard of fearful winds and dark-  
ness that come there ;  
The little brooks that seem all pastime  
and all play,  
When they are angry, roar like lions  
for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the  
raven in the sky ;  
Night and day thou art safe,—our  
cottage is hard by.  
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so  
at thy chain?  
Sleep—and at break of day I will  
come to thee again!"

As homeward through the lane I went  
with lazy feet,  
This song to myself did I oftentimes  
repeat ;  
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad  
line by line,  
That but half of it was hers, and one  
half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat  
the song ;  
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the  
damsel must belong,

For she looked with such a l  
she spake with such a to  
That I almost received her h  
my own."

## THE IDLE SHEPHERD- OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL F

A PASTORAL.

THE valley rings with mirth ;  
Among the hills the echoes pl  
A never, never-ending song,  
To welcome in the May.  
The magpie chatters with deli  
The mountain raven's younglin  
Have left the mother and the  
And they go rambling east and  
In search of their own food ;  
Or through the glittering vapo  
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock upon the grass,  
Two boys are sitting in the su  
Their work, if any work they ha  
Is out of mind—or done.  
On pipes of sycamore they play  
The fragments of a Christmas  
Or with that plant which in ou  
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,  
Their rusty hats they trim ;  
And thus, as happy as the day  
Those shepherds wear the time  
Along the river's stony marge  
The sand-lark chants a joyous  
The thrush is busy in the woo  
And carols loud and strong.  
A thousand lambs are on the ro  
All newly born! both earth and  
Keep jubilee ; and more than a

\* *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumber-  
Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the m  
a steep narrow valley, with a stream  
through it. *Force* is the word univer-  
sally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

ys with their green coronal ;  
 er hear the cry,  
 ntive cry ! which up the hill  
 om the depth of Dungeon-

ter, leaping from the ground,  
 o the stump of yon old yew  
 our whistles run a race."

y the shepherds flew.  
 pt—they ran—and when they  
 e.

posite to Dungeon-Ghyll,  
 at he should lose the prize,  
 to his comrade Walter

opped with no good will :  
 ter then, exulting ; " Here  
 d a task for half a year.

you dare, where I shall cross—  
 and tread where I shall  
 !!"

er took him at his word,  
 owed as he led.  
 spot which you may see  
 ou to Langdale go ;  
 asm a mighty block  
 len, and made a bridge of

is deep below ;  
 basin black and small  
 a lofty waterfall.

f in hand across the cleft  
 lenger pursued his march ;  
 v, all eyes and feet, hath  
 ed  
 ile of the arch.

! he hears a piteous moan—  
 his heart within him dies—  
 is stopped, his breath is lost,  
 s, pallid as a ghost,  
 ing down, espies

A lamb, that in the pool is pent  
 Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,  
 And safe without a bruise or wound  
 The cataract had borne him down  
 Into the gulf profound.

His dam had seen him when he fell,  
 She saw him down the torrent borne :  
 And, while with all a mother's love  
 She from the lofty rocks above  
 Sent forth a cry forlorn,  
 The lamb, still swimming round and  
 round,  
 Made answer to that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was,  
 That sent this rueful cry ; I ween,  
 The boy recovered heart, and told  
 The sight which he had seen.  
 Both gladly now deferred their task ;  
 Nor was there wanting other aid—  
 A poet, one who loves the brooks  
 Far better than the sages' books,  
 By chance had thither strayed ;  
 And there the helpless lamb he found  
 By those huge rocks encompassed  
 round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,  
 And brought it forth into the light :  
 The shepherds met him with his  
 charge,

An unexpected sight !  
 Into their arms the lamb they took,  
 Whose life and limbs the flood had  
 spared ;

Then up the steep ascent they hied,  
 And placed him at his mother's side ;  
 And gently did the bard  
 Those idle shepherd-boys upbraid,  
 And bade them better mind their  
 trade.

## TO H. C. SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are  
brought;

Who of thy words dost make a mock  
apparel,

And fittest to unutterable thought

The breeze-like motion and the self-  
born carol;

Thou faery voyager! that dost float,

In such clear water, that thy boat

May rather seem

To brood on air than on an earthly  
stream;

Suspended in a stream as clear as sky

Where earth and heaven do make one  
imagery!

O blessed vision! happy child!

Thou art so exquisitely wild,

I think of thee with many fears

For what may be thy lot in future  
years.

I thought of times when pain might  
be thy guest,

Lord of thy house and hospitality!

And grief, uneasy lover! never rest

But when she sate within the touch of  
thee.

Oh! too industrious folly!

Oh! vain and causeless melancholy!

Nature will either end thee quite;

Or, lengthening out thy season of  
delight,

Preserve for thee, by individual right,

A young lamb's heart among the full-  
grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,

Or the injuries of to-morrow?

Thou art a dewdrop, which the morn  
brings forth,

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks;

Or to be trailed along the soiling  
earth!

A gem that glitters while it  
And no forewarning gives;  
But, at the touch of wrong,  
strife

Slips in a moment out of life

INFLUENCE OF NAT  
OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRI  
ING THE IMAGINATION IN  
AND EARLY YOUTH.

[This extract is reprinted from "The  
WISDOM and Spirit of the un  
Thou soul, that art the et  
thought!

And giv'st to forms and i  
breath

And everlasting motion! not  
By day or star light, thus from  
dawn

Of childhood 'did'st thou ir  
for me

The passions that build up ou  
soul;

Not with the mean and vulga  
of man,—

But with high objects, with e  
things,

With life and nature; purifying

The elements of feeling  
thought,

And sanctifying by such discipl

Both pain and fear,—until we  
nise

A grandeur in the beatings  
heart.

Nor was this fellowship voc  
to me

With stinted kindness. In No  
days,

ours rolling down the valleys  
 more lonesome; among  
 and 'mid the calm of sum-  
 mersights,  
 the margin of the trembling  
 gloomy hills, homeward I  
 e, such intercourse was  
 it in the fields both day  
 night,  
 the waters, all the summer  
 the frosty season, when the  
 and visible for many a mile,  
 the windows through the twi-  
 light-lazed,  
 not the summons:—happy  
 ed for all of us; for me  
 the one of rapture!—Clear and  
 the great clock tolled six—I  
 stood about,  
 exulting like an untired  
 not for his home.—All  
 with steel  
 and along the polished ice, in  
 the  
 the, imitative of the chase  
 the woodland pleasures,—the re-  
 sounding horn,  
 the loud-chiming, and the hunted  
 in the darkness and the cold  
 snow,  
 the voice was idle: with the din  
 the precipices rang aloud;

The leafless trees and every icy crag  
 Tinkled like iron; while far-distant  
 hills  
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while  
 the stars, [the west  
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in  
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I  
 retired  
 Into a silent bay,—or sportively  
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultu-  
 ous throng,  
 To cut across the reflex of a star,  
 Image, that, flying still before me,  
 gleamed  
 Upon the glassy plain: and often-  
 times,  
 When we had given our bodies to the  
 wind, [side  
 And all the shadowy banks on either  
 Came sweeping through the darkness,  
 spinning still  
 The rapid line of motion, then at once  
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
 Stopped short; yet still the solitary  
 cliffs  
 Wheeled by me—even as if the earth  
 had rolled  
 With visible motion her diurnal round!  
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn  
 train, [watched  
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and  
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

## THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED TO —.

LET us quit the leafy arbour,  
 And the torrent murmuring by:  
 For the sun is in his harbour,  
 Weary of the open sky.



Evening now unbinds the fetters  
Fashioned by the glowing light ;  
All that breathe are thankful debtors  
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended  
Eve renews her calm career ;  
For the day that now is ended  
Is the longest of the year.

Laura ! sport, as now thou sportest,  
On this platform, light and free ;  
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,  
Are indifferent to thee !

Who would check the happy feeling  
That inspires the linnet's song ?  
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling  
On her pinions swift and strong ?

Yet at this impressive season,  
Words which tenderness can speak  
From the truths of homely reason,  
Might exalt the loveliest cheek ;

And, while shades to shades suc-  
ceeding  
Steal the landscape from the sight,  
I would urge this moral pleading,  
Last forerunner of " Good night ! "

Summer ebbs ;—each day that follows  
Is a reflux from on high,  
Tending to the darksome hollows  
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,  
In his providence, assigned  
Such a gradual declination  
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not ;—fruits redden,  
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have  
blown,  
And the heart is loth to deaden  
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden !  
And when thy decline shall come,  
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden  
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped  
slumber,  
Fix thine eyes upon the sea  
That absorbs time, space, and number  
Look thou to eternity !

Follow thou the flowing river  
On whose breast are thither borne  
All deceived, and each deceiver,  
Through the gates of night and mo

Through the year's successive porta  
Through the bounds which many  
star

Marks, not mindless of frail mortals,  
When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time ha  
travelled  
Toward the mighty gulf of things,  
And the mazy stream unravelled  
With thy best imaginings ;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,  
Think how pitiful that stay,  
Did not virtue give the meanest  
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frow  
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and trem  
Fairest damsel of the green,  
Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
That proclaims a genuine queen ;

And ensures those palms of honour  
Which selected spirits wear,  
Bending low before the donor,  
Lord of heaven's unchanging year !

## POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

## THE BROTHERS.

THESE tourists, Heaven preserve us!  
 needs must live  
 ofitable life: some glance along,  
 id and gay, as if the earth were  
 air,  
 they were butterflies to wheel  
 about  
 g as the summer lasted: some, as  
 wise,  
 shed on the forehead of a jutting  
 crag,  
 cil in hand and book upon the  
 knee,  
 look and scribble, scribble on and  
 look,  
 il a man might travel twelve stout  
 miles, [corn  
 reap an acre of his neighbour's  
 , for that moping son of idleness,  
 y can he tarry *yonder*?—In our  
 churchyard  
 neither epitaph nor monument,  
 nbstone nor name—only the turf  
 we tread  
 d a few natural graves."

To Jane, his wife,  
 us spake the homely Priest of  
 Ennerdale.

was a July evening; and he sate  
 n the long stone-seat beneath the  
 eaves  
 his old cottage,—as it chanced,  
 that day,  
 ployed in winter's work. Upon  
 the stone [wool,  
 wife sate near him, teasing matted

While, from the twin cards toothed  
 with glittering wire,  
 He fed the spindle of his youngest  
 child,  
 Who, in the open air, with due accord  
 Of busy hands and back-and-forward  
 steps,  
 Her large round wheel was turning.  
 Towards the field  
 In which the parish chapel stood alone,  
 Girt round with a bare ring of mossy  
 wall,  
 While half an hour went by, the priest  
 had sent  
 Many a long look of wonder: and at  
 last,  
 Risen from his seat, beside the snow-  
 white ridge  
 Of carded wool which the old man had  
 piled  
 He laid his implements with gentle  
 care,  
 Each in the other locked; and, down  
 the path  
 That from his cottage to the church-  
 yard led,  
 He took his way, impatient to accost  
 The stranger, whom he saw still lin-  
 gering there.

'Twas one well known to him in  
 former days,  
 A shepherd-lad;—who ere his six-  
 teenth year [trust  
 Had left that calling, tempted to in-  
 His expectations to the fickle winds  
 And perilous waters,—with the  
 mariners  
 A fellow-mariner,—and so had fared

Through twenty seasons; but he had  
 been reared  
 Among the mountains, and he in his  
 heart  
 Was half a shepherd on the stormy  
 seas.  
 Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard  
 heard  
 The tones of waterfalls, and inland  
 sounds  
 Of caves and trees:—and when the  
 regular wind  
 Between the tropics filled the steady  
 sail,  
 And blew with the same breath  
 through days and weeks,  
 Lengthening invisibly its weary line  
 Along the cloudless main, he, in those  
 hours  
 Of tiresome indolence, would often  
 hang [gaze;  
 Over the vessel's side, and gaze and  
 And, while the broad blue wave and  
 sparkling foam  
 Flashed round him images and hues  
 that wrought  
 In union with the employment of his  
 heart,  
 He, thus by feverish passion over-  
 come, [eye,  
 Even with the organs of his bodily  
 Below him, in the bosom of the deep,  
 Saw mountains,—saw the forms of  
 sheep that grazed  
 On verdant hills—with dwellings  
 among trees,  
 And shepherds clad in the same  
 country gray  
 Which he himself had worn.\*

And now, at last  
 From perils manifold, with some small  
 wealth  
 Acquired by traffic 'mid the India  
 Isles,  
 To his paternal home he is returned,  
 With a determined purpose to resume  
 The life he had lived there; both for  
 the sake  
 Of many darling pleasures, and the  
 love  
 Which to an only brother he has borne  
 In all his hardships, since that hap-  
 py time  
 When, whether it blew foul or fair,  
 they two  
 Were brother shepherds on their  
 native hills.  
 They were the last of all their race  
 and now,  
 When Leonard had approached  
 home, his heart  
 Failed in him; and, not venturing  
 inquire  
 Tidings of one so long and dearly  
 loved,  
 He to the solitary church-yard  
 turned;  
 That, as he knew in what particular  
 spot [le  
 His family were laid, he thence might  
 If still his brother lived, or to the  
 Another grave was added.—He  
 found  
 Another grave,—near which a  
 half-hour  
 He had remained; but, as he gazed  
 there grew  
 Such a confusion in his memory,  
 That he began to doubt; and even  
 hope  
 That he had seen this heap of  
 before—

\* This description of the Calcutta is sketched from an imperfect recollection of an admirable one in prose, by Mr. Gilbert, author of "The Hurricane."

at it was not another grave; but  
 one  
 had forgotten. He had lost his  
 path,  
 up the vale, that afternoon, he  
 walked  
 rough fields which once had been  
 well known to him :  
 id, oh, what joy this recollection now  
 nt to his heart ! He lifted up his  
 eyes, [saw  
 id, looking round, imagined that he  
 range alteration wrought on every  
 side •  
 among the woods and fields, and that  
 the rocks, [changed.  
 and everlasting hills themselves were  
  
 By this the priest, who down the  
 field had come  
 nseen by Leonard, at the church-  
 yard gate  
 opped short,—and thence, at leisure,  
 limb by limb  
 erused him with a gay complacency.  
 y, thought the vicar, smiling to him-  
 self,  
 is one of those who needs must  
 leave the path  
 f the world's business to go wild  
 alone :  
 is arms have a perpetual holiday ;  
 he happy man will creep about the  
 fields,  
 following his fancies by the hour, to  
 bring  
 ears down his cheek, or solitary  
 smiles,  
 to his face, until the setting sun  
 rite fool upon his forehead. Planted  
 thus  
 eneath a shed that over-arched the  
 gate

Of this rude churchyard, till the stars  
 appeared,  
 The good man might have communed  
 with himself,  
 But that the stranger, who had left the  
 grave,  
 Approached : he recognised the priest  
 at once,  
 And, after greetings interchanged, and  
 given  
 By Leonard to the vicar as to one  
 Unknown to him, this dialogue en-  
 sued :—  
*Leonard.* You live, sir, in these  
 dales, a quiet life :  
 Your years make up one peaceful  
 family ;  
 And who would grieve and fret, if,  
 welcome come  
 And welcome gone, they are so like  
 each other,  
 They cannot be remembered ? Scarce  
 a funeral  
 Comes to this churchyard once in  
 eighteen months ;  
 And yet, some changes must take  
 place among you ;  
 And you, who dwell here, even among  
 these rocks,  
 Can trace the finger of mortality,  
 And see, that with our threescore years  
 and ten  
 We are not all that perish.—I  
 remember,  
 (For many years ago I passed this  
 road)  
 There was a foot-way all along the  
 fields  
 By the brook-side—'tis gone—and that  
 dark cleft !  
 To me it does not seem to wear the  
 face  
 Which then it had !

*Priest.* Nay, sir, for aught I know,  
That chasm is much the same—

*Leonard.* But, surely, yonder—

*Priest.* Ay, there, indeed, your  
memory is a friend  
That does not play you false.—On  
that tall pike  
(It is the loneliest place of all these  
hills)

There were two springs which bubbled  
side by side,

As if they had been made that they  
might be

Companions for each other: the huge  
crag

Was rent with lightning—one hath dis-  
appeared;

The other, left behind, is flowing still.  
For accidents and changes such as  
these,

We want not store of them:—a water-  
spout

Will bring down half a mountain;  
what a feast

For folks that wander up and down  
like you,

To see an acre's breadth of that wide  
cliff

One roaring cataract!—a sharp May-  
storm

Will come with loads of January snow,  
And in one night send twenty score  
of sheep

To feed the ravens; or a shepherd  
dies

By some untoward death among the  
rocks:

The ice breaks up and sweeps away a  
bridge—

A wood is felled:—and then for our  
own homes!

A child is born or christened, a field  
ploughed,

A daughter sent to service, a w  
spun,

The old house-clock is decked with  
new face;

And hence, so far from wanting fa  
or dates

To chronicle the time, we all han  
here

A pair of diaries,—one serving, sir,  
For the whole dale, and one for eac  
fireside—

Yours was a stranger's judgment: f  
historians,

Commend me to these valleys!

*Leonard.* Yet your churchya  
Seems, if such freedom may be us  
with you,

To say that you are heedless of t  
past: [grav

An orphan could not find his mothe  
Here's neither head nor footstor  
plate of brass,

Cross-bones nor skull,—type of c  
earthly state

Nor emblem of our hopes: the de  
man's home

Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

*Priest.* Why, there, sir, is a thou  
that's new to me!

The stone-cutters, 'tis true, might l  
their bread

If every English churchyard were l  
ours;

Yet your conclusion wanders from  
truth:

We have no need of names :  
epitaphs;

We talk about the dead by our !  
sides.

And then, for our immortal part!  
want

No symbols, sir, to tell us that p  
tale:

thought of death sits easy on the  
man  
has been born and dies among  
the mountains.

*Leonard.* Your dalesmen, then, do  
in each other's thoughts  
possess a kind of second life: no  
doubt

you, sir, could help me to the history  
half these graves?

*Priest.* For eight-score winters  
past,

what I've witnessed, and with  
what I've heard,

perhaps I might; and, on a winter  
evening,

you were seated at my chimney's  
nook,

turning o'er these hillocks one by  
one,

two could travel, sir, through a  
strange round;

all in the broad highway of the  
world.

Now there's a grave—your foot is half  
upon it,—

looks just like the rest, and yet that  
man

is dead broken-hearted.

*Leonard.* 'Tis a common case.  
I'll take another: who is he that lies  
beneath yon ridge, the last of those  
three graves?

It touches on that piece of native  
rock

is set in the churchyard wall.

*Priest.* That's Walter Ewbank.  
He had as white a head and fresh a  
cheek

as ever were produced by youth and  
age

engendering in the blood of hale four-  
score.

Through five long generations had the  
heart

Of Walter's forefathers o'erflowed the  
bounds

Of their inheritance, that single cot-  
tage—

You see it yonder!—and those few  
green fields.

They toiled and wrought, and still,  
from sire to son,

Each struggled, and each yielded as  
before

A little—yet a little—and old Walter,  
They left to him the family heart, and

land  
With other burthens than the crop it

bore.  
Year after year the old man still kept

up  
A cheerful mind,—and buffeted with

bond,  
Interest, and mortgages; at last he

sank,  
And went into his grave before his

time.  
Poor Walter! whether it was care that

spurred him  
God only knows, but to the very last

He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale:  
His pace was never that of an old

man: [path  
I almost see him tripping down the

With his two grandsons after him:—  
but you,

Unless our landlord be your host to-  
night,

Have far to travel,—and on these  
rough paths

Even in the longest day of mid-  
summer—

*Leonard.* But those two orphans!  
*Priest.* Orphans!—Such they

were—

Yet not while Walter lived:—for,  
 though their parents  
 Lay buried side by side as now they  
 lie,  
 The old man was a father to the boys,  
 Two fathers in one father: and if  
 tears,  
 Shed when he talked of them where  
 they were not, [love,  
 And hauntings from the infirmity of  
 Are aught of what makes up a  
 mother's heart,  
 This old man, in the day of his old  
 age,  
 Was half a mother to them.—If you  
 weep, sir,  
 To hear a stranger talking about  
 strangers,  
 Heaven bless you when you are among  
 your kindred!  
 Ay—you may turn that way—it is a  
 grave  
 Which will bear looking at.

*Leonard.* These boys—I hope

They loved this good old man?

*Priest.* They did—and truly;

But that was what we almost over-  
 looked,

They were such darlings of each other.

Yes,

Though from the cradle they had lived  
 with Walter,

The only kinsman near them, and  
 though he

Inclined to both by reason of his age,  
 With a more fond, familiar tender-  
 ness;

They, notwithstanding, had much love  
 to spare,

And it all went into each other's  
 hearts.

Leonard, the elder by just eighteen  
 months,

Was two years taller: 'twas a joy  
 see,

To hear, to meet them!—From the  
 house the school

Is distant three short miles—and  
 the time

Of storm and thaw, when every way  
 course

And unbridged stream, such as  
 may have noticed

Crossing our roads at every hundred  
 steps,

Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,  
 Would Leonard then, when elder boy  
 remained

At home, go staggering through  
 slippery fords

Bearing his brother on his back.  
 have seen him,

On windy days, in one of those stormy  
 brooks,

Ay, more than once I have seen him  
 mid-leg deep,

Their two books lying both on a  
 stone

Upon the hither side: and once  
 said,

As I remember, looking round the  
 rocks

And hills on which we all of us were  
 born,

That God who made the great world  
 of the world

Would bless such piety—

*Leonard.* It may be then—

*Priest.* Never did worthier labourer  
 break English bread;

The very brightest Sunday autumn  
 saw,

With all its mealy clusters of ripening  
 nuts,

Could never keep those boys away  
 from church,

npt them to an hour of Sabbath  
reach.  
ard and James! I warrant every  
corner  
g these rocks, and every hollow  
lace [or both  
centurous foot could reach, to one  
known as well as to the flowers  
nat grow there.  
roebucks they went bounding  
'er the hills;  
played like two young ravens  
n the crags:  
they could write, ay, and speak  
so, as well  
any of their betters—and for  
Leonard!  
ery night before he went away,  
own house I put into his hand  
ple, and I'd wager house and  
eld  
if he be alive, he has it yet.  
nard. It seems these brothers  
ave not lived to be  
nfort to each other—  
est. That they might  
o such end is what both old and  
oung  
is our valley all of us have  
ished,  
what, for my part I have often  
rayed:  
Leonard—  
nard. Then James still is left  
mong you?  
est. 'Tis of the elder brother I  
m speaking:  
had an uncle;—he was at that  
me  
iving man, and trafficked on the  
eas:  
but for that same uncle, to this  
our

Leonard had never handled rope or  
shroud,  
For the boy loved the life which we  
lead here;  
And though of unripe years, a strip-  
ling only,  
His soul was knit to this his native  
soil.  
But, as I said, old Walter was too  
weak  
To strive with such a torrent; when  
he died,  
The estate and house were sold; and  
all their sheep,  
A pretty flock, and which, for aught  
I know,  
Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thou-  
sand years:—  
Well—all was gone, and they were  
destitute,  
And Leonard, chiefly for his brother's  
sake, [seas.  
Resolved to try his fortune on the  
Twelve years are passed since we  
had tidings from him.  
If there were one among us who had  
heard  
That Leonard Ewbank was come  
home again,  
From the great Gavel,\* down by  
Leeza's banks,  
And down the Enna, far as Egremont,  
The day would be a joyous festival;  
And those two bells of ours, which  
there you see—

---

\* The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from its resemblance to the gable end of a house, is one of the highest of the Cumberland mountains.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the Lake of Ennerdale: on issuing from the Lake it changes its name, and is called the End, Eyne, or Enna. It falls into the sea a little below Egremont.



Hanging in the open air—but, O good  
sir!

This is sad talk—they'll never sound  
for him—

Living or dead.—When last we heard  
of him

He was in slavery among the Moors  
Upon the Barbary coast.—'Twas not  
a little

That would bring down his spirit;  
and no doubt,

Before it ended in his death, the  
youth

Was sadly crossed.—Poor Leonard!  
when we parted,

He took me by the hand, and said  
to me,

If e'er he should grow rich, he would  
return,

To live in peace upon his father's land  
And lay his bones among us.

*Leonard.* If that day  
Should come, 'twould needs be a glad  
day for him;

He would himself, no doubt, be  
happy then

As any that should meet him—

*Priest.* Happy! Sir—

*Leonard.* You said his kindred all  
were in their graves,  
And that he had one brother—

*Priest.* That is but  
A fellow tale of sorrow, From his  
youth

James, though not sickly, yet was  
delicate;

And Leonard being always by his side  
Had done so many offices about him,  
That, though he was not of a timid  
nature,

Yet still the spirit of a mountain-boy  
In him was somewhat checked; and  
when his brother

Was gone to sea, and he was  
alone,

The little colour that he had  
soon

Stolen from his cheek; he dro  
and pined, and pined—

*Leonard.* But these are all  
graves of full-grown men!

*Priest.* Ay, sir, that passed;  
we took him to us;

He was the child of all the dale  
lived

Three months with one and  
months with another;

And wanted neither food, nor clo  
nor love:

And many, many happy days  
his.

But whether blithe or sad, 'tis  
belief

His absent brother still was at  
heart.

And, when he dwelt beneath our  
we found

(A practice till this time unknow  
him) [r

That often, rising from his be  
He in his sleep would walk al  
and sleeping

He sought his brother Leonar  
You are moved!

Forgive me, sir: before I spok  
you,

I judged you most unkindly.

*Leonard.* But this ye  
How did he die at last?

*Priest.* One sweet May mon  
(It will be twelve years since v  
spring returns)

He had gone forth among the  
dropped lambs,

With two or three companions, w  
their course

occupation led from height to height  
 under a cloudless sun, till 'he, at length,  
 through weariness, or, haply, to indulgence  
 of the moment, lagged behind.

See yon precipice;—it wears the shape

of a vast building made of many  
 fragments; • [rock

in the midst is one particular  
 rises like a column from the vale,

and by our shepherds it is called  
 THE PILLAR.

On its æery summit crowned with  
 heath, [comrades,

loiterer, not unnoticed by his  
 stretched at ease; but, passing  
 by the place •

On their return, they found that he  
 was gone.

He was feared; till one of them  
 by chance

was seen, when evening was far spent,  
 in the house

at that time was James's home,  
 were learned

that nobody had seen him all that  
 day:

On the morning came, and still he was  
 unheard of:

His neighbours were alarmed, and to  
 the brook

he hastened, some ran to the  
 lake: ere noon

they found him at the foot of that  
 same rock—

and with mangled limbs. The  
 third day after

I buried him, poor youth, and there  
 he lies!

*Leonard.* And that then is his  
 grave!—Before his death

You say that he saw many happy  
 years?

*Priest.* Ay, that he did—

*Leonard.* And all went well with  
 him?—

*Priest.* If he had one, the youth  
 had twenty homes.

*Leonard.* And you believe, then,  
 that his mind was easy?—

*Priest.* Yes, long before he died,  
 he found that time

Is a true friend to sorrow; and  
 unless

His thoughts were turned on Leonard's  
 luckless fortune,

He talked about him with a cheerful  
 love.

*Leonard.* He could not come to an  
 unhallowed end!

*Priest.* Nay, God forbid!—You re-  
 collect I mentioned

A habit which disquietude and grief  
 Had brought upon him; and we all  
 conjectured

That, as the day was warm, he had  
 lain down

On the soft heath,—and, waiting for his  
 comrades,

He there had fallen asleep; that in his  
 sleep

He to the margin of the precipice  
 Had walked, and from the summit had  
 fallen headlong.

And so, no doubt, he perished. When  
 the youth

Fell, in his hand he must have grasp'd,  
 we think,

His shepherd's staff; for on that pillar  
 of rock

It had been caught mid way; and there  
for years  
It hung, and mouldered there—

The priest here ended—  
The stranger would have thanked him,  
but he felt  
A gushing from his heart, that took  
away  
The power of speech. Both left the  
spot in silence;  
And Leonard, when they reached the  
churchyard gate,  
As the priest lifted up the latch,  
turned round,—  
And looking at the grave, he said,  
“My Brother!”

The vicar did not hear the words:  
and now,

He pointed towards his dwelling-place,  
entreating

That Leonard would partake his  
homely fare:

The other thanked him with an earnest  
voice; [calm,

But added, that, the evening being  
He would pursue his journey. So  
they parted

It was not long ere Leonard reached  
a grove

That overhung the road: he there  
stopped short,

And, sitting down beneath the trees,  
reviewed [years

All that the priest had said: his early  
Were with him:—his long absence,  
cherished hopes,

And thoughts which had been his an  
hour before,

All pressed on him with such a weight,  
that now,

This vale, where he had been so  
happy, seemed

A place in which he could not b  
to live:

So he relinquished all his purposes  
He travelled back to Egremont: a  
thence, [pri

That night, he wrote a letter to  
Reminding him of what had pass  
between them;

And adding, with a hope to be f  
given,

That it was from the weakness of  
heart [v

He had not dared to tell him who

This done, he went on shipbo  
and is now

A seaman, a gray-headed mariner.

## ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY  
MONMOUTH, AND MILTON'S HIST  
OF ENGLAND.)

WHERE be the temples which  
Britain's Isle,

For his paternal gods, the Tr  
raised?

Gone like a morning dream, or  
a pile

Of clouds that in cerulean e  
blazed!

Ere Julius landed on her white-cl  
shore,

They sank, delivered o'er  
To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,  
No vestige then was left that  
had ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long  
cealed

In old Armorica, whose secret spi  
No Gothic conqueror ever dr  
revealed

ie marvellous current of forgotten  
things;  
ow Brutus came, by oracles im-  
pelled,  
And Albion's giants quelled,—  
brood whom no civility could melt,  
who never tasted grace, and good-  
ness ne'er had felt."

brave Corineus aided, he sub-  
dued,  
d rooted out the intolerable kind;  
d this too-long-polluted land im-  
bued

goodly arts and usages refined;  
ice golden harvests, cities, war-  
like towers,  
l pleasure's sumptuous bowers;  
ce all the fixed delights of house  
and home,  
dships that will not break, and  
ove that cannot room.

opy Britain! region all too fair  
elf-delighting fancy to endure  
silence only should inhabit  
here.  
beasts, or uncouth savages im-  
pure!  
intermingled with the generous  
seel,  
ow many a poisonous weed;  
fares it still with all that takes  
ts birth  
human care, or grows upon the  
breast of earth.

ie, and how soon! that war of  
vengeance waged  
Guendolen against her faithless  
lord;  
she, in jealous fury unassuaged,  
slain his paramour with ruthless  
sword:

Then, into Severn hideously defiled,  
She flung her blameless child,  
Sabrina,—vowing that the stream  
should bear  
That name through every age, her  
hatred to declare.

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of  
Lear

By his ungrateful daughters turned  
adrift.

Ye lightnings hear his voice!—they  
cannot hear,

Nor can the winds restore his simple  
gift.

But one there is, a child of nature  
meek,

Who comes her sire to seek;

And he, recovering sense, upon her  
breast

Leans smilingly, and sinks into a per-  
fect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy  
themes,

And those that Milton loved in youth-  
ful years;

The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle  
schemes:

The feats of Arthur and his knightly  
peers;

Of Arthur,—who, to upper light re-  
stored

With that terrific sword

Which yet he brandishes for future  
war,

Shall lift his country's fame above the  
polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample  
field

Of old tradition, one particular flower  
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance  
yield,

And bloom unnoticed even to this  
late hour? [grant

Now, gentle Muses, your assistance

While I this flower transplant  
Into a garden stored with poesy;  
Where flowers and herbs unite, and  
haply some weeds be,  
That, wanting not wild grace, are  
from all mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect  
and love

Than wise Gorbonian, ruled not in  
his day; [above

And grateful Britain prospered far  
All neighbouring countries through  
his righteous sway;

He poured rewards and honours on  
the good;

The oppressor he withstood;  
And while he served the gods with  
reverence due,

Fields smiled, and temples rose, and  
towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—  
his son; [he!

But how unworthy of that sire was  
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,  
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.  
From crime to crime he mounted, till  
at length

The nobles leagued their strength  
With a vexed people, and the tyrant  
chased; [brother placed.

And, on the vacant throne, his worthier

From realm to realm the humbled  
exile went,

Suppliant for aid his kingdom to  
regain;

In many a court, and many a warrior's  
tent,

He urged his persevering suit in v  
Him, in whose wretched heart;  
bition failed,

Dire poverty assailed;  
And, tired with slights his pride  
more could brook,  
He towards his native country cast  
longing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind—  
voyage sped;

He landed; and, by many dang  
scared,

“Poorly provided, poorly followe  
To Calaterium's forest he repaired  
How changed from him who, born  
highest place,

Had swayed the royal mace,  
Flattered and feared, despised  
deified,

In Troynovant, his seat by sit  
Thames's side!

From that wild region where th  
crownless king

Lay in concealment with his scan  
train, [spring

Supporting life by water from th  
And such chance food as outlaws co  
obtain, [friend

Unto the few whom he esteems b  
A messenger he sends;

And from their secret loyalty requir  
Shelter and daily bread,—the sum  
his desires.

While he the issue waits, at ear  
morn

Wandering by stealth abroad, b  
chanced to hear

A startling outcry made by how  
and horn,

From which the tusky wild boar th  
in fear;

d, scouring towards him o'er the  
grassy plain,  
Behold the hunter train!  
bids his little company advance  
th seeming unconcern and steady  
countenance.

e royal Elidure, who leads the  
chase, [Can it be?  
th checked his foaming courser—  
thinks that I should recognise that  
face,  
ough much disguised by long ad-  
versity! [gazed,  
gazed, rejoicing, and again he  
nfounded and amazed—  
is the king, my brother!" and,  
by sound  
is own voice confirmed, he leaps  
upon the ground.

, strict, and tender was the em-  
brace he gave,  
ly returned by daunted Artegal;  
se natural affection doubts en-  
slave,  
apprehensions dark and criminal.  
to restrain the moving interview,  
he attendant lords withdrew;  
while they stood upon the plain  
apart,  
s Elidure, by words, relieved his  
struggling heart:

heavenly Powers conducted, we  
have met;  
rother! to my knowledge lost so  
long,  
neither lost to love, nor to regret,  
to my wishes lost;—forgive the  
wrong,  
h it may seem) if I thy crown  
have borne,  
hy royal mantle worn:

I was their natural guardian; and 'tis  
just  
That now I should restore what hath  
been held in trust."

A while the astonished Artegal stood  
mute, [titles shorn,  
Then thus exclaimed—"To me, of  
And stripped of power!—me, feeble,  
destitute,  
To me a kingdom!—spare the bitter  
scorn! [kings,  
If justice ruled the breast of foreign  
Then, on the wide-spread wings  
Of war, had I returned to claim my  
right; [thy despite."  
This will I here avow, not dreading

"I do not blame thee," Elidure re-  
plied;  
"But, if my looks did with my words  
agree,  
I should at once be trusted, not defied,  
And thou from all disquietude be  
free. [chase,  
May the unsullied goddess of the  
Who to this blessed place  
At this blest moment led me, if I  
speak [vengeance wreak!  
With insincere intent, on me her

"Were this same spear, which in my  
hand I grasp,  
The British sceptre, here would I to  
thee  
The symbol yield; and would undo  
this clasp,  
If it confined the robe of sovereignty.  
Odious to me the pomp of regal court,  
And joyless sylvan sport,  
While thou art roving, wretched and  
forlorn,  
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof  
the forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake—"I only  
sought,  
Within this realm a place of safe  
retreat;  
Beware of rousing an ambitious  
thought;  
Beware of kindling hopes, for me  
unmeet!  
Thou art reputed wise, but in my  
mind  
Art pitiably blind;  
Full soon this generous purpose thou  
mayst rue,  
When that which has been done no  
wishes can undo.

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon  
his head,  
Would balance claim with claim, and  
right with right?  
But thou—I know not how inspired,  
how led—  
Wouldst change the course of things  
in all men's sight!  
And this for one who cannot imitate  
Thy virtue—who may hate:  
For, if, by such strange sacrifice  
restored,  
He reign, thou still must be his king,  
and sovereign lord.

"Lifted in magnanimity above  
Aught that my feeble nature could  
perform,  
Or even conceive; surpassing me in  
love  
Far as in power the eagle doth the  
worm;  
I, brother! only should be king in  
name,  
And govern to my shame;  
A shadow in a hated land, while all  
Of glad or willing service to thy share  
would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidur,  
"respect  
Awaits on virtuous life, and e:  
most  
Attends on goodness with domini  
decked,  
Which stands the universal empir  
boast;  
This can thy own experience testi  
Nor shall thy foes deny  
That, in the gracious opening of t  
reign,  
Our father's spirit seemed in thee  
breathe again.

"And what if o'er that bright  
bosoming  
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortu  
past! [spri  
Have we not seen the glories of t  
By veil of noontide darkness overca  
The frith that glittered like a warrio  
shield,  
The sky, the gay green field,  
Are vanished;—gladness ceases  
the groves,  
And trepidation strikes the blacken  
mountain coves.

"But is that gloom dissolved? h  
passing clear  
Seems the wide world—far bright  
than before!  
Even so thy latent worth will  
appear,  
Gladdening the people's heart fr  
shore to shore,  
For youthful faults ripe virtues sh  
atone;

Re-seated on thy throne,  
Proof shalt thou furnish that m  
fortune, pain,  
And sorrow, have confirmed thy nat  
right to reign.

, not to overlook what thou mayst know,  
 enemies are neither weak nor few;  
 circumspect must be our course, and slow,  
 om my purpose ruin may ensue.  
 iss thy followers;—let them calmly wait  
 ch change in thy estate  
 already have in thought devised;  
 which, with caution due, may soon be realised."

story tells what courses were pursued,

King Elidure, with full consent  
 ll his peers, before the multitude,

—and, to consummate this just intent,

place upon his brother's head the crown,

linquished by his own;

to his people cried, "Receive your lord,

onian's first-born son, your rightful king restored!"

people answered with a loud acclaim:

more;—heart-smitten by the heroic deed,

reinstated Artegal became his noblest penitent; from bondage freed

ice,—thenceforth unable to subvert

shake his high desert.

did he reign; and, when he died, the tear

universal grief bedewed his honoured bier.

Thus was a brother by a brother saved;

With whom a crown (temptation that hath set

Discord in hearts of men till they have braved

Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)

'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem

A thing of no esteem,

And, from this triumph of affection pure,

He bore the lasting name of "pious Elidure!"

### THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,  
 Those bright blue eggs together laid!

On me the chance-discovered sight  
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.

I started—seeming to espy

The home and sheltered bed,—

The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by,

My father's house, in wet or dry,

My sister Emmeline and I

Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it:

Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:

Such heart was in her, being then

A little prattler among men.

The blessing of my later years

Was with me when a boy:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;

And humble cares, and delicate fears;

A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;

And love, and thought, and joy.



## TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,  
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower;  
 And, little butterfly! indeed  
 I know not if you sleep or feed.  
 How motionless!—not frozen seas  
 More motionless! and then  
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
 Hath found you out among the trees,  
 And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;  
 My trees they are, my sister's flowers;  
 Here rest your wings when they are  
     weary;  
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary!  
 Come often to us, fear no wrong;  
 Sit near us, on the bough!  
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song;  
 And summer days when we were  
     young;  
 Sweet childish days, that were as  
     long  
 As twenty days are now.

## A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, thou little nook of mountain ground,  
 Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair  
 Of that magnificent temple which doth bound  
     bound  
 One side of our whole vale with  
     grandeur rare;  
 Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,  
 The loveliest spot that man hath ever  
     found,  
 Farewell!—we leave thee to heaven's  
     peaceful care,  
 Thee, and the cottage which thou dost  
     surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by  
     shore,  
 And there will safely ride when we  
     gone;  
 The flowering shrubs that deck  
     humble door  
 Will prosper, though untended  
     alone.  
 Fields, goods, and far-off chattels  
     have none: [private  
 These narrow bounds contain  
 Of things earth makes and sun  
     shine upon; [no m  
 Here are they in our sight—we have  
 Sunshine and shower be with you,  
     and bell!  
 For two months now in vain we  
     be sought; [d  
 We leave you here in solitude  
 With these our latest gifts of thought;  
 Thou, like the morning, in thy sat  
     coat, [farev  
 Bright gowan, and marsh-marig  
 Whom from the borders of the  
     we brought,  
 And placed together near our  
     well.

We go for one to whom ye will  
     dear;  
 And she will prize this bower,  
     Indian shed,  
 Our own contrivance, building  
     out peer! [l  
 A gentle maid, whose heart is  
 Whose pleasures are in wild  
     gathered,  
 With joyousness, and with a thou  
     ful cheer, [w  
 Will come to you; to you herself  
 And love the blessed life that  
     lead here.

spot; which we have watched  
 with tender heed,  
 g'ing thee chosen plants and  
 blossoms blown  
 ng the distant mountains, flower  
 and weed, [own,  
 h thou hast taken to thee as thy  
 ng all kindness registered and  
 known;  
 1 for our sakes, though nature's  
 child indeed,  
 in thyself and beautiful alone,  
 taken gifts which thou dost little  
 need.

oh, most constant, yet most  
 fickle place,  
 t hast thy wayward moods, as  
 thou dost show  
 them who look not daily on thy  
 face; [dost know,  
 , being loved, in love no bounds  
 say'st when we forsake thee, "Let  
 them go!"  
 u easy-hearted thing, with thy  
 wild race  
 reeds and flowers, till we return be  
 slow, [pace.  
 travel with the year at a soft

p us to tell her tales of years gone  
 by,  
 this sweet spring the best beloved  
 and best.  
 will be flown in its mortality;  
 ething must stay to tell us of the  
 rest.

e, thronged with primroses, the  
 steep rock's breast  
 tered at evening like a starry sky;  
 1 in this bush our sparrow built  
 her nest,  
 which I sang one song that will  
 not die.

Oh, happy garden! whose seclusion  
 deep  
 Hath been so friendly to industrious  
 hours; [steep  
 And to soft slumbers, that did gently  
 Our spirits, carrying with them dreams  
 of flowers,  
 And wild notes warbled among leafy  
 bowers;  
 Two burning months let summer  
 overleap,  
 And, coming back with her who will  
 be ours,  
 Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

### STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOM-  
 SON'S "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

WITHIN our happy castle there dwelt  
 one  
 Whom without blame I may not over-  
 look;  
 For never sun on living creature  
 shone [took;  
 Who more devout enjoyment with us  
 Here on his hours he hung as on a  
 book;  
 On his own time here would he float  
 away,  
 As doth a fly upon a summer brook;  
 But go to-morrow—or belike to-day—  
 Seek for him,—he is fled; and whither  
 none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peace-  
 ful home,  
 And find elsewhere his business or  
 delight;  
 Out of our valley's limits did he roam:  
 Full many a time, upon a stormy  
 night,

His voice came to us from the neighbouring height :

Oft could we see him driving full in view [bright;

At mid-day when the sun was shining  
What ill was on him, what he had to do,

A mighty wonder bred among our quiet crew.

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this man,

When he came back to us, a withered flower,— [wan.

Or like a sinful creature, pale and Down would he sit; and without strength or power

Look at the common grass from hour to hour :

And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,  
Where apple-trees in blossom made a bower,

Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay :  
And, like a naked Indian, slept himself away.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was

Whenever from our valley he withdrew ; [has

For happier soul no living creature Than he had, being here the long day through.

Some thought he was a lover, and did woo :

Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong :

But verse was what he had been wedded to ;

And his own mind did like a tempest strong

Come to him thus, and drove the weary wight along.

With him there often walked friendly guise,

Or lay upon the moss by brook or  
A noticeable man with large gray  
And a pale face that seemed doubtedly

As if a blooming face it ought to  
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear  
Deprest by weight of musing phantasies  
Profound his forehead was, though not severe ;

Yet some did think that he had little business here.

Sweet heaven forefend! his was lawful right ; [b

Noisy he was, and gamesome as  
His limbs would toss about him with delight [trees and

Like branches when strong winds  
Nor lacked his calmer hours devotion or toy [ca

To banish listlessness and irksomeness  
He would have taught you how to might employ

Yourself ; and many did to him pair,— [inventions  
And, certes, not in vain ; he had

Expedients, too, of simplest sort tried : [him as he

Long blades of grass, plucked round  
Made—to his ear attentively applied  
A pipe on which the wind would deftly play ;

Glasses he had, that little things play, [g

The beetle panoplied in gems ;  
A mailed angel on a battle day ;  
The mysteries that cups of flowers unfold,

And all the gorgeous sights which fairies do behold.

could entice that other man to  
 hear  
 music, and to view his imagery:  
 sooth, these two were each to  
 the other dear,  
 livelier love in such a place could  
 be;  
 e did they dwell—from earthly  
 labour free,  
 appy spirits as were ever seen;  
 it a bird, to keep them company,  
 utterfly sate down, they were, I  
 ween,  
 leased as if the same had been a  
 maiden queen.

---

### LOUISA.

TER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A  
 MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

"Louisa in the shade;  
 aving seen that lovely maid,  
 hould I fear to say  
 ymph-like she is fleet and strong;  
 own the rocks can leap along,  
 ivulets in May?

ves her fire, her cottage-home;  
 er the moorland will she roam  
 uth rough and bleak;  
 when against the wind she  
 rains,  
 ight I kiss the mountain rains,  
 sparkle on her cheek!

all that's mine "beneath the  
 moon,"  
 ith her but half a noon  
 sit beneath the walls  
 me old cave, or mossy nook,  
 up she winds along the brook  
 ant the waterfalls.

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:  
 And I will dare to tell,  
 But in the lover's ear alone,  
 What once to me befel.

When she I loved looked every day  
 Fresh as a rose in June,  
 I to her cottage bent my way,  
 Beneath an evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,  
 All over the wide lea;  
 With quickening pace my horse drew  
 nigh  
 Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard plot;  
 And as we climbed the hill,  
 The sinking moon to Lucy's cot  
 Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
 Kind nature's gentlest boon!  
 And all the while my eyes I kept  
 On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof  
 He raised, and never stopped:  
 When down behind the cottage roof,  
 At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will  
 slide  
 Into a lover's head!—  
 "Oh, mercy!" to myself I cried,  
 "If Lucy should be dead!"

---

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove,  
 A maid whom there were none to  
 praise,  
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could  
know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

---

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

---

ERE with cold beads of midnight  
dew  
Had mingled tears of thine,  
I grieved, fond youth! that thou  
shouldst sue  
To haughty Geraldine.

Immoveable by generous sighs,  
She glories in a train  
Who drag, beneath our native skies,  
An oriental chain.

Pine not like them with arms across  
Forgetting in thy care  
How the fast-rooted trees can toss  
Their branches in mid air.

The humblest rivulet will take  
Its own wild liberties;  
And, every day, the imprisoned lake  
Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knees  
But scorn with scorn outbrave;  
A Briton, even in love, should be  
A subject, not a slave!

---

### TO —

Look at the fate of summer flower  
Which blow at daybreak, droop  
even-song;        " [fess that c  
And, grieved for their brief date,  
Measured by what we are and are  
to be,        [fore  
Measured by 'all that, trembling,  
Is not so long!

If human life do pass away,  
Perishing yet more swiftly than  
flower  
If we are creatures of a *winter's* day  
What space hath virgin's beauty  
disclose  
Her sweets, and triumph o'er  
breathing rose?  
Not even an hour!

The deepest grove whose foliage  
The happiest lovers Arcady may  
boast,        [for  
Could not the entrance of this *thor*  
Oh, be thou wise as they, soul-gri  
maid!        [fi  
Nor rate too high what must so *qu*  
So soon be lost.

n shall love teach some virtuous  
 youth  
 draw out of the object of his  
 eyes,"  
 while on thee they gaze in simple  
 truth,  
 es more exalted, "a refined  
 form,"  
 at dreads not age, nor suffers from  
 the worm,  
 And never dies.

---

said that some have died for  
 love:  
 here and there a churchyard  
 grave is found  
 the cold North's unhallowed  
 ground,—  
 cause the wretched man himself  
 had slain,  
 love was such a grievous pain.  
 there is one whom I five years  
 have known;  
 dwells alone  
 on Helvellyn's side:  
 loved—the pretty Barbara died,  
 and thus he makes his moan:  
 ee years had Barbara in her grave  
 been laid  
 en thus his moan he made—

h, move, thou cottage, from behind  
 that oak!  
 let the aged tree uprooted lie,  
 at in some other way yon smoke  
 mount into the sky!  
 clouds pass on; they from the  
 heavens depart:  
 ok—the sky is empty space;  
 ow not what I trace;  
 when I cease to look, my hand  
 is on my heart.

"Oh! what a weight is in these  
 shades? Ye leaves,  
 That murmur once so dear, when will  
 it cease?  
 Your sound my heart of rest be-  
 reaves,  
 It robs my heart of peace.  
 Thou thrush, that singest loud—and  
 loud and free,  
 Into yon row of willows flit,  
 Upon that alder sit;  
 Or sing another song, or choose  
 another tree.

"Roll back, sweet rill! back to thy  
 mountain bounds,  
 And there for ever be thy waters  
 chained!  
 For thou dost haunt the air with  
 sounds  
 That cannot be sustained;  
 If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged  
 bough  
 Headlong yon waterfall must come,  
 Oh, let it then be dumb!—  
 Be anything, sweet rill, but that which  
 thou art now.

"Thou eglantine, so bright with sunny  
 showers,  
 Proud as a rainbow spanning half the  
 vale,  
 Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy  
 flowers,  
 And stir not in the gale.  
 For thus to see thee nodding in the  
 air,—  
 To see thy arch thus stretch and  
 bend,  
 Thus rise and thus descend,—  
 Disturbs me till the sight is more  
 than I can bear."

The man who makes this feverish  
 complaint  
 Is one of giant stature, who could  
 dance  
 Equipped from head to foot in iron  
 mail.  
 Ah gentle love! if ever thought was  
 thine  
 To store up kindred hours for me,  
 thy face  
 Turn from me, gentle love! nor let me  
 walk  
 Within the sound of Emma's voice,  
 nor know  
 Such happiness as I have known to-  
 day.

### A COMPLAINT.

THERE is a change — and I am  
 poor;  
 Your love hath been, nor long ago,  
 A fountain at my fond heart's door,  
 Whose only business was to flow;  
 And flow it did; not taking heed  
 Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!  
 Blest was I then all bliss above!  
 Now, for that consecrated fount  
 Of murmuring, sparkling, living  
 love,  
 What have I? shall I dare to tell?  
 A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep—  
 I trust it is,—and never dry:  
 What matter? if the waters sleep  
 In silence and obscurity.  
 Such change, and at the very door  
 Of my fond heart, hath made me  
 poor.

TO —

LET other bards of angels sing,  
 Bright suns without a spot;  
 But thou art no such perfect thing  
 Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not tho' none should call  
 fair;

So, Mary, let it be  
 If nought in loveliness compare  
 With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreat  
 Whose veil is unremoved  
 Till heart with heart in concord be  
 And the lover is beloved.

How rich that forehead's  
 expanse!  
 How bright that heaven-di-  
 glance!  
 Waft her to glory, wingèd powers  
 Ere sorrow be renewed,  
 And intercourse with mortal hour  
 Bring back a humbler mood!  
 So looked Cecilia when she drew  
 An angel from his station;  
 So looked—not ceasing to pursue  
 Her tuneful adoration!

But hand and voice alike are sti-  
 No sound *here* sweeps away the  
 That gave it birth;—in service r  
 One upright arm sustains the ch  
 And one across the bosom lies  
 That rose, and now forgets to ris  
 Subdued by breathless harmoni  
 Of meditative feeling;  
 Mute strains from worlds beyo  
 skies,  
 Through the pure light of  
 eyes  
 Their sanctity revealing!



*Photo. by Herbert Bell, Ambleside.*  
W.O.

**"Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale."**





TO —

, dearer far than light and life  
are dear, [deplore;  
|| oft our human foresight I  
embling, through my unworthiness,  
with fear [meet no more!  
at friends, by death disjoined, may

sgivings, hard to vanquish or con-  
trol, [of rest;  
ix with the day, and cross the hour  
hile all the future, for thy purer soul,  
th "sober certainties" of love is  
blest. •

sigh of thine, not meant for  
human ear, [offend,  
that these words thy humbleness  
bear me up—else faltering in the  
ear [end.  
steep march; support me to the

e settles where the intellect is  
neek, [deed;  
love is dutiful in thought and  
ugh thee communion with that  
love I seek;

faith Heaven strengthens where  
He moulds the creed.

## MENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

E of the moon!—for so I name  
t silent greeting from above;  
entle flash of light that came  
m her whom drooping captives  
love;  
art thou of still higher birth?  
ou that didst part the clouds of  
earth,  
torpor to reprove!

wo.

Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas!  
I may not trust thy placid cheer!  
Pondering that time to-night will pass  
The threshold of another year;  
For years to me are sad and dull;  
My very moments are too full  
Of hopelessness and fear.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,  
That struck perchance the farthest  
cone

Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem  
To visit me, and me alone;  
Me, unapproached by any friend,  
Save those who to my sorrows lend  
Tears due unto their own.

To-night, the church-tower bells will  
ring  
Through these wide realms a festive  
peal;

To the new year a welcoming;  
A tuneful offering for the weal  
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;  
While I am forced to watch and weep,  
By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
Still higher—to be cast thus low!  
Would that mine eyes had never gazed  
On aught of more ambitious show  
Than the sweet flowerets of the  
fields!

It is my royal state that yields  
This bitterness of woe.

Yet how?—for I, if there be truth  
In the world's voice, was passing fair;  
And beauty, for confiding youth,  
Those shocks of passion can prepare  
That kill the bloom before its time,  
And blanch, without the owner's  
crime,  
The most resplendent hair.

Unblest distinction! showered on me  
To bind a lingering life in chains :—  
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,  
Is gone ;—but not the subtle stains  
Fixed in the spirit ; for even here  
Can I be proud that jealous fear  
Of what I was remains.

A woman rules my prison's key ;  
A sister queen, against the bent  
Of law and holiest sympathy,  
Detains me, doubtful of the event ;  
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,  
My thoughts are all that I possess,  
Oh, keep them innocent !

Farewell desire of human aid,  
Which abject mortals vainly court,  
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport ;  
Nought but the world-redeeming cross  
Is able to supply my loss,  
My burthen to support.

Hark! the death-note of the year  
Sounded by the castle clock !  
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock ;  
But oft the woods renewed their green,  
Ere the tired head of Scotland's queen  
Reposed upon the block !

---

### THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

In distant countries have I been,  
And yet I have not often seen  
A healthy man, a man full grown,  
Weep in the public roads alone.  
But such a one, on English ground,  
And in the broad highway, I met ;  
Along the broad highway he came,  
His cheeks with tears were wet.  
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad ;  
And in his arms a lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,  
As if he wished himself to hide :  
And with his coat did then essay  
To wipe those briny tears away.  
I followed him, and said, " My frier  
What ails you? wherefore weep y  
so? "

" Shame on me, sir! this lusty lamb,  
He makes my tears to flow.  
To-day I fetched him from the rock  
He is the last of all my flock.

" When I was young, a single man,  
And after youthful follies ran,  
Though little given to care and thought  
Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought ;  
And other sheep from her I raised,  
As healthy sheep as you might see  
And then I married, and was rich  
As I could wish to be ;  
Of sheep I numbered a full score,  
And every year increased my store.

" Year after year my stock it grew ;  
And from this one, this single ewe,  
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,  
As fine a flock as ever grazed !  
Upon the Quantock hills they fed ;  
They throve, and we at home did thr  
This lusty lamb of all my store  
Is all that is alive ;  
And now I care not if we die,  
And perish all of poverty.

" Six children, sir! had I to feed ;  
Hard labour in a time of need !  
My pride was tamed, and in our gr  
I of the parish asked relief.  
They said, I was a wealthy man ;  
My sheep upon the uplands fed,  
And it was fit that thence I took  
Whereof to buy us bread.  
' Do this : how can we give to you  
They cried, ' what to the poor is d

old a sheep, as they had said,  
 bought my little children bread,  
 they were healthy with their food;  
 me—it never did me good.  
 eful time it was for me,  
 see the end of all my gains,  
 pretty flock which I had reared  
 all my care and pains,  
 see it melt like snow away!  
 me it was a woeful day.

other still! and still another!  
 ttle lamb, and then its mother!  
 as a vein, that never stopped—  
 e blood-drops from my heart they  
 dropped.

thirty were not left alive.  
 y dwindled, dwindled, one by one;  
 I may say, that many a time  
 shed they all were gone—  
 kless of what might come at last  
 e but the bitter struggle past.

o wicked deeds I was inclined,  
 l wicked fancies crossed my mind;  
 l every man I chanced to see,  
 ought he knew some ill of me.  
 peace, no comfort could I find,  
 ease, within doors or without;  
 l crazily and wearily  
 ent my work about,  
 d oft was moved to flee from home,  
 d hide my head where wild beasts  
 roam.

ir, 'twas a precious flock to me,  
 dear as my own children be;  
 r daily with my growing store  
 oved my children more and more.  
 as! it was an evil time;  
 d cursed me in my sore distress;  
 prayed, yet every day I thought  
 loved my children less;  
 ad every week, and every day,  
 y flock it seemed to melt away.

"They dwindled, sir, sad sight to  
 see!

From ten to five, from five to three,  
 A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;  
 And then at last from three to two;  
 And, of my fifty, yesterday  
 I had but only one:  
 And here it lies upon my arm,  
 Alas! and I have none;—  
 To-day I fetched it from the rock;  
 It is the last of all my flock."

## THE COMPLAINT

### OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he is unable to follow or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert, unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, Hearne's "Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean." In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

BEFORE I see another day,  
 Oh, let my body die away!  
 In sleep I heard the northern gleams;  
 The stars, they were among my  
 dreams;  
 In rustling conflict through the skies,  
 I heard, I saw the flashes drive,  
 And yet they are upon my eyes,  
 And yet I am alive:  
 Before I see another day,  
 Oh, let my body die away!

My fire is dead : it knew no pain ;  
 Yet is it dead, and I remain.  
 All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;  
 And they are dead, and I will die.  
 When I was well, I wished to live,  
 For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire ;  
 But they to me no joy can give,  
 No pleasure now, and no desire.  
 Then here contented will I lie !  
 Alone I cannot fear to die.

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on  
 Another day, a single one !  
 Too soon I yielded to despair ;  
 Why did ye listen to my prayer ?  
 When ye were gone my limbs were  
 stronger,

And, oh, how grievously I rue,  
 That, afterwards, a little longer,  
 My friends, I did not follow you ?  
 For strong and without pain I lay,  
 My friends, when ye were gone away.

My child ! they gave thee to another,  
 A woman who was not thy mother.  
 When from my arms my babe they took,  
 On me how strangely did he look !  
 Through his whole body something ran,  
 A most strange working did I see ;  
 As if he strove to be a man,  
 That he might pull the sledge for me.  
 And then he stretched his arms, how wild ?  
 Oh, mercy ! like a helpless child.

My little joy ! my little pride !  
 In two days more I must have died.  
 Then do not weep and grieve for me ;  
 I feel I must have died with thee.  
 O wind, that o'er my head art flying  
 The way my friends their course did bend,  
 I should not feel the pain of dying,  
 Could I with thee a message send ;  
 Too soon, my friends, ye went away ;  
 For I had many things to say.

I'll follow you across the snow ;  
 Ye travel heavily and slow ;  
 In spite of all my weary pain  
 I'll look upon your tents again.  
 My fire is dead, and snowy white  
 The water which beside it stood ;  
 The wolf has come to me to-night,  
 And he has stolen away my food.  
 For ever left alone am I,  
 Then wherefore should I fear to die.

Young as I am, my course is run,  
 I shall not see another sun ;  
 I cannot lift my limbs to know  
 If they have any life or no.  
 My poor forsaken Child, if I  
 For once could have thee close to me  
 With happy heart I then would die,  
 And my last thought would happy be  
 But thou, dear Babe, art far away,  
 Nor shall I see another day.

---

## REPENTANCE.

### A PASTORAL BALLAD.

THE fields which with covetous sp  
 we sold,  
 Those beautiful fields, the delight  
 the day,  
 Would have brought us more go  
 than a burthen of gold,  
 Could we but have been as content  
 as they.

When the troublesome tempter be  
 us, said I,  
 "Let him come with his purse proud  
 grasped in his hand ;  
 But, Allan, be true to me, Allan—w  
 die  
 Before he shall go with an inch of l  
 land !"

dwelt we, as happy as birds in  
 their bowers ; [abide ;  
 ttered as bees that in gardens  
 could do what we liked with the  
 land, it was ours ;  
 for us the brook murmured that  
 ran by its side.

Now we are strangers, go early or late ;  
 often, like one overburthened with  
 sin, [opened gate,  
 my hand on the latch of the half-  
 k at the fields—but I cannot go in !

When I walk by the hedge on a bright  
 summer's day, [tree,  
 in the shade of my grandfather's  
 stern face it puts on, as if ready to  
 say, [creeping to me ?"  
 that ails you, that you must come

our pastures about us, we could  
 not be sad ; [crost,  
 comfort was near if we ever were  
 the comfort, the blessings, and  
 wealth that we had,  
 slighted them all,—and our birth-  
 right was lost.

Ill-judging sire of an innocent son,  
 must now be a wanderer !—but  
 peace to that strain !  
 Think of evening's repose when our  
 labour was done, [soft chain !  
 Sabbath's return—and its leisure's

And in sickness, if night had been  
 sparing of sleep,  
 how cheerful, at sunrise, the hill  
 where I stood,  
 looking down on the kine, and our  
 treasure of sheep  
 that besprinkled the field—'twas like  
 youth in my blood !

Now I cleave to the house, and am  
 dull as a snail ;  
 And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell  
 with a sigh,  
 That follows the thought—We've no  
 land in the vale,  
 Save six feet of earth where our fore-  
 fathers lie !

### THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET —.

WHERE art thou, my beloved son,  
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?  
 Oh, find me, prosperous or undone !  
 Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
 Why am I ignorant of the same,  
 That I may rest ; and neither blame  
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received  
 No tidings of an only child ;  
 To have despaired, have hoped, believed,  
 And been for evermore beguiled ;  
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !  
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;  
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,  
 An object beauteous to behold ;  
 Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth  
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :  
 If things ensued that wanted grace,  
 As hath been said, they were not base ;  
 And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the young one dream,  
 When full of play and childish cares,  
 What power is in his wildest  
 scream,  
 Heard by his mother unawares !  
 He knows it not, he cannot guess :  
 Years to a mother bring distress ;  
 But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffered long  
From that ill thought; and, being  
blind,

Said, "Pride shall help me in my  
wrong:

Kind mother have I been, as kind  
As ever breathed:" and that is true;  
I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
Hopeless of honour and of gain,  
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;  
Think not of me with grief and pain;  
I now can see with better eyes,  
And worldly grandeur I despise,  
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,  
And blasts of heaven will aid their  
flight;

They mount, how short a voyage  
brings

The wanderers back to their delight!  
Chains tie us down by land and sea;  
And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee  
groan,

Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;  
Or thou upon a desert thrown  
Inheritest the lion's den;  
Or hast been summoned to the deep,  
Thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep  
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts; but none will force  
Their way to me:—'tis falsely said  
That there was ever intercourse  
Between the living and the dead;  
For, surely, then I should have sight  
Of him I wait for day and night,  
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds  
I dread the rustling of the grass;  
The very shadows of the clouds  
Have power to shake me as they pass  
I question things and do not find  
One that will answer to my mind;  
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie  
My troubles, and beyond relief:  
If any chance to heave a sigh,  
Then pity me and not my grief.  
Then come to me, my son, or send  
Some tidings that my woes may end  
I have no other earthly friend.

## THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY MY SISTER.

THE days are cold, the nights  
long,

The north wind sings a doleful song;  
Then hush again upon my breast;  
All merry things are now at rest,  
Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
The crickets long have ceased their  
mirth;

There's nothing stirring in the house  
Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse  
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkly  
light;

'Tis but the moon that shines  
bright  
On the window-pane bedropped with  
rain.

Then, little darling! sleep again!  
And wake when it is day.

## THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

morning (raw it was and wet,  
 foggy day in winter time)  
 woman on the road I met,  
 old, though something past her  
 prime:  
 stastic in her person, tall and  
 straight; [mien and gait.  
 like a Roman matron's was her

ancient spirit is not dead;  
 times,\* thought I, are breathing  
 there;  
 and was I that my country bred  
 strength, a dignity so fair:  
 begged an alms, like one in poor  
 estate; [abate.  
 looked at her again, nor did my pride  
 n from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
 hat is it," said I, "that you bear  
 bath the covert of your cloak,  
 ected from the cold damp air?"  
 answered, soon as she the question  
 heard, [bird.  
 simple burthen, sir, a little singing

, thus continuing, she said,  
 had a son, who many a day  
 d on the seas, but he is dead;  
 Denmark he was cast away:  
 I have travelled weary miles to  
 see [still remain for me.  
 ight which he had owned might  
 e bird and cage they both were  
 his; [trim  
 is my son's bird; and neat and  
 ept it: many voyages  
 singing-bird had gone with him;  
 n last he sailed, he left the bird  
 behind:  
 n bodings, as might be, that hung  
 upon his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care  
 Had left it, to be watched and fed,  
 And pipe its song in safety;—there  
 I found it when my son was dead;  
 And now, God help me for my little  
 wit!  
 I bear it with me, sir! he took so much  
 delight in it."

## THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

"UP, Timothy, up with your staff and  
 away!  
 Not a soul in the village this morning  
 will stay;  
 The hare has just started from Hamil-  
 ton's grounds,  
 And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of  
 the hounds."

Of coats and of jackets gray, scarlet,  
 and green,  
 On the slopes of the pastures all  
 colours were seen;  
 With their comely blue aprons, and  
 caps white as snow,  
 The girls on the hills made a holiday  
 show.

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not  
 six months before,  
 Filled the funeral basin\* at Timothy's  
 door;  
 A coffin through Timothy's threshold  
 had past;  
 One child did it bear, and that child  
 was his last.

---

\* In several parts of the north of England when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a sprig of this box-wood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased.



Now fast up the dell came the noise  
 and the fray,  
 The horse and the horn, and the hark!  
 hark away!  
 Old Timothy took up his staff, and he  
 shut [his hut.  
 With a leisurely motion the door of  
 Perhaps to himself at that moment he  
 said,  
 "The key I must take, for my Ellen is  
 dead."  
 But of this in my ears not a word did  
 he speak, [on his cheek.  
 And he went to the chase with a tear

---

### THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned,  
 In which a lady driven from France  
 did dwell;  
 The big and lesser griefs, with which  
 she mourned, [tell.  
 In friendship, she to me would often

This lady, dwelling upon British  
 ground,  
 Where she was childless, daily would  
 repair  
 To a poor neighbouring cottage; as I  
 found, [was there.  
 For sake of a young child whose home  
 Once, having seen her clasp with fond  
 embrace  
 This child, I chanted to myself a lay,  
 Endeavouring, in our English tongue,  
 to trace [might say:  
 Such things as she unto the babe  
 And thus, from what I heard and knew,  
 or guessed,  
 My song the workings of her heart  
 expressed.

"Dear babe, thou daughter of a  
 other,  
 One moment let me be thy mother!  
 An infant's face and looks are thine  
 And sure a mother's heart is mine:  
 Thy own dear mother's far away,  
 At labour in the harvest-field:  
 Thy little sister is at play;  
 What warmth, what comfort would  
 yield  
 To my poor heart, if thou wouldst!  
 One little hour a child to me!

"Across the waters I am come,  
 And I have left a babe at home:  
 A long, long way of land and sea!  
 Come to me—I'm no enemy:  
 I am the same who at thy side  
 Sate yesterday, and made a nest  
 For thee, sweet baby!—thou hast  
 tried,  
 Thou know'st the pillow of my breast  
 Good, good art thou;—alas to me  
 Far more than I can be to thee.

"Here, little darling, dost thou lie;  
 An infant thou, a mother I!  
 Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fear  
 Mine art thou—spite of these  
 tears.

Alas! before I left the spot,  
 My baby and its dwelling-place:  
 The nurse said to me, 'Tears should  
 not

Be shed upon an infant's face,  
 It was unlucky'—no, no, no;  
 No truth is in them who say so!

"My own dear little one will sigh,  
 Sweet babe! and they will let him  
 die.

'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom  
 And you may see his hour is come.'

had he but thy cheerful smiles,  
 as stout as thine, and lips as gay,  
 looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,  
 countenance like a summer's day,  
 would have hopes of him—and  
 then  
 could behold his face again!

gone—like dreams that we forget;  
 e was a smile or two—yet—yet  
 remember them, I see  
 smiles worth all the world to me.  
 baby! I must lay thee down;  
 I troublest me with strange  
 alarms;  
 as hast thou, bright ones of thy own;  
 not keep thee in my arms, [is  
 hey confound me;—where—where  
 last, that sweetest smile of his?

! how I love thee!—we will stay  
 ther here this one half day.  
 ister's child, who bears my name,  
 i France to sheltering England  
 came;  
 with her mother crossed the sea;  
 babe and mother near me dwell:  
 does my yearning heart to thee  
 rather, though I love her well:  
 , little stranger, rest thee here!  
 er was any child more dear!

I cannot help it—ill intent  
 none, my pretty innocent!  
 eep—I know they do thee wrong,  
 se tears—and my poor idle tongue.  
 what a kiss was that! my cheek  
 v cold it is! but thou art good;  
 ne eyes are on me—they would  
 speak,  
 ink, to help me if they could.  
 sings upon that soft, warm face,  
 heart again is in its place!

“While thou art mine, my little love,  
 This cannot be a sorrowful grove;  
 Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,  
 I seem to find them all in thee:  
 Here's grass to play with, here are  
 flowers;  
 I'll call thee by my darling's name;  
 Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,  
 Thy features seem to me the same;  
 His little sister thou shalt be:  
 And, when once more my home I see,  
 I'll tell him many tales of thee.”

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### VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

The following tale was written as an episode in  
 a work from which its length may perhaps  
 exclude it. The facts are true; no invention  
 as to these has been exercised, as none was  
 needed.

OH, happy time of youthful lovers,  
 (thus

My story may begin,) oh, balmy time,  
 In which a love-knot on a lady's brow  
 Is fairer than the fairest star in  
 heaven!

To such inheritance of blessed fancy  
 (Fancy that sports more desperately  
 with minds

Than ever fortune hath been known to  
 do)

The high-born Vaudracour was  
 brought, by years

Whose progress had a little over-  
 stepped

His stripling prime. A town of  
 small repute,

Among the vine-clad mountains of  
 Auvergne,

Was the youth's birthplace. There he  
 wooed a maid

Who heard the heart-felt music of his  
 suit

With answering vows. Plebeian was  
 the stock,  
 Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,  
 From which her graces and her  
 honours sprung :  
 And hence the father of the en-  
 amoured youth,  
 With haughty indignation, spurned the  
 thought  
 Of such alliance.—From their cradles  
 up,  
 With but a step between their several  
 homes,  
 Twins had they been in pleasure ; after  
 strife  
 And petty quarrels, had grown fond  
 again ;  
 Each other's advocate, each other's  
 stay ; [content,  
 And, in their happiest moments, not  
 If more divided than a sportive pair  
 Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they  
 are hovering  
 Within the eddy of a common blast,  
 Or hidden only by the concave depth  
 Of neighbouring billows from each  
 other's sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an  
 age  
 Unknown to memory, was an earnest  
 given,  
 By ready nature, for a life of love,  
 For endless constancy, and placid  
 truth ;  
 But whatsoe'er of such rare treasure  
 lay  
 Reserved, had fate permitted, for sup-  
 port  
 Of their maturer years, his present  
 mind  
 Was under fascination ;—he beheld  
 A vision, and adored the thing he saw.

Arabian fiction never filled the world  
 With half the wonders that were  
 wrought for him.  
 Earth breathed in one great presence  
 of the spring ;  
 Life turned the meanest of her im-  
 plements,  
 Before his eyes, to price above  
 gold ;  
 The house she dwelt in was a saint's  
 shrine :  
 Her chamber window did surpass  
 glory  
 The portals of the dawn ; all paradise  
 Could, by the simple opening of  
 door,  
 Let itself in upon him : pathway  
 walks,  
 Swarmed with enchantment, till his  
 spirit sank,  
 Surcharged, within him,—overblest  
 move  
 Beneath a sun that wakes a new  
 world  
 To its dull round of ordinary cares ;  
 A man too happy for mortality !

So passed the time, till, when  
 through effect  
 Of some unguarded moment that dis-  
 solved  
 Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it, thou  
 it not !  
 Deem rather that the fervent youth  
 who saw  
 So many bars between his present state  
 And the dear haven where he wished  
 to be  
 In honourable wedlock with his love  
 Was in his judgment tempted  
 decline  
 To perilous weakness, and entrusted  
 cause

nature for a happy end of all ;  
 n that by such fond hope the  
 youth was swayed,

bear with their transgression,  
 when I add [wife,  
 t Julia, wanting yet the name of  
 ied about her for a secret grief  
 promise of a mother.

To conceal  
 threatened shame, the parents of  
 the maid [night  
 nd means to hurry her away by  
 unforgotten, that in some distant  
 spot

might remain shrouded in privacy,  
 il the babe was born. When  
 morning came, [loss,

lover, thus bereft, stung with his  
 l all uncertain whither he should  
 turn, [but soon  
 fed like a wild beast in the toils ;  
 covering traces of the fugitives,  
 ir steps he followed to the maid's  
 retreat.

ily may the sequel be divined,—  
 lks to and fro--watchings at every  
 hour ; [she may,

l the fair captive, who, when'er  
 ousy at her casement as the swallow  
 ttering its pinions, almost within  
 reach,

out the pendent nest, did thus espy  
 r lover!—thence a stolen interview,  
 omplished under friendly shade of  
 night.

[pass the raptures of the pair ;—  
 such theme

by innumerable poets, touched  
 more delightful verse than skill of  
 mine

uld fashion, chiefly by that darling  
 bard

Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,  
 And of the lark's note heard before its  
 time,

And of the streaks that laced the  
 severing clouds

In the unrelenting east.—Through all  
 her courts

The vacant city slept ; the busy winds,  
 That keep no certain intervals of rest,  
 Moved not ; meanwhile the galaxy displayed [beat

Her fires, that like mysterious pulses  
 Aloft ;—momentous but uneasy bliss !  
 To their full hearts the universe  
 seemed hung [ment !

On that brief meeting's slender fila-

They parted ; and the generous  
 Vaudracour

Reached speedily the native threshold,  
 bent

On making (so the lovers had agreed)  
 A sacrifice of birthright to attain  
 A final portion from his father's hand ;  
 Which granted, bride and bridegroom  
 then would flee

To some remote and solitary place,  
 Shady as night, and beautiful as  
 heaven,

Where they may live, with no one to  
 behold

Their happiness, or to disturb their  
 love. [less,

But *now* of this no whisper ; not the  
 If ever an obtrusive word were  
 dropped

Touching the matter of his passion,  
 still, [cour

In his stern father's hearing, Vaudra-  
 Persisted openly that death alone  
 Should abrogate his human privilege  
 Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,  
 Upon the altar, to the maid he loved.

"You shall be baffled in your mad  
 intent  
 If there be justice in the court of  
 France,"  
 Muttered the father.—From these  
 words the youth [day,  
 Conceived a terror,—and, by night or  
 Stirred nowhere without weapons—  
 that full soon  
 Found dreadful provocation: for at  
 night  
 When to his chamber he retired,  
 attempt  
 Was made to seize him by three armed  
 men, [will,  
 Acting, in furtherance of the father's  
 Under a private signet of the state.  
 One the rash youth's ungovernable  
 hand  
 Slew, and as quickly to a second gave  
 A perilous wound,—he shuddered to  
 behold  
 The breathless corse; then peacefully  
 resigned  
 His person to the law, was lodged in  
 prison,  
 And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you observed a tuft of winged  
 seed  
 That, from the dandelion's naked  
 stalk,  
 Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use  
 Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,  
 Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to  
 and fro  
 Through the wide element? or have  
 you marked  
 The heavier substance of a leaf-clad  
 bough,  
 Within the vortex of a foaming flood,  
 Tormented? by such aid you may con-  
 ceive

The perturbation that ensued;—ah, no  
 Desperate the maid—the youth;  
 stained with blood!  
 Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet  
 Yet as the troubled seed and torture  
 bough  
 Is man, subjected to despotic sway.

For him, by private influence wit  
 the court,  
 Was pardon gained, and liberty pro-  
 cured;  
 But not without exaction of a pledge  
 Which liberty and love\*dispersed in  
 air.  
 He flew to her from whom they would  
 divide him—  
 He clove to her who could not give  
 him peace  
 Yea, his first word of greeting was,—  
 "All right  
 Is gone from me; my lately-towering  
 hopes,  
 To the least fibre of their lowest root  
 Are withered;—thou no longer canst  
 be mine,  
 I thine—the conscience-stricken must  
 not woo  
 The unruffled innocent,—I see thy  
 face,  
 Behold thee, and my misery is com-  
 plete!"

"One, are we not?" exclaimed the  
 maiden—"One,  
 For innocence and youth, for weal and  
 woe?"

Then with the father's name she  
 coupled words  
 Of vehement indignation; but the  
 youth  
 Checked her with filial meekness; felt  
 no thought

aritable crossed his mind, no  
 sense  
 isty anger, rising in the eclipse  
 ie domestic loyalty, did e'er  
 place within his bosom.—Once  
 again  
 persevering wedge of tyranny  
 eved their separation;—and once  
 more  
 : they united,—to be yet again  
 arted,—pitiable lot! But here  
 rtion of the tale may well be left  
 elence, though my memory could  
 add  
 h how the youth, in scanty space  
 of time,  
 traversed from without; much,  
 too, of thoughts  
 t occupied his days in solitude  
 er privation and restraint; and  
 what,  
 ough dark and shapeless fear of  
 things, to come,  
 l what, through strong compunc-  
 tion for the past,  
 suffered—breaking down in heart  
 and mind!

doomed to a third and last cap-  
 tivity,  
 : freedom he recovered on the eve  
 Julia's travail. When the babe was  
 born,  
 presence tempted him to cherish  
 schemes  
 future happiness. "You shall  
 return,  
 lia," said he, "and to your father's  
 house  
 ) with the child.—You have been  
 wretched; yet  
 he silver shower, whose reckless bur-  
 then weighs

Too heavily upon the lily's head,  
 Oft leaves a saving moisture at its  
 root.  
 Malice, beholding you, will melt away.  
 Go!—'tis a town where both of us  
 were born;  
 None will reproach you, for our truth  
 is known;  
 And if, amid those once-bright bowers,  
 our fate  
 Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.  
 With ornaments—the prettiest nature  
 yields  
 Or art can fashion, shall you deck our  
 boy,  
 And feed his countenance with your  
 own sweet looks  
 Till no one can resist him.—Now,  
 even now,  
 I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;  
 My father from the window sees him  
 too;  
 Startled, as if some new-created thing  
 Enriched the earth, or faëry of the  
 woods  
 Bounded before him;—but the un-  
 weeping child  
 Shall by his beauty win his grandsire's  
 heart  
 So that it shall be softened, and our  
 loves  
 End happily—as they began!"

These gleams  
 Appeared but seldom: oftener was he  
 seen  
 Propping a pale and melancholy face  
 Upon the mother's bosom; resting  
 thus  
 His head upon one breast, while from  
 the other  
 The babe was drawing in its quie  
 food.

That pillow is no longer to be thine,  
 Fond youth! that mournful solace now  
     must pass -  
 Into the list of things that cannot  
     be!  
 Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears  
 The sentence, by her mother's lips pronounced,  
 That dooms her to a convent.—Who  
     shall tell,  
 Who dares report the tidings to the  
     lord  
 Of her affections? So they blindly  
     asked  
 Who knew not to what quiet depths a  
     weight  
 Of agony had pressed the sufferer  
     down;—  
 The word, by others dreaded, he can  
     hear  
 Composed and silent, without visible  
     sign  
 Of even the least emotion. Noting  
     this  
 When the impatient object of his  
     love  
 Upbraided him with slackness, he  
     returned  
 No answer, only took the mother's  
     hand  
 And kissed it—seemingly devoid of  
     pain,  
 Or care, that what so tenderly he  
     pressed,  
 Was a dependant on the obdurate  
     heart  
 Of one who came to disunite their  
     lives  
 For ever—sad alternative! preferred,  
 By the unbending parents of the  
     maid,  
 To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed.  
 So be it!

In the city he remained  
 A season after Julia had withdrawn  
 To those religious walls. He, too  
     departs— [little one  
 Who with him?—even the senseless  
 With that sole charge he passed th  
     city-gates,  
 For the last time, attendant by th  
     side  
 Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,  
 In which the babe was carried. To  
     hill, [the town  
 That rose a brief league distant from  
 The dwellers in that house where t  
     had lodged  
 Accompanied his steps, by anxious  
     love  
 Impelled:—they parted from hi  
     there, and stood  
 Watching below, till he had di  
     appeared [too  
 On the hill top. \* His eyes he scarce  
 Throughout that journey, from th  
     vehicle  
 (Slow-moving ark of all his hopes)  
     that veiled  
 The tender infant: and at every inn,  
 And under every hospitable tree  
 At which the bearers halted or  
     reposed, [knees  
 Laid him with timid care upon his  
 And looked, as mothers ne'er were  
     known to look, [braced  
 Upon the nursing which his arms em  
  
 This was the manner in which  
     Vaudracour  
 Departed with his infant; and th  
     reached  
 His father's house, where to the in  
     nocent child [man speak  
 Admittance was denied. The young  
 No words of indignation or reproof,

of his father begged, a last request,  
 a retreat might be assigned to him [dwell,  
 in forgotten quiet he might such allowance as his wants required;  
 wishes he had none. To a lodge that stood  
 in a forest, with leave given, at the age [drew;  
 our-and-twenty summers he with-  
 thither took with him his motherless babe,  
 one domestic, for their common needs,  
 aged woman. It consoled him here [form  
 attend upon the orphan, and persequious service to the precious child,  
 ch, after a short time, by some mistake  
 indiscretion of the father, died.  
 tale I follow to its last recess  
 suffering or of peace, I know not which;  
 sirs be the blame who caused the woe, not mine!

From this time forth he never shared a smile  
 th mortal creature. An inhabitant that same town, in which the pair had left  
 lively a remembrance of their griefs,  
 chance of business, coming within reach  
 his retirement, to the forest lodge  
 paired, but only found the matron there,  
 ho told him that his pains were thrown away,

For that her master never uttered word  
 To living thing—not even to her.—Behold!  
 While they were speaking, Vaudracour approached;  
 But, seeing some one near, as on the latch  
 Of the garden-gate his hand was laid, he shrunk—  
 And, like a shadow, glided out of view.  
 Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place  
 The visitor retired.

Thus lived the youth,  
 Cut off from all intelligence with man,  
 And shunning even the light of common day;  
 Nor could the voice of freedom, which through France  
 Full speedily resounded, public hope,  
 Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,  
 Rouse him: but in those solitary shades  
 His days he wasted, an imbecile mind!

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### THE IDIOT BOY.

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,  
 The moon is up—the sky is blue,  
 The owlet, in the moonlight air,  
 Shouts, from nobody knows where;  
 He lengthens out his lonely shout,  
 Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

Why bustle thus about your door,  
 What means this bustle, Betty Foy?  
 Why are you in this mighty fret?  
 And why on horseback have you set  
 Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy?



Scarcely a soul is out of bed ;  
 Good Betty, put him down again ;  
 His lips with joy they burr at  
     you ;  
 But, Betty ! what has he to do  
 With stirrup, saddle, or with rein ?

But Betty's bent on her intent ;  
 For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,  
 Old Susan, she who dwells alone,  
 Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,  
 As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,  
 No hand to help them in distress ;  
 Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,  
 And sorely puzzled are the twain,  
 For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,  
 Where by the week he doth abide,  
 A woodman in the distant vale ;  
 There's none to help poor Susan Gale ;  
 What must be done ? what will betide ?

And Betty from the lane has fetched  
 Her pony, that is mild and good,  
 Whether he be in joy or pain,  
 Feeding at will along the lane,  
 Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—  
 And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy  
 Has on the well-girt saddle set  
 (The like was never heard of yet)  
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay  
 Across the bridge and through the  
     dale,  
 And by the church, and o'er the down,  
 To bring a doctor from the town  
 Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,  
 There is no need of whip or wand ;  
 For Johnny has his holly-bough,  
 And with a *hurly-burly* now  
 He shakes the green bough in l  
     hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told  
 The boy, who is her best delight,  
 Both what to follow, what to shun,  
 What do, and what to leave undone  
 How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,  
 Was, " Johnny ! Johnny ! mind th  
     you  
 Come home again, nor stop at all,—  
 Come home again, whate'er befall,  
 My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,  
 Both with his head, and with l  
     hand,  
 And proudly shook the bridle too ;  
 And then ! his words were not a few  
 Which Betty well could understand

And now that Johnny is just going,  
 Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,  
 She gently pats the pony's side,  
 On which her Idiot Boy must ride,  
 And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the pony moved his legs,  
 Oh ! then for the poor Idiot Boy !  
 For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
 For joy his head and heels are idle,  
 He's idle all for very joy.

And while the pony moves his legs  
 In Johnny's left hand you may see  
 The green bough motionless and dead  
 The moon that shines above his head  
 Is not more still and mute than he

art it was so full of glee,  
 All full fifty yards were gone,  
 He forgot his holly whip;  
 His skill in horsemanship,  
 Happy, happy, happy John.

While the mother, at the door,  
 Fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,  
 Of herself, and proud of him,  
 Sees him in his travelling trim,  
 Quietly her Johnny goes.

Patience of her Idiot Boy,  
 Hopes it sends to Betty's heart!  
 The guide-post—he turns right,  
 Watches till he's out of sight,  
 Betty will not then depart.

Burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,  
 As any mill, or near it;  
 As a lamb the pony moves,  
 Johnny makes the noise he loves,  
 Betty listens, glad to hear it.

She hies to Susan Gale:  
 Messenger's in merry tune;  
 Owlets hoot, the owlets curr,  
 Johnny's lips they burr, burr,  
 Burr,  
 He goes beneath the moon.

Heed and he right well agree;  
 If this pony there's a rumour,  
 Should he lose his eyes and  
 ears,  
 Should he live a thousand years,  
 Never will he be out of humour.

When he is a horse that thinks!  
 When he thinks his pace is slack;  
 Though he knows poor Johnny  
 well,  
 For his life, he cannot tell  
 He has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,  
 And far into the moonlight dale,  
 And by the church, and o'er the down,  
 To bring a doctor from the town  
 To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,  
 Is in the middle of her story,  
 What speedy help her boy will bring,  
 With many a most diverting thing,  
 Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,  
 By this time is not quite so flurried:  
 Demure with porringer and plate  
 She sits, as if in Susan's fate  
 Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good woman! she,  
 You plainly in her face may read it,  
 Could lend out of that moment's store,  
 Five years of happiness or more  
 To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then  
 With Betty all was not so well;  
 And to the road she turns her ears,  
 And thence full many a sound she  
 hears,  
 Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan  
 groans;  
 "As sure as there's a moon in heaven,"  
 Cries Betty, "he'll be back again;  
 They'll both be here—'tis almost ten—  
 Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;  
 The clock gives warning for eleven;  
 'Tis on the stroke—He must be  
 near;  
 Quoth Betty, "and will soon be here,  
 As sure as there's a moon in heaven."

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,  
And Johnny is not yet in sight,  
The moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,  
But Betty is not quite at ease,  
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,  
On Johnny vile reflections cast :  
"A little idle sauntering thing!"  
With other names, an endless string ;  
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,  
That happy time all past and gone,  
"How can it be he is so late?  
The doctor he has made him wait ;  
Susan! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and worse,  
And Betty's in a sad *quandary* ;  
And then there's nobody to say  
If she must go or she must stay!  
She's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one ;  
But neither doctor nor his guide  
Appears along the moonlight road ;  
There's neither horse nor man abroad,  
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear  
Of sad mischances not a few,  
That Johnny may perhaps be  
drowned,  
Or lost, perhaps, and never found ;  
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this  
With "God forbid it should be  
true!"

At the first word that Susan said  
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,  
"Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

"I must be gone, I must away,  
Consider, Johnny's but half wise;  
Susan, we must take care of him  
If he is hurt in life or limb"—  
"Oh, God forbid!" poor Susan

"What can I do?" says Betty, going  
"What can I do to ease your pain:  
Good Susan tell me, and I'll stay.  
I fear you're in a dreadful way,  
But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go; good Betty, go!  
There's nothing that can ease my pain  
Then off she hies; but with a prayer  
That God poor Susan's life would  
spare,  
Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she  
And far into the moonlight dale;  
And how she ran, and how she wept  
And all that to herself she talked  
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,  
In great and small, in round  
square,  
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,  
In bush and brake, in black and green  
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where

And while she crossed the bridge, the doctor  
came  
A thought with which her heart is so  
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,  
To hunt the moon within the brook  
And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,  
Alone amid a prospect wide;  
There's neither Johnny nor his horse  
Among the fern or in the gorse;  
There's neither doctor nor his guide

ts! what is become of him?  
 he's climbed into an oak,  
 he will stay till he is dead;  
 y he has been misled,  
 ned the wandering gipsy-folk.

1 that wicked pony's carried  
 lark cave, the goblin's hall;  
 e castle he's pursuing  
 the ghosts his own undoing;  
 ng with the waterfall."

old Susan then she railed,  
 o the town she posts away;  
 an had not been so ill,  
 should have had him still,  
 nny, till my dying day."

ttly, in this sad distemper,  
 tor's self could hardly spare;  
 y things she talked, and wild;  
 e, of cattle the most mild,  
 y had his share.

she's fairly in the town,  
 the doctor's door she hies;  
 nee all on every side;  
 n so long, the town so wide,  
 as the skies.

w she's at the doctor's door,  
 s the knocker, rap, rap, rap;  
 'tor at the casement shows  
 mmering eyes that peep and  
 ze!

e hand rubs his old night-cap.

doctor! doctor! where's my  
 anny!"

ere, what is't you want with  
 ??"

r! you know I'm Betty Foy,  
 have lost my poor dear boy,  
 ow him—him you often see;

"He's not so wise as some folks be."  
 "The devil take his wisdom!" said  
 The doctor, looking somewhat grim,  
 "What, woman! should I know of him?"  
 And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

"Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe is me!  
 Here will I die; here will I die,  
 I thought to find my lost one here,  
 But he is neither far nor near,  
 Oh! what a wretched mother I!"

She stops, she stands, she looks about;  
 Which way to turn she cannot tell.  
 Poor Betty! it would ease her pain  
 If she had heart to knock again;  
 The clock strikes three—a dismal knell!

Then up along the town she hies,  
 No wonder if her senses fail,  
 This piteous news so much it shocked  
 her,  
 She quite forgot to send the doctor,  
 To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,  
 And she can see a mile of road;  
 "Oh, cruel! I'm almost threescore;  
 Such night as this was ne'er before,  
 There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear  
 The foot of horse, the voice of man;  
 The streams with softest sound are  
 flowing,  
 The grass you almost hear it growing,  
 You hear it now if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue  
 night  
 Are shouting to each other still:  
 Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob  
 They lengthen out the tremulous sob,  
 That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,  
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin :  
A green-grown pond she just has past,  
And from the brink she hurries fast,  
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps ;  
Such tears she never shed before ;  
" Oh, dear, dear pony ! my sweet joy !  
Oh, carry back my Idiot Boy !  
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head ;  
" The pony he is mild and good,  
And we have always used him well ;  
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,  
And carried Johnny to the wood."

Then up she springs as if on wings ;  
She thinks no more of deadly sin ;  
If Betty fifty ponds should see,  
The last of all her thoughts would  
be  
To drown herself therein.

O reader ! now that I might tell  
What Johnny and his horse are doing !  
What they've been doing all this time,  
Oh, could I put it into rhyme,  
A most delightful tale pursuing !

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought !  
He with his pony now doth roam  
The cliffs and peaks so high that  
are,  
To lay his hands upon a star,  
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,  
His face unto his horse's tail,  
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,  
All silent as a horseman-ghost,  
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sh  
A fierce and dreadful hunter he ;  
Yon valley, now so trim and gre  
In five months' time, should he be  
A desert wilderness will be !

Perhaps, with head and heels on  
And like the very soul of evil,  
He's galloping away, away,  
And so will gallop on for aye,  
The bane of all that dread the d

I to the Muses have been bound  
These fourteen years, by strong  
dentures :  
O gentle Muses ! let me tell  
But half of what to him befel,  
He surely met with strange advent

O gentle Muses ! is this kind ?  
Why will ye thus my suit repel ?  
Why of your further aid bereave me  
And can ye thus unfriended leave  
Ye Muses ! whom I love so well ?

Who's yon, that, near the waterfal  
Which thunders down with head  
force, .  
Beneath the moon, yet shining fa  
As careless as if nothing were.  
Sits upright on a feeding horse ?

Unto his horse, there feeding free  
He seems, I think, the rein to gi  
Of moon or stars he takes no hee  
Of such we in romances read ;  
'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live.

And that's the very pony too !  
Where is she, where is Betty Foy  
She hardly can sustain her fears  
The roaring waterfall she hear  
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

ly's. worth his weight in  
 n your terrors, Betty Foy!  
 ing from among the trees,  
 all full in view she sees  
 m she loves, her Idiot Boy.

y sees the pony too:  
 d you thus, good Betty Foy?  
 goblin, 'tis no ghost,  
 hom you so long have lost,  
 n you love, your Idiot Boy.

s again—her arms are up—  
 eams—she cannot move for  
 ;  
 s, as with a torrent's force,  
 ost has o'erturned the horse  
 : she holds her Idiot Boy.

hunny burrs, and laughs aloud,  
 r in cunning or in joy  
 t tell; but while he laughs,  
 drunken pleasure quaffs  
 r again her Idiot Boy.

ow she's at the pony's tail,  
 ow is at the pony's head,—  
 t side now, and now on this;  
 lmost stifled with her bliss,  
 sad tears does Betty shed.

sses o'er and o'er again  
 hom she loves, her Idiot Boy;  
 happy here, is happy there,  
 uneasy every where;  
 mbs are all alive with joy.

ats the pony, where or when  
 knows not, happy Betty Foy!  
 little pony glad may be,  
 e is milder far than she,  
 hardly can perceive his joy.

"Oh! Johnny, never mind the doctor;  
 You've done your best, and that is all."  
 She took the reins, when this was said,  
 And gently turned the pony's head  
 From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,  
 The moon was setting on the hill,  
 So pale you scarcely looked at her:  
 The little birds began to stir,  
 Though yet their tongues were still.

The pony, Betty, and her boy,  
 Wind slowly through the woody dale;  
 And who is she, betimes abroad,  
 That hobbles up the steep rough road?  
 Who is it, but old Susan Gale?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought,  
 And many dreadful fears beset her,  
 Both for her messenger and nurse;  
 And as her mind grew worse and worse,  
 Her body it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,  
 On all sides doubts and terrors met  
 her;

Point after point did she discuss;  
 And while her mind was fighting thus,  
 Her body still grew better.

"Alas! what is become of them?  
 These fears can never be endured,  
 I'll to the wood."—The word scarce  
 said,

Did Susan rise up from her bed,  
 As if by magic cured.

Away she goes up hill and down,  
 And to the wood at length is come;  
 She spies her friends, she shouts a  
 greeting;

Oh me! it is a merry meeting  
 As ever was in Christendom.

The owls have hardly sung their last,  
While our four travellers homeward  
wend ;

The owls have hooted all night long,  
And with the owls began my song,  
And with the owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,  
Cried Betty, "Tell us, Johnny, do,  
Where all this long night you have been,  
What you have heard, what you have  
seen,  
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true."

Now Johnny all night long had heard  
The owls in tuneful concert strive ;  
No doubt too he the moon had seen ;  
For in the moonlight he had been  
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he  
Made answer, like a traveller bold,  
(His very words I give to you,)  
"The cocks did crow to-who, to-who,  
And the sun did shine so cold."  
—Thus answered Johnny in his glory,  
And that was all his travel's story.

### MICHAEL.

#### A PASTORAL POEM.

If from the public way you turn your  
steps ;

Up the tumultuous brook of Green-  
head Ghyll,

You will suppose that with an upright  
path

Your feet must struggle ; in such bold  
ascent

The pastoral mountains front you, face  
to face.

But, courage ! for around that boister-  
ous brook

The mountains have all opened  
themselves,

And made a hidden valley of  
own.

No habitation can be seen : but  
Who journey thither find thems  
alone

With a few sheep, with rocks  
stones, and kites

That overhead are sailing in the  
It is in truth an utter solitude ;  
Nor should I have made mentio  
this dell

But for one object which you  
pass by,

Might see and notice not. B  
the brook

Appears a straggling heap of un  
stones !

And to that simple object appertai  
A story -- unenriched with st  
events, "

Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fire  
Or for the summer shade. It wa  
first

Of those domestic tales that spa  
me

Of shepherds, dwellers in the va  
men

Whom I already loved ; — not ve  
For their own sakes, but for the  
and hills

Where was their occupation  
abode.

And hence this tale, while I wa  
a boy

Careless of books, yet having fe  
power

Of nature, by the gentle agency  
Of natural objects, led me on t

For passions that were not my  
and think

(At random and imperfectly inc

n, the heart of man, and human  
e.  
ore, although it be a history  
y and rude, I will relate the  
me  
re delight of a few natural  
earts;  
with yet fonder feeling, for the  
ke  
athful poets, who among these  
ills  
be my second self when I am  
one.

on the forest-side in Grasmere  
ale  
dwelt a shepherd, Michael was  
is name;  
d man, stout of heart, and  
rong of limb.  
dily frame had been from youth  
age [keen,  
unusual strength: his mind was  
ie, and frugal, apt for all affairs,  
n his shepherd's calling he was  
rompt  
atchful more than ordinary men.  
e had he learned the meaning of  
ll winds,  
asts of every tone; and, often-  
imes,  
others heeded not, he heard  
he south  
: *subterraneous music, like the*  
oise  
agpipers on distant Highland  
hills.  
shepherd, at such warning, of  
his flock  
ought him, and he to himself  
would say,  
e winds are now devising work  
for me!"

And, truly, at all times, the storm—  
that drives  
The traveller to a shelter—summoned  
him  
Up to the mountains: he had been  
alone  
Amid the heart of many thousand  
mists,  
That came to him and left him on  
the heights.  
So lived he till his eightieth year was  
past.  
And grossly that man errs, who should  
suppose  
That the green valleys, and the streams  
and rocks,  
Were things indifferent to the shep-  
herd's thoughts.  
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he  
had breathed  
The common air; hills, which with  
vigorous step  
He had so often climbed; which had  
impressed  
So many incidents upon his  
mind  
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or  
fear;  
Which like a book preserved the  
memory  
Of the dumb animals, whom he had  
saved,  
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such  
acts,  
The certainty of honourable gain;  
Those fields, those hills—what could  
*they less? had laid*  
Strong hold on his affections, were to  
him  
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,  
The pleasure which there is in life  
itself.



His days had not been passed in  
 singleness.  
 His helpmate was a comely matron,  
 old—  
 Though younger than himself full  
 twenty years.  
 She was a woman of a stirring life,  
 Whose heart was in her house: two  
 wheels she had  
 Of antique form, this large for spin-  
 ning wool,  
 That small for flax; and if one wheel  
 had rest,  
 It was because the other was at work.  
 The pair had but one inmate in their  
 house,  
 An only child, who had been born to  
 them  
 When Michael, telling o'er his years,  
 began  
 To deem that he was old,—in shep-  
 herd's phrase,  
 With one foot in the grave. This  
 only son,  
 With two brave sheep-dogs tried in  
 many a storm,  
 The one of an inestimable worth,  
 Made all their household. I may truly  
 say,  
 That they were as a proverb in the  
 vale  
 For endless industry. When day was  
 gone,  
 And from their occupations out of  
 doors  
 The son and father were come home,  
 even then,  
 Their labour did not cease; unless  
 when all  
 Turned to the cleanly supper-board,  
 and there,  
 Each with a mess of pottage and  
 skimmed milk,

Sat round the basket piled with  
 cakes,  
 And their plain home-made che  
 Yet when the meal  
 Was ended, Luke (for so the son  
 named)  
 And his old father both betook t  
 selves  
 To such convenient work as m  
 employ  
 Their hands by the fire-side; per  
 to card  
 Wool for the housewife's spindle  
 repair  
 Some injury done to sickle, flai  
 scythe,  
 Or other implement of house or

Down from the ceiling by the  
 ney's edge  
 That in our ancient uncouth co  
 style [br  
 With huge and black projection  
 Large space beneath, as duly a  
 light  
 Of day grew dim the housewife  
 a lamp,  
 An aged utensil, which had perfo  
 Service beyond all others of its k  
 Early at evening did it burn—and  
 Surviving comrade of unce  
 hours,  
 Which going by from year to  
 had found  
 And left the couple neither ga  
 haps  
 Nor cheerful, yet with object  
 with hopes,  
 Living a life of eager industry.  
 And now, when Luke had reach  
 eighteenth year  
 There by the light of this old  
 they sat,

and son, while far into the  
 ht  
 usewife plied her own peculiar  
 rk,  
 the cottage through the silent  
 irs  
 as with the sound of summer  
 s.  
 ght was famous in its neigh-  
 urhood,  
 s a public symbol of the life  
 rifty pair had lived. For, as  
 hanced,  
 cottage on a plot of rising  
 und  
 single, with large prospect,  
 rth and south,  
 to Easedale, up to Dunmail-  
 se,  
 stward to the village near the  
 ie ;  
 rom this constant light, so  
 ular  
 far seen, the house itself, by all  
 welt within the limits of the  
 le,  
 ld and young, was named THE  
 ENING STAR.

s living on through such a  
 ght of years,  
 hepherd, if he loved himself,  
 ust needs  
 loved his helpmate; but to  
 ichael's heart  
 on of his old age was yet more  
 ear—  
 rom instinctive tenderness, the  
 me  
 spirit that blindly works in the  
 lood of all—  
 that a child, more than all other  
 ifts,

That earth can offer to declining man,  
 Brings hope with it, and forward look-  
 ing thoughts,  
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they  
 By tendency of nature needs must fail.  
 Exceeding was the love he bare to  
 him,  
 His heart and his heart's joy! For  
 oftentimes  
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in  
 arms,  
 Had done him female service, not alone  
 For pastime and delight, as is the use  
 Of fathers, but with patient mind  
 enforced  
 To acts of tenderness; and he had  
 rocked  
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle  
 hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the boy  
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael  
 love,  
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,  
 To have the young one in his sight,  
 when he  
 Wrought in the field, or on his shep-  
 herd's stool  
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him  
 stretched  
 Under the large old oak, that near his  
 door  
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth  
 of shade,  
 Chosen for the shearer's covert from  
 the sun,  
 Thence in our rustic dialect was  
 called  
 The CLIPPING TREE,\* a name which  
 yet it bears.

---

\* *Clipping* is the word used in the North of  
 England for shearing.

There, while they two were sitting in  
 the shade,  
 With others round them, earnest all  
 and blithe,  
 Would Michael exercise his heart with  
 looks [stowed  
 Of fond correction and reproof be-  
 Upon the child, if he disturbed the  
 sheep  
 By catching at their legs, or with his  
 shouts  
 Scared them, while they lay still be-  
 neath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace  
 the boy grew up  
 A healthy lad, and carried in his cheek  
 Two steady roses that were five years  
 old,  
 Then Michael from a winter coppice  
 cut  
 With his own hand a sapling, which  
 he hooped  
 With iron, making it throughout in all  
 Due requisites a perfect shepherd's  
 staff,  
 And gave it to the boy; wherewith  
 equipt [placed  
 He as a watchman oftentimes was  
 At gate or gap, to stem or turn the  
 flock;  
 And, to his office prematurely called,  
 There stood the urchin, as you will  
 divine,  
 Something between a hindrance and a  
 help;  
 And for this cause not always, I  
 believe, [praise;  
 Receiving from his father hire of  
 Though nought was left undone  
 which staff or voice,  
 Or looks, or threatening gestures  
 could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years,  
 could stand  
 Against the mountain blasts; and  
 the heights,  
 Not fearing toil, nor length of wa-  
 ways,  
 He with his father daily went,  
 they  
 Were as companions, why should  
 relate  
 That objects which the shepherd lov-  
 before  
 Were dearer now? that from the  
 there came  
 Feelings and emanations — thin-  
 which were  
 Light to the sun and music to  
 wind; [born ag  
 And that the old man's heart see-

Thus in his father's sight the  
 grew up;  
 And now when he had reached  
 eighteenth year,  
 He was his comfort and his d  
 hope.

While in this sort the simple ho-  
 hold lived  
 From day to day, to Michael's  
 there came  
 Distressful tidings. Long before  
 time  
 Of which I speak, the shepherd  
 been bound  
 In surety for his brother's son, a  
 Of an industrious life, and a  
 means—  
 But unforeseen misfortunes sudd-  
 Had prest upon him,—and  
 Michael now  
 Was summoned to discharge the  
 feiture,

jevous penalty, but little less  
 half his substance. This un-  
 looked-for claim  
 the first hearing, for a moment  
 took  
 hope out of his life than he  
 supposed  
 any old man ever could have lost.  
 soon as he had armed himself with  
 strength  
 look his trouble in the face, it  
 seemed  
 Shepherd's sole resource to sell at  
 once  
 portion of his patrimonial fields.  
 was his first resolve; he thought  
 again,  
 his heart failed him. "Isabel,"  
 said he,  
 evenings after he had heard the  
 news,  
 have been toiling more than  
 seventy years,  
 in the open sunshine of God's  
 love  
 we all lived; yet if these fields  
 of ours  
 should pass into a stranger's hand, I  
 think  
 I could not lie quiet in my grave.  
 lot is a hard lot; the sun him-  
 self  
 scarcely been more diligent than I;  
 I have lived to be a fool at last  
 my own family. An evil man  
 it was, and made an evil choice,  
 if he  
 false to us; and if he were not  
 false,  
 there are ten thousand to whom loss  
 like this.  
 been no sorrow. I forgive him—  
 but

'Twere better to be dumb than to  
 talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to  
 speak  
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.  
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the  
 land [free;  
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be  
 He shall possess it free as is the wind  
 That passes over it. We have, thou  
 knowest,  
 Another kinsman—he will be our  
 friend  
 In this distress. He is a prosperous  
 man,  
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him  
 shall go,  
 And with his kinsman's help and his  
 own thrift  
 He quickly will repair this loss, and  
 then  
 He may return to us. If here he  
 stay,  
 What can be done? Where every one  
 is poor,  
 What can be gained?"  
 At this the old man paused,  
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind  
 Was busy, looking back into past  
 times.  
 There's Richard Bateman, thought  
 she to herself,  
 He was a parish-boy—at the church-  
 door  
 They made a gathering for him,  
 shillings, pence,  
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neigh-  
 bours bought  
 A basket, which they filled with  
 pedlar's wares;  
 And with this basket on his arm, the  
 lad,

Went up to London, found a master  
there,

Who out of many chose the trusty  
boy

To go and overlook his merchandise  
Beyond the seas: where he grew  
wondrous rich,

And left estates and monies to the  
poor, [floored

And at his birthplace built a chapel  
With marble, which he sent from  
foreign lands.

These thoughts, and many others of  
like sort, [Isabel

Passed quickly through the mind of  
And her face brightened. The old  
man was glad,

And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel!  
this scheme

These two days has been meat and  
drink to me. [us yet.

Far more than we have lost is left  
We have enough—I wish indeed that I  
Were younger,—but this hope is a  
good hope.

Make ready Luke's best garments, of  
the best [forth

Buy for him more, and let us send him  
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-  
night:

If he *could* go, the boy should go to-  
night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the  
fields went forth

With a light heart. The housewife  
for five days

Was restless morn and night, and all  
day long [prepare

Wrought on with her best fingers to  
Things needful for the journey of her  
son. [came

But Isabel was glad when Sunday

To stop her in her work: for, w  
she lay

By Michael's side, she through  
two last nights

Heard him, how he was trouble  
his sleep: [could

And when they rose at morning  
That all his hopes were gone. '  
day at noon

She said to Luke, while they tw  
themselves

Were sitting at the door, "Thou  
not go: [I

We have no other child but thee  
None to remember—do not go aw  
For if thou leave thy father he  
die."

The youth made answer with a jo  
voice; [f

And Isabel, when she had told  
Recovered heart. That evening  
best fare.

Did she bring forth, and all tog  
sat

Like happy people round a Chris

With daylight Isabel resumed  
work;

And all the ensuing week the l  
appeared

As cheerful as a grove in sprin  
length

The expected letter from their  
man came,

With kind assurances that he wou  
His utmost for the welfare of the  
To which, requests were added  
forthwith

He might be sent to him. Ten  
or more

The letter was read over; Isabel  
Went forth to show it to the  
hours round;

there at that time on English  
 er heart than Luke's. When  
 el [man said,  
 her house returned, the old  
 ll depart to-morrow." To this  
 l  
 sewife answered, talking much  
 hings  
 if at such short notice he  
 uld go,  
 surely be forgotten. But at  
 gth [at ease.  
 e consent, and Michael was  
  
 the tumultuous brook of Green-  
 id Ghyll,  
 t deep valley, Michael had  
 igned [heard  
 d a sheep-fold; and, before he  
 ings of his melancholy loss,  
 ; same purpose he had gathered  
  
 of stones, which by the stream-  
 's edge  
 own together, ready for the  
 rk. [he walked;  
 Luke that evening thitherward  
 on as they had reached the  
 ace he stopped,  
 us the old man spake to him.—  
 My son,  
 rrow thou wilt leave me: with  
 ill heart  
 t upon thee, for thou art the  
 ame  
 wert a promise to me ere thy  
 irth,  
 all thy life hast been my daily  
 oy.  
 relate to thee some little part  
 ur two histories; 'twill do thee  
 good

When thou art from me, even if I  
 should touch  
 Of things thou canst not know of.—  
 After thou  
 First cam'st into the world—as oft  
 befalls [away  
 To new-born infants—thou didst sleep  
 Two days, and blessings from thy  
 father's tongue  
 Then fell upon thee. Day by day  
 passed on,  
 And still I loved thee with increasing  
 love.  
 Never to living ear came sweeter  
 sounds [fireside  
 Than when I heard thee by our own  
 First uttering, without words, a natural  
 tune;  
 While thou, a feeding babe, didst in  
 thy joy  
 Sing at thy mother's breast. Month  
 followed month,  
 And in the open fields my life was  
 passed [that thou  
 And on the mountains, else I think  
 Hadst been brought up upon thy  
 father's knees.  
 But we were playmates, Luke: among  
 these hills.  
 As well thou know'st, in us the old  
 and young [didst thou  
 Have played together. nor with me  
 Lack any pleasure which a boy can  
 know."  
 Luke had a manly heart; but at these  
 words  
 He sobbed aloud. The old man  
 grasped his hand, [I see  
 And said, "Nay, do not take it so—  
 That these are things of which I need  
 not speak.  
 Even to the utmost I have been to  
 thee

A kind and a good father : and herein  
I but repay a gift which I myself  
Received at others' hands ; for, though  
now old  
Beyond the common life of man, I  
still [youth.  
Remember them who loved me in my  
Both of them sleep together : here  
they lived  
As all their forefathers had done ; and  
when  
At length their time was come, they  
were not loath  
To give their bodies to the family  
mould.  
I wished that thou shouldst live the  
life they lived.  
But 'tis a long time to look back, my  
son, [years.  
And see so little gain from threescore  
These fields were burthened when they  
came to me ;  
Till I was forty years of age, not more  
Than half of my inheritance was  
mine.  
I toiled and toiled ; God blessed me  
in my work,  
And till these three weeks past the  
land was free.  
It looks as if it never could endure  
Another master. Heaven forgive me,  
Luke, [good  
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems  
That thou shouldst go."

At this the old man paused ;  
Then, pointing to the stones near  
which they stood,  
Thus, after a short silence, he re-  
sumed :  
" This was a work for us ; and now,  
my son,  
It is a work for me. But, lay one  
stone—

Here, lay it for me, Luke, with  
own hands, [ma  
Nay, boy, be of good hope ;—we  
To see a better day. At eighty.  
I still am strong and hale ;—do  
thy part,  
I will do mine.—I will begin again  
With many tasks that were res  
to thee ; [s  
Up to the heights, and in amor  
Will I without thee go again, and  
All works which I was wont  
alone,  
Before I knew thy face.—E  
bless thee, boy !  
Thy heart these two weeks ha  
beating fast  
With many hopes—It should b  
Yes—yes—  
I knew that thou couldst neve  
a wish [bound  
To leave me, Luke : thou has  
Only by links of love : when t  
gone.  
What will be left to us !—But,  
My purposes. Lay now the  
stone,  
As I requested ; and hereafter,  
When thou art gone away, sho  
men  
Be thy companions, think of  
And of this moment ; hither t  
thoughts,  
And God will strengthen the  
all fear  
And all temptation, Luke, I p  
thou  
Mayst bear in mind the  
fathers lived,  
Who, being innocent, did  
cause .  
Bestir them in good deeds. N  
thee well—

you return'st, thou in this place  
 : see  
 which is not here : a covenant  
 e between us——But, whatever  
 e  
 hee, I shall love thee to the  
 t,  
 ar thy memory with me to the  
 ive."

shepherd ended here ; and  
 ke stooped down,  
 s his father had requested, laid  
 st stone of the sheep-fold. At  
 e sight  
 d man's grief broke from him ;  
 his heart  
 ssed his son, he kissèd him and  
 pt ; [turned.  
 o the house together they re-  
 d was that house in peace, or  
 eeming peace,  
 he night fell ;—with morrow's  
 awn the boy  
 i his journey, and when he had  
 eached  
 public way, he put on a bold  
 ace ;  
 all the neighbours as he passed  
 heir doors  
 : forth with wishes and with fare-  
 well prayers, [sight.  
 followed him till he was out of

good report did from their kins-  
 man come,  
 uke and his well-doing : and the  
 boy [news,  
 te loving letters, full of wondrous  
 ch, as the housewife phrased it,  
 were throughout  
 ne prettiest letters that were ever  
 seen."

Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.

So, many months passed on : and once again [work

The shepherd went about his daily  
 With confident and cheerful thoughts ;  
 and now

Sometimes when he could find a  
 leisure hour

He to that valley took his way, and  
 there

Wrought at the sheep-fold. Mean-  
 time Luke began

To slacken in his duty ; and at length  
 He in the dissolute city gave himself  
 To evil courses : ignominy and shame  
 Fell on him, so that he was driven at  
 last

To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength  
 of love ;

'Twill make a thing endurable, which  
 else

Would overset the brain, or break the  
 heart : [who well

I have conversed with more than one  
 Remember the old man, and what he  
 was

Years after he had heard this heavy  
 news.

His bodily frame had been from youth  
 to age

Of an unusual strength. Among the  
 rocks [and cloud,

He went, and still looked up to sun  
 And listened to the wind ; and as  
 before

Performed all kinds of labour for his  
 sheep,

And for the land his small inheritance.

And to that hollow dell from time to  
 time



Did he repair, to build the fold of  
which  
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten  
yet  
The pity which was then in every  
heart  
For the old man—and 'tis believed  
by all  
That many and many a day he thither  
went,  
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the sheep-fold, some-  
times was he seen  
Sitting alone, or with his faithful  
dog,  
Then old, beside him, lying at his  
feet.  
The length of full seven years from  
time to time  
He at the building of this sheep-fold  
wrought,  
And left the work unfinished when he  
died.  
Three years, or little more, did Isabel  
Survive her husband: at her death  
the estate  
Was sold, and went into a stranger's  
hand.  
The cottage which was named THE  
EVENING STAR  
Is gone—the ploughshare has been  
through the ground  
On which it stood; great changes  
have been wrought  
In all the neighbourhood:—yet the  
oak is left  
That grew beside their door; and the  
remains  
Of the unfinished sheep-fold may be  
seen  
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-  
head Ghyll

## THE WAGGONER.

TO CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When I sent you  
few weeks ago, the Tale of Peter Bell,  
asked “why ‘The Waggoner’ was not added  
To say the truth,—from the higher ton-  
imagination, and the deeper touches of pa-  
aimed at in the former, I apprehended,  
little piece could not accompany it with  
disadvantage. In the year 1806, if I am  
mistaken, “The Waggoner” was read to you  
manuscript: and, as you have remembered  
for so long a time, I am the more encour-  
to hope, that, since the localities on which  
partly depends did not prevent its being  
interesting to you, it may prove acceptable  
to others. Being therefore in some measure,  
cause of its present appearance, you must allow  
me the gratification of inscribing it to you;  
acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived  
from your writings, and of the high esteem  
with which I am, very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

RYDAL MOUNT, May 20, 1819.

## CANTO I.

'Tis spent — this burning day  
June!  
Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams  
stealing;  
The buzzing dor-hawk, round a  
round, is wheeling,—  
That solitary bird  
Is all that can be heard  
In silence deeper far than that  
deepest noon!

Confiding glow-worms! 'tis a night  
Propitious to your earth-born light:  
But, where the scattered stars  
seen  
In hazy straits the clouds between,  
Each, in his station twinkling not,  
Seems changed into a pallid spot.  
The mountains against heaven's great  
weight





"O sylvan Wye I thou wanderer thro' the woods,

Photo. by Photochrome Co., Ltd.

up, and grow to wondrous  
 ght.  
 as in a lion's den,  
 and hot ;—and now and then  
 a tired and sultry breeze  
 haunting and a panting,  
 e stifling of disease ;  
 dewd allay the heat,  
 e silence makes it sweet.

, there is some one on the stir !  
 jamin, the waggoner ;—  
 ong hath trod this toilsome  
 y,  
 tion of the night and day.  
 r-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,  
 with a faint yet grating sound  
 ment lost and found,  
 in announces—by whose side,  
 he banks of Rydal Mere,  
 s on, a trusty guide,—  
 you can scarcely hear !  
 ne his course is bending ;—  
 leaves the lower ground,  
 the craggy hill ascending  
 stop and stay he makes,  
 breathing-fit he takes ;—  
 e way and wearisome,  
 the while his whip is dumb !

horses have worked with right  
 od will,  
 have gained the top of the  
 l ;

patient—they were strong—  
 w they smoothly glide along,  
 ring breath, and pleased to win  
 aises of mild Benjamin.

shield him from mishap and  
 are  
 y so early with this prayer ?  
 r threatnings in the sky ?  
 some other danger nigh ?  
 ro.

No, none is near him yet, though  
 he

Be one of much infirmity ;  
 For, at the bottom of the brow,  
 Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-  
 BOUGH

Offered a greeting of good ale  
 To all who entered Grasmere Vale ;  
 And called on him who must depart  
 To leave it with a jovial heart ;—  
 There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-  
 BOUGH

Once hung, a poet harbours now,—  
 A simple water-drinking bard ;  
 Why need our hero, then, (though  
 frail

His best resolves) be on his guard ?  
 He marches by, secure and bold,—  
 Yet, while he thinks on times of old,  
 It seems that all looks wondrous  
 cold ;

He shrugs his shoulders—shakes his  
 head

And, for the honest folk within,  
 It is a doubt with Benjamin  
 Whether they be alive or dead !

*Here* is no danger,—none at all !  
 Beyond his wish he walks secure ;  
 But pass a mile—and *then* for trial,—  
 Then for the pride of self-denial ;  
 If he resist that tempting door,  
 Which with such friendly voice will  
 call

If he resist those casement panes,  
 And that bright gleam which thence  
 will fall

Upon his leaders' bells and manes,  
 Inviting him with cheerful lure ;  
 For still, though all be dark else-  
 where,

Some shining notice will be *there*,  
 Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin right well  
Is known, and by as strong a spell  
As used to be that sign of love  
And hope—the OLIVE-BOUGH and  
DOVE

He knows it to his cost, good man!  
Who does not know the famous  
SWAN?

Object uncouth! and yet our boast,  
For it was painted by the host;  
His own conceit the figure planned,  
'Twas coloured all by his own hand;  
And that frail child of thirsty clay,  
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,  
Could tell with self-dissatisfaction  
Quaint stories of the bird's attraction! \*

Well! that is past—and in despite  
Of open door and shining light.  
And now the conqueror essays  
The long ascent of Dunmail-raise;  
And with his team is gentle here  
As when he clomb from Rydal Mere;  
His whip they do not dread—his voice  
They only hear it to rejoice.  
To stand or go is at *their* pleasure;  
Their efforts and their time they  
measure  
By generous pride within the breast,  
And, while they strain, and while they  
rest,  
He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.

Now am I fairly safe to-night—  
And with proud cause my heart is light.  
I trespassed lately worse than ever—  
But Heaven has blest a good endeavour;  
And, to my soul's content, I find  
The evil one is left behind.

\* This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement) has been supplanted by a professional production.

Yes, let my master fume and fret,  
Here am I—with my horses yet!  
My jolly team, he finds that ye  
Will work for nobody but me!  
Full proof of this the country gains  
It knows how ye were vexed and strait  
And forced unworthy stripes to bear  
When trusted to another's care.  
Here was it—on this rugged slope,  
Which now ye climb with heart and hand  
I saw you, between rage and fear,  
Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear  
And ever more and more confused  
As ye were more and more abused  
As chance would have it, passing by  
I saw you in that jeopardy:  
A word from me was like a charm  
Ye pulled together with one mind  
And your huge burthen, safe from harm  
Moved like a vessel in the wind!  
Yes, without me, up hills so high  
'Tis vain to strive for mastery.  
'Then grieve not, jolly team! thought  
The road we travel, steep and rough  
Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-  
raise,  
And all their fellow banks and braes  
Full often make you stretch and strain  
And halt for breath and halt again  
Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing  
That side by side we still are going

While Benjamin in earnest mood  
His meditations thus pursued,  
A storm, which had been smothered  
Was growing inwardly more and more  
And, in its struggles to get free,  
Was busily employed as he.  
The thunder had begun to growl  
He heard not, too intent of soul  
The air was now without a breath  
He marked not that 'twas still as

on large rain-drops on his head  
 With the weight of drops of lead;—  
 Starts—and takes, at the admonition,  
 A survey of his condition.

And is black before his eyes,  
 Wondering faintly where it lies;  
 And the sky—and every hill,  
 The sky, is blacker still;  
 Hill, and dale, one dismal room,  
 Round and overhung with gloom!  
 What above a single height  
 He sees a lurid light,

Helm-crag\*—a streak half dead,  
 Glimmering of portentous red;  
 Near that lurid light, full well  
 The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,  
 At his desk and book he sits,  
 Gazing aloft his curious wits;  
 Whose domain is held in common  
 By one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,  
 Lying beside her rifted cell;  
 Intent on magic spell;—  
 A pair, that spite of wind and  
 Weather,  
 Sit it upon Helm-crag together!

The ASTROLOGER was not unseen  
 Literary Benjamin:  
 Total darkness came anon,  
 And everything was gone.  
 Suddenly a ruffling breeze,  
 Would have rocked the sounding  
 Trees  
 As though of sylvan growth been  
 Here)  
 Through the hollow long and bare:  
 Rain rushed down—the road was  
 Battered,  
 And the force of billows shattered;

\*The mountain of Grasmere, the broken  
 Crest of which presents two figures, full  
 Distinctly shaped as that of the famous  
 Ben Bulbin, near Arrochar, in Scotland.

The horses are dismayed, nor know  
 Whether they should stand or go;  
 And Benjamin is groping near them,  
 Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear  
 them.

He is astounded,—wonder not,—  
 With such a charge in such a spot;  
 Astounded in the mountain gap  
 With thunder-peals, clap after clap,  
 Close-treading on the silent flashes—  
 And somewhere, as he thinks, by crashes  
 Among the rocks; with weight of rain,  
 And sullen motions long and slow,  
 That to a dreary distance go—  
 Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,  
 A rending o'er his head begins the fray  
 again.

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,  
 And oftentimes compelled to halt,  
 The horses cautiously pursue  
 Their way, without mishap or fault;  
 And now have reached that pile of  
 stones,  
 Heaped over brave King Dunmail's  
 bones;  
 He who had once supreme command,  
 Last king of rocky Cumberland;  
 His bones, and those of all his power,  
 Slain here in a disastrous hour!

When, passing through this narrow  
 strait,  
 Stony, and dark, and desolate,  
 Benjamin can faintly hear  
 A voice that comes from some one  
 near,  
 A female voice:—"Whoe'er you be,  
 Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me!"  
 And less in pity than in wonder,  
 Amid the darkness and the thunder,  
 The waggoner, with prompt command,  
 Summons his horses to a stand.

While, with increasing agitation,  
 The woman urged her supplication,  
 In rueful words, with sobs between—  
 The voice of tears that fell unseen ;  
 There came a flash—a startling  
 glare,  
 And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare !  
 'Tis not a time for nice suggestion,  
 And Benjamin, without a question,  
 Taking her for some way-worn  
 rover,  
 Said, "Mount, and get you under  
 cover !"

Another voice, in tone as hoarse  
 As a swollen brook with rugged course,  
 Cried out, "Good brother, why so fast ?  
 I've had a glimpse of you—*avast* !  
 Or, since it suits you to be civil,  
 Take her at once—for good and evil !"

"It is my husband," softly said  
 The woman, as if half afraid :  
 By this time she was snug within,  
 Through help of honest Benjamin ;  
 She and her babe, which to her breast  
 With thankfulness the mother pressed ;  
 And now the same strong voice more  
 near  
 Said cordially, "My friend, what cheer ?  
 Rough doings these ! as God's my judge,  
 The sky owes somebody a grudge !  
 We've had in half an hour or less  
 A twelvemonth's terror and distress !"

Then Benjamin entreats the man  
 Would mount, too, quickly as he can :  
 The sailor, sailor now no more,  
 But such he had been heretofore,  
 To courteous Benjamin replied,  
 "Go you your way, and mind not me ;  
 For I must have, whate'er betide,  
 My ass and fifty things beside,—  
 Go, and I'll follow speedily !"

The waggon moves—and with its  
 Descends along the sloping road ;  
 And the rough sailor instantly  
 Turns to a little tent hard by :  
 For when, at closing-in of day,  
 The family had come that way,  
 Green pasture and the soft warm  
 Tempted them to settle there.  
 Green is the grass for beast to graze  
 Around the stones of Dunmail-raise

The sailor gathers up his bed,  
 Takes down the canvas overhead  
 And, after farewell to the place,  
 A parting word—though not of grace  
 Pursues, with ass and all his store,  
 The way the waggon went before.

## CANTO II.

IF Wytheburn's modest house of prayer  
 As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,  
 Had, with its belfry's humble stock,  
 A little pair that hang in air,  
 Been mistress also of a clock,  
 (And one, too, not in crazy plight)  
 Twelve strokes that clock would have  
 been telling

Under the brow of old Helvellyn—  
 Its bead-roll of midnight,  
 Then, when the hero of my tale  
 Was passing by, and down the vale  
 (The vale now silent, hushed I wot  
 As if a storm had never been)  
 Proceeding with a mind at ease ;  
 While the old familiar of the seas  
 Intent to use his utmost haste,  
 Gained ground upon the waggon fast  
 And gives another lusty cheer ;  
 For spite of rumbling of the wheel  
 A welcome greeting he can hear ;  
 It is a fiddle in its glee  
 Dinning from the CHERRY TREE !

the sound—the light is there—  
 Benjamin is now aware,  
 his inward thoughts confined,  
 most reached the festive door,  
 startled by the sailor's roar,  
 as a sound and sees the light,  
 that moment calls to mind  
 the village MERRY-NIGHT !\*

though before in no dejection,  
 insidious recollection  
 that with sudden joy is filled,—  
 as are by the music thrilled,  
 as take pleasure in the road  
 as before him bright and broad ;  
 Benjamin is wet and cold,  
 there are reasons manifold  
 to make the good, towards which  
 as yearning,  
 as fairly like a lawful earning.

as has thought time to come and  
 to state between yes and no ;  
 as cries the sailor, " glorious  
 chance  
 as drew us hither ! Let him dance  
 as in or will ;—my honest soul  
 as that shall be a friendly bowl ! "  
 as was him to the door—" Come in,  
 as come," cries he to Benjamin ;  
 as Benjamin—ah, woe is me !  
 as the word,—the horses heard  
 as halted, though reluctantly.

as the souls and lightsome hearts  
 as have we  
 as singing at the CHERRY TREE ! "  
 as was the outside proclamation,  
 as was the inside salutation ;

---

\* term well known in the North of Eng-  
 land applied to rural festivals where young  
 people meet in the evening for the purpose of

What bustling—jostling—high and low !  
 A universal overflow ;  
 What tankards foaming from the tap !  
 What store of cakes in every lap !  
 What thumping—stumping—overhead !  
 The thunder had not been more busy :  
 With such a stir, you would have said,  
 This little place may well be dizzy !  
 'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—  
 'Tis what can be most prompt and eager ;  
 As if it heard the fiddle's call,  
 The pewter clatters on the wall ;  
 The very bacon shows its feeling,  
 Swinging from the smoky ceiling !

A steaming bowl—a blazing fire—  
 What greater good can heart desire ?  
 'Twere worth a wise man's while to try  
 The utmost anger of the sky ;  
 To seek for thoughts of a gloomy cast,  
 If such the bright amends at last.  
 Now, should you say I judge amiss,  
 The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this ;  
 For soon, of all the happy there,  
 Our travellers are the happiest pair.  
 All care with Benjamin is gone—  
 A Cæsar past the Rubicon !  
 He thinks not of his long, long strife ;—  
 The sailor man, by nature gay,  
 Hath no resolves to throw away ;  
 And he hath now forgot his wife,  
 Hath quite forgotten her—or may be  
 Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth,  
 Within that warm and peaceful berth,  
 Under cover,  
 Terror over,  
 Sleeping by her sleeping baby.

With bowl that sped from hand to  
 hand,  
 The gladdest of the gladsome band,  
 Amid their own delight and fun,  
 They hear—when every dance is done—



When every whirling bout is o'er—  
The fiddle's *squeak*\*—that call to bliss,  
Ever followed by a kiss;  
They envy not the happy lot,  
But enjoy their own the more!

While thus our jocund travellers fare,  
Up springs the sailor from his chair—  
Limps (for I might have told before  
That he was lame) across the floor—  
Is gone—returns—and with a prize!  
With what? a ship of lusty size;  
A gallant stately man of war,  
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.  
Surprise to all, but most surprise  
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,  
Not knowing that he had befriended  
A man so gloriously attended!

“This,” cries the sailor, “a third-rate is,  
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis!  
This was the flag-ship at the Nile,  
The VANGUARD—you may smirk and smile,  
But, pretty maid, if you look near,  
You'll find you've much in little here!  
A nobler ship did never swim,  
And you shall see her in full trim:  
I'll set, my friends, to do you honour,  
Set every inch of sail upon her.”  
So said, so done; and masts, sails, yards,  
He names them all; and interlards  
His speech with uncouth terms of art,  
Accomplished in the showman's part;  
And then, as from a sudden check,  
Cries out—“'Tis there, the quarter-deck  
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood—  
A sight that would have roused your blood!

---

\* At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.

One eye he had, which, bright as  
Burned like a fire among his men;  
Let this be land, and that be sea,  
Here lay the French—and *thus*  
we!”

Hushed was by this the fiddle's so  
The dancers all were gathered round  
And, such the stillness of the hour  
You might have heard a nibble  
mouse;  
While, borrowing helps where  
may,

The sailor through the story runs  
Of ships to ships and guns to guns  
And does his utmost to display  
The dismal conflict, and the might  
And terror of that marvellous night  
“A bowl, a bowl of double meat  
Cries Benjamin, “a draught of ale  
To Nelson, England's pride  
treasure,  
Her bulwark and her tower  
strength!”

When Benjamin had seized the bull  
The mastiff from beneath the wheel  
Where he lay, watchful as a dog  
Rattled his chain—'twas all in vain  
For Benjamin, triumphant soul!  
He heard the monitory growl;  
Heard—and in opposition quaffed  
A deep, determined, desperate draught  
Nor did the battered tar forget,  
Or flinch from what he deemed  
debt:

Then, like a hero crowned with glory  
Back to her place the ship he led  
Wheeled her back in full apparel  
And so, flag flying at mast-head  
Re-yoked her to the ass:—and  
Cries Benjamin, “We must be  
Thus, after two hours' hearty strife  
Again behold them on their way

## CANTO III.

gladly had the horses stirred,  
 they the wished-for greeting heard,  
 hip's loud notice from the door,  
 hey were free to move once more.  
 sink these doings must have bred  
 in disheartening doubts and dread;  
 at a horse of all the eight,  
 igh it be a moonless night,  
 either for himself or freight;  
 is they know, (and let it hide,  
 t, the offences of their guide,) Benjamin,  
 with clouded brains,  
 th the best with all their pains;  
 if they had a prayer to make,  
 rayer would be that they may take  
 him whatever comes in course,  
 etter fortune or the worse; [them,  
 no one else may have business near  
 drunk or sober, he may steer them.

forth in dauntless mood they fare,  
 with them goes the guardian pair.

ow, heroes, for the true commotion,  
 triumph of your late devotion!  
 aught on earth impede delight,  
 mounting to a higher height:  
 higher still—a greedy flight!  
 any low-born care pursue her,  
 any mortal clog come to her?  
 motion have they—not a thought,  
 is from joyless regions brought!  
 , while they coast the silent lake,  
 r inspiration I partake;  
 e their empyreal spirits—yea,  
 their enraptured vision, see—  
 ncy—what a jubilee!  
 it shifting pictures—clad in gleams  
 colour bright as feverish dreams!  
 th, spangled sky, and lake serene,  
 olved and restless all—a scene

Pregnant with mutual exaltation,  
 Rich change, and multiplied creation!  
 This sight to me the muse imparts;—  
 And then, what kindness in their hearts!  
 What tears of rapture, what vow-making,  
 Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking!  
 What solemn, vacant interlacing,  
 As if they'd fall asleep embracing!  
 Then, in the turbulence of glee,  
 And in the excess of amity,  
 Says Benjamin, "That ass of thine,  
 He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine;  
 If he were tethered to the waggon,  
 He'd drag as well what he is dragging;  
 And we, as brother should with brother,  
 Might trudge it alongside each other?"

Forthwith, obedient to command,  
 The horses made a quiet stand;  
 And to the waggon's skirts was tied  
 The creature, by the mastiff's side,  
 The mastiff wondering, and perplex  
 With dread of what will happen next;  
 And thinking it but sorry cheer,  
 To have such company so near!

This new arrangement made, the wain  
 Through the still night proceeds again:  
 No moon had risen her light to lend;  
 But indistinctly may be kenned  
 The VANGUARD, following close behind,  
 Sails spread, as if to catch the wind!

"Thy wife and child are snug and  
 warm,  
 Thy ship will travel without harm;  
 I like," said Benjamin, "her shape and  
 stature;  
 And this of mine—this bulky creature  
 Of which I have the steering—this,  
 Seen fairly, is not much amiss!  
 We want your streamers, friend, you  
 But altogether, as we go, [know;  
 We make a kind of handsome show!



of this transported pair  
 and unreprieved farewell ;  
 the slow-paced waggon's side,  
 under down yon hawthorn dell,  
 murmuring Greta for her guide.  
 Both she ken the awful form  
 en-crag—black as a storm—  
 arising through the twilight pale ;  
 immer-crag,\* his tall twin-brother,  
 bearing forth to meet the other ;—  
 while she roves through St.  
 John's Vale,  
 the smooth unpathwayed plain,  
 up-track, or through cottage lane,  
 no disturbance comes to intrude  
 the pensive solitude,  
 unsuspecting eye, perchance,  
 the rude shepherd's favoured  
 is the faeries in array, [glance,  
 party-coloured garments gay  
 lent company betray ;  
 green, and blue ; a moment's sight !  
 a daddaw-top with rosy light  
 shed—and all the band take flight.  
 so, muse ! and from the dell  
 to the ridge of Nathdale Fell ;  
 to look thou forth o'er wood and  
 town,  
 with the frost-like dews of dawn ;  
 as yon meadowy bottom look,  
 as close fogs hide their parent brook ;  
 see, beyond that hamlet small,  
 ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall,  
 hanging in a double shade,  
 dews and lingering twilight made !  
 as, at Blencathara's rugged feet,  
 Lancelot gave a safe retreat  
 noble Clifford ; from annoy  
 healed the persecuted boy,  
 pleased in rustic garb to feed  
 flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed ;

\* The crag of the ewe-lamb.  
 wo.

Among this multitude of hills,  
 Crag, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills ;  
 Which soon the morning shall enfold,  
 From east to west, in ample vest  
 Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed  
 Hung low, begin to rise and spread ;  
 Even while I speak, their skirts of gray  
 Are smitten by a silver ray ;  
 And lo !—up Castrigg's naked steep  
 (Where, smoothly urged, the vapours  
 Along—and scatter and divide [sweep  
 Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)  
 The stately waggon is ascending  
 With faithful Benjamin attending,  
 Apparent now beside his team—  
 Now lost amid a glittering steam.  
 And with him goes his sailor friend,  
 By this time near their journey's end,  
 And, after their high-minded riot,  
 Sickening into thoughtful quiet ;  
 As if the morning's pleasant hour  
 Had for their joys a killing power.  
 And, sooth, for Benjamin a vein  
 Is opened of still deeper pain  
 As if his heart by notes were stung  
 From out the lowly hedge-rows flung ;  
 As if the warbler lost in light  
 Reproved his soarings of the night,  
 In strains of rapture pure and holy  
 Upbraided his distempered folly.

Drooping is he, his step is dull ;  
 But the horses stretch and pull ;  
 With increasing vigour climb,  
 Eager to repair lost time ;  
 Whether by their own desert,  
 Knowing what cause there is for shame,  
 They are labouring to avert  
 As much as may be of the blame,  
 Which, they foresee, must soon alight  
 Upon his head, whom, in despite

Of all his failings, they love best ;  
 Whether for him they are distrest ;  
 Or, by length of fasting roused,  
 Are impatient to be housed ;  
 Up against the hill they strain—  
 Tugging at the iron chain—  
 'Tugging all with might and main—  
 Last and foremost, every horse  
 To the utmost of his force !  
 And the smoke and respiration  
 Rising like an exhalation,  
 Blends with the mist,—a moving  
     shroud  
 To form—an undissolving cloud ;  
 Which, with slant ray, the merry  
     sun  
 Takes delight to play upon,  
 Never golden-haired Apollo,  
 Pleased some favourite chief to  
     follow  
 Through accidents of peace or war,  
 In a perilous moment threw  
 Around the object of his care  
 Veil of such celestial hue ;  
 Interposed so bright a screen  
 Him and his enemies between !

Alas, what boots it?—who can  
     hide

When the malicious fates are bent  
 On working out an ill intent ?  
 Can destiny be turned aside ?  
 No—sad progress of my story !  
 Benjamin, this outward glory  
 Cannot shield thee from thy master,  
 Who from Keswick has pricked  
     forth,  
 Sour and surly as the north ;  
 And, in fear of some disaster,  
 Comes to give what help he may,  
 And to hear what thou canst say ;  
 If, as needs he must forebode,  
 Thou hast been loitering on the road !

His fears, his doubts, may now tal  
     flight—

The wished-for object is in sight ;  
 Yet, trust the muse, it rather hath  
 Stirred him up to livelier wrath ;  
 Which he stifles, moody man !  
 With all the patience that he can !  
 To the end that at your meeting  
 He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,  
 Till the waggon gains the top ;  
 But stop he cannot—must advance:  
 Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,  
 Espies, and instantly is ready,  
 Self-collected, poised, and steady ;  
 And, to be the better seen,  
 Issues from his radiant shroud,  
 From his close attending cloud,  
 With careless air and open mien.  
 Erect his port, and firm his going ;  
 So struts yon cock that now is crow  
 And the morning light in grace  
 Strikes upon his lifted face,  
 Hurrying the pallid hue away  
 That might his trespasses betray.  
 But what can all avail to clear him  
 Or what need of explanation,  
 Parley, or interrogation ?  
 For the master sees, alas !  
 That unhappy figure near him,  
 Limping o'er the dewy grass,  
 Where the road it fringes, sweet,  
 Soft and cool to way-worn feet ;  
 And, oh, indignity ! an ass,  
 By his noble mastiff's side,  
 Tethered to the waggon's tail :  
 And the ship, in all her pride,  
 Following after in full sail !  
 Not to speak of babe and mother ;  
 Who, contented with each other,  
 And, snug as birds in leafy arbour,  
 Find, within, a blessed harbour !

With eager eyes the master pries :  
 ks in and out—and through and  
 through ;  
 ; nothing—till at last he spies  
 ound upon the mastiff's head,  
 ound—where plainly might be  
 read  
 it feats an ass's hoof can do !  
 drop the rest :—this aggravation,  
 ; complicated provocation,  
 ard of grievances unsealed ;  
 ast forgiveness it repealed ;—  
 thus, and through distempered  
 blood  
 both sides, Benjamin the good,  
 patient, and the tender-hearted,  
 from his team and waggon  
 parted ;  
 en duty of that day was o'er,  
 l down his whip—and served no  
 more.  
 could the waggon long survive  
 ch Benjamin had ceased to drive :  
 ngered on ;—guide after guide  
 bitiously the office tried ;  
 each unmanageable hill  
 el for *his* patience and *his* skill ;—  
 lsure it is, that through this night,  
 l what the morning brought to  
 light,  
 o losses had we to sustain,  
 lost both WAGGONER and WAIN !

rept, O friend, for praise or blame,  
 e gift of this adventurous song ;  
 ecord which I dared to frame,  
 ough timid scruples checked me  
 long :  
 ey checked me—and I left the  
 theme  
 touched—in spite of many a gleam  
 fancy which thereon was shed,

Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still  
 Upon the side of a distant hill :  
 But nature might not be gainsaid ;  
 For what I have and what I miss  
 I sing of these—it makes my bliss !  
 Nor is it I who play the part,  
 But a shy spirit in my heart, [leap  
 That comes and goes—will sometimes  
 From hiding-places ten years deep ;  
 Or haunts me with familiar face—  
 Returning, like a ghost unlaid,  
 Until the debt I owe be paid.  
 Forgive me, then ; for I had been  
 On friendly terms with this machine :  
 In him, while he was wont to trace  
 Our roads, through many a long year's  
 space,

A living almanack had we :  
 We had a speaking diary,  
 That, in this uneventful place,  
 Gave to the days a mark and name  
 By which we knew them when they came.  
 Yes, I, and all about me here,  
 Through all the changes of the year,  
 Had seen him through the mountains  
 go,

In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,  
 Majestically huge and slow :  
 Or, with a milder grace adorning  
 The landscape of a summer's morning ;  
 While Grasmere smoothed her liquid  
 plain

The moving image to detain ;  
 And mighty Fairfield, with a chime  
 Of echoes, to his march kept time ;  
 When little other business stirred,  
 And little other sound was heard ;  
 In that delicious hour of balm,  
 Stillness, solitude, and calm,  
 While yet the valley is arrayed,  
 On this side with a sober shade ;  
 On that is prodigally bright—  
 Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.

But most of all, thou lordly wain !  
 I wish to have thee here again,  
 When windows flap and chimney roars,  
 And all is dismal out of doors ;  
 And sitting by my fire, I see  
 Eight sorry carts, no less a train !  
 Unworthy successors of thee, [rain ;  
 Come straggling through the wind and  
 And oft, as they pass slowly on,  
 Beneath my windows—one by one—  
 See, perched upon the naked height  
 The summit of a cumbrous freight,  
 A single traveller—and there  
 Another—then perhaps a pair—  
 The lame, the sickly, and the old ;  
 Men, women, heartless with the cold ;  
 And babes in wet and starveling plight ;  
 Which once, be weather as it might,  
 Had still a nest within a nest,  
 Thy shelter—and their mother's breast !  
 Then most of all, then far the most,  
 Do I regret what we have lost ;  
 Am grieved for that unhappy sin  
 Which robbed us of good Benjamin ;—  
 And of his stately charge, which none  
 Could keep alive when he was gone !

### MATERNAL GRIEF.

DEPARTED Child ! I could forget thee  
 once [woeful gain  
 Though at my bosom nursed ; this  
 Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul  
 Is present and perpetually abides  
 A shadow, never, never to be displaced  
 By the returning substance, seen or  
 touched, [embrace.  
 Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my  
 Absence and death how differ they !  
 and how  
 Shall I admit that nothing can restore  
 What one short sigh so easily removed ?  
 Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,

Assist me, God, their boundaries to  
 know, [Will  
 O teach' me calm submission to th

The Child she mourned had over-  
 stepped the pale  
 Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air  
 That sanctifies its confines, and partook  
 Reflected beams of that celestial light  
 To all the Little-ones on sinful earth  
 Not unvouchsafed—a light that warmed  
 and cheered \*  
 Those several qualities of heart and  
 mind [dee  
 Which, in her own blest nature, rooted  
 Daily before the Mother's watchful eye  
 And not hers only, their peculiar character  
 Unfolded,—beauty, for its present sake  
 And for its promises to future years,  
 With not unfrequent rapture fondly  
 hailed.

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn  
 A pair of Leverets each provoking eyes  
 To a continuance of their fearless sport  
 Two separate Creatures in their  
 several gifts  
 Abounding, but so fashioned that, in  
 That Nature prompts them to display  
 their looks, [r  
 Their starts of motion and their fits  
 An undistinguishable style appears  
 And character of gladness, as if Sprung  
 Lodged in their innocent bosoms,  
 the spirit [of  
 Of the rejoicing morning were they

Such union, in the lovely Girl main-  
 tained [s  
 And her twin Brother, had the pair  
 Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird off  
 Death in a moment parted them, and

Mother, in her turns of anguish,  
 worse [sound  
 1 desolate; for oft-times from the  
 he survivor's sweetest voice (dear  
 child, [looks,  
 knew it not) and from his happiest  
 she extract the food of self-  
 reproach,  
 ne that lived ungrateful for the stay  
 Heaven afforded to uphold her  
 maimed [Boy,  
 tottering spirit. And full oft the  
 first acquainted with distress and  
 grief, [shunned with fear  
 nk from his Mother's presence,  
 sad approach, and stole away to  
 find, [might,  
 s known haunts of joy where'er he  
 ore congenial object. But, as time  
 ned her pangs, and reconciled the  
 child  
 hat he saw, he gradually returned,  
 a scared Bird encouraged to renew  
 ken intercourse; and, while his eyes  
 yet with pensive fear and gentle awe  
 ed upon her who bore him, she  
 would stoop [to spread  
 nprint a kiss that lacked not power

Faint colour over both their pallid cheeks,  
 And stilled his tremulous lip. Thus  
 they were calmed [fresh air  
 And cheered; and now together breathe  
 In open fields; and when the glare  
 of day [wish  
 Is gone, and twilight to the Mother's  
 Befriends the observance, readily they  
 join [One's grave,  
 In walks whose boundary is the lost  
 Which he with flowers hath planted,  
 finding there [not miss  
 Amusement, where the Mother does  
 Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf  
 In prayer, yet blending with that  
 solemn rite  
 Of pious faith the vanities of grief,  
 For such, by pitying Angels and by  
 Spirits [clouds  
 Transferred to regions upon which the  
 Of our weak nature rest not, must be  
 deemed [sighs,  
 Those willing tears, and unforbidden  
 And all those tokens of a cherished  
 sorrow, [grace of Heaven  
 Which, soothed and sweetened by the  
 As now it is, seems to her own fond heart  
 Immortal as the love that gave it being.

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## POEMS OF THE FANCY.

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### TO A LADY,

ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD  
 WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME  
 DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF  
 FLOWERS IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Lady! can I sing of flowers  
 that in Madeira bloom and fade,  
 who ne'er sate within their bowers,  
 or through their sunny lawns have  
 strayed?

How they in sprightly dance are worn  
 By Shepherd-groom or May-day  
 queen,  
 Or holy festal pomps adorn,  
 These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art  
 No like remembrances can give,  
 Your portraits still may reach the heart  
 And there for gentle pleasure live;



While Fancy ranging with free  
scope

Shall on some lovely Alien set  
A name with us endeared to hope,  
To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,  
Some new resemblance we may  
trace

A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,  
A *Speedwell* may not want its  
place.

And so may we, with charmed mind  
Beholding what your skill has  
wrought,

Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,  
A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion  
fleet

From heaven to earth our thoughts  
will pass,

A *Holy-thistle* here we meet  
And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass*;  
And haply some familiar name

Shall grace the fairest, sweetest,  
plant

Whose presence cheers the drooping  
frame

Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile  
Sad thoughts, and breathes with  
easier breath;

Alas! that meek that tender smile

Is but a harbinger of death:

And pointing with a feeble hand

She says, in faint words by sighs  
broken,

Bear for me to my native land

This precious Flower, true love's last  
token.

## A MORNING EXERCISE.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the globe  
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart  
throw;

Sending sad shadows after things  
Peopling the harmless fields with sighs  
of woe;

Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry  
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death; and  
when the owl

Tries his two voices for a favour  
strain—

*Tu-whit—Tu-whoo!* the unsuspect  
Forebodes mishap or seems but  
complain;

Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,  
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy

Through border wilds where na  
Indians stray,

Myriads of notes attest her subtle  
A feathered task-master cries, "W  
AWAY!"

And in thy iteration, "WHIP  
WILL!"\*

Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave  
Lashed out of life, not quiet in  
grave!

What wonder? at her bidding  
ancient lays

Steeped in dire grief the voice  
Philomel;

And that fleet messenger of sorrow  
The Swallow, twittered subject to  
spell;

But ne'er could Fancy bend the  
To melancholy service—hark! O!

\* See Waterton's "Wanderings in  
America."

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy  
 lawn, [bowed;  
 lifting yet the head that evening  
 'tis risen, a later star of dawn, [cloud;  
 'eriling and twinkling near yon rosy  
 at gem instinct with music, vocal  
 spark; [the ark!  
 happiest bird that sprang out of  
 ail, blest above all kinds!—  
 Supremely skilled [with low,  
 less with fixed to balance, high  
 1 leav'st the halcyon free her  
 hopes to build [show;  
 such forbearance as the deep may  
 etual flight, unchecked by earthly  
 ties, [paradise.  
 'st to the wandering bird of  
 uthful, though swift as lightning,  
 the meek dove; [thee;  
 more hath nature reconciled in  
 onstant with thy downward eye of  
 in aërial singleness, so free; [love,  
 umberle, yet so ready to rejoice  
 ower of wing and never-wearied voice!  
 o the last point of vision, and beyond,  
 mt, daring warbler!—that love-  
 prompted strain, [bond)  
 irst thee and thine a never-failing  
 ills not the less the bosom of the  
 plain: [to sing  
 might'st thou seem, proud privilege!  
 independent of the leafy spring.  
 low would it please old ocean to  
 partake, [vain,  
 h sailors longing for a breeze in  
 e harmony thy notes most gladly make  
 ere earth resembles most his own  
 domain! [pleased ear  
 ania's self might welcome with  
 ese matins mounting towards her  
 native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom  
 no bars  
 To day-light known deter from that  
 pursuit,  
 'Tis well that some sage instinct, when  
 the stars  
 Come forth at evening, keeps thee still  
 and mute:  
 For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
 Wert thou among them, singing as  
 they shine!

---

### TO THE DAISY.

"Her\* divine skill taught me this,  
 That from every thing I saw  
 I could some instruction draw,  
 And raise pleasure to the height  
 Through the meanest object's sight.  
 By the murmur of a spring,  
 Or the least bough's rustelling;  
 By a daisy whose leaves spread  
 Shut when Titan goes to bed;  
 Or a shady bush or tree;  
 She could more infuse in me  
 Than all Nature's beauties can  
 In some other wiser man."—G. WITHER.

In youth from rock to rock I went,  
 From hill to hill in discontent  
 Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
 Most pleased when most uneasy;  
 But now my own delights I make,—  
 My thirst at every rill can slake,  
 And gladly nature's love partake  
 Of thee, sweet daisy!

Th'ee winter in the garland wears  
 That thinly decks his few gray hairs;  
 Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,  
 That she may sun thee;  
 Whole summer fields are thine by right;  
 And autumn, melancholy wight!  
 Doth in thy crimson head delight  
 When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
 Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;  
 Pleased at his greeting thee again;  
     Yet nothing daunted,  
 Nor grieved if thou be set at nought  
 And oft alone in nooks remote  
 We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
     When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews  
 The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;  
 Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
     Her head impearling;  
 Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
 Yet hast not gone without thy fame;  
 Thou art indeed by many a claim  
     The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
 Or, some bright day of April sky,  
 Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie  
     Near the green holly,  
 And wearily at length should fare;  
 He needs but look about, and there  
 Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare  
     His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
 Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
 Have I derived from thy sweet power  
     Some apprehension;  
 Some steady love; some brief delight;  
 Some memory that had taken flight;  
 Some chime of fancy wrong or right;  
     Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
 And one chance look to thee should turn,  
 I drink out of an humbler urn  
     A lowlier pleasure;  
 The homely sympathy that heeds  
 The common life, our nature breeds;  
 A wisdom fitted to the needs  
     Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,  
 When thou art up, alert and gay,  
 Then, cheerful flower! my spirits pl  
     With kindred gladness:  
 And when, at dusk, by dews oppress  
 Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
 Hath often eased my pensive breast  
     Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,  
 All seasons through, another debt,  
 Which I, wherever thou art met,  
     To thee am owing;  
 An instinct call it, a blind sense;  
 A happy, genial influence,  
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence  
     Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run  
 Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun  
 As ready to salute the sun  
     As lark or leveret,  
 Thy long-lost praise\* thou shalt regain  
 Nor be less dear to future men  
 Than in old time;—thou not in vain,  
     Art nature's favourite.

---

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill  
 Rushed o'er the wood with startling  
     sound;  
 Then—all at once the air was still,  
 And showers of hailstones patten  
     round.  
 Where leafless oaks towered high above  
 I sat within an undergrove  
 Of tallest hollies, tall and green;  
 A fairer bower was never seen.  
 From year to year the spacious floor  
 With withered leaves is covered o'er,  
 And all the year the bower is green.

---

\* See, in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

Where'er the hailstones drop,  
 Withered leaves all skip and hop,  
 Not a breeze—no breath of air—  
 Ere, and there, and every where  
 The floor, beneath the shade  
 Of embowering hollies made,  
 Leaves in myriads jump and spring,  
 With pipes and music rare  
 Robin Good-fellow were there,  
 All those leaves, in festive glee,  
 Dancing to the minstrelsy.

### THE GREEN LINNET.

Alas! these fruit-tree boughs that  
 Shed  
 Snow-white blossoms on my head,  
 Brightest sunshine round mespread  
 Spring's unclouded weather,  
 In sequestered nook how sweet  
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!  
 Birds and flowers once more to  
 Greet,  
 Last year's friends together.

Have I marked, the happiest guest  
 In this covert of the blest;  
 To thee, far above the rest  
 Joy of voice and pinion,  
 O, linnet! in thy green array,  
 Guiding spirit here to-day,  
 Lead the revels of the May,  
 And this is thy dominion.

Like birds and butterflies, and flowers  
 In all one band of paramours,  
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
 Art sole in thy employment;  
 Like, a presence like the air,  
 Hovering thy gladness without care,  
 O blest with any one to pair,  
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,  
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
 Yet seeming still to hover;  
 There! where the flutter of his wings  
 Upon his back and body flings  
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,  
 A brother of the dancing leaves;  
 Then flits, and from the cottage eaves  
 Pours forth his song in gushes;  
 As if by that exulting strain  
 He mocked and treated with disdain  
 The voiceless form he chose to feign,  
 While fluttering in the bushes.

### THE CONTRAST.

#### THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined,  
 I saw a dazzling belle,  
 A parrot of that famous kind  
 Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;  
 And, smoothed by nature's skill,  
 With pearl or gleaming agate vies  
 Her finely-curved bill.

Her plummy mantle's living hues  
 In mass opposed to mass,  
 Outshine the splendour that imbues  
 The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter mate  
 Did never tempt the choice  
 Of feathered thing most delicate  
 In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,  
 And singleness her lot,  
 She trills her song with tutored powers,  
 Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets  
 With which she may have striven!  
 Now but in wantonness she frets,  
 Or spite, if cause be given;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird  
 By social glee inspired;  
 Ambitious to be seen or heard,  
 And pleased to be admired!

THIS moss-lined shed, green, soft, and  
 dry,  
 Harbours a self-contented wren,  
 Not shunning man's abode, though  
 shy,  
 Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared  
 She never tried, the very nest  
 In which this child of spring was  
 reared,  
 Is warmed, through winter, by her  
 feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes  
 gives  
 A slender unexpected strain;  
 Proof that the hermitess still lives,  
 Though she appear not, and be  
 sought in vain.

Say, Dora! tell me by yon placid  
 moon,  
 If called to choose between the  
 favoured pair  
 Which would you be,—the bird of the  
 saloon,  
 By lady fingers tended with nice care,  
 Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,  
 Or nature's DARKLING of this mossy  
 shed?

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE  
 PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
 Let them live upon their praises;  
 Long as there's a sun that sets  
 Primroses will have their glory;  
 Long as there are violets,  
 They will have a place in story:  
 There's a flower that shall be mine  
 'Tis the little celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
 For the finding of a star;  
 Up and down the heavens they go  
 Men that keep a mighty rout!  
 I'm as great as they, I trow,  
 Since the day I found thee out,  
 Little flower!—I'll make a stir  
 Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf  
 Bold, and lavish of thyself;  
 Since we needs must first have met  
 I have seen thee, high and low,  
 Thirty years or more, and yet  
 'Twas a face I did not know;  
 Thou hast now, go where I may,  
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
 In the time before the thrush  
 Has a thought about her nest,  
 Thou wilt come with half a call,  
 Spreading out thy glossy breast  
 Like a careless prodigal;  
 Telling tales about the sun,  
 When we've little warmth, or none  
 Poets, vain men in their mood!  
 Travel with the multitude;  
 Never heed them; I aver  
 That they all are wanton wooers;  
 But the thrifty cottager,  
 Who stirs little out of doors,  
 Joys to spy thee near her home;  
 Spring is coming, they art come!

Ort have thou of thy merit,  
 y unassuming spirit ;  
 ss of thy neighbourhood,  
 dost show thy pleasant face  
 e moor, and in the wood,  
 e lane—there's not a place,  
 oever mean it be,  
 is good enough for thee.

fall the yellow flowers,  
 ren of the flaring hours !  
 rups, that will be seen  
 her we will see or no ;  
 ts, too, of lofty mien ;  
 have done as worldlings do,  
 n praise that should be thine,  
 , humble celandine !

het of delight and mirth  
 quited upon earth !  
 old of a mighty band,  
 joyous train ensuing,  
 ing at my heart's command,  
 as that are no tasks renewing,  
 ll sing, as doth behove,  
 nns in praise of what I love !

### THE SAME FLOWER.

URES newly found are sweet  
 they lie about our feet :  
 ary last, my heart  
 at sight of thee was glad ;  
 heard of as thou art,  
 must needs, I think, have had,  
 idine ! and long ago,  
 e of which I nothing know

re not a doubt but he,  
 soe'er the man might be,  
 the first with pointed rays  
 rman worthy to be sainted)

Set the sign-board in a blaze,  
 When the rising sun he painted,  
 Took the fancy from a glance  
 At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring  
 News of winter's vanishing,  
 And the children build their bowers,  
 Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould  
 All about with full-blown flowers,  
 Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold !  
 With the proudest thou art there,  
 Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure  
 By myself a lonely pleasure,  
 Sighed to think, I read a book  
 Only read, perhaps, by me ;  
 Yet I long could overlook  
 Thy bright coronet and thee,  
 And thy arch and wily ways,  
 And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week  
 Thou dost play at hide-and seek ;  
 While the patient primrose sits  
 Like a beggar in the cold,  
 Thou, a flower of wiser wits,  
 Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold ;  
 Liveliest of the vernal train  
 When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,  
 By what charm of sight or smell,  
 Does the dim-eyed curious bee,  
 Labouring for her waxen cells,  
 Fondly settle upon thee  
 Prized above all buds and bells  
 Opening daily at thy side,  
 By the season multiplied ?

Thou art not beyond the moon,  
 But a thing "beneath our shoon :"  
 Let the bold discoverer thrud  
 In his bark the polar sea ;

Rear who will a pyramid ;  
 Praise it is enough for me,  
 If there be but three or four  
 Who will love my little flower.

### THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

"BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous elf,"  
 Exclaimed an angry voice,  
 "Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self  
 Between me and my choice!"  
 A small cascade fresh swoln with snows  
 Thus threatened a poor briar-rose,  
 That, all bespattered with his foam,  
 And dancing high and dancing low,  
 Was living, as a child might know,  
 In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block?  
 Off, off! or, puny thing!  
 I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock  
 To which thy fibres cling."  
 The flood was tyrannous and strong;  
 The patient briar suffered long,  
 Nor did he utter groan or sigh,  
 Hoping the danger would be past:  
 But, seeing no relief, at last  
 He ventured to reply.

"Ah!" said the briar, "blame me not;  
 Why should we dwell in strife?  
 We who in this sequestered spot  
 Once lived a happy life!  
 You stirred me on my rocky bed—  
 What pleasure through my veins you  
 spread;  
 The summer long, from day to day,  
 My leaves you freshened and bedewed;  
 Nor was it common gratitude  
 That did your cares repay.

"When spring came on with bud and bell,  
 Among these rocks did I

Before you hang my wreaths, to  
 That, gentle days were nigh!  
 And in the sultry summer hours,  
 I sheltered you with leaves and  
 And in my leaves—now shed and  
 The linnet lodged, and for us two  
 Chanted his pretty songs, when y  
 Had little voice or none.

"But now proud thoughts are in  
 What grief is mine you see. [br  
 Ah! would you think, even yet how  
 Together we might be!  
 Though of both leaf and flower b  
 Some ornaments to me are left—  
 Rich store of scarlet hips is mine  
 With which I in my humble way  
 Would deck you many a winter  
 A happy eglantine!"

What more he said I cannot tell,  
 The torrent down the rocky dell  
 Came thundering loud and fast;  
 I listened, nor aught else could  
 The briar quaked, and much I f  
 Those accents were his last.

### THE OAK AND THE BROOM A PASTORAL.

His simple truths did Andrew g  
 Beside the babbling rills;  
 A careful student he had been  
 Among the woods and hills.  
 One winter's night, when thro  
 The wind was roaring, on his ki  
 His youngest born did Andrew  
 And while the rest, a ruddy qui  
 Were seated round their blazing  
 This tale the shepherd told:—

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone  
 As ever tempest beat!  
 Out of its head an Oak had gro  
 A Broom out of its feet.

was March, a cheerful noon—  
wind, with the breath of June,  
gently from the warm south-  
:

a voice sedate with age,  
s, a giant and a sage,  
labour thus addressed :

weary weeks, through rock  
clay,  
is mountain's edge,  
st hath wrought both night  
day,  
living after wedge.

! and think above your head  
ouble, surely, will be bred ;  
ht I heard a crash—'tis true,  
inters took another road—  
em yonder—what a load  
a thing as you !

are preparing as before,  
c your slender shape ;  
t, just three years back—no  
re—  
d a strange escape.  
rom yon cliff a fragment broke ;  
lered down, with fire and smoke,  
therward pursued its way :  
nderous block was caught by me,  
er your head, as you may see,  
nging to this day !

ze or bird to this rough steep  
ind's first seed did bear ;  
reeze had better been asleep,  
ird caught in a snare :  
ou and your green twigs decoy  
ittle witless shepherd-boy  
me and slumber in your bower ;  
trust me, on some sultry noon,  
you and he, Heaven knows how  
oon,  
perish in one hour.

“ ‘From me this friendly warning take—  
The Broom began to dose,  
And thus to keep herself awake  
Did gently interpose :  
‘My thanks for your discourse are due ;  
That more than what you say is true  
I know, and I have known it long ;  
Frail is the bond by which we hold  
Our being whether young or old,  
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

“ ‘Disasters, do the best we can,  
Will reach both great and small ;  
And he is oft the wisest man  
Who is not wise at all.  
For me, why should I wish to roam !  
This spot is my paternal home,  
It is my pleasant heritage ;  
My father many a happy year  
Spread here his careless blossoms, here  
Attained a good old age.

“ ‘Even such as his may be my lot.  
What cause have I to haunt  
My heart with terrors ? Am I not  
In truth a favoured plant !  
On me such bounty summer pours,  
That I am covered o'er with flowers ;  
And, when the frost is in the sky,  
My branches are so fresh and gay  
That you might look at me and say,  
This plant can never die.

“ ‘The butterfly, all green and gold,  
To me hath often flown,  
Here in my blossoms to behold  
Wings lovely as his own.  
When grass is chill with rain or dew,  
Beneath my shade, the mother ewe  
Lies with her infant lamb ; I see  
The love they to each other make,  
And the sweet joy, which they partake,  
It is a joy to me.’



"Her voice was blithe, her heart was light;  
The Broom might have pursued  
Her speech, until the stars of night  
Their journey had renewed:  
But in the branches of the Oak  
Two ravens now began to croak  
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;  
And to her own green bower the breeze  
That instant brought two stripling bees  
To rest, or murmur there.

"One night, my children! from the north  
There came a furious blast;  
At break of day I ventured forth,  
And near the cliff I passed.  
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,  
And struck him with a mighty stroke,  
And whirled, and whirled him far away;  
And, in one hospitable cleft,  
The little careless Broom was left  
To live for many a day."

### SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT  
AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES OF  
WESTMORELAND.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel!  
Night has brought the welcome hour,  
When the weary fingers feel  
Help, as if from faëry power;  
Dewy night o'ershades the ground;  
Turn the swift wheel round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky,  
Crouch the widely-scattered sheep;—  
Ply the pleasant labour, ply!  
For the spindle, while they sleep,  
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,  
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred  
By a glance from fickle eyes;  
But true love is like the thread  
Which the kindly wool supplies,  
When the flocks are all at rest  
Sleeping on the mountain's breast

### THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.

ART thou the bird whom man loves  
The pious bird with the scarlet breast  
Our little English robin;  
The bird that comes about our  
When autumn winds are sobbing  
Art thou the Peter of Norway  
Their Thomas in Finland,  
And Russia far inland?  
The bird, who by some name or  
All men who know thee call their bird  
The darling of children and men  
Could father Adam open his eyes  
And see this sight beneath the tree  
He'd wish to close them again

If the butterfly knew but his friend  
Hither his flight he would bend  
And find his way to me,  
Under the branches of the tree  
In and out, he darts about;  
Can this be the bird, to man so  
That, after their bewildering,  
Covered with leaves the little ch  
So painfully in the wood?

What ailed thee, Robin, that  
couldst pursue  
A beautiful creature,  
That is gentle by nature?

\* See "Paradise Lost," book xi.  
Adam points out to Eve the ominous serpent  
eagle chasing "two birds of gayest plumage  
the gentle hart and hind pursued by the

In the summer sky  
 O'er to flower let him fly;  
 That he wishes to do.  
 Deeper thou of our indoor sadness,  
 The friend of our summer gladness:  
 Inders, then, that ye should be  
 Ties in the sunny weather,  
 About in the air together!  
 Beautiful wings in crimson are  
 Best,  
 Son as bright as thine own:  
 Let thou be happy in thy nest,  
 O bird! whom man loves best,  
 Him, or leave him alone!

There are many now—now one—  
 Now they stop; and there are none—  
 What intenseness of desire  
 In her upward eye of fire!  
 With a tiger-leap half way  
 Now she meets the coming prey,  
 Lets it go as fast, and then  
 Has it in her power again:  
 Now she works with three or four  
 Like an Indian conjuror;  
 Quick as he in feats of art,  
 Far beyond in joy of heart.  
 Were her antics played in the eye  
 Of a thousand standers-by,  
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
 What would little tabby care  
 For the plaudits of the crowd?  
 Over happy to be proud,  
 Over wealthy in the treasure  
 Of her own exceeding pleasure!

### THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

Way look, my infant, lo!  
 A pretty baby show!  
 The kitten on the wall,  
 Playing with the leaves that fall,  
 Red leaves — one — two — and  
 Three —  
 The lofty elder-tree!  
 Though the calm and frosty air  
 This morning bright and fair,  
 Flying round and round they sink  
 So slowly: one might think,  
 The motions that are made,  
 The little leaf conveyed  
 Or fairy hither tending—  
 To this lower world descending,  
 Invisible and mute,  
 As wavering parachute.  
 But the kitten, how she starts,  
 Chases, stretches, paws, and darts!  
 At one, and then its fellow  
 As light and just as yellow;

'Tis a pretty baby-treat,  
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;  
 Here, for neither babe nor me,  
 Other playmate can I see.  
 Of the countless living things,  
 That with stir of feet and wings,  
 (In the sun or under shade,  
 Upon bough or grassy blade)  
 And with busy revellings,  
 Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
 Made this orchard's narrow space.  
 And this vale so blithe a place;  
 Multitudes are swept away  
 Never more to breathe the day:  
 Some are sleeping; some in bands  
 Travelled into distant lands;  
 Others slunk to moor and wood,  
 Far from human neighbourhood;  
 And, among the kinds that keep  
 With us closer fellowship,  
 With us openly abide,  
 All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he that giddy sprite,  
 Blue-cap, with his colours bright,  
 Who was blest as bird could be,  
 Feeding in the apple-tree;  
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
 Turning blossoms inside out; [ground,  
 Hung, head pointing towards the  
 Fluttered, perched, into a round  
 Bound himself, and then unbound?  
 Lithest, gaudiest harlequin!  
 Prettiest tumbler ever seen!  
 Light of heart, and light of limb,  
 What is now become of him!  
 Lambs that through the mountains went  
 Frisking, bleating merriment,  
 When the year was in its prime,  
 They are sobered by this time.  
 If you look to vale or hill,  
 If you listen, all is still,  
 Save a little neighbouring rill,  
 That from out the rocky ground  
 Strikes a solitary sound.  
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,  
 And the air is calm in vain;  
 Vainly morning spreads the lure  
 Of a sky serene and pure;  
 Creature none can she decoy  
 Into open sign of joy:  
 Is it that they have a fear  
 Of the dreary season near?  
 Or that other pleasures be  
 Sweeter even than gaiety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
 In the impenetrable cell  
 Of the silent heart which nature  
 Furnishes to every creature;  
 Whatso'er we feel and know  
 Too sedate for outward show,  
 Such a light of gladness breaks,  
 Pretty kitten! from thy freaks,—  
 Spreads with such a living grace  
 O'er my little Laura's face;

Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
 Thee, baby, laughing in my arms  
 That almost I could repine  
 That your transports are not mine  
 That I do not wholly fare  
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!  
 And I will have my careless seas  
 Spite of melancholy reason;  
 Will walk through life in such a  
 That, when time brings on decay  
 Now and then I may possess  
 Hours of perfect gladness.  
 —Pleased by any random toy;  
 By a kitten's busy joy,  
 Or an infant's laughing eye  
 Sharing in the ecstasy;  
 I would fare like that or this,  
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;  
 Keep the sprightly soul awake.  
 And have faculties to take,  
 Even from things by sorrow wrought  
 Matter for a jocund thought,  
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
 To gambol with life's falling leaf.

### A FLOWER GARDEN,

AT COLEORTON HALL, LEICESTER.  
 TELL me, ye zephyrs! that unfold  
 While fluttering o'er this gay rect  
 Pinions that fanned the teeming  
 Of Eden's blissful wilderness,  
 Did only softly-stealing hours,  
 There close the peaceful liv  
 flowers?

Say, when the *moving* creatures  
 All kinds commingled without fe  
 Prevailed a like indulgent law  
 For the still growths that prospe  
 Did wanton fawn and kid forbe  
 The half-blown rose, the lily spa

ped they often from their beds  
 ematurely disappeared,  
 ed like pleasure ere it spreads  
 om to the sun endeared?  
 i their harsh untimely doom,  
 not *here* on bud or bloom.

mer long the happy Eve  
 fair spot her flowers may bind,  
 r, with ruffled fancy, grieve,  
 he next glance she casts, to find  
 ve for little things by fate  
 lered vain as love for great.

where the guardian fence is  
 ound,  
 tly are our eyes beguiled  
 : not nor suspect a bound,  
 re than in some forest wild;  
 ght is free as air—or crost  
 y art in nature lost.

ough the jealous turf refuse  
 dom footsteps to be prest,  
 eed on never-sullied dews,  
 ntle breezes from the west,  
 ll the ministers of hope,  
 mpted to this sunny slope!

ither throngs of birds resort:  
 inmates lodged in shady nests,  
 perched on stems of stately  
 ort  
 rod to welcome transient guests;  
 hare and leveret, seen at play,  
 r not more shut out than they.

mblem (for reproof of pride)  
 delicate enclosure shows  
 odest kindness, that would hide  
 firm protection she bestows;  
 anners, like its viewless fence,  
 ing peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral muse—her wing  
 Abruptly spreading to depart,  
 She left that farewell offering,  
 Memento for some docile heart;  
 That may respect the good old age  
 When fancy was truth's willing page;  
 And truth would skim the flowery glade,  
 Though entering but as fancy's shade.

---

### TO THE DAISY.

WITH little here to do or see  
 Of things that in the great world be,  
 Daisy! again I talk to thee,  
 For thou art worthy,  
 Thou unassuming common-place  
 Of nature, with that homely face,  
 And yet with something of a grace,  
 Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
 I sit, and play with similes,  
 Loose types of things through all degrees,  
 Thoughts of thy raising:  
 And many a fond and idle name  
 I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
 As is the humour of the game,  
 While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;  
 Or sprightly maiden, of love's court,  
 In thy simplicity the sport  
 Of all temptations;  
 A queen in crown of rubies drest;  
 A starveling in a scanty vest;  
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
 Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye  
 Staring to threaten and defy,  
 That thought comes next—and instantly  
 The freak is over,

The shape will vanish, and behold  
A silver shield with boss of gold,  
That spreads itself, some faery bold  
In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar;—  
And then thou art a pretty star;  
Not quite so fair as many are  
In heaven above thee!  
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—  
May peace come never to his nest,  
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright flower! for by that name at last,  
When all my reveries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
Sweet silent creature!  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature!

---

#### TO THE SAME FLOWER.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is every-  
where!  
Bold in maternal nature's care,  
And all the long year through the heir  
Of joy or sorrow,  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity.  
Given to no other flower I see  
The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon deprest?  
A thoughtless thing! who, once unblest,  
Does little on his memory rest,  
Or on his reason;  
And thou wouldst teach him how to find  
A shelter under every wind,  
A hope for times that are unkind  
And every season.

Thou wander'st the wide world ad  
Unchecked by pride or scrupulousd  
With friends to greet thee, or wit  
Yet pleased and willing;  
Meek, yielding to the occasion's  
And all things suffering from all  
Thy function apostolical  
In peace fulfilling.

---

#### TO A SKY-LARK.

UP with me! up with me into  
clouds!  
For thy song, lark, is strong;  
Up with me, up with me into  
clouds!  
Singing, singing,  
With clouds and sky about thee n  
Lift me, guide me till I find  
That spot which seems so to thy

I have walked through wilder  
dreary,  
And to-day my heart is weary;  
Had I now the wings of a faery  
Up to thee would I fly.  
There is madness about thee, a  
divine  
In that song of thine;  
Lift me, guide me high and high  
To thy banqueting-place in the s

Joyous as morni  
Thou art laughing and scornin  
Thou hast a nest for thy love and t  
And, though little troubled with  
Drunken lark! thou wouldst be  
To be such a traveller as I.  
Happy, happy liver,  
With a soul as strong as a mountai  
Pouring out praise to the almighty  
Joy and jollity be with us

my journey, rugged and uneven,  
 igh prickly moors or dusty ways  
 rust wind ;  
 hearing thee, or others of thy  
 ind,  
 ill of gladness and as free of  
 heaven,  
 h my fate contented, will plod  
 n,  
 hope for higher raptures, when  
 life's day is done.

Thus then, each to other dear,  
 Let them all in quiet lie,  
 Andrew there, and Susan here,  
 Neighbours in mortality.  
 And, should I live through sun and rain  
 Seven widowed years without my Jane,  
 O sexton, do not then remove her,  
 Let one grave hold the loved and lover !

---

### SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

#### TO A SEXTON.

hy wheelbarrow alone—  
 efore, sexton, piling still  
 e bone-house bone on bone ?  
 dready like a hill  
 ield of battle made.  
 e three thousand skulls are laid ;  
 e died in peace 'each with the  
 other,  
 er. sister, friend, and brother.

. the spot to which I point !  
 i this platform, eight feet square,  
 : not even a finger joint :  
 ew's whole fire-side is there.  
 ; alone, before thine eyes,  
 n's sickly daughter lies,  
 n weakness now, and pain de-  
 fended  
 m he twenty winters tended.

k but at the gardener's pride—  
 r he glories, when he sees  
 es, lilies. side by side,  
 lets in families !  
 the heart of man, his tears,  
 his hopes and by his fears,  
 n, too heedless, art the warden  
 a far superior garden.

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains  
 Roar down many a craggy steep,  
 Yet they find among the mountains  
 Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,  
 Ere the storm its fury stills,  
 Helmet-like themselves will fasten  
 On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre  
 Of the Alps the chamois bound,  
 Yet he has a home to enter  
 In some nook of chosen ground.

And the sea-horse, though the ocean  
 Yield him no domestic cave,  
 Slumbers without sense of motion,  
 Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the raven  
 Gambol like a dancing skiff,  
 Not the less she loves her haven  
 In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet ostrich, till day closes  
 Vagrant over desert sands,  
 Brooding on her eggs reposes  
 When chill night that care demands.

Day and night my toils redouble,  
 Never nearer to the goal;  
 Night and day, I feel the trouble  
 Of the wanderer in my soul.

---

### THE CORONET OF SNOW- DROPS.

WHO fancied what a pretty sight  
 This rock would be if edged around  
 With living snowdrops? circlet bright!  
 How glorious to this orchard-ground!  
 Who loved the little rock, and set  
 Upon its head this coronet?

Was it the humour of a child?  
 Or rather of some gentle maid,  
 Whose brows, the day that she was styled  
 The shepherd queen, were thus arrayed?  
 Of man mature, or matron sage?  
 Or old-man toying with his age?

I asked—'twas whispered—The device  
 To each and all might well belong:  
 It is the spirit of Paradise  
 That prompts such work, a spirit strong,  
 That gives to all the self-same bent  
 Where life is wise and innocent.

---

### THE SEVEN SISTERS;

OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,  
 All children of one mother:  
 You could not say in one short day  
 What love they bore each other.  
 A garland of seven lilies wrought!  
 Seven sisters that together dwell;  
 But he, bold knight as ever fought,  
 Their father, took of them no thought,  
 He loved the wars so well.  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western w  
 And from the shores of Erin,  
 Across the wave, a rover brave  
 To Binnorie is steering:  
 Right onward to the Scottish stran  
 The gallant ship is borne;  
 The warriors leap upon the land,  
 And hark! the leader of the band  
 Hath blown his bugle horn.  
 Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie,

Beside a grotto of their own,  
 With boughs above them closing  
 The seven are laid, and in the sh  
 They lie like fawns reposing.  
 But now, upstarting with affright  
 At noise of man and steed,  
 Away they fly to left, to right—  
 Of your fair household, father kr  
 Methinks you take small heed!  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fl  
 And, over hill and hollow,  
 With menace proud, and insult lo  
 The youthful rovers follow.  
 Cried they, "Your father love  
 roam:

Enough for him to find  
 The empty house when he c  
 home;

For us your yellow ringlets comb  
 For us be fair and kind!"  
 Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfull  
 The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some sid  
 side,

Like clouds in stormy weather,  
 They run, and cry, "Nay, let us  
 And let us die together."

was near ; the shore was steep ;  
 never foot had been ;  
 'an, and with a desperate leap  
 er plunged into the deep,  
 er more were seen.  
 mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
 solitude of Binnorie.

ream that flows out of the lake,  
 ough the glen it rambles,  
 ts a moan o'er moss and stone,  
 ose seven lovely Campbells.  
 little islands, green and bare,  
 risen from out the deep :  
 shers say, those sisters fair  
 ies are all buried there,  
 ere together sleep.  
 mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
 solitude of Binnorie.

### THE PILGRIM'S DREAM ;

#### THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM.

PRIM, when the summer day  
 closed upon his weary way,  
 ing begged beneath a castle's roof ;  
 im the haughty warder spurned ;  
 rom the gate the pilgrim turned,  
 ek such covert as the field  
 uth-besprinkled copse might yield,  
 'ty wood, shower-proof.

aced along ; and, pensively,  
 ing beneath a shady tree,  
 e moss-grown root might serve  
 or couch or seat,  
 on a star his upward eye ;  
 , from the tenant of the sky  
 rned, and watched with kindred  
 look,  
 w-worm, in a dusty nook,  
 rent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream  
 Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,  
 A pregnant dream, within whose  
 shadowy bounds  
 He recognised the earth-born star,  
 And *that* which glittered from afar ;  
 And (strange to witness !) from the  
 frame

Of the ethereal orb, there came  
 Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble light  
 That now, when day was fled, and  
 night  
 Hushed the dark earth—fast closing  
 weary eyes,  
 A very reptile could presume  
 To show her taper in the gloom,  
 As if in rivalry with one  
 Who sate a ruler on his throne  
 Erected in the skies.

"Exalted star !" the worm replied,  
 "Abate this unbecoming pride,  
 Or with a less uneasy lustre shine ;  
 Thou shrink'st as momentarily thy rays  
 Are mastered by the breathing haze ;  
 While neither mist, nor thickest  
 cloud  
 That shapes in heaven its murky  
 shroud,  
 Hath power to injure mine.

"But not for this do I aspire  
 To match the spark of local fire,  
 That at my will burns on the dewy  
 lawn,  
 With thy acknowledged glories ;—  
 No !  
 Yet, thus upbraided, I may show  
 What favours do attend me here,  
 Till, like thyself, I disappear  
 Before the purple dawn."



When this in modest guise was said,  
Across the welkin seemed to spread  
A boding sound—for aught but sleep  
unfit!

Hills quaked—the rivers backward ran—  
That star, so proud of late, looked wan;  
And reeled with visionary stir  
In the blue depth, like Lucifer  
Cast headlong to the pit!

Fireraged,—and when the spangled floor  
Of ancient ether was no more,  
New heavens succeeded, by the dream  
brought forth:

And all the happy souls that rode  
Transfigured through that fresh abode,  
Had heretofore, in humble trust,  
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,  
The glow-worms of the earth!

This knowledge, from an angel's voice  
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice  
Of him who slept upon the open lea:  
Waking at morn he murmured not;  
And, till life's journey closed, the spot  
Was to the pilgrim's soul endeared,  
Where by that dream he had been  
cheered  
Beneath the shady tree.

---

### STRAY PLEASURES.

*"Pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts, to be claimed by whoever shall  
find."*

By their floating mill,  
That lies dead and still,  
Behold yon prisoners three,  
The miller with two dames, on the  
breast of the Thames!  
The platform is small, but gives room  
for them all;  
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the  
To their mill where it floats  
To their house and their mill tethers  
fast;  
To the small wooden isle where, to  
work to beguile,  
They from morning to even take  
ever is given;—  
And many a blithe day they  
past.

In sight of the spires,  
All alive with the fires  
Of the sun going down to his rest  
In the broad open eye of the sol-  
sky,  
They dance,—there are three,  
jocund as free.  
While they dance on the calm ri-  
breast.

Man and maidens wheel,  
They themselves make the  
And their music's a prey which  
seize;  
It plays not for them,—what matter  
'tis theirs;  
And if they had care, it has scattered  
their cares,  
While they dance, crying, "Long  
ye please!"

They dance not for me,  
Yet mine is their glee!  
Thus pleasure is spread through  
earth  
In stray gifts, to be claimed by  
ever shall find;  
Thus a rich loving-kindness, so  
dantly kind,  
Moves all nature to gladness  
mirth.

The showers of the spring  
 Rouse the birds, and they sing ;  
 Wind do but stir for his proper  
 Delight,  
 Leaf, that and this, his neighbour  
 Will kiss ;  
 Wave, one and t'other, speeds  
 After his brother ;  
 Are happy, for that is their right !

" Such it is ;—the aspiring creature  
 Soaring on undaunted wing  
 (So you fancied) is by nature  
 A dull helpless thing,  
 Dry and withered, light and yellow ;—  
*That* to be the tempest's fellow !  
 Wait and you shall see how hollow  
 Its endeavouring ! "

## THE DANISH BOY.

## A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS  
 CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

But hails the sight with  
 Leisure  
 The wings of genius rise,  
 Ability to measure  
 With great enterprise ;  
 Man was ne'er such daring  
 Hawk exhibits, pairing  
 Brave spirit with the war in  
 The stormy skies !

Oh him, how his power he uses,  
 Thy, at will resumes !  
 Ere for his haunt he chooses  
 Clouds and utter glooms !  
 He wheels in downward mazes ;  
 And now his flight he raises,  
 As fire, as seems, and blazes  
 With uninjured plumes ! "

## ANSWER.

Anger, 'tis no act of courage  
 Aloft thou dost discern ;  
 Old bird gone forth to forage  
 'Mid the tempest stern ;  
 Each mockery as the nations  
 When public perturbations  
 Near from their native stations,  
 Like yon TUFT OF FERN ;

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills  
 There is a spot that seems to lie  
 Sacred to flowerets of the hills,  
 And sacred to the sky.  
 And in this smooth and open dell  
 There is a tempest-stricken tree ;  
 A corner-stone by lightning cut,  
 The last stone of a lonely hut ;  
 And in this dell you see  
 A thing no storm can e'er destroy,  
 The shadow of a Danish boy.\*

In clouds above, the lark is heard,  
 But drops not here to earth for rest :  
 Within this lonesome nook the bird  
 Did never build her nest.  
 No beast, no bird hath here his  
 Home ;

Bees, wafted on the breezy air,  
 Pass high above those fragrant bells  
 To other flowers ; to other dells  
 Their burthens do they bear ;  
 The Danish boy walks here alone :  
 The lovely dell is all his own.

\* These stanzas were designed to introduce a ballad upon the story of a Danish prince who had fled from battle, and for the sake of the valuables about him, was murdered by the inhabitant of a cottage in which he had taken refuge. The house fell under a curse, and the spirit of the youth, it was believed, haunted the valley where the crime had been committed.

A spirit of noon-day is he ;  
 Yet seems a form of flesh and blood ;  
 Nor piping shepherd shall he be,  
 Nor herd-boy of the wood.  
 A regal vest of fur he wears,  
 In colour like a raven's wing ;  
 It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew ;  
 But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue  
 As budding pines in spring ;  
 His helmet has a vernal grace,  
 Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

A harp is from his shoulder slung ;  
 Resting the harp upon his knee ;  
 To words of a forgotten tongue,  
 He suits its melody.  
 Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill  
 He is the darling and the joy ;  
 And often, when no cause appears,  
 The mountain ponies prick their ears,  
 They hear the Danish boy,  
 While in the dell he sits alone  
 Beside the tree and corner-stone.

There sits he : in his face you spy  
 No trace of a ferocious air,  
 Nor ever was a cloudless sky  
 So steady or so fair.  
 The lovely Danish boy is blest  
 And happy in his flowery cove :  
 From bloody deeds his thoughts are far,  
 And yet he warbles songs of war,  
 That seem like songs of love,  
 For calm and gentle is his mien ;  
 Like a dead boy he is serene.

### ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF E. M. S.

Frowns are on every muse's face,  
 Reproaches from their lips are sent,  
 That mimicry should thus disgrace  
 The noble instrument.

A very harp in all but size !  
 Needles for strings in apt gradation  
 Minerva's self would stigmatize  
 The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* needle that subdued  
 Arachne's rival spirit,  
 Though wrought in Vulcan's happy  
 mood,  
 Such honour could not merit.

And this, too, from the laureate's clasp  
 A living lord of melody !  
 How will her sire be reconciled  
 To the refined indignity ?

I spake, when whispered a low voice  
 " Bard ! moderate your ire ;  
 Spirits of all degrees rejoice  
 In presence of the lyre.

" The minstrels of pygmean band,  
 Dwarf genii, moonlight-loving fay  
 Have shells to fit their tiny hands  
 And suit their slender lays.

" Some, still more delicate of ear,  
 Have lutes (believe my words)  
 Whose framework is of gossamer,  
 While sunbeams are the chords

" Gay sylphs this miniature will court  
 Made vocal by their brushing wit  
 And sullen gnomes will learn to court  
 Around its polished strings ;

" Whence strains to love-sick maid  
 dear,  
 While in her lonely bower she sits  
 To cheat the thought she cannot cheat  
 By fanciful embroideries.

" Trust, angry bard ! a knowing spirit  
 Nor think the harp her lot deplorable  
 Though 'mid the stars the lyre shines  
 bright,  
 Love *stoops* as fondly as he scorn



**"But worthier still of note  
Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale."**

*Photo. by Herbert Bell, Ambleside.  
W.O.*



# ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER,

BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS  
A MONTH OLD ON THAT DAY.

HAST thou then survived,  
offspring of infirm humanity,  
infant! among all forlornest  
things  
most forlorn, one life of that  
right star,  
second glory of the heavens?—  
Thou hast:  
dost thou hast survived that great decay;  
transformation through the wide  
earth felt,  
by all nations. In that Being's  
sight  
whom the race of human kind  
proceed,  
thousand years are but as yester-  
day;  
one day's narrow circuit is to  
Him  
less capacious than a thousand  
years.  
what is time? What outward  
glory? Neither  
measure is of Thee, whose claims  
extend  
through "heaven's eternal year."—  
Yet hail to thee,  
feeble monthling!—by that  
name, methinks,  
scanty breathing-time is por-  
tioned out  
indignantly. Hadst thou been of Indian  
birth,  
laid on a casual bed of moss and  
leaves,  
rudely canopied by leafy boughs,  
to the churlish elements exposed

On the blank plains,—the coldness of  
the night,  
Or the night's darkness, or its cheer-  
ful face  
Of beauty, by the changing moon  
adorned,  
Would, with imperious admonition,  
then  
Have scored thine age, and punctually  
timed  
Thine infant history, on the minds  
of those  
Who might have wandered with  
thee.—Mother's love,  
Nor less than mother's love in other  
breasts,  
Will, among us warm clad and warmly  
housed,  
Do for thee what the finger of the  
heavens  
Doth all too often harshly execute  
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds  
Where fancy hath small liberty to  
grace  
The affections, to exalt them or refine;  
And the maternal sympathy itself,  
Though strong, is, in the main, a joy-  
less tie  
Of naked instinct, wound about the  
heart.  
Happier, far happier is thy lot and  
ours!  
Even now—To solemnise thy help-  
less state.  
And to enliven in the mind's regard  
Thy passive beauty—parallels have  
risen,  
Resemblances, or contrasts, that con-  
nect,  
Within the region of a father's  
thoughts,  
Thee and thy mate and sister of the  
sky.

And first;—thy sinless progress,  
 through a world  
 By sorrow darkened and by care dis-  
 turbed,  
 Apt likeness bears to hers, through  
 gathered clouds,  
 Moving untouched in silver purity,  
 And cheering oft-times their reluctant  
 gloom.  
 Fair 'are ye both, and both are free  
 from stain :  
 But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy  
 horn  
 With brightness!—leaving her to post  
 along,  
 And range about—disquieted in change,  
 And still impatient of the shape she  
 wears.  
 Once up, once down the hill, one  
 journey, babe,  
 That will suffice thee; and it seems  
 that now  
 Thou hast fore-knowledge that such  
 task is thine;  
 Thou travellest so contentedly, and  
 sleep'st  
 In such a heedless peace. Alas! full  
 soon  
 Hath this conception, grateful to behold,  
 Changed countenance, like an object  
 sullied o'er

By breathing mist! and thine appe-  
 to be  
 A mournful labour, while to her  
 given  
 Hope—and a renovation without end  
 That smile forbids the thought;—  
 on thy face  
 Smiles are beginning, like the beam  
 of dawn,  
 To shoot and circulate;—smiles that  
 there been seen,—  
 Tranquil assurances that Heaven  
 supports  
 The feeble motions of thy life, :  
 cheers  
 Thy loneliness;—or shall those smiles  
 be called  
 Feelers of love,—put forth as if  
 explore  
 This untried world, and to prepare  
 thy way  
 Through a strait passage intricate  
 dim?  
 Such are they,—and the same  
 tokens, signs,  
 Which, when the appointed season  
 hath arrived,  
 Joy, as her holiest language,  
 adopt;  
 And reason's godlike power be free  
 to own.

## POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

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### THERE WAS A BOY.

There was a boy; ye knew him well,  
 By the cliffs  
 Lands of Winander! many a time,  
 When the earliest stars began  
 To gleam along the edges of the hills,  
 Or setting, would he stand alone,  
 'neath the trees, or by the glimmer-  
 ing lake;  
 And there, with fingers interwoven,  
 Two hands [his mouth  
 Pressed closely palm to palm and to  
 And he, as through an instrument,  
 Mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
 They might answer him.—And  
 They would shout  
 'neath the watery vale, and shout again,  
 Responsive to his call,—with quivering  
 Reeds,  
 Long halloos, and screams, and  
 Echoes loud  
 Doubled and redoubled; concourse  
 Wild  
 And din! And, when there came  
 A pause  
 Of silence such as baffled his best skill:  
 Sometimes, in that silence, while  
 He hung  
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild sur-  
 prise  
 Carried far into his heart the voice  
 Of mountain torrents; or the visible  
 scene  
 Would enter unawares into his mind  
 And all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven,  
 Received  
 The bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates,  
 And died  
 In childhood, ere he was full twelve  
 Years old.  
 Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale  
 Where he was born and bred: the grassy  
 Church-yard hangs  
 Upon a slope above the village school;  
 And through that church-yard when  
 My way has led [there  
 On summer evenings, I believe, that  
 A long half-hour together I have stood  
 Mute—looking at the grave in which  
 He lies!

---

### TO —,

#### ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN.

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,  
 Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed,  
 From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;  
 Awed, delighted, and amazed!  
 Potent was the spell that bound thee,  
 Not unwilling to obey;  
 For blue ether's arms, flung round thee,  
 Stilled the pantings of dismay.  
 Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows!  
 What a vast abyss is there!  
 Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,  
 And the glistenings—heavenly fair!  
 And a record of commotion  
 Which a thousand ridges yield;  
 Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean  
 Gleaming like a silver shield!



Maiden! now take flight;—inherit  
Alps or Andes—they are thine!  
With the morning's roseate spirit,  
Sweep their length of snowy line;

Or survey their bright dominions  
In the gorgeous colours drest,  
Flung from off the purple pinions,  
Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the choral fountains  
Warbling in each sparry vault  
Of the untrodden lunar mountains;  
Listen to their songs!—or halt,

To Niphates top invited,  
Whither spiteful Satan steered;  
Or descend where the ark alighted,  
When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,  
As was witnessed through thine eye  
Then, when old Helvellyn won thee  
To confess their majesty!

---

### YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton  
Vale,  
Which to this day stands single, in the  
midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of  
yore,  
Not loth to furnish weapons for the  
bands  
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they  
marched  
To Scotland's heaths; or those that  
crossed the sea  
And drew their sounding bows at  
Azincour,  
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.

Of vast circumference and gloom,  
found  
This solitary tree!—a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay;  
Of form and aspect too magnificent  
To be destroyed. But worthier still  
note  
Are those fraternal four of Bon  
dale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious  
grove;  
Huge trunks!—and each part  
trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
Up-coiling, and inveterately  
wolved,—  
Nor uninformed with phantasy,  
looks  
That threaten the profane;—a  
lared shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of  
brown hue,  
By sheddings from the pining un-  
tinged  
Perennially—beneath whose saile  
Of boughs, as if for festal pur-  
decked  
With unrejoicing berries, grotesque  
shapes  
May meet at noontide—Fear  
trembling Hope,  
Silence and Foresight—Death  
Skeleton,  
And Time the Shadow,—there to  
brute,  
As in a natural temple scattered  
With altars undisturbed of  
stone,  
United worship; or in mute re-  
To lie, and listen to the mor-  
flood  
Murmuring from Glaramara's  
caves.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

THE new-comer! I have heard  
thee and rejoice.  
koo! shall I call thee bird,  
; a wandering voice?

I am lying on the grass  
vofold shout I hear,  
hill to hill it seems to pass,  
e far off and near.

h babbling only, to the vale,  
ishine and of flowers,  
bringest unto me a tale  
onary hours.

elcome, darling of the spring!  
et thou art to me  
d: but an invisible thing,  
e, a mystery.

ame whom in my school-boy  
ays  
ned to; that cry  
made me look a thousand ways  
h, and tree, and sky.

ek thee did I often rove  
gh woods and on the green;  
ou wert still a hope, a love;  
nged for, never seen.

can listen to thee yet;  
e upon the plain  
sten, till I do beget  
golden time again.

used bird! the earth we pace  
appears to be  
substantial faëry place;  
is fit home for thee!

## A NIGHT-PIECE.

THE sky is overcast  
With a continuous cloud of texture close,  
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the  
moon,  
Which through that veil is indistinctly  
seen,  
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light  
So feebly spread, that not a shadow  
falls,  
Chequering the ground—from rock,  
plant, tree, or tower.  
At length a pleasant instantaneous  
gleam  
Startles the pensive traveller while he  
treads  
His lonesome path, with unobserving  
eye  
Bent earthwards: he looks up—the  
clouds are split  
Asunder,—and above his head he sees  
The clear moon, and the glory of the  
heavens.  
There, in a black blue vault she sails  
along, [small  
Followed by multitudes of stars, that,  
And sharp, and bright, along the dark  
abyss  
Drive as she drives;—how fast they  
wheel away,  
Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the  
tree,  
But they are silent;—still they roll  
along  
Immeasurably distant;—and the vault,  
Built round by those white clouds,  
enormous clouds,  
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.  
At length the vision closes; and the  
mind,  
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

## WATER-FOWL.

"Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter." — Extract from the Author's Book on the Lakes.

MARK how the feathered tenants of  
the flood,

With grace of motion that might  
scarcely seem

Inferior to angelical, prolong

Their curious pastime! shaping in mid  
air [that soars

(And sometimes with ambitious wing  
High as the level of the mountain tops)

A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,  
Their own domain: but ever, while  
intent [round,

On tracing and retracing that large  
Their jubilant activity evolves

Hundreds of curves and circles, to and  
fro, [tricate,

Upward and downward, progress in-  
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed

Their indefatigable flight.—'Tis done—  
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had  
ceased;

But lo! the vanished company again  
Ascending;—they approach— I hear  
their wings [sound

Faint, faint at first; and then an eager  
Past in a moment—and as faint again!

They tempt the sun to sport amid  
their plumes;

They tempt the water, or the gleaming  
ice, [themselves,

To show them a fair image;—'tis  
Their own fair forms, upon the glim-  
mering plain, [descend

Painted more soft and fair as they  
Almost to touch;—then up again aloft,

Up with a sally and a flash of speed,  
As if they scorned both resting-place

and rest!

## VIEW FROM THE TOP OF

## BLACK COMB.\*

THIS height a ministering angel might  
select:

For from the summit of Black Comb  
(dread name

Derived from clouds and storms!)  
amplest range

Of unobstructed prospect may be seen  
That British ground commands:—

dusky tracts,  
Where Trent is nursed, far southward

Cambrian hills  
To the south-west, a multitude

show;  
And, in a line of eye-sight linked

these,  
The hoary peaks of Scotland that

birth  
To Teviot's stream, to Annan, Tyne

and Clyde;—  
Crowding the quarter whence the

comes forth  
Gigantic mountains rough with crags

beneath,  
Right at the imperial station's west

base,  
Main Ocean, breaking audibly

stretched  
Far into silent regions blue

pale;—  
And visibly engirding Mona's Isle,

That, as we left the plain, before  
sight

Stood like a lofty mount, uplifted  
slowly,

(Above the convex of the watery gulf

\* Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland; its base covers a greater extent of ground than any other mountain in these parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain.

clear view the cultured fields  
 hat streak  
 habitable shores; but now appears  
 milled object, and submits to lie  
 ie spectator's feet.—Yon azure  
 idge,  
 perishable cloud? Or there  
 behold the line of Erin's coast?  
 sometimes by the roving shep-  
 erd swain  
 the bright confines of another  
 world)  
 doubtfully perceived.—Look  
 omeward now!  
 th, in height, in circuit how serene  
 pectacle, how pure! Of nature's  
 orks,  
 th, and air, and earth-embracing  
 ea,  
 elation infinite it seems;  
 y august of man's inheritance,  
 itain's calm felicity, and power.

### NUTTING.

It seems a day  
 ak of one from many singled out)  
 of those heavenly days that cannot  
 lie;  
 , in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
 our cottage-threshold, sallying  
 orth [slung,  
 a huge wallet o'er my shoulders  
 tting crook in hand, and turned  
 ny steps  
 d some far-distant wood, a figure  
 quaint,  
 ed out in proud disguise of cast-  
 off weeds  
 h for that service had been  
 husbanded,  
 hortation of my frugal dame.

Motley accoutrement, of power to  
 smile  
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,  
 —and in truth,  
 More ragged than need was! O'er  
 pathless rocks,  
 Through beds of matted fern, and  
 tangled thickets,  
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear  
 nook  
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
 Drooped with its withered leaves, un-  
 gracious sign  
 Of devastation, but the hazels rose  
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters  
 hung,  
 A virgin scene!—A little while I  
 stood,  
 Breathing with such suppression of the  
 heart  
 As joy delights in; and with wise  
 restraint  
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
 The banquet,—or beneath the trees I  
 sate  
 Among the flowers, and with the  
 flowers I played;  
 A temper known to those, who, after  
 long  
 And weary expectation, have been  
 blest  
 With sudden happiness beyond all  
 hope.—  
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose  
 leaves  
 The violets of five seasons reappear  
 And fade, unseen by any human eye;  
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur  
 on  
 For ever,—and I saw the sparkling  
 foam,  
 And with my cheek on one of those  
 green stones

That, fleeced with moss, under the  
 shady trees,  
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of  
 sheep,  
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring  
 sound,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasure  
 loves to pay  
 Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure.  
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent  
 things,  
 Wasting its kindliness on stocks and  
 stones,  
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
 And dragged to earth both branch and  
 bough, with crash  
 And merciless ravage; and the shady  
 nook  
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy  
 bower,  
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
 Their quiet being: and, unless I now  
 Confound my present feelings with the  
 past,  
 Ere from the mutilated bower I turned  
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of  
 kings,  
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
 The silent trees and saw the intruding  
 sky.—  
 Then, dearest maiden! move along  
 these shades  
 In gentleness of heart; with gentle  
 hand  
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the  
 woods.

SHE was a phantom of delight  
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
 A lovely apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament;  
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
 Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheek  
 dawn;

A dancing shape, an image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A spirit, yet a woman too!  
 Her household motions light  
 free,  
 And steps of virgin liberty;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
 A creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears,  
 smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine;  
 A being breathing thoughtful breath  
 A traveller between life and death  
 The reason firm, the temperate will  
 Endurance, foresight, strength,  
 skill,

A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command  
 And yet a spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light.

---

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art  
 A creature of a fiery heart:—  
 These notes of thine—they pierce  
 pierce;  
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce!  
 Thou sing'st as if the god of wine  
 Had helped thee to a valentine;  
 A song in mockery and despite  
 Of shades, and dews, and silent night  
 And steady bliss, and all the love  
 Now sleeping in these peaceful groves

ard a stock-dove sing or say  
 homely tale this very day ;  
 voice was buried among trees,  
 to be come at by the breeze ;  
 did not cease ; but cooed—and cooed,  
 somewhat pensively he wooed :  
 sang of love with quiet blending,  
 to begin, and never ending ;  
 serious faith and inward glee ;  
 it was the song—the song for me !

ree years she grew in sun and shower  
 in nature said, “ A lovelier flower  
 earth was never sown ;  
 as child I to myself will take ;  
 shall be mine, and I will make  
 lady of my own.

myself will to my darling be  
 by law and impulse : and with me  
 the girl, in rock and plain,  
 earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
 will feel an overseeing power  
 kindle or restrain.

we shall be sportive as the fawn  
 on wild with glee across the lawn  
 and up the mountain springs ;  
 and hers shall be the breathing balm,  
 and hers the silence and the calm  
 mute insensate things.

the floating clouds their states shall lend  
 her ; for her the willow bend :  
 shall she fail to see  
 even in the motions of the storm  
 that shall mould the maiden's form  
 silent sympathy.

the stars of midnight shall be dear  
 to her ; and she shall lean her ear  
 to many a secret place  
 where rivulets dance their wayward  
 round,  
 wo.

And beauty born of murmuring sound  
 Shall pass into her face.

“ And vital feelings of delight  
 Shall rear her form to stately height,  
 Her virgin bosom swell ;  
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
 While she and I together live  
 Here in this happy dell.”

Thus nature spake—the work was done—  
 How soon my Lucy's race was run !  
 She died, and left to me  
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;  
 The memory of what has been,  
 And never more will be.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;  
 I had no human fears :  
 She seemed a thing that could not feel  
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;  
 She neither hears nor sees,  
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
 With rocks and stones and trees !

### THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.\*

ERE the brothers through the gateway,  
 Issued forth with old and young,  
 To the horn Sir Eustace pointed  
 Which for ages there had hung.  
 Horn it was which none could sound,  
 No one upon living ground,  
 Save he who came as rightful heir  
 To Egremont's domains and castle  
 fair.

\* This story is a Cumberland tradition ; I have heard it also related of the Hall of Hutton John, an ancient residence of the Huddlestons, in a sequestered valley upon the river Dacor.

Heirs from times of earliest record  
 Had the house of Lucie born,  
 Who of right had held the lord-  
     ship  
 Claimed by proof upon the horn :  
 Each at the appointed hour  
 Tried the horn,—it owned his power ;  
 He was acknowledged : and the blast,  
 Which good Sir Eustace sounded was  
     the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,  
 And to Hubert thus said he—  
 “What I speak this horn shall  
     witness  
 For thy better memory.  
 Hear, then, and neglect me not !  
 At this time, and on this spot,  
 The words are uttered from my  
     heart,  
 As my last earnest prayer ere we  
     depart.

“On good service we are going  
 Life to risk by sea and land,  
 In which course if Christ our Saviour  
 Do my sinful soul demand,  
 Hither come thou back straightway,  
 Hubert, if alive that day ;  
 Return, and sound the horn, that we  
 May have a living house still left in  
     thee !”

“Fear not !” quickly answered Hu-  
     bert ;  
 “As I am thy father’s son,  
 What thou askest, noble brother,  
 With God’s favour shall be done.”  
 So were both right well content :  
 Forth they from the castle went,  
 And at the head of their array  
 To Palestine the brothers took their  
     way.

Side by side they fought, (the Lucie  
 Were a line for valour famed,)  
 And where’er their strokes alighted,  
 There the Saracens were tamed.  
 Whence, then, could it come—  
     thought—  
 By what evil spirit brought ?  
 Oh ! can a brave man wish to take  
 His brother’s life, for land’s a  
     castle’s sake ?

“Sir !” the ruffians said to Hubert,  
 “Deep he lies in Jordan’s flood,”  
 Stricken by this ill assurance,  
 Pale and trembling Hubert stood.  
 “Take your earnings.”—Oh ! that !  
 Could have *seen* my brother die !  
 It was a pang that vexed him then ;  
 And oft returned, again, and  
     again.

Months passed on, and no  
     Eustace !  
 Nor of him were tidings heard.  
 Wherefore, bold as day, the murde  
 Back again to England steered.  
 To his castle Hubert sped ;  
 Nothing has he now to dread.  
 But silent and by stealth he came,  
 And at an hour which nobody co  
     name.

None could tell if it were ni  
     time,  
 Night or day, at even or morn ;  
 No one’s eye had seen !  
     enter,  
 No one’s ear had heard the horn.  
 But bold Hubert lives in glee :  
 Months and years went smilingly ;  
 With plenty was his table spread ;  
 And bright the lady is who share  
     bed.

wise he had sons and daughters ;  
 , as good men do, he sate  
 his board by these surrounded,  
 irishing in fair estate.  
 while thus in open day  
 e he sate, as old books say,  
 last was uttered from the horn,  
 re by the castle-gate it hung for-  
 lorn.

the breath of good Sir Eustace !  
 is come to claim his right :  
 ient castle, woods, and mountains  
 r the challenge with delight.  
 ert ! though the blast be blown  
 is helpless and alone :  
 ou hast a dungeon, speak the word !  
 l there he may be lodged, and thou  
 be lord.

ak !—astounded Hubert cannot ;  
 l if power to speak he had,  
 are daunted, all the household  
 tten to the heart, and sad.  
 . Sir Eustace ; if it be  
 ing man, it must be he !  
 is Hubert thought in his dismay,  
 l by a postern-gate he slunk away.

g, and long was he unheard of :  
 his brother then he came,  
 de confession, asked forgiveness,  
 ed it by a brother's name,  
 d by all the saints in heaven ;  
 d of Eustace was forgiven :  
 en in a convent went to hide  
 melancholy head, and there he  
 died.

Sir Eustace, whom good angels  
 preserved from murderers' hands,  
 from pagan chains had rescued,  
 d with honour on his lands.

Sons he had, saw sons of theirs :  
 And through ages, heirs of heirs,  
 A long posterity renowned,  
 Sounded the horn which they alone  
 could sound.

## GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

### A TRUE STORY.

OH ! what's the matter ? what's the  
 matter ?

What is't that ails young Harry Gill ?  
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,  
 Chatter, chatter, chatter still !  
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,  
 Good duffle gray, and flannel fine ;  
 He has a blanket on his back,  
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,  
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;  
 The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,  
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still !  
 At night, at morning, and at noon,  
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;  
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,  
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still !

Young Harry was a lusty drover,  
 And who so stout of limb as he ?  
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover ;  
 His voice was like the voice of three.  
 Old Goody Blake was old and poor ;  
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;  
 And any man who passed her door  
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling :  
 And then her three hours' work at night,  
 Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,  
 It would not pay for candle-light.



Remote from sheltered village green,  
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,  
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns  
lean  
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,  
Two poor old dames, as I have known,  
Will often live in one small cottage ;  
But she, poor woman ! housed alone.  
'Twas well enough when summer came,  
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,  
Then at her door the *canty* Dame  
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,  
Oh ! then how her old bones would shake,  
You would have said, if you had met  
her,  
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.  
Her evenings then were dull and  
dead !

Sad case it was, as you may think,  
For very cold to go to bed ;  
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh, joy for her ! whene'er in winter  
The winds at night had made a rout ;  
And scattered many a lusty splinter  
And many a rotten bough about.  
Yet never had she, well or sick,  
As every man who knew her says,  
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,  
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,  
And made her poor old bones to ache,  
Could anything be more alluring  
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake ?  
And, now and then, it must be said,  
When her old bones were cold and chill,  
She left her fire, or left her bed,  
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected  
This trespass of old Goody Blake ;  
And vowed that she should be  
tected,

That he on her would vengeance take  
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,  
And to the fields his road would take  
And there, at night, in frost and snow  
He watched to seize old Goody Blake

And once, behind a rick of barley,  
Thus looking out did Harry stand  
The moon was full and shining clear  
And crisp with frost the stubble land  
He hears a noise—he's all awake—  
Again ! on tip-toe down the hill  
He softly creeps—"Tis Goody Blake  
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld  
her :

Stick after stick did Goody pull :  
He stood behind a bush of elder,  
Till she had filled her apron full.  
When with her load she turned about  
The by-way back again to take :  
He started forward with a shout,  
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake

And fiercely by the arm he took her  
And by the arm he held her fast.  
And fiercely by the arm he shook  
And cried, " I've caught you, there  
last !"

Then Goody, who had nothing save  
Her bundle from her lap let fall :  
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed  
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand upraised  
While Harry held her by the arm—  
" God ! who art never out of hearing  
Oh, may he never more be warm

he cold, cold moon above her head,  
 hus on her knees did Goody pray,  
 ough Harry heard what she had  
 said:  
 nd icy cold he turned away.

he went complaining all the morrow  
 hat he was cold and very chill:  
 his face was gloom, his heart was  
 sorrow;  
 't that day for Harry Gill!  
 it day he wore a riding-coat,  
 not a whit the warmer he:  
 other was on Thursday brought,  
 here the Sabbath he had three.

as all in vain, a useless matter—  
 blankets were about him pinned;  
 still his jaws and teeth they clatter,  
 e a loose casement in the wind.  
 l Harry's flesh it fell away;  
 l all who see him say, 'tis plain,  
 it, live as long as live he may,  
 never will be warm again.

word to any man he utters,  
 ed or up, to young or old;  
 ever to himself he mutters,  
 or Harry Gill is very cold."  
 ed or up, by night or day:  
 teeth they chatter, chatter still.  
 s think, ye farmers all, I pray,  
 Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

ANDERED lonely as a cloud  
 at floats on high o'er vales and  
 hills,  
 en all at once I saw a crowd,  
 host of golden daffodils;  
 ide the lake, beneath the trees,  
 ttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle on the milky way,  
 They stretched in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of a bay:  
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but  
 they  
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—  
 A poet could not but be gay,  
 In such a jocund company:  
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
 What wealth the show to me had  
 brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie  
 In vacant or in pensive mood,  
 They flash upon that inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude,  
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
 And dances with the daffodils.

### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when  
 daylight appears,  
 Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has  
 sung for three years:  
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot,  
 and has heard  
 In the silence of morning the song of  
 the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment: what ails  
 her? She sees  
 A mountain ascending, a vision of  
 trees;  
 Bright volumes of vapour through  
 Lothbury glide,  
 And a river flows on through the vale  
 of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst  
of the dale,  
Down which she so often has tripped  
with her pail ;  
And a single small cottage, a nest like  
a dove's, [she loves.  
The one only dwelling on earth that

She looks, and her heart is in heaven :  
but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and  
the shade : [will not rise,  
The stream will not flow, and the hill  
And the colours have all passed away  
from her eyes.

### POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus ! an Orpheus !—yes, faith  
may grow bold,  
And take to herself all the wonders  
of old ;— [with the same  
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet  
In the street that from Oxford hath  
borrowed its name.

His station is there ;—and he works  
on the crowd,  
He sways them with harmony merry  
and loud ;  
He fills with his power all their hearts  
to the brim— [and him ?  
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle

What an eager assembly ! what an  
empire is this !  
The weary have life and the hungry  
have bliss ;  
The mourner is cheered, and the  
anxious have rest ;  
And the guilt-burthened soul is no  
longer oppress.

As the moon brightens round her  
clouds of the night,  
So he, where he stands, is a centre  
of light ;  
It gleams on the face, there, of dusk-  
browed Jack,  
And the pale-visaged baker's, with  
basket on back.

That errand-bound 'prentice was pas-  
sing in haste—  
What matter ! he's caught—and his  
time runs to waste—  
The newsman is stopped, though he  
stops on the fret,  
And the half-breathless lamplighter—  
he's in the net !

The porter sits down on the weight  
which he bore ;  
The lass with her barrow wheels hither  
her store ;—  
If a thief could be here he might pilfer  
at ease ;  
She sees the musician, 'tis all that she  
sees !

He stands, backed by the wall ;—but  
abates not his din ;  
His hat gives him vigour, with boots  
dropping in,  
From the old and the young, from the  
poorest ; and there !  
The one-pennied boy has his penny  
spare.

Oh, blest are the hearers, and proud  
be the hand  
Of the pleasure it spreads through  
thankful a band ;  
I am glad for him, blind as he is  
all the while  
If they speak 'tis to praise, and the  
praise with a smile.

tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,  
an inch of his body is free from delight;

he keep himself still, if he would?  
Oh, not he! [through a tree.

music stirs in him like wind

that cripple who leans on his crutch; like a tower

long has leaned forward, leans  
your after hour!—

mother, whose spirit in fetters  
is bound, [arms to the sound.  
she dandles the babe in her

coaches and chariots! roar on  
like a stream;

are twenty souls happy as souls  
in a dream:

are deaf to your murmurs—they  
are not for you, [pursue!  
what ye are flying, nor what ye

### STAR-GAZERS.

The crowd is this? what have we  
here! we must not pass it by;  
telescope upon its frame, and  
pointed to the sky:

is it as a barber's pole, or mast  
of little boat,

a little pleasure-skiff, that doth  
on Thames's waters float.

showman chooses well his place,  
'tis Leicester's busy Square,  
is as happy in his night, for the  
heavens are blue and fair;

and, though impatient, is the crowd;  
each stands ready with the fee,  
envies him that's looking—what  
an insight must it be!

Yet, showman, where can lie the cause?  
Shall thy implement have blame,  
A boaster, that when he is tried, fails,  
and is put to shame?

Or is it good as others are, and be  
their eyes in fault?

Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is  
yon resplendent vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so  
good as we have here?

Or gives a thing but small delight  
that never can be dear?

The silver moon with all her vales,  
and hills of mightiest fame,

Doth she betray us when they're seen!  
or are they but a name?

Or is it rather that conceit rapacious  
is and strong,

And bounty never yields so much but  
it seems to do her wrong?

Or is it that when human souls a  
journey long have had,

And are returned into themselves they  
cannot but be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think  
that these spectators rude,

Poor in estate, of manners base, men  
of the multitude,

Have souls which never yet have risen,  
and therefore prostrate lie?

No, no, this cannot be—men thirst  
for power and majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought  
the blissful mind employ

Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a  
grave and steady joy,

That doth reject all show of pride,  
admits no outward sign,

Because not of this noisy world, but  
silent and divine!

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that  
 they who pry and pore  
 Seem to meet with little gain, seem  
 less happy than before ;  
 One after one they take their turn, nor  
 have I one espied  
 That doth not slackly go away, as if  
 dissatisfied.

### THE HAUNTED TREE.

TO ———

THOSE silver clouds collected round  
 the sun  
 His mid-day warmth abate not, seem-  
 ing less  
 To overshadow than multiply his beams  
 By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,  
 To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth  
 our human sense  
 Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy  
 More ample than the time-dismantled  
 oak  
 Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which  
 now, attired  
 In the whole fulness of its bloom,  
 affords  
 Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use  
 Was fashioned ; whether by the hand  
 of art  
 That eastern sultan, amid flowers en-  
 wrought  
 On silken tissue, might diffuse his  
 limbs  
 In languor ; or, by nature, for repose  
 Of panting wood-nymph wearied with  
 the chase.  
 O lady ! fairer in thy poet's sight  
 Than fairest spiritual creature of the  
 groves,  
 Approach—and thus invited crown  
 with rest

The noon-tide hour ;—though true  
 some there are  
 Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid  
 This venerable tree ; for, when the  
 wind  
 Blows keenly, it sends forth a crea-  
 ing sound  
 (Above the general roar of woods and  
 crags)  
 Distinctly heard from far—a doleful  
 note !  
 As if (so Grecian shepherds would have  
 deemed)  
 The Hamadryad, pent within, be  
 wailed  
 Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbel-  
 lieved,  
 By ruder fancy, that a trouble  
 ghost  
 Haunts the old trunk ; lamenting  
 deeds of which  
 The flowery ground is conscious. But  
 no wind  
 Sweeps now along this elevated  
 ridge ;  
 Not even a zephyr stirs ;—the nox-  
 ious tree  
 Is mute,—and, in his silence, would  
 look down,  
 O lovely wanderer of the trackless  
 hills,  
 On thy reclining form with more  
 light  
 Than his coevals, in the sheltered  
 vale  
 Seem to participate, the whilst they  
 view  
 Their own far stretching arms and  
 leafy heads  
 Vividly pictured in some glassy  
 pool,  
 That, for a brief space, checks the  
 hurrying stream !

## WRITTEN. IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT  
THE FOOT OF BROTHER'S WATER.

THE cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!

There an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
I now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The plough-boy is whooping anon:  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
All clouds are sailing,  
The sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!

## GIPSIES.

Are they here the same unbroken  
And not  
Human beings, in the self-same  
Spot?  
Men, women, children. yea. the  
Same  
The whole spectacle the same!  
Their fire seems bolder, yielding  
Light,  
Deep and red, the colouring of  
Night;  
That on their gipsy-faces falls,  
Their bed of straw and blanket-  
walls.

Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours,  
Are gone, while I  
Have been a traveller under open sky,  
Much witnessing of change and  
Cheer,

Yet as I left I find them here!  
The weary sun betook himself to rest,  
Then issued vespers from the fulgent  
West,  
Outshining like a visible god  
The glorious path in which he  
Trod.

And now, ascending, after one dark  
Hour

And one night's diminution of her  
Power,  
Behold the mighty moon! this  
Way  
She looks as if at them—but  
They

Regard not her:—oh better wrong  
And strife,  
(By nature transient) than this torpid  
Life;

Life which the very stars reprove  
As on their silent tasks they move!  
Yet witness all that stirs in heaven or  
Earth!

In scorn I speak not: they are what  
Their birth

And breeding suffer them to be;  
Wild outcasts of society!

## BEGGARS.

SHE had a tall man's height, or more;  
Her face from summer's noontide heat  
No bonnet shaded, but she wore  
A mantle, to her very feet  
Descending with a graceful flow;  
And on her head a cap as white as  
New-fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown ;  
 Haughty as if her eye had seen  
 Its own light to a distance thrown,  
 She towered—fit person for a queen,  
 To lead those ancient Amazonian files ;  
 Or ruling bandit's wife among the  
 Grecian isles.

Advancing, forth she stretched her hand  
 And begged an alms with doleful plea  
 That ceased not ; on our English land  
 Such woes, I knew, could never be ;  
 And yet a boon I gave her ; for the  
 creature  
 Was beautiful to see—a weed of  
 glorious feature :

I left her and pursued my way ;  
 And soon before me did espy  
 A pair of little boys at play,  
 Chasing a crimson butterfly :  
 The taller followed with his hat in hand,  
 Wreathed round with yellow flowers  
 the gayest of the land.

The other wore a rimless crown  
 With leaves of laurel stuck about ;  
 And, while both followed up and down,  
 Each whooping with a merry shout,  
 In their fraternal features I could  
 trace  
 Unquestionable lines of that wild sup-  
 pliant's face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit  
 For finest tasks of earth or air :  
 Wings let them have, and they might  
 flit  
 Precursors to Aurora's car,  
 Scattering fresh flowers ; though  
 happier far, I ween,  
 To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock  
 and level green.

They dart across my path—but lo,  
 Each ready with a plaintive whine !  
 Said I, " Not half an hour ago  
 Your mother has had alms  
 mine."

" That cannot be," one answered  
 " she is dead"—

I looked reproof—they saw—  
 neither hung his head.

" She has been dead, sir, many  
 day."

" Hush, boys ! you're telling me  
 lie ;

It was your mother, as I say !"  
 And, in the twinkling of an eye,  
 " Come ! come !" cried one, and with  
 out more ado,

Off to some other play the joyous  
 vagrants flew !

## SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

WHERE are they now, those wanton  
 boys ?

For whose free range the daisy  
 earth

Was filled with animated toys,  
 And implements of frolic mirth ;  
 With tools for ready wit to guide ;  
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,  
 More fresh, more bright, than primrose  
 wear ;

For what one moment flung aside,  
 Another could repair ;

What good or evil have they seen  
 Since I their pastime witness  
 here,

Their daring wiles, their sport  
 cheer ?

I ask—but all is dark between !

net me in a genial hour,  
universal nature breathed  
th the breath of one sweet  
power,—  
to overrule the power  
content, and check the birth  
thoughts with better thoughts at  
life.

not familiar bane of life  
parting innocence bequeathed  
ty to earth!  
clouds, the whitest of the  
air.

through the sky—the brooks  
clear;  
rivers from rock to rock were  
winding;

among the budded groves re-  
sounding;  
my heart are still endeared  
thoughts with which it then was  
endured;

with which saw that gladsome  
air  
brought the fire with unsinged  
air.

such faith must needs de-  
rive,

spirits of beauty and of  
ice,

lies in that eager chase;  
so within the blameless mind  
your seat of empire find—  
spirits! may we not believe

they so happy and so fair,  
th your sweet influence, and the  
re

ying Heaven, at least were  
re

ouch of *deadly* injury?  
ed, whate'er their earthly doom,  
mercy and immortal bloom!

## RUTH.

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,  
Her father took another mate;  
And Ruth, not seven years old,  
A slighted child, at her own will  
Went wandering over dale and hill,  
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,  
And music from that pipe could draw  
Like sounds of winds and floods;  
Had built a bower upon the green,  
As if she from her birth had been  
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone  
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;  
Herself her own delight;  
Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay;  
And passing thus the live-long day,  
She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's  
shore—

A military casque he wore,  
With splendid feathers drest;  
He brought them from the Cherokees;  
The feathers nodded in the breeze,  
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:  
Ah no! he spake the English tongue,  
And bore a soldier's name;  
And, when America was free  
From battle and from jeopardy,  
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek  
In finest tones the youth could speak.  
While he was yet a boy,  
The moon, the glory of the sun,  
And streams that murmur as they run,  
Had been his dearest joy.



He was a lovely youth! I guess  
 The panther in the wilderness  
 Was not so fair as he;  
 And when he chose to sport and play,  
 No dolphin ever was so gay  
 Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;  
 And with him many tales he brought  
 Of pleasure and of fear;  
 Such tales as told to any maid  
 By such a youth, in the green shade,  
 Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls—a happy rout!  
 Who quit their fold with dance and  
     shout,  
 Their pleasant Indian town,  
 To gather strawberries all day long;  
 Returning with a choral song  
 When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change  
 Their blossoms, through a boundless  
     range  
 Of intermingling hues!  
 With budding, fading, faded flowers  
 They stand the wonder of the bowers  
 From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia spread  
 High as a cloud, high over head!  
 The cypress and her spire;  
 Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam  
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem  
 To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,  
 And many an endless, endless lake,  
 With all its fairy crowds  
 Of islands, that together lie  
 As quietly as spots of sky  
 Among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it  
 A fisher or a hunter there,  
 In sunshine or in shade  
 To wander with an easy mind  
 And build a household fire, and find  
 A home in every glade!"

"What days and what bright years  
     Ah me!  
 Our life were life indeed, with thee  
 So passed in quiet bliss,  
 And all the while," said he, "to know  
 That we were in a world of woe,  
 On such an earth as this!"

And then he sometimes interwove  
 Fond thoughts about a father's love  
 "For there," said he, "are spun  
 Around the heart such tender ties,  
 That our own children to our eyes  
 Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go  
     me  
 My helpmate in the woods to be,  
 Our shed at night to rear;  
 Or run my own adopted bride,  
 A sylvan huntress at my side,  
 And drive the flying deer!"

"Beloved Ruth!"—No more he said  
 The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed  
 A solitary tear:  
 She thought again—and did agree  
 With him to sail across the sea,  
 And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,  
 We in the church our faith will plight  
 A husband and a wife."  
 Even so they did; and I may say  
 That to sweet Ruth that happy day  
 Was more than human life.

gh dream and vision did she sink,  
 ted all the while to think  
 on those lonesome floods,  
 green savannahs, she should share  
 oard with lawful joy, and bear  
 ame in the wild woods.

as you have before been told,  
 stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,  
 with his dancing crest  
 autiful, through savage lands  
 oamed about, with vagrant bands  
 dians in the west.

vinel, the tempest roaring high,  
 tumult of a tropic sky,  
 t well be dangerous food  
 im, a youth to whom was given  
 much of earth—so much of  
 heaven,  
 such impetuous blood.

ever in those climes he found  
 ular in sight or sound  
 to his mind impart  
 vrel impulse, seemed allied  
 is own powers, and justified  
 workings of his heart.

less, to feed voluptuous thought,  
 beauteous forms of nature wrought,  
 trees and gorgeous flowers ;  
 breezes their own languor lent :  
 stars had feelings, which they sent  
 those favoured bowers.

in his worst pursuits, I ween  
 sometimes there did intervene  
 hopes of high intent :  
 assions linked to forms so fair  
 stately, needs must have their  
 share  
 ble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw  
 With men to whom no better law  
 Nor better life was known ;  
 Deliberately, and undeceived,  
 Those wild men's vices he received,  
 And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame  
 Were thus impaired, and he became  
 The slave of low desires :  
 A man who without self-control  
 Would seek what the degraded soul  
 Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight  
 Had wooed the maiden, day and night  
 Had loved her, night and morn :  
 What could he less than love a maid  
 Whose heart with so much nature played?  
 So kind and so forlorn !

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,  
 "Oh Ruth! I have been worse than  
 dead ;  
 False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,  
 Encompassed me on every side  
 When I, in confidence and pride,  
 Had crossed the Atlantic main.

"Before me shone a glorious world,  
 Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled  
 To music suddenly :  
 I looked upon those hills and plains,  
 And seemed as if let loose from chains  
 To live at liberty.

"No more of this; for now, by  
 thee  
 Dear Ruth! more happily set free  
 With nobler zeal I burn ;  
 My soul from darkness is released,  
 Like the whole sky when to the east  
 The morning doth return."

Full soon that better mind was gone;  
 No hope, no wish remained, not one,—  
 They stirred him now no more;  
 New objects did new pleasure give;  
 And once again he wished to live  
 As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,  
 They for the voyage were prepared,  
 And went to the sea-shore;  
 But, when they thither came, the youth  
 Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth  
 Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth!—Such pains she  
 had

That she in half a year was mad,  
 And in a prison housed;  
 And there, with many a doleful song  
 Made of wild words, her cup of wrong  
 She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,  
 Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,  
 Nor pastimes of the May,  
 They all were with her in her cell;  
 And a clear brook with cheerful knell  
 Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,  
 There came a respite to her pain;  
 She from her prison fled;  
 But of the vagrant none took thought;  
 And where it liked her best she sought  
 Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again:  
 The master-current of her brain  
 Ran permanent and free;  
 And, coming to the banks of Tone,\*  
 There did she rest; and dwell alone  
 Under the greenwood tree.

\* A river in Somersetshire, at no great distance from the Quantock Hills.

The engines of her pain, the tools  
 That shaped her sorrow, rocks  
 pools,  
 And airs that gently stir  
 The vernal leaves, she loved them  
 Nor ever taxed them with the ill  
 Which had been done to her.

A barn her *winter* bed supplies;  
 But, till the warmth of summer sh  
 And summer days is gone,  
 (And all do in this tale agree)  
 She sleeps beneath the green  
 tree,  
 And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!  
 And Ruth will, long before her day  
 Be broken down and old:  
 Sore aches she needs must have!  
 less

Of mind than body's wretchedness  
 From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food.  
 She from her dwelling in the wood  
 Repairs to a road-side;  
 And there she begs at one steep p  
 Where up and down with easy pa  
 The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute.  
 Or thrown away: but with a flute  
 Her loneliness she cheers:  
 This flute, made of a hemlock sta  
 At evening in his homeward walk  
 The Quantock woodman hears.

I too, have passed her on the hill  
 Setting her little water-mills  
 By spouts and fountains wild--  
 Such small machinery as she turn  
 Ere she had wept, ere she  
 mourned,  
 A young and happy child!

ll! and when thy days are told,  
 | Ruth! in hallowed mould  
 rpsed shall buried be;  
 e a funeral bell shall ring,  
 | the congregation sing  
 stian psalm for thee.

---

LAODAMIA.

sacrifice before the rising morn  
 ave I made by fruitless hope  
 spired;  
 rom the infernal gods, 'mid  
 ades forlorn,  
 at, my slaughtered lord have I  
 quired;  
 al pity I again implore;—  
 e him to my sight—great Jove,  
 store!"

aking, and by fervent love en-  
 owed  
 aith, the suppliant heavenward  
 ts her hands;  
 like the sun emerging from a  
 ould,  
 ountenance brightens—and her  
 e expands;  
 osom heaves and spreads, her  
 ature grows;  
 ie expects the issue in repose.

or! what hath she perceived?  
 -O joy!  
 doth she look on?—whom doth  
 ie behold?  
 ero slain upon the beach of  
 roy?  
 vital presence—his corporeal  
 ould?  
 if sense deceive her not—'tis he!  
 god leads him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her  
 with his wand  
 That calms all fear: "Such grace hath  
 crowned thy prayer,  
 Laodamia! that at Jove's command  
 Thy husband walks the paths of upper  
 air:  
 He comes to tarry with thee three  
 hours' space; [face!"  
 Accept the gift—behold him face to

Forth sprang the impassioned queen  
 her lord to clasp!  
 Again that consummation she essayed;  
 But unsubstantial form eludes her  
 grasp  
 As often as that eager grasp was made.  
 The phantom parts—but parts to re-  
 unite,  
 And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!  
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy  
 voice:  
 This is our palace,—yonder is thy  
 throne;  
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on  
 will rejoice.  
 Not to appal me have the gods be-  
 stowed  
 This precious boon,—and blest a sad  
 abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not  
 leave  
 His gifts imperfect:—spectre though  
 I be,  
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;  
 But in reward of thy fidelity.  
 And something also did my worth  
 obtain;  
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless  
 gain.

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle  
foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the  
Trojan strand  
Should die; but me the threat could  
not withhold:  
A generous cause a victim did de-  
mand;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest,  
best!  
Thymatchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands  
were deprest  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal  
shore;  
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—  
here thou art— [heart.  
A nobler counsellor than my poor

"But thou, though capable of sternest  
deed, [brave;  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as  
And he, whose power restores thee,  
hath decreed  
Thou should'st elude the malice of the  
grave;  
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as  
fair [salian air.  
As when their breath enriched Thes-

"No spectre greets me,—no vain  
shadow this:  
Come, blooming hero, place thee by  
my side! [nuptial kiss  
Give, on this well-known couch, one  
To me, this day, a second time thy  
bride!"  
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious  
Parcæ threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my do-  
is past:  
Nor should the change be mourn-  
even if the joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish.—Ea-  
destroys  
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdai-  
Calm pleasures there abide—major  
pains.

"Be taught, O faithful consort,  
control  
Rebellious passion: for the gods  
prove  
The depth, and not the tumult, of  
soul;  
A fervent, not ungovernable love.  
Thy transports moderate; and me  
mourn [journ  
When I depart, for brief is my

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Her-  
by force  
Wrest from the guardian monste-  
the tomb  
Alcestis, a reanimated corse  
Given back to dwell on earth in v-  
bloom?  
Medea's spells dispersed the weig-  
years, [ful  
And Æson stood a youth 'mid y

"The gods to us are merciful-  
they  
Yet further may relent: for mi-  
far  
Than strength of nerve and sine  
the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and s  
Is love, though oft to agony dis-  
And though his favourite se-  
feeble woman's breast.

if thou goest I follow—"eace!" he said—  
 ked upon him and was calmed  
 I cheered ;  
 astly colour from his lips had  
 I ; [appeared  
 deportment, shape, and mien,  
 beauty, melancholy grace,  
 : from a pensive, though a  
 ppy place.

ke of love, such love as spirits  
 I  
 ds whose course is equable and  
 re :  
 rs to beat away—no strife to  
 al— [sure ;  
 st unsighed for, and the future  
 of heroic arts in graver mood  
 I, with finer harmony pursued :

hat is most beautiful—imaged  
 are  
 ppier beauty ; more pellucid  
 eams,  
 pler ether, a diviner air,  
 ields invested with purpureal  
 eams ;  
 which the sun, who sheds the  
 ightest day  
 snows, is all unworthy to survey.

ere the soul shall enter which  
 th earned  
 privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said  
 ,  
 end of man's existence I dis-  
 erned,  
 from ignoble games and revelry  
 draw, when we had parted, vain  
 elight  
 : tears were thy best pastime,—  
 lay and night :

"And while my youthful peers, before  
 my eyes,  
 (Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
 Prepared themselves for glorious enter-  
 prise  
 By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,  
 Chieftains and kings in council were  
 detained ; [chained.  
 What time the fleet at Aulis lay en-

"The wished-for wind was given :—  
 I then revolved  
 The oracle, upon the silent sea ;  
 And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine  
 should be  
 The foremost prow in pressing to the  
 strand,— [Trojan sand.  
 Mine the first blood that tinged the

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the  
 pang  
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved  
 wife!  
 On thee too fondly did my memory  
 hang,  
 And on the joys we shared in mortal  
 life,—  
 The paths which we had trod—these  
 fountains—flowers ; [towers.  
 My new-planned cities, and unfinished

"But should suspense permit the foe  
 to cry,  
 'Behold, they tremble!—haughty  
 their array,  
 Yet of their number no one dares to  
 die!'—  
 In soul I swept the indignity away :  
 Old frailties then recurred :—but lofty  
 thought,  
 In act embodied, my deliverance  
 wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art  
all too weak  
In reason, in self-government too slow;  
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
Our blest re-union in the shades below.  
The invisible world with thee hath  
sympathised;  
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend  
Seeking a higher object—Love was  
given,  
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for  
that end:  
For this the passion to excess was  
driven—  
That self might be annulled: her  
bondage prove  
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-  
appears!  
Round the dear shade she would have  
clung—'tis vain.  
The hours are past—too brief had  
they been years;  
And him no mortal effort can detain:  
Swift, toward the realms that know  
not earthly day,  
He through the portal takes his silent  
way, [corse she lay.  
And on the palace floor a lifeless

Thus, all in vain exhorted and re-  
proved  
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,  
By the just gods whom no weak pity  
moved,  
Was doomed to wear out her appointed  
time,  
Apart from happy ghosts—that gather  
flowers  
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are d  
And mortal hopes defeated and c  
thrown  
Are mourned by man, and not by  
alone,  
As fondly he believes.—Upon the  
Of Hellespont (such faith was es-  
tained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for wh  
she died;  
And ever, when such stature they f  
gained  
That Ilium's walls were subject  
their view,  
The trees' tall summits withered  
the sight;  
A constant interchange of growth  
blight!\*

#### HER EYES ARE WILD.

HER eyes are wild, her head is ba  
The sun has burnt her coal-black b  
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain.  
And she came far from over the π  
She has a baby on her arm,  
Or else she were alone;  
And underneath the hay-stack wa  
And on the green-wood stone,  
She talked and sung the woods an  
And it was in the English tongue.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am  
But nay, my heart is far too glad;  
And I am happy when I sing  
Full many a sad and doleful thing  
Then, lovely baby, do not fear!

---

\* For the account of these long-lived  
see Pliny's "Natural History," lib. 16, c  
and for the features in the character of P  
laus see the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of Eur  
Virgil places the shade of Laodamia  
mournful region, among unhappy lovers.

hee have no fear of me,  
as in a cradle, here,  
ly baby! thou shalt be :  
I know too much I owe ;  
t work thee any woe.

was once within my brain,  
my head a dull, dull pain ;  
dish faces, one, two, three,  
my breast, and pulled at me.  
there came a sight of joy :  
at once to do me good ;  
l, and saw my little boy,  
e boy of flesh and blood ;  
for me that sight to see!  
was here, and only he.

little babe, oh, suck again!  
; my blood ; it cools my brain :  
as I feel them, baby! they  
rom my heart the pain away.  
ess me with thy little hand :  
ens something at my chest ;  
that tight and deadly band  
hy little fingers prest.  
eeze I see is in the tree :  
es to cool my babe and me.

love me, love me, little boy!  
art thy mother's only joy ;  
o not dread the waves below,  
o'er the sea-rock's edge we go ;  
igh crag cannot work me harm,  
aping torrents when they howl ;  
babe I carry on my arm,  
ves for me my precious soul :  
happy lie, for blest am I ;  
ut me my sweet babe would die.

an do not fear, my boy! for thee  
as a lion will I be ;  
I will always be thy guide,  
ugh hollow snows and rivers wide.

I'll build an Indian bower ; I know  
The leaves that make the softest  
bed :

And, if from me thou wilt not go,  
But still be true till I am dead,  
My pretty thing! then thou shalt  
sing  
As merry as the birds in spring.

" Thy father cares not for my breast,  
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest ;  
'Tis all thine own!—and, if its hue  
Be changed, that was so fair to view,  
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove!  
My beauty, little child, is flown ;  
But thou wilt live with me in love,  
And what if my poor cheek be brown?  
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see  
How pale and wan it else would be.

" Dread not their taunts, my little life ;  
I am thy father's wedded wife ;  
And underneath the spreading tree  
We two will live in honesty.  
If his sweet boy he could forsake,  
With me he never would have stayed :  
From him no harm my babe can  
take,

But he, poor man! is wretched made ;  
And every day we two will pray  
For him that's gone and far away.

" I'll teach my boy the sweetest things :  
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.  
My little babe! thy lips are still,  
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.  
Where art thou gone, my own dear  
child?

What wicked looks are those I see?  
Alas! alas! that look so wild,  
It never, never came from me :  
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,  
Then I must be for ever sad.





genial faith, still rich in genial  
good ;  
now can he expect that others should  
d for him, sow for him, and at  
his call  
e him, who for himself will take  
no heed at all ?

ought of Chatterton, the marvel-  
lous boy,  
; sleepless soul that perished in his  
pride ;  
him who walked in glory and in joy  
lowing his plough, along the moun-  
tain-side :  
our own spirits are we deified :  
poets in our youth begin in glad-  
ness ;  
; thereof come in the end despon-  
'ency and madness.

whether it were by peculiar grace,  
ling from above, a something given,  
befel, that, in this lonely place,  
I with these untoward thoughts  
had striven,  
e a pool bare to the eye of heaven  
a man before me unawares :  
oldest man he seemed that ever  
wore gray hairs.

huge stone is sometimes seen to  
lie  
hed on the bald top of an eminence ;  
der to all who do the same espy,  
that means it could thither come,  
and whence ;  
hat it seems a thing endued with  
sense :  
; a sea-beast crawled forth, that on  
a shelf  
rock or sand reposeth, there to sun  
itself ;

Such seemed this man, not all alive  
nor dead,  
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old  
age :  
His body was bent double, feet and  
head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or  
rage  
Of sickness felt by him in times long  
past,  
A more than human weight upon his  
frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and  
pale face,  
Upon a long gray staff of shaven  
wood :  
And, still as I drew near with gentle  
pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish  
flood  
Motionless as a cloud the old man  
stood :  
That heareth not the loud winds when  
they call ;  
And moveth all together, if it move at  
all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the  
pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did  
look  
Upon the muddy water, which he  
conned,  
As if he had been reading in a  
book :  
And now a stranger's privilege I  
took ;  
And, drawing to his side, to him did  
say,  
" 'This morning gives us promise of a  
glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old man  
make,  
In courteous speech which forth he  
slowly drew :  
And him with further words I thus  
bespake,  
"What occupation do you there pur-  
sue?  
This is a lonesome place for one like  
you."  
Ere he replied, a flash of mild sur-  
prise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet  
vivid eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble  
chest,  
But each in solemn order followed  
each,  
With something of a lofty utterance  
drest ;  
Choice word, and measured phrase,  
above the reach  
Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;  
Such as grave livers do in Scotland  
use,  
Religious men, who give to God and  
man their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had  
come  
To gather leeches, being old and  
poor :  
Employment hazardous and wearisome !  
And he had many hardships to  
endure :  
From pond to pond he roamed, from  
moor to moor ;  
Housing, with God's good help, by  
choice or chance ;  
And in this way he gained an honest  
maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by  
side ;  
But now his voice to me was like  
stream  
Scarce heard ; nor word from  
could I divide ;  
And the whole body of the man  
seem  
Like one whom I had met with  
dream ;  
Or like a man from some far re-  
sent,  
To give me human strength, by  
admonishment.

My former thoughts returned : the  
that kills ;  
And hope that is unwilling to  
fed ;  
Cold, pain, and labour, and all the  
ills ;  
And mighty poets in their  
dead.  
Perplexed, and longing to be  
forted,  
My question eagerly did I renew,  
"How is it that you live, and what  
it you do ?"

He with a smile did then his  
repeat ;  
And said, that, gathering leeches  
and wide  
He travelled ; stirring thus about  
feet  
The waters of the pools where  
abide.  
"Once I could meet with the  
every side ;  
But they have dwindled long by  
decay ;  
Yet still I persevere, and find  
where I may."

ile he was talking thus, the lonely  
 place,  
 old man's shape, and speech, all  
 troubled me :  
 my mind's eye I seemed to see him  
 pace  
 out the weary moors continually,  
 mdering about alone and silently.  
 ile I these thoughts within myself  
 pursued,  
 , having made a pause, the same  
 discourse renewed.

d soon with this he other matter  
 blended.  
 berfully uttered, with demeanour  
 ind.  
 ately in the main ; and when he  
 neded.  
 d have laughed myself to scorn  
 ind  
 at decrepit man so firm a  
 ind.  
 . said I, " be my help and stay  
 ure ;  
 ink of the leech-gatherer on the  
 nely moor ! "

### THE THORN.

RE is a thorn—it looks so old,  
 th, you'd find it hard to say  
 it could ever have been young,  
 ks so old and gray.  
 igher than a two years' child  
 nds erect, this aged thorn ;  
 ares it has, no prickly points ;  
 mass of knotted joints,  
 ched thing forlorn.  
 nds erect, and like a stone  
 lichens it is overgrown.

" Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,  
 With lichens to the very top,  
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,  
 A melancholy crop :  
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,  
 And this poor thorn they clasp it  
 round  
 So close, you'd say, that they are bent  
 With plain and manifest intent  
 To drag it to the ground :  
 And all have joined in one endeavour  
 To bury this poor thorn for ever.

" High on a mountain's highest ridge,  
 Where oft the stormy winter gale  
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the  
 clouds  
 It sweeps from vale to vale ;  
 Not five yards from the mountain path,  
 This thorn you on your left espy ;  
 And to the left, three yards beyond,  
 You see a little muddy pond  
 Of water—never dry ;  
 Though but of compass small, and  
 bare  
 To thirsty suns and parching air.

" And, close beside this aged thorn,  
 There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
 A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,  
 Just half a foot in height.  
 All lovely colours there you see,  
 All colours that were ever seen ;  
 And mossy net-work too is there,  
 As if by hand of lady fair  
 The work had woven been :  
 And cups, the darlings of the eye,  
 So deep is their vermilion dye.

" Ah me ! what lovely tints are there !  
 Of olive green and scarlet bright,  
 In spikes, in branches, and in stars,  
 Green, red, and pearly white.

This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,  
Which close beside the thorn you see,  
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,  
Is like an infant's grave in size,  
As like as like can be:  
But never, never any where,  
An infant's grave was half so fair.

"Now would you see this aged thorn,  
This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,  
You must take care and choose your time  
The mountain when to cross.  
For oft there sits between the heap  
So like an infant's grave in size,  
And that same pond of which I spoke,  
A woman in a scarlet cloak,  
And to herself she cries,  
'Oh, misery! oh, misery!  
Oh, woe is me! oh, misery!'

"At all times of the day and night  
This wretched woman thither goes;  
And she is known to every star,  
And every wind that blows:  
And there, beside the thorn, she sits  
When the blue daylight's in the skies,  
And when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
Or frosty air is keen and still,  
And to herself she cries,  
'Oh, misery! oh, misery!  
Oh, woe is me! oh, misery!'"

"Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,  
In rain, in tempest, and in snow,  
Thus to the dreary mountain-top  
Does this poor woman go?  
And why sits she beside the thorn  
When the blue daylight's in the sky,  
Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
Or frosty air is keen and still,  
And wherefore does she cry?—  
Oh, wherefore? wherefore? tell me why  
Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

"I cannot tell; I wish I could;  
For the true reason no one knows  
But would you gladly view the spot  
The spot to which she goes;  
The hillock like an infant's grave,  
The pond—and thorn so old  
gray;

Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut  
And, if you see her in her hut,  
Then to the spot away!—  
I never heard of such as dare  
Approach the spot when she is there

"But wherefore to the mountain?  
Can this unhappy woman go,  
Whatever star is in the skies,  
Whatever wind may blow?"

"Full twenty years are passed  
gone

Since she (her name is Martha R.  
Gave with a maiden's true good  
Her company to Stephen Hill;  
And she was blithe and gay,  
While friends and kindred all app  
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

"And they had fixed the wedding  
The morning that must wed them  
But Stephen to another maid  
Had sworn another oath;  
And with this other maid to chur  
Unthinking Stephen went—  
Poor Martha! on that woeful day  
A pang of pitiless dismay  
Into her soul was sent;  
A fire was kindled in her breast,  
Which might not burn itself to rest

"They say, full six months after  
While yet the summer leaves  
green,  
She to the mountain-top would  
And there was often seen.





My foot the hidden margin roves  
Of Gaea, measured deep in "hundred of roves."

ould she seek?—or wish to hide?  
 ite to any eye was plain ;,  
 is with child, and she was mad ;  
 en she was sober sad  
 ner exceeding pain.  
 ty father,—would that death  
 ved him from that breach of faith!

ase for such a brain to hold  
 union with a stirring child!  
 se, as you may think, for one  
 ad a brain so wild!

hristmas-eve we talked of this,  
 ray-haired Wilfred of the glen  
 hat the unborn infant wrought  
 its mother's heart, and brought  
 nses back again :  
 hen at last her time drew near,  
 oks were calm, her senses clear.

know I not, I wish I did,  
 : should all be told to you ;  
 hat became of this poor child  
 ortal ever knew ;  
 if a child to her was born  
 rthly tongue could ever tell ;  
 f 'twas born alive or dead,  
 ss could this with proof be said ;  
 me remember well,  
 Martha Ray about this time  
 l up the mountain often climb.

all that winter, when at night  
 ind blew from the mountain-peak,  
 worth your while, though in the  
 lark,  
 church-yard path to seek :  
 any a time and oft were heard  
 coming from the mountain-head :  
 : plainly living voices were ;  
 others, I've heard many swear,  
 'voices of the dead :  
 not think, whate'er they say,  
 'had to do with Martha Ray.  
 wo.

" But that she goes to this old thorn,  
 The thorn which I described to you,  
 And there sits in a scarlet cloak,  
 I will be sworn is true.  
 For one day with my telescope,  
 To view the ocean wide and bright,  
 When to this country first I came,  
 Ere I had heard of Martha's name,  
 I climbed the mountain's height :  
 A storm came on, and I could see  
 No object higher than my knee.

" 'Twas mist and rain, and storm and  
 rain ;  
 No screen, no fence could I discover ;  
 And then the wind ! in sooth, it was  
 A wind full ten times over.  
 I looked around, I thought I saw  
 A jutting crag,—and off I ran,  
 Head-foremost, through the driving  
 rain,  
 The shelter of the crag to gain ;  
 And as I am a man,  
 Instead of jutting crag, I found  
 A woman seated on the ground.

" I did not speak—I saw her face ;  
 Her face!—it was enough for me ;  
 I turned about and heard her cry,  
 ' Oh, misery ! oh, misery ! '  
 And there she sits, until the moon  
 Through half the clear blue sky will go ;  
 And, when the little breezes make  
 The waters of the pond to shake,  
 As all the country know,  
 She shudders, and you hear her cry,  
 ' Oh, misery ! oh, misery ! '

" But what's the thorn ? and what the  
 pond ?  
 And what the hill of moss to her ?  
 And what the creeping breeze that comes  
 The little pond to stir ? "



"I cannot tell; but some will say  
 She hanged her baby on the tree;  
 Some say she drowned it in the pond,  
 Which is a little step beyond:  
 But all and each agree,  
 The little babe was buried there,  
 Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

"I've heard the moss is spotted red  
 With drops of that poor infant's blood  
 But kill a new-born infant thus,  
 I do not think she could!  
 Some say, if to the pond you go,  
 And fix on it a steady view,  
 The shadow of a babe you trace,  
 A baby and a baby's face,  
 And that it looks at you;  
 Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain  
 The baby looks at you again.

"And some had sworn an oath that she  
 Should be to public justice brought;  
 And for the little infant's bones  
 With spades they would have sought.  
 But instantly the hill of moss  
 Before their eyes began to stir!  
 And for full fifty yards around,  
 The grass—it shook upon the ground!  
 Yet all do still aver  
 The little babe lies buried there,  
 Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

"I cannot tell how this may be:  
 But plain it is, the thorn is bound  
 With heavy tufts of moss, that strive  
 To drag it to the ground;  
 And this I know, full many a time,  
 When she was on the mountain high,  
 By day and in the silent night,  
 When all the stars shone clear and bright  
 That I have heard her cry,  
 'Oh, misery! oh, misery!  
 Oh, woe is me! oh, misery!'"

## HART-LEAP WELL.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second part of the following poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE knight had ridden down from  
 Wensley moor  
 With the slow motion of a summer  
 cloud;  
 And now, as he approached a vassal  
 door,  
 "Bring forth another horse!" he cried  
 aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout  
 vassal heard,  
 And saddled his best steed, a courser  
 gray;  
 Sir Walter mounted him; he was  
 third  
 Which he had mounted on that glorious  
 day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's  
 eyes;  
 The horse and horseman are a happy  
 pair;  
 But though Sir Walter like a falcon  
 flies,  
 There is a doleful silence in the  
 air  
 A rout this morning left Sir Walter  
 hall,  
 That as they galloped made the echoes  
 roar;  
 But horse and man are vanished  
 and all;  
 Such race, I think, was never  
 before.

Walter, restless as a veering  
 ind,  
 to the few tired dogs that yet  
 remain :  
 h, Swift, and Music, noblest of  
 heir kind,  
 v, and up the weary mountain  
 train.

might hallooed, he cheered, and  
 hid them on  
 suppliant gestures and upbraid-  
 ings stern ;  
 reath and eyesight fail : and, one  
 y one,  
 dogs are stretched among the  
 mountain fern.

is the throng, the tumult of the  
 ice ?  
 bugles that so joyfully were  
 down ?  
 chase it looks not like an earthly  
 chase ;  
 alter and the hart are left alone.

oor hart toils along the mountain  
 side ;  
 not stop to tell how far he fled ;  
 ill I mention by what death he  
 died ;  
 ow the knight beholds him lying  
 dead.

ounting then, he leaned against a  
 horn ;  
 ad no follower, dog, nor man, nor  
 joy :  
 either cracked his whip, nor blew  
 his horn,  
 gazed upon the spoil with silent  
 joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter  
 leaned,  
 Stood his dumb partner in this glorious  
 feat :  
 Weak as a lamb the hour that it is  
 yeaned ;  
 And white with foam as if with cleaving  
 sleet.

Upon his side the hart was lying  
 stretched ;  
 His nostril touched a spring beneath a  
 hill,  
 And with the last deep groan his  
 breath had fetched  
 The waters of the spring were trembling  
 still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
 (Never had living man such joyful  
 lot !)  
 Sir Walter walked all round, north,  
 south, and west,  
 And gazed and gazed upon that  
 darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at  
 least  
 Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter  
 found  
 Three several hoof-marks which the  
 hunted beast  
 Had left imprinted on the grassy  
 ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried,  
 "Till now  
 Such sight was never seen by human  
 eyes :  
 Three leaps have borne him from this  
 lofty brow  
 Down to the very fountain where he  
 lies.

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,  
And a small harbour, made for rural joy;  
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,  
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"A cunning artist will I have to frame  
A basin for that fountain in the dell;  
And they who do make mention of the same,  
From this day forth shall call it HART-  
LEAP WELL.

"And, gallant stag! to make thy praises known,  
Another monument shall here be raised;  
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,  
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

"And, in the summer-time when days are long,  
I will come hither with my paramour;  
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song  
We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
My mansion with its harbour shall endure;—  
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,  
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the knight  
stone-dead,  
With breathless nostrils stretch  
above the spring.  
Soon did the knight perform what  
had said,  
And far and wide the fame thereof  
ring.

Ere thrice the moon into her port  
steered,  
A cup of stone received the living  
well;  
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter  
reared,  
And built a house of pleasure in  
dell.

And near the fountain, flowers  
stature tall  
With trailing plants and trees  
wintertwined,—  
Which soon composed a little syl-  
van hall,  
A leafy shelter from the sun and

And thither, when the summer  
were long,  
Sir Walter led his wondering pa-  
ramour;  
And with the dancers and the  
minstrel's song  
Made merriment within that plea-  
sant bower.

The knight, Sir Walter, died in  
old  
of time,  
And his bones lie in his pa-  
triotic  
vale.—  
But there is matter for a so-  
ber  
rhyme,  
And I to this would add an  
tale.

## PART II.

moving accident is not my trade,  
 I have no ready arts;  
 I delight, alone in summer shade,  
 To pipe a simple song for thinking  
 hearts.

From Hawes to Richmond did  
 repair,  
 I need not that I saw standing in a dell  
 Three aspens at three corners of a  
 square: [well.  
 One not four yards distant, near a

And this imported I could ill divine:  
 I pulling now the rein my horse to  
 stop,  
 Three pillars standing in a line,  
 The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms  
 nor head:  
 I wasted the square mound of  
 tawny green;  
 What you just might say, as then I  
 said, [hath been."  
 Ere in old time the hand of man

Looked upon the hill both far and near,  
 The doleful place did never eye survey;  
 Seemed as if the spring-time came  
 not here,  
 And nature here were willing to decay.

And in various thoughts and fancies  
 I lost,  
 One, who was in shepherd's garb  
 attired,  
 Came up the hollow:—him did I  
 accost,  
 What this place might be I then  
 inquired.

The shepherd stopped, and that same  
 story told  
 Which in my former rhyme I have  
 rehearsed.  
 "A jolly place," said he, "in times of  
 old!  
 But something ails it now; the spot is  
 cursed.

"You see these lifeless stumps of  
 aspen wood—  
 Some say that they are beeches, others  
 elms—  
 These were the bower: and here a  
 mansion stood,  
 The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbour does its own condition  
 tell;  
 You see the stones, the fountain, and  
 the stream:  
 But as to the great lodge! you might  
 as well  
 Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There's neither dog nor heifer, horse  
 nor sheep,  
 Will wet his lips within that cup of  
 stone;  
 And oftentimes, when all are fast  
 asleep,  
 This water doth send forth a dolorous  
 groan.

"Some say that here a murder has  
 been done  
 And blood cries out for blood: but, for  
 my part,  
 I've guessed, when I've been sitting in  
 the sun,  
 That it was all for that unhappy hart.

"What thoughts must through the  
creature's brain have past!  
Even from the topmost stone, upon  
the steep,  
Are but three bounds—and look, sir,  
at this last—  
O master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate  
race;  
And in my simple mind we cannot  
tell  
What cause the hart might have to  
love this place,  
And come and make his death-bed  
near the well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he  
sank,  
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-  
tide;  
This water was perhaps the first he  
drank  
When he had wandered from his  
mother's side.

"In April here beneath the flowering  
thorn  
He heard the birds their morning  
carols sing;  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know,  
was born  
Not half a furlong from that self-same  
spring.

"Now, here is neither grass nor  
pleasant shade;  
The sun on drearier hollow never  
shone;  
So will it be, as I have often said,  
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all  
are gone."

"Gray-headed shepherd, thou hast  
spoken well;  
Small difference lies between thy creature  
and mine:  
This beast not unobserved by nature  
fell;  
His death was mourned by sympathy  
divine.

"The being that is in the clouds  
air,  
That is in the green leaves among  
groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverent  
care  
For the unoffending creatures who  
He loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust:—be  
before,  
This is no common waste, no  
common gloom;  
But nature, in due course of time,  
more  
Shall here put on her beauty and  
bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a  
decay,  
That what we are, and have  
may be known:  
But, at the coming of the  
day,  
These monuments shall all be  
grown.

"One lesson, shepherd, let us  
divide,  
Taught both by what she shows  
what conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure  
with  
pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing

# ONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE,

THE RESTORATION OF LORD  
CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE  
STATES AND HONOURS OF HIS  
ANCESTORS. \*

I in the breathless hall the minstrel sate,

Emont's murmur mingled with the song.---

Words of ancient time I thus translate,  
Stal strain that hath been silent long:--

From town to town, from tower to tower,  
Red rose is a gladsome flower.

Henry Lord Clifford, &c., &c., who is the subject of this poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field, which Lord Clifford, as is known to the reader of English history, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of Burgundy, who had fallen in the battle, "in part revenge" (say the authors of the History of Yorkshire and Westmoreland); "for the father had slain his." A deed which mightily blemished the author (says Speed); and, as he adds, "dare promise anything for the estate of himself in the heat of martial fury?" when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one might say this lord to speak." This, no doubt, could observe, by the by, was an action entirely in the vindictive spirit of the times, yet not altogether so bad as represented; for the earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being then or seventeen years of age, as is evident in this (say the Memoirs of the Countess of Warwick, who was laudably anxious to wipe off, as far as could be, this stigma from the notorious name to which she was born), that was the next child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard

Her thirty years of winter past,  
The red rose is revived at last;  
She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming:  
Both roses flourish, red and white.  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended.—  
Joy! joy to both! but most to her  
Who is the flower of Lancaster!  
Behold her how she smiles to-day  
On this great throng, this bright array!  
Fair greeting doth she send to all  
From every corner of the hall;  
But chiefly from above the board  
Where sits in state our rightful lord,  
A Clifford to his own restored!

"They came with banner, spear, and shield;  
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.

Duke of York, and that king was then eighteen years of age; and for the small distance betwixt her children, see Austin Vincent in his book of Nobility, page 622, where he writes of them all. It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading man and commander, two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—But independent of this act, at the best a cruel and savage one, the family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York; so that after the battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, when called to parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he

Not long the avenger was withstood—  
Earth helped him with the cry of  
blood : \*

St. George was for us, and the  
might

Of blessed angels crowned the right.

Loud voice the land has uttered  
forth,

We loudest in the faithful north :

Our fields rejoice, our mountains  
ring,

Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;

Our strong abodes and castles see

The glory of their loyalty.

“How glad is Skipton at this  
hour—

Though lonely, a deserted tower ;

Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and  
groom,

We have them at the feast of  
Brough'm.

How glad Pendragon—though the sleep  
Of years be on her!—She shall reap

repaired several of his castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles.” Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd-life he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal edifices, spoken of in the poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these castles; and we have seen that after the wars of York and Lancaster they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, etc., etc. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufson, three of these

A taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
As in a dream her own renewing.  
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I de  
Beside her little humble stream ;  
And she that keepeth watch and wa  
Her statelier Eden's course to guard  
They both are happy at this hour,  
Though each is but a lonely tower:  
But here is perfect joy and pride  
For one fair house by Emont's side  
This day distinguished without peer  
To see her master and to cheer  
Him, and his lady mother dear!

“Oh! it was a time forlorn  
When the fatherless was born—  
Give her wings that she may fly,  
Or she sees her infant die!  
Swords that are with slaughter wild  
Hunt the mother and the child.  
Who will take them from the light!  
Yonder is a man in sight—  
Yonder is a house—but where?  
No, they must not enter there.

castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and dragon, were demolished, and the timber other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Th We will hope that when this order was is the earl had not consulted the text of his 58th Chapter, 12th Verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe grandmother) at the time she repaired structure, refers the reader. “*And thou shalt be of thee shall build the old waste place; thou shalt raise up the foundations of generations; and thou shalt be called to pairer of the breach, the restorer of fallen dwell in.*” The Earl of Thanet, the possessor of the estates, with a due respect the memory of his ancestors, and a proper of the value and beauty of these remains antiquity, has (I am told) given order they shall be preserved from all depredations.

\* This line is from the *Battle of Bos Field*, by Sir John Beaumont (brother dramatist), whose poems are written with spirit, elegance, and harmony.

caves, and to the brooks,  
 clouds of heaven she looks;  
 speechless, but her eyes  
 in ghostly agonies.

O Mary, mother mild,  
 and mother undefiled,  
 mother and her child!

Now who is he that bounds with joy  
 on rock's side, a shepherd boy?  
 Thoughts hath he but thoughts  
 that pass

as the wind along the grass.  
 Is he he who hither came  
 yet, like a smothered flame?  
 Whom such thankful tears were  
 shed  
 to alter, and a poor man's bread!  
 Loves the child; and God hath  
 filled

those dear words should be  
 fulfilled,  
 O Mary's words, when forced away,  
 first she to her babe did say.  
 Now, my own, thy fellow-guest  
 not be; but rest thee, rest,  
 why shepherd's life is best!

as! when evil men are strong  
 life is good, no pleasure long.  
 Boy must part from Mosedale's  
 roves,

save Blencathara's rugged coves,  
 quit the flowers that summer brings  
 under Hamelin's lofty springs;  
 vanish, and his careless cheer  
 med to heaviness and fear.

Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!  
 O, good man, old in days!

tree of covert and of rest  
 his young bird that is distress;  
 O, thy branches safe he lay,  
 he was free to sport and play,  
 if falcons were abroad for prey.  
 wo.

"A recreant harp, that sings of fear  
 And heaviness in Clifford's ear!  
 I said, when evil men are strong,  
 No life is good, no pleasure long.  
 A weak and cowardly untruth!  
 Our Clifford was a happy youth,  
 And thankful through a weary time,  
 That brought him up to manhood's  
 prime.

Again he wanders forth at will,  
 And tends a flock from hill to hill:  
 His garb is humble; ne'er was seen  
 Such garb with such a noble mien;  
 Among the shepherd grooms no mate  
 Hath he, a child of strength and  
 state!

Yet lacks not friends for simple  
 glee,

Nor yet for higher sympathy.  
 To his side the fallow-deer  
 Came, and rested without fear:  
 The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
 Stooped down to pay him fealty;  
 And both the undying fish that  
 swim

Through Bowscale-Tarn\* did wait on  
 him.

The pair were servants of his eye  
 In their immortality;  
 And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,  
 Moved to and fro, for his delight.  
 He knew the rocks which angels  
 haunt

Upon the mountains visitant;  
 He hath kenned them taking wing;  
 And into caves where faeries sing  
 He hath entered; and been told  
 By voices how men lived of old.

\* It is imagined by the people of the country  
 that there are two immortal fish, inhabitants of  
 this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not  
 far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned  
 before is the old and proper name of the  
 mountain vulgarly called Saddle-back.



Among the heavens his eye can see  
 The face of thing that is to be ;  
 And, if that men report him right,  
 His tongue could whisper words of  
 Now another day is come, [might.  
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom :  
 He hath thrown aside his crook,  
 And hath buried deep his book ;  
 Armour rusting in his halls  
 On the blood of Clifford calls ;—\*  
 ‘Quell the Scot,’ exclaims the lance—  
 Bear me to the heart of France,  
 Is the longing of the shield—  
 Tell thy name, thou trembling field ;  
 Field of death, where’er thou be,  
 Groan thou with our victory !  
 Happy day, and mighty hour,  
 When our shepherd, in his power,  
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
 To his ancestors restored,  
 Like a re-appearing star,  
 Like a glory from afar,  
 First shall head the flock of war !”

Alas ! the impassioned minstrel did not  
 know  
 How, by heaven’s grace, this Clifford’s  
 heart was framed, [to go,  
 How he, long forced in humble walks  
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and  
 tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor  
 men lie ; [rills,  
 His daily teachers had been woods and  
 The silence that is in the starry sky,  
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

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\* The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history ; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines, and what follows, that, besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate progenitors of the person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the field.

In him the savage virtue of the race  
 Revenge, and all ferocious thou  
 were dead :  
 Nor did he change ; but kept in  
 place  
 The wisdom which adversity had  
 Glad were the vales, and every cot  
 hearth ;  
 The shepherd lord was honoured,  
 and more :  
 And, ages after he was laid  
 earth,  
 “The good Lord Clifford” was  
 name he bore.

YES, it was the mountain echo,  
 Solitary, clear, profound,  
 Answering to the shouting cuck  
 Giving to her sound for sound !

Unsolicited reply  
 To a babbling wanderer sent ;  
 Like her ordinary cry,  
 Like— but oh, how different !

Hears not also mortal life ?  
 Hear not we, unthinking creature  
 Slaves of folly, love, or strife,  
 Voices of two different natures ?

Have not *we* too ;—yes, we have  
 Answers, and we know not where  
 Echoes from beyond the grave  
 Recognised intelligence ?

Such rebounds our inward ear  
 Catches sometimes from afar ;—  
 Listen, ponder, hold them dear  
 For of God,—of God they are.

## TO A SKYLARK.

HEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim, of the  
 sky !  
 st thou despise the earth where  
 cares abound ?  
 while the wings aspire, are heart  
 and eye  
 h with thy nest upon the dewy  
 ground ?  
 y nest which thou canst drop into  
 at will,  
 ose quivering wings composed, that  
 music still !

ive to the nightingale her shady  
 wood ;  
 rivity of glorious light is thine ;  
 ience thou dost pour upon the world  
 a flood  
 harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
 pe of the wise who soar, but never  
 roam ;  
 ie to the kindred points of heaven  
 and home !

is no spirit who from heaven hath  
 flown,  
 is descending on his embassy ;  
 traveller gone from earth the  
 heavens to espy !  
 Hesperus—there he stands with  
 glittering crown,  
 admonition that the sun is down !  
 yet it is broad daylight ! clouds  
 pass by ;  
 \* are near him still—and now the  
 sky,  
 hath it to himself—'tis all his  
 own.  
 most ambitious star ! an inquest  
 wrought

Within me when I recognised thy  
 light ;  
 A moment I was startled at the sight :  
 And, while I gazed, there came to me  
 a thought  
 That I might step beyond my natural  
 race,  
 As thou seem'st now to do ; might one  
 day trace  
 Some ground not mine ; and, strong  
 her strength above,  
 My soul, an apparition in the place,  
 Tread there, with steps that no one  
 shall reprove !

## FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT  
 ITS COMMENCEMENT.\* REPRINTED  
 FROM "THE FRIEND."

OH ! pleasant exercise of hope and  
 joy !  
 For mighty were the auxiliars, which  
 then stood  
 Upon our side, we who were strong in  
 love !  
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young was very heaven !—  
 Oh ! times,  
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding  
 ways  
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at  
 once  
 The attraction of a country in ro-  
 mance !

\* This, and the extract ("The Influence of Natural Objects"), page 40, and the first piece of this class, are from the unpublished poem of which some account is given in the preface to "The Excursion."

When reason seemed the most to  
 assert her rights,  
 When most intent on making of herself  
 A prime enchantress—to assist the  
 work,  
 Which then was going forward in her  
 name!  
 Not favoured spots alone, but the  
 whole earth,  
 The beauty wore of promise—that  
 which sets  
 (As at some moment might not be  
 unfelt  
 Among the bowers of paradise itself)  
 The budding rose above the rose full  
 blown.  
 What temper at the prospect did not  
 wake  
 To happiness unthought of? The inert  
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt  
 away!  
 They who have fed their childhood  
 upon dreams,  
 The playfellows of fancy, who had  
 made  
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and  
 strength  
 Their ministers,—who in lordly wise  
 had stirred  
 Among the grandest objects of the  
 sense,  
 And dealt with whatsoever they found  
 there  
 As if they had within some lurking  
 right  
 To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle  
 mood  
 Had watched all gentle motions, and  
 to these  
 Had fitted their own thoughts,  
 schemers more mild,  
 And in the region of their peaceful  
 selves;—

Now was it that both found, the m  
 and lofty  
 Did both find helpers to their he  
 desire,  
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they c  
 wish,—  
 Were called upon to exercise  
 skill,  
 Not in Utopia,—subterranean field  
 Or some secreted island, He  
 knows where!  
 But in the very world, which is  
 world  
 Of all of us,—the place where it  
 end  
 We find our happiness, or not at :

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### THE PASS OF KIRKSTON

WITHIN the mind strong fancies  
 A deep delight the bosom thrills,  
 Oft as I pass along the fork  
 Of these fraternal hills:  
 Where, save the rugged road, we  
 No appanage of human kind;  
 Nor hint of man; if stone or rock  
 Seem not his handy-work to mock  
 By something cognizably shaped  
 Mockery—or model roughly he  
 And left as if by earthquake str  
 Or from the flood escaped:—  
 Altars for Druid service fit;  
 (But where no fire was ever lit,  
 Unless the glow-worm to the sk  
 Thence offer nightly sacrifice;  
 Wrinkled Egyptian monument;  
 Green moss-grown tower; or  
 tent;  
 Tents of a camp that never s  
 raised;  
 On which four thousand year  
 gazed!

drough-sharessparkling on the slopes!  
 snow-white lambs that trip.  
 risoned 'mid the formal props  
 restless ownership!  
 rees, that may to-morrow fall  
 feed the insatiate prodigal!  
 ns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,  
 that the fertile valley shields;  
 ges of folly—baits of crime,—  
 life's uneasy game the stake,  
 ythings that keep the eyes awake  
 browsy, dotard time;—  
 are! O guilt!—O vales and plains,  
 e, 'mid his own unvexed domains,  
 genius dwells, that can subdue  
 once all memory of you,—  
 st potent when mists veil the sky,  
 sts that distort and magnify;  
 ile the coarse rushes, to the sweep-  
 ing breeze,  
 h forth their ancient melodies!

it to those shriller notes! *that* march  
 chance was on the blast,  
 en, through this height's inverted arch,  
 me's earliest legion passed!  
 ey saw, adventurously impelled,  
 id older eyes than theirs beheld,  
 his block—and yon, whose church-  
 like frame

ves to this savage pass its name.  
 spiring road! that lov'st to hide  
 by daring in a vapoury bourn,  
 ot seldom may the hour return  
 en thou shalt be my guide;  
 d I (as all men may find cause,  
 en life is at a weary pause,  
 d they have panted up the hill  
 duty with reluctant will)  
 thankful, even though tired and faint,  
 or the rich bounties of constraint;  
 hence oft invigorating transports flow  
 hat choice lacked courage to bestow.

My soul was grateful for delight  
 That wore a threatening brow;  
 A veil is lifted—can she slight  
 The scene that opens now!  
 Though habitation none appear,  
 The greenness tells, man must be there;  
 The shelter—that the perspective  
 Is of the clime in which we live;  
 Where toil pursues his daily round;  
 Where pity sheds sweet tears, and love,  
 In woodbine bower or birchen grove,  
 Inflicts his tender wound.  
 Who comes not hither ne'er shall know  
 How beautiful the world below;  
 Nor can he guess how lightly leaps  
 The brook adown the rocky steeps.  
 Farewell, thou desolate domain!  
 Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,  
 Carols like a shepherd-boy;  
 And who is she?—Can that be joy!  
 Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,  
 Smoothly skims the meadows wide;  
 While faith, from yonder opening cloud  
 To hill and vale proclaims aloud,  
 "Whate'er the weak may dread, the  
 wicked dare,  
 Thy lot, O man, is good, thy portion fair!"

### EVENING ODE,

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF  
 EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND  
 BEAUTY.

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
 With flying haste. I might have sent,  
 Among the speechless clouds, a look  
 Of blank astonishment;  
 But 'tis endued with power to stay,  
 And sanctify one closing day,  
 That frail mortality may see—  
 What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!

Time was when field and watery cove  
 With modulated echoes rang,  
 While choirs of fervent angels sang  
 Their vespers in the grove;  
 Or, crowning, star-like, each some  
     sovereign height,  
 Warbled, for heaven above and earth  
     below,  
 Strains suitable to both.—Such holy  
     rite,  
 Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
 From hill or valley, could not move  
 Sublimier transport, purer love,  
 Than doth this silent spectacle—the  
     gleam—  
 The shadow—and the peace supreme!

No sound is uttered,—but a deep  
 And solemn harmony pervades  
 The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
 And penetrates the glades.  
 Far-distant images draw nigh,  
 Called forth by wondrous potency  
 Of beamy radiance, that imbues  
 Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like  
     hues

In vision exquisitely clear,  
 Herds range along the mountain side;  
 And glistening antlers are descried;  
 And gilded flocks appear.  
 Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal  
     eve!

But long as god-like wish, or hope  
     divine,  
 Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
 That this magnificence is wholly  
     thine!

From worlds not quickened by the sun  
 A portion of the gift is won;  
 An intermingling of heaven's pomp is  
     spread  
 On ground which British shepherds  
     tread!

And, if there be whom broken ties  
 Afflict, or injuries assail,  
 Yon hazy ridges to their eyes  
 Present a glorious scale,  
 Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
 To stop—no record hath told why  
 And tempting fancy to ascend,  
 And with immortal spirits blend!  
 Wings at my shoulders seem to play  
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
 On those bright steps that heaven  
     ward raise  
 Their practicable way.

Come forth, ye drooping old men,  
     abroad,  
 And see to what fair countries ye  
     bound!

And if some traveller, weary of  
     road,  
 Hath slept since noon-tide on  
     grassy ground,  
 Ye genii! to his covert speed;  
 And wake him with such gentle  
 As may attune his soul to meet  
     dower

Bestowed on this transcendent he

Such hues from their celestial urn  
 Were wont to stream before mine  
 Where'er it wandered in the morn  
 Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory, why renew  
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude;  
 For, if a vestige of those gleams  
 Survived, 'twas only in my dream  
 Dread power! whom peace and  
     ness serve

No less than nature's threat  
     voice,

If aught unworthy be my choice,  
 From THEE if I would swerve,  
 Oh, let thy grace remind me of  
     light

early lost, and fruitlessly deplored ;  
 h, at this moment, on my waking  
 sight  
 ars to shine, by miracle restored !  
 oul, though yet confined to earth,  
 ces in a second birth ;  
 past, the visionary splendour  
 fades ;  
 night approaches with her shades.

—The multiplication of mountain ridges,  
 ed at the commencement of the third  
 of this ode, as a kind of Jacob's ladder,  
 g to Heaven, is produced either by  
 vapours, or sunny haze ;—in the present  
 e, by the latter cause. Allusions to the  
 ntitled "Intimations of Immortality,"  
 e the last stanza of the foregoing poem.

### LINES,

POSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN  
 KEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF  
 THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13,  
 38.

years have past ; five summers,  
 with the length  
 ive long winters ! and again I  
 ear  
 e waters, rolling from their moun-  
 ain springs  
 a sweet inland murmur.\* Once  
 again  
 I behold these steep and lofty  
 cliffs,  
 on a wild secluded scene im-  
 press  
 ights of more deep seclusion ; and  
 connect  
 landscape with the quiet of the  
 sky.

\*The river is not affected by the tides a few  
 above Tintern.

The day is come when I again  
 repose  
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and  
 view  
 These plots of cottage-ground, these  
 orchard-tufts,  
 Which at this season, with their unripe  
 fruits,  
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose  
 themselves  
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again  
 I see  
 These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows,  
 little lines  
 Of sportive wood run wild ; these  
 pastoral farms,  
 Green to the very door ; and wreaths  
 of smoke  
 Sent up in silence, from among the  
 trees !  
 With some uncertain notice, as might  
 seem,  
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless  
 woods,  
 Or of some hermit's cave, where by his  
 fire  
 The hermit sits alone.  
 These beauteous forms,  
 Through a long absence, have not  
 been to me  
 As is a landscape to a blind man's  
 eye :  
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the  
 din  
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to  
 them,  
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the  
 heart ;  
 And passing even into my purer  
 mind,  
 With tranquil restoration :—feelings,  
 too,

Of unremembered pleasure: such,  
perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's  
life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered  
acts

Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I  
trust,  
To them I may have owed another  
gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed  
mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary  
weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed  
mood.

In which the affections gently lead us  
on,—

Until, the breath of this corporeal  
frame,  
And even the motion of our human  
blood

Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the  
power

Of harmony, and the deep power of  
joy,

We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how  
oft—

In darkness, and amid the many  
shapes

Of joyless daylight; when the fretful  
stir

Unprofitable, and the fever of the  
world,

Have hung upon the beatings of my  
heart,

How oft, in spirit, have I turned  
thee,

O sylvan Wye! Thou wander  
through the woods,

How often has my spirit turned  
thee!

And now, with gleams of half-ex-  
tinguished thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again  
While here I stand, not only with  
sense

Of present pleasure, but with pleas-  
ure thoughts

That in this moment there is life  
food

For future years. And so I dance  
hope,

Though changed, no doubt, from  
I was when first

I came among these hills; when  
a roe

I bounded o'er the mountains, by  
sides

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely  
streams,

Wherever nature led: more like a  
Flying from something that he dread  
than one

Who sought the thing he loved.  
nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boy-  
days,

And their glad animal movements  
gone by)

To me was all in all.—I cannot tell  
What then I was. The soul  
cataract

Haunted me like a passion: the tall  
The mountain, and the deep  
gloomy wood,

colours and their forms, were  
 hen to me  
 appetite: a feeling and a love,  
 had no need of a remoter  
 charm,  
 ought supplied, or any interest  
 orrowed from the eye.—That time  
 is past,  
 all its aching joys are now no  
 more,  
 all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
 t I, nor mourn nor murmur; other  
 gifts  
 e followed, for such loss, I would  
 believe,  
 ndant recompense. For I have  
 learned  
 ook on nature, not as in the hour  
 thoughtless youth; but hearing  
 oftentimes  
 : still, sad music of humanity,  
 harsh nor grating, though of  
 ample power  
 chasten and subdue. And I have  
 felt  
 resence that disturbs me with the  
 joy  
 elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
 omething far more deeply inter-  
 used,  
 e dwelling is the light of setting  
 suns,  
 the round ocean, and the living  
 air,  
 the blue sky, and in the mind of  
 man:  
 otion and a spirit, that impels  
 thinking things, all objects of all  
 thought.  
 rolls through all things. There-  
 fore am I still  
 lover of the meadows and the  
 woods.

And mountains; and of all that we  
 behold  
 From this green earth; of all the  
 mighty world  
 Of eye and ear, both what they half  
 create,\*  
 And what perceive; well pleased to  
 recognise  
 In nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts,  
 the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart,  
 and soul  
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
 If I were not thus taught, should I the  
 more  
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:  
 For thou art with me, here upon the  
 banks  
 Of this fair river; thou, my dearest  
 friend,  
 My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice  
 I catch  
 The language of my former heart, and  
 read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting  
 lights  
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little  
 while  
 May I behold in thee what I was once,  
 My dear, dear sister! and this prayer  
 I make,  
 Knowing that nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her  
 privilege.  
 Through all the years of this our life,  
 to lead  
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress

---

\* This line has a close resemblance to an  
 admirable line of Young, the exact expression  
 of which I cannot recollect.



With quietness and beauty, and so  
feed

With lofty thoughts, that neither evil  
tongues

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of  
selfish men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is,  
nor all

The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we  
behold

Is full of blessings. Therefore let the  
moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain winds be  
free

To blow against thee: and, in after  
years,

When these wild ecstasies shall be  
matured

Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies;  
oh! then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what  
healing thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! Nor, per-  
chance--

If I should be where I no more can  
hear

Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild  
eyes these gleams

Of past existence—wilt thou then  
forget

That on the banks of this delightful  
stream

We stood together; and that I, so  
long

A worshipper of nature, hither came,

Unwearied in that service: rather  
With warmer love—oh! with  
deeper zeal

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou  
forget,

That after many wanderings, many  
years

Of absence, these steep woods,  
lofty cliffs,

And this green pastoral landscape  
were to me

More dear, both for themselves and  
thy sake!

---

### PETER BELL, A TALE.

“What’s in a *name*?” . . .

“Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.”

---

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., P.L.  
& ETC., ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The tale of Peter which I now introduce to your notice, a that of the public, has, in its manuscript nearly survived its *minority*:—for it fits the light in the summer of 1798. During long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unwelcome: a favourable reception; or, rather, to fit filling *permanently* a station, however humble in the literature of my country. This indeed, been the aim of all my endeavours in poetry, which, you know, have sufficiently laborious to prove that I the art not lightly to be approached: and the attainment of excellence in it may have been made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man, who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

The poem of Peter Bell, as the preface will show, was composed under a belief that the imagination not only does not require its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency is excluded, the faculty may be called for imperiously, and for kindred results of probability, within the compass of the humblest department

fe. Since that prologue was written,  
ve exhibited most splendid effects of  
is daring, in the opposite and usual

Let this acknowledgment make my  
with the lovers of the supernatural;  
am persuaded it will be admitted,  
you, as a master in that province of  
the following tale, whether from con-  
gruity, is not an inappropriate  
3. Accept it, then, as a public testimony  
ionate admiration from one with whose  
yours has been often coupled (to use  
wn words) for evil and for good; and  
me to be, with earnest wishes that life  
alth may be granted you to complete  
any important works in which you are  
ed, and with high respect, most faithfully  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

lal Mount, April 7, 1819.

### PROLOGUE.

RE'S something in a flying horse,  
e's something in a huge balloon;  
through the clouds I'll never float  
I have a little boat,  
shape just like the crescent-moon.

now I *have* a little boat,  
hape a very crescent-moon:—  
through the clouds my boat can  
sail;  
if perchance your faith should fail,  
up—and you shall see me soon!

oods, my friends, are round you  
aring,  
ng and roaring like a sea;  
oise of danger's in your ears,  
e have all a thousand fears  
for my little boat and me!

while untroubled I admire  
pointed horns of my canoe:  
did not pity touch my breast,  
ee how ye are all distrest,  
my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!

Away we go, my boat and I—  
Frail man ne'er sate in such another;  
Whether among the winds we strive,  
Or deep into the clouds we dive,  
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we  
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?  
We are as calm in our delight  
As is the crescent-moon so bright  
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my boat among the stars  
Through many a breathless field of light,  
Through many a long blue field of ether,  
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her.  
Up goes my little boat so bright!

The Crab—the Scorpion—and the  
Bull—  
We pry among them all—have shot  
High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,  
Covered from top to toe with scars;  
Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are decayed,  
And melancholy spectres throng them;  
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss  
Each other in the vast abyss,  
With joy I sail among them!

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth.  
Great Jove is full of stately bowers;  
But these, and all that they contain,  
What are they to that tiny grain,  
That little earth of ours?

Then back to earth, the dear green  
earth:  
Whole ages if I here should roam,  
The world for my remarks and me  
Would not a whit the better be;  
I've left my heart at home.

See! there she is, the matchless earth!  
 There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean!  
 Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear  
 Through the gray clouds—the Alps  
     are here,  
 Like waters in commotion!

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands—  
 That silver thread the river Dnieper—  
 And look, where clothed in brightest green  
 Is a sweet isle, of isles the queen:  
 Ye fairies, from all evil keep her!

And see the town where I was born!  
 Around those happy fields we span  
 In boyish gambols—I was lost  
 Where I have been, but on this coast  
 I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once  
 Appear so lovely, never, never,—  
 How tunefully the forests ring?  
 To hear the earth's soft murmuring  
 Thus could I hang for ever!

"Shame on you!" cried my little boat,  
 "Was ever such a homesick loon,  
 Within a living boat to sit,  
 And make no better use of it, --  
 A boat twin-sister of the crescent-moon!"

"Ne'er in the breast of full-grown poet  
 Fluttered so faint a heart before;—  
 Was it the music of the spheres  
 That overpowered your mortal ears?  
 Such din shall trouble them no more.

"These nether precincts do not lack  
 Charms of their own;—then come  
     with me—  
 I want a comrade, and for you  
 There's nothing that I would not do;  
 Nought is there that you shall not see.

"Haste! and above Siberian snows  
 We'll sport amid the boreal morn  
 Will mingle with her lustres, gliding  
 Among the stars, the stars now hid  
 And now the stars adorning.

"I know the secrets of a land  
 Where human foot did never stray;  
 Fair is that land as evening skies,  
 And cool,—though in the depth it  
 (Of burning Africa.

"Or we'll into the realm of faery,  
 Among the lovely shades of things,  
 The shadowy forms of mountains  
 And streams, and bowers, and la  
     fair,  
 The shades of palaces and kings

"Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal  
 Less quiet regions to explore,  
 Prompt voyage shall to you reveal  
 How earth and heaven are taug  
     feel  
 The might of magic lore!"

"My little vagrant form of light,  
 My gay and beautiful canoe,  
 Well have you played your friendly  
 As kindly take what from my hea  
 Experience forces then adieu!"

"Temptation lurks among your w  
 But, while these pleasures you're pur  
 Without impediment or let,  
 No wonder if you quite forget  
 What on the earth is doing.

"There was a time when all man  
 Did listen with a faith sincere  
 To tuneful tongues in mystery  
 Then poets fearlessly rehearsed  
 The wonders of a wild career.

(but the world's a sleepy world,  
is, I fear, an age too late ;)  
with you some ambitious youth ;  
restless wanderer ! I, in truth,  
unfit to be your mate.

have I loved what I behold,  
night that calms, the day that  
neers ;  
common growth of mother earth  
is me —her tears, her mirth,  
unblest mirth and tears.

dragon's wing, the magic ring,  
I not covet for my dower,  
long that lowly way  
sympathetic heart may stray,  
with a soul of power.

se given, what more need I desire  
ir - to soothe - or elevate ?  
nobler marvels than the mind  
in life's daily prospect find,  
find or there create ?

otent wand doth sorrow wield ;  
spell so strong as guilty fear !  
ntance is a tender sprite ;  
ght on earth have heavenly might,  
lodged within her silent tear.

grant my wishes,—let us now  
end from this ethereal height ;  
n take thy way, adventurous skiff,  
e daring far than Hippogriff,  
be thy own delight !

the stone-table in my garden,  
d haunt of many a summer hour,  
squire is come ;—his daughter  
Bess  
le him in the cool recess  
blooming like a flower.

" With these are many more convened ;  
They know not I have been so far—  
I see them there, in number nine,  
Beneath the spreading Weymouth  
pine—

I see them—there they are !

" There sits the vicar and his dame ;  
And there my good friend, Stephen  
Otter ;  
And, ere the light of evening fail,  
To them I must relate the tale  
Of Peter Bell the potter."

Off flew the boat—away she flees,  
Spurning her freight with indignation !  
And I, as well as I was able,  
On two poor legs, toward my stone-  
table  
Limped on with sore vexation.

" Oh, here he is !" cried little Bess—  
She saw me at the garden door ;  
" We've waited anxiously and long,"  
They cried, and all around me throng,  
Full nine of them or more !

" Reproach me not—your fears be  
still —  
Be thankful we again have met ;—  
Resume, my friends ! within the  
shade  
Your seats, and quickly shall be  
paid  
The well-remembered debt."

I spake with faltering voice, like  
one  
Not wholly rescued from the pale  
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion ;  
But, straight to cover my confusion,  
Began the promised tale.

## PART I.

ALL by the moonlight river side  
Groaned the poor beast—alas! in  
vain;

The staff was raised to loftier height,  
And the blows fell with heavier weight  
As Peter struck—and struck again.

“Hold!” cried the squire, “against  
the rules

Of common sense you’re surely  
sinning;

This leap is for us all too  
bold;

Who Peter was let that he told,  
And start from the beginning.”

—“A potter,\* sir, he was by trade,”  
Said I, becoming quite collected!

“And wheresoever he appeared,  
Full twenty times was Peter feared  
For once that Peter was respected.

He, two-and-thirty years or more,  
Had been a wild and woodland rover;  
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar  
On farthest Cornwall’s rocky shore,  
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

And he had seen Caernarvon’s towers,  
And well he knew the spire of Sarum;  
And he had been where Lincoln bell  
Flings o’er the fen that ponderous knell,  
A far-renowned alarm!

At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds  
And merry Carlisle had he been;  
And all along the Lowlands fair,  
All through the bonny shire of Ayr—  
And far as Aberdeen.

---

\* In the dialect of the north, a hawker of earthenware is thus designated.

And he had been at Inverness;  
And Peter, by the mountain rills,  
Had danced his round with High  
lasses

And he had lain beside his asses  
On lofty Cheviot Hills:

And he had trudged through y  
shire dales,

Among the rocks and winding *sea*  
Where deep and low the hamlets  
Beneath their little patch of sky  
And little lot of stars:

And all along the indented coast,  
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam  
Where’er a knot of houses lay  
On headland, or in hollow bay;—  
Sure never man like him did roam

As well might Peter, in the Fleet,  
Have been fast bound, a be  
debtor;

He travelled here, he trav  
there;

But not the value of a hair  
Was heart or head the better.

He roved among the vales  
streams,

In the green wood and hollow d  
They were his dwellings night  
day,—

But nature ne’er could find the w  
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every cha  
year,

Did nature lead him as before;  
A primrose by the river’s brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

I change it made in Peter's heart  
 e'er his gentle panniered train  
 more than vernal pleasure feeding,  
 e'er the tender grass was leading  
 earliest green along the lane.

in, through water, earth, and air  
 soul of happy sound was spread,  
 in Peter, on some April morn,  
 eath the broom or budding thorn,  
 le the warm earth his lazy bed.

noon, when by the forest's edge,  
 lay beneath the branches high,  
 soft blue sky did never melt  
 his heart, he never felt  
 witchery of the soft blue sky!

fair prospect some have looked  
 it, as I have heard them say,  
 he moving time had been  
 as steadfast as the scene  
 which they gazed themselves away.

the breast of Peter Bell  
 silent raptures found no place;  
 as a carl as wild and rude  
 or hue-and-cry pursued,  
 or ran a felon's race.

that lead a lawless life,  
 that love their lawless lives,  
 or in village small,  
 is the wildest far of all;  
 and a dozen wedded wives.

start not!—wedded wives—and  
 welve!

How one wife could e'er come near  
 him,  
 ample truth I cannot tell;  
 as it said of Peter Bell,  
 e'er him was to fear him.

Though nature could not teach his  
 heart  
 By lovely forms and silent weather,  
 And tender sounds, yet you might see  
 At once, that Peter Bell and she  
 Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung  
 As of a dweller out of doors;  
 In his whole figure and his mien  
 A savage character was seen,  
 Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human  
 thoughts  
 Which solitary nature feeds  
 'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,  
 Had Peter joined whatever vice  
 The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind  
 That cuts along the hawthorn fence;  
 Of courage you saw little there,  
 But, in its stead, a medley air  
 Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,  
 And long and slouching was his gait;  
 Beneath his looks so bare and bold,  
 You might perceive, his spirit cold  
 Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred;  
 A work, one half of which was done  
 By thinking of his *whens* and *hows*;  
 And half, by knitting of his brows  
 Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,  
 There was a hardness in his eye,  
 As if the man had fixed his face,  
 In many a solitary place,  
 Against the wind and open sky!

ONE NIGHT, (and now, my little Bess !  
We've reached at last the promised tale ;)  
One beautiful November night,  
When the full moon was shining bright  
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river's winding banks  
Peter was travelling all alone ;—  
Whether to buy or sell, or led  
By pleasure running in his head,  
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and  
brake,

He trudged along o'er hill and dale ;  
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle,  
And for the stars he cared as little,  
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path  
That promised to cut short the way,  
As many a wiser man hath done,  
He left a trusty guide for one  
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought  
Where cheerfully his course he weaves,  
And whistling loud may yet be heard,  
Though often buried, like a bird  
Darkling among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed,  
And on he drives with cheeks that  
burn

In downright fury and in wrath—  
There's little sign the treacherous path  
Will to the road return !

The path grows dim, and dimmer still ;  
Now up—now down—the rover wends  
With all the sail that he can carry,  
Till brought to a deserted quarry ;  
And there the pathway ends.

He paused—for shadows of str  
shape,

Massy and black, before him lay ;  
But through the dark, and through  
cold,

And through the yawning fissures  
Did Peter boldly press his way

Right through the quarry ;—and be  
A scene of soft and lovely hue !  
Where blue and gray, and tender g  
Together make as sweet a scene  
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw  
A little field of meadow ground ;  
But field or meadow name it not ;  
Call it of earth a small green plot  
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the gray  
But he flowed quiet and unseen :  
You need a strong and stormy ga  
To bring the noises of the Swale  
To that green spot, so calm and g

And is there no one dwelling her  
No hermit with his beads and gl  
And does no little cottage look  
Upon this soft and fertile nook ?  
Does no one live near this green !

Across the deep and quiet spot  
Is Peter driving through the gras  
And now has reached the skirting  
When, turning round his head, h  
A solitary ass.

" A prize ! " cries Peter, but he fi  
Must spy about him far and nea  
There's not a single house in sigl  
No woodman's hut, no cottage li  
Peter, you need not fear !

's nothing to be seen but woods,  
rocks that spread a hoary gleam,  
this one beast, that from the bed  
e green meadow hangs his head  
the silent stream.

read is with a halter bound ;  
halter seizing, Peter leapt  
n the creature's back, and plied  
ready heels his shaggy side ;  
still the ass his station kept.

Peter gave a sudden jerk,  
hat from a dungeon floor  
ave pulled up an iron ring ;  
the heavy-headed thing  
ist as he had stood before !

Peter, leaping from his seat,  
is some plot against me  
l ;"  
ore the little meadow ground  
the hoary cliffs around  
tiously surveyed.

is silent—rocks and woods  
and silent—far and near !  
e ass, with motion dull,  
he pivot of his skull  
round his long left ear.

it Peter, What can mean all  
is ?  
gly witchcraft must be here !  
nore the ass, with motion dull,  
he pivot of his skull  
l round his long left ear.

ion ripened into dread ;  
th deliberate action slow,  
aff high-raising, in the pride  
ll, upon the sounding hide,  
alt a sturdy blow.

The poor ass staggered with the  
shock ;  
And then, as if to take his ease,  
In quiet uncomplaining mood,  
Upon the spot where he had stood,  
Dropped gently down upon his knees.

As gently on his side he fell,  
And by the river's brink did lie ;  
And, while he lay like one that  
mourned,  
The patient beast on Peter turned  
A shining hazel eye.

'Twas but one mild, reproachful  
look,  
A look more tender than severe ;  
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,  
He turned the eye-ball in his head  
Towards the smooth river deep and  
clear.

Upon the beast the sapling rings,—  
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they  
stirred ;  
He gave a groan, and then another,  
Of that which went before the brother,  
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight river side  
He gave three miserable groans ;  
And not till now hath Peter seen  
How gaunt the creature is—how  
lean  
And sharp his staring bones !

With legs stretched out and stiff he  
lay :—  
No word of kind commiseration  
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue ;  
With hard contempt his heart was  
wrung,  
With hatred and vexation.



The meagre beast lay still as death ;  
And Peter's lips with fury quiver—  
Quoth he, " You little mulish dog,  
I'll fling your carcass like a log  
Head-foremost down the river !"

An impious oath confirmed the threat—  
Whereat from the earth on which he lay,  
To all the echoes, south and north,  
And east and west, the ass sent forth  
A long and clamorous bray !

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,  
Seems like a note of joy to strike,—  
Joy at the heart of Peter knocks :—  
But in the echo of the rocks  
Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,  
Or that he could not break the chain,  
In this serene and solemn hour,  
Twined round him by demoniac power,  
To the blind work he turned again.—

Among the rocks and winding crags—  
Among the mountains far away—  
Once more the ass did lengthen out  
More ruefully an endless shout,  
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray !

What is there now in Peter's heart ?  
Or whence the might of this strange  
    sound ?

The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,  
The broad blue heavens appeared to  
    glimmer,  
And the rocks staggered all around.

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped !  
Threat has he none to execute—  
" If any one should come and see  
That I am here, they'll think," quoth he,  
" I'm helping this poor dying brute."

He scans the ass from limb to li  
And ventures now to uplift his e  
More steady looks the moon, and  
More like themselves the rocks ;  
And touch more quiet skies.

His scorn returns —his hate rev  
He stoops the ass's neck to seiz  
With malice —that again takes fl  
For in the pool a startling sight  
Meets him, among the inverted

Is it the moon's distorted face ?  
The ghost-like image of a clou  
Is it a gallows there portrayed ?  
Is Peter of himself afraid ?  
Is it a coffin, — or a shroud ?

A grisly idol hewn in stone ?  
Or imp from witch's lap let fall !  
Perhaps a ring of shining fairies  
Such as pursue their feared vag  
In sylvan bower, or haunted ha

Is it a fiend that to a stake  
Of fire his desperate self is teth  
Or stubborn spirit doomed to y  
In solitary ward or cell,  
Ten thousand miles from  
    brethren ?

Never did pulse so quickly thr  
And never heart so loudly pant  
He looks, he cannot choose but  
Like some one reading in a bo  
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell !—  
He will be turned to iron soon,  
Meet statue for the court of fea  
His hat is up—and every hair  
Bristles—and whitens in the m

s—he ponders—looks again :  
 a motion—hears a groan ;—  
 as will burst—his heart will  
 ak—  
 s a loud and frightful shriek,  
 ck he falls, as if his life were  
 vn !

---

## PART II.

our hero in a trance,  
 i the alders, near the river ;  
 i is by the river side,  
 ere the feeble breezes glide,  
 the stream the moonbeams  
 iver.

y respite !—but at length  
 s the glimmering of the moon ;  
 with glazed eye, and feebly  
 hing—  
 : perhaps, where he is lying,  
 second swoon !

s his head - he sees his staff ;  
 ches - 'tis to him a treasure !  
 ecollection seems to tell  
 e is yet where mortals dwell—  
 ught received with languid  
 ease !

ad upon his elbow propped,  
 ing less and less perplexed.  
 'd he looks—to rock and wood—  
 en - upon the glassy flood  
 ndering eye is fixed.

ght he, that is the face of one  
 last sleep securely bound !  
 ward the stream his head he bent,  
 downward thrust his staff, intent  
 iver's depth to sound.

*Now*—like a tempest-shattered bark  
 That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,  
 And in a moment to the verge  
 Is lifted of a foaming surge—  
 Full suddenly the ass doth rise !

His staring bones all shake with joy—  
 And close by Peter's side he stands :  
 While Peter o'er the river bends,  
 The little ass his neck extends,  
 And fondly licks his hands.

Such life is in the ass's eyes—  
 Such life is in his limbs and ears—  
 That Peter Bell, if he had been  
 The veriest coward ever seen,  
 Must now have thrown aside his fears.

The ass looks on—and to his work  
 Is Peter quietly resigned ;  
 He touches here—he touches there—  
 And now among the dead man's hair  
 His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls—and looks—and pulls again ;  
 And he whom the poor ass had lost,  
 'The man who had been four days  
 dead,  
 Head foremost from the river's bed  
 Uprises—like a ghost !

And Peter draws him to dry land ;  
 And through the brain of Peter pass  
 Some poignant twitches, fast and faster,  
 "No doubt," quoth he, "he is the  
 master  
 Of this poor miserable ass !"

The meagre shadow that looks on—  
 What would he now? what is he doing?  
 His sudden fit of joy is flown,—  
 He on his knees hath laid him down,  
 As if he were his grief renewing.

But no—that Peter on his back  
Must mount, he shews well as he can ;  
Thought Peter then, come weal or woe,  
I'll do what he would have me do,  
In pity to this poor drowned man.

With that resolve he boldly mounts  
Upon the pleased and thankful ass ;  
And then, without a moment's stay,  
That earnest creature turned away,  
Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,  
The beast four days and nights had  
    passed.  
A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,  
And there the ass four days had been,  
Nor ever once did break his fast !

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart !  
The mead is crossed—the quarry's  
    mouth  
Is reached—but there the trusty guide  
Into a thicket turns aside,  
And deftly ambles towards the south.

When hark a burst of doleful sound !  
And Peter honestly might say,  
The like came never to his ears,  
Though he has been, full thirty years,  
A rover—night and day.

'Tis not a plover of the moors,  
'Tis not a bittern of the fen ;  
Nor can it be a barking fox—  
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks—  
Nor wild-cat in a woody glen !

The ass is startled—and stops short  
Right in the middle of the thicket ;  
And Peter, wont to whistle loud  
Whether alone or in a crowd,  
Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Bess  
Well, may you tremble and look  
This cry—that rings along the w  
This cry—that floats adown the f  
Comes from the entrance of a ca

I see a blooming wood-boy there  
And, if I had the power to say  
How sorrowful the wanderer is,  
Your heart would be as sad as h  
Till you had kissed his tears aw

Grasping a hawthorn branch in l  
All bright with berries ripe and l  
Into the cavern's mouth he peep  
Thence back into the mo  
    creeps.  
Whom seeks he—whom?—the

His father !—Him doth he requ  
Him hath he sought with l  
    pains, "

Among the rocks, behind the t  
Now creeping on his hands and  
Now running o'er the open plai

And hither is he come at last,  
When he through such a day h  
By this dark cave to be distrest  
Like a poor bird—her plunder  
Hovering around with dolorous

Of that intense and piercing c  
The listening ass conjectures w  
Wild as it is, he there can read  
Some intermingled notes that l  
With touches irresistible ;

But Peter, when he saw the ass  
Not only stop but turn, and cl  
The cherished tenor of his pat  
That lamentable cry to chase,  
It wrought in him conviction s

h that, for the dead man's sake  
his poor slave who loved him well,  
ance upon his head will fall,  
visitation worse than all  
ever till this night befall.

while the ass to reach his home,  
ving stoutly as he may ;  
hile he climbs the woody hill,  
ry grows weak—and weaker still  
ow at last it dies away !

his freight the creature turns  
omy grove of beech,  
e shade with footsteps true  
ng slowly, till the two  
moonlight reach.

e, along the narrow dell,  
ooth pathway you discern,  
of green and open road—  
rom a fountain flowed —  
away between the fern.

as that tower on either side  
a wild fantastic scene ;  
like those among the Hindoos,  
sques, and spires, and abbey  
dows,  
des all with ivy green !

ile the ass pursues his way,  
his solitary dell,  
ively his steps advance,  
sques and spires change coun-  
ance,  
k at Peter Bell !

intelligible cry  
ft him high in preparation,—  
ced that he, or soon or late,  
ry night, will meet his fate—  
he sits in expectation !

The strenuous animal hath clomb  
With the green path,—and now he wends  
Where, shining like the smoothest sea,  
In undisturbed immensity  
A level plain extends.

But whence this faintly-rustling sound  
By which the journeying pair are chased ?  
—A withered leaf is close behind,  
Light plaything for the sportive wind  
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spied the moving thing,  
It only doubled his distress ;  
“ Where there is not a bush or tree,  
The very leaves they follow me—  
So huge hath been my wickedness ! ”

To a close lane they now are come,  
Where, as before, the enduring ass  
Moves on without a moment's stop,  
Nor once turns round his head to crop  
A bramble leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,  
The white dust sleeps upon the lane ;  
And Peter, ever and anon  
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone  
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain—as of a drop of blood  
By moonlight made more faint and  
wan—  
Ha ! why these sinkings of despair ?  
He knows not how the blood comes  
there.  
And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding wound,  
Where he had struck the creature's head ;  
He sees the blood, knows what it is,—  
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,  
But then it quickly fled ;

Of him whom sudden death had seized  
 He thought,—of thee, O faithful ass!  
 And once again those ghastly pains,  
 Shoot to and fro through heart and  
     reins,  
 And through his brain like lightning  
     pass.

---

## PART III.

I've heard of one, a gentle soul,  
 Though given to sadness and to gloom,  
 And for the fact will vouch,—one night  
 It chanced that by a taper's light  
 This man was reading in his room ;

Bending, as you or I might bend  
 At night o'er any pious book,  
 When sudden blackness overspread  
 The snow-white page on which he read,  
 And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all  
     round,—  
 And to his book he turned again ;  
 The light had left the lonely  
     taper,  
 And formed itself upon the paper  
 Into large letters—bright and plain !

The godly book was in his hand—  
 And, on the page more black than  
     coal,  
 Appeared, set forth in strange array,  
 A *word*—which to his dying day  
 Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, thus plainly seen  
 Did never from his lips depart ;  
 But he hath said, poor gentle wight !  
 It brought full many a sin to light  
 Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread spirits ! to confound the m  
 Why wander from your course so  
 Disorder colour, form, and sta  
 Let good men feel the soul of na  
 And see things as they are.

Yet, potent spirits ! well I know  
 How ye, that play with soul and  
 Are not unused to trouble friend  
 Of goodness, for most gracious e  
 And this I speak in reverence !

But might I give advice to you,  
 Whom in my fear I love so well,  
 From men of pensive virtue go,  
 Dread beings ! and your empire  
 On hearts like that of Peter Bell

Your presence often have I felt  
 In darkness and the stormy night  
 And with like force, if need ther  
 Ye can put forth your agency  
 When earth is calm, and hea  
     bright.

Then, coming from the wayward  
 That powerful world in which y  
 Come, spirits of the mind ! and  
 To-night, beneath the moonlight  
 What may be done with Peter

Oh, would that some more skill  
 My further labour might preven  
 Kind listeners, that around me  
 I feel that I am all unfit  
 For such high argument.

I've played, I've danced, w  
     narration—

I loitered long ere I began :  
 Ye waited then on my good ple  
 Pour out indulgence still, in m  
 As liberal as ye can !

travellers, ye remember well,  
 ridding a sequestered lane:  
 Peter many tricks is trying,  
 many anodynes applying,  
 to ease his conscience of its pain.

Is his heart is lighter far;  
 finding that he can account  
 ugly for that crimson stain,  
 and spirit up again  
 like an empty bucket mount.

Peter is a deep logician  
 hath no lack of wit mercurial;  
 and drops—leaves rustle—yet,"  
 smother he,

For man never, but for me,  
 have had Christian burial.

Say the best you can, 'tis plain,  
 ere hath been some wicked  
 thing;  
 but the devil in me wrought;  
 the man who could have thought  
 like this was worth the stealing!"

In his pocket Peter takes  
 a smoking horn tobacco-box;  
 in a light and careless way,  
 who with their purpose play,  
 he did he knocks.

Them whose voice can stop the  
 sounds . . .  
 cunning eye can see the wind—  
 a curious world the cause  
 making here a sudden pause,  
 as turned round his head—and  
 rimmed.

ling process! I have marked  
 ke on heath—in lonely wood,  
 verily, have seldom met  
 tacle more hideous—yet  
 ed Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth  
 He in jocose defiance showed—  
 When, to upset his spiteful mirth,  
 A murmur, pent within the earth,  
 In the dead earth beneath the road,

Rolled audibly!—it swept along—  
 A muffled noise—a rumbling sound!  
 'Twas by a troop of miners made,  
 Plying with gunpowder their trade,  
 Some twenty fathoms under ground.

Small cause of dire effect!—for, surely,  
 If ever mortal, king or cotter,  
 Believed that earth was charged to quake  
 And yawn for his unworthy sake,  
 'Twas Peter Bell the potter!

But, as an oak in breathless air  
 Will stand though to the centre hewn;  
 Or as the weakest things, if frost  
 Have stiffened them, maintain their  
 post;  
 So he, beneath the gazing moon!

The beast bestriding thus, he reached  
 A spot where, in a sheltering cove,  
 A little chapel stands alone,  
 With greenest ivy overgrown,  
 And tufted with an ivy grove.

Dying insensibly away  
 From human thoughts and purposes,  
 It seemed—wall, window, roof, and  
 tower  
 To bow to some transforming power,  
 And blend with the surrounding trees.

As ruinous a place it was,  
 Thought Peter, "In the shire of Fife,  
 That served my turn, when following  
 From land to land a reckless will, [still  
 I married my sixth wife!"

The unheeding ass moves slowly on,  
And now is passing by an inn  
Brimful of a carousing crew,  
That make, with curses not a few,  
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts  
Which Peter in those noises found ;—  
A stifling power compressed his frame,  
While, as a swimming darkness came  
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound ;  
The language of those drunken joys  
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,  
But a few hours ago, had been  
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,  
He finds no solace in his course ;  
Like planet-stricken men of yore,  
He trembles, smitten to the core  
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung  
To think of one, almost a child ;  
A sweet and playful Highland girl,  
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,  
As beauteous and as wild !

Her dwelling was a lonely house,  
A cottage in a heathy dell ;  
And she put on her gown of green,  
And left her mother at sixteen,  
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts  
Had she ; and, in the kirk to pray,  
Two long Scotch miles, through rain  
or snow,  
To kirk she had been used to go,  
Twice every Sabbath-day.

And, when she followed Peter Bell  
It was to lead an honest life ;  
For he, with tongue not used to falsehood,  
Had pledged his troth before the  
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers ;—but so  
She drooped and pined like one  
lorn ;—  
From Scripture she a name did borrow  
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,  
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lay  
And took it in most grievous part  
She to the very bone was worn,  
And, ere that little child was born  
Died of a broken heart.

And now the spirits of the mind  
Are busy with poor Peter Bell :  
Upon the rights of visual sense  
Usurping, with a prevalence  
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering fern  
(Above it shivering aspens play)  
He sees an unsubstantial creature  
His very self in form and feature  
Not four yards from the broad highway.

And stretched beneath the furze  
The Highland girl— it is no other  
And hears her crying, as she cried  
The very moment that she died  
“ My mother ! oh, my mother ! ”

The sweat pours down from  
face,  
So grievous is his heart's contrition  
With agony his eye-balls ache  
While he beholds by the furze-t  
This miserable vision !



"Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!"





n is the well-deserving brute,  
 peace, hath no offence betrayed;—  
 now, while down that slope he wends,  
 vice to Peter's ear ascends,  
 ounding from the woody glade :

voice, though clamorous as a horn  
 echoed by a naked rock,  
 res from that tabernacle—List !  
 him, a fervent Methodist  
 reaching to no heedless flock !

epent ! repent !” he cries aloud,  
 hile yet ye may find mercy ;—strive  
 love the Lord with all your might,  
 n to Him, seek Him day and night !  
 I save your souls alive.

epent ! repent ! though ye have gone  
 ough paths of wickedness and woe,  
 er the Babylonian harlot,  
 d, though your sins be red as  
 scarlet,  
 shall be white as snow !”

as he passed the door, these words  
 lainly come to Peter's ears :  
 they such joyful tidings were,  
 joy was more than he could  
 bear !—  
 melted into tears.

t tears of hope and tenderness  
 fast they fell, a plenteous shower !  
 nerves, his sinews seemed to melt ;  
 ough all his iron frame was felt  
 ntle, a relaxing power !

a fibre of his frame was weak ;  
 k all the animal within ;  
 in its helplessness, grew mild  
 gentle as an infant child,  
 infant that has known no sin.

’Tis said, meek beast ! that, through  
 heaven's grace,  
 He not unmoved did notice now  
 The cross upon thy shoulder scored,  
 For lasting impress, by the Lord  
 To whom all human-kind shall bow ;

Memorial of His touch—that day  
 When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,  
 Entering the proud Jerusalem,  
 By an immeasurable stream  
 Of shouting people deified !

Meanwhile the persevering ass,  
 Turned towards a gate that hung in view,  
 Across a shady lane ; his chest  
 Against the yielding gate he pressed  
 And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes ;  
 No ghost more softly ever trod ;  
 Among the stones and pebbles, he  
 Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,  
 As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty ass  
 Went twice two hundred yards or more,  
 And no one could have guessed his aim,  
 Till to a lonely house he came,  
 And stopped beside the door.

Thought Peter, ’tis the poor man's  
 home !

He listens—not a sound is heard  
 Save from the trickling household rill,  
 But, stepping o'er the cottage sill,  
 Forthwith a little girl appeared.

She to the meeting-house was bound  
 In hope some tidings there to gather ;  
 No glimpse it is—no doubtful gleam—  
 She saw—and uttered with a scream,  
 “My father ! here's my father !”

The very word was plainly heard,  
 Heard plainly by the wretched  
 mother—

Her joy was like a deep affright ;  
 And forth she rushed into the light,  
 And saw it was another !

And instantly, upon the earth,  
 Beneath the full moon shining bright,  
 Close to the ass's feet she fell ;  
 At the same moment Peter Bell  
 Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

As he beheld the woman lie  
 Breathless and motionless ; the mind  
 Of Peter sadly was confused ;  
 But, though to such demands unused,  
 And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up, and while he held  
 Her body propped against his knee,  
 The woman waked—and when she spied  
 The poor ass standing by her side  
 She moaned most bitterly.

“Oh ! God be praised—my heart's at  
 ease—

For he is dead—I know it well !”  
 At this she wept a bitter flood ;  
 And, in the best way that he could,  
 His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles—he is pale as death—  
 His voice is weak with perturbation—  
 He turns aside his head—he pauses ;  
 Poor Peter from a thousand causes  
 Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied  
 The ass in that small meadow ground ;  
 And that her husband now lay dead,  
 Beside that luckless river's bed  
 In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the widow cast  
 Upon the beast that near her star;  
 She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same ;  
 She calls the poor ass by his name  
 And wrings, and wrings her hands

“Oh, wretched loss—untimely str  
 If he had died upon his bed !  
 He knew not one forewarning pain  
 He never will come home again—  
 Is dead—for ever dead !”

Beside the woman Peter stands ;  
 His heart is opening more and m  
 A holy sense pervades his mind :  
 He feels what he for human kind  
 Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustain  
 The woman rises from the groun  
 “Oh, mercy ! something must be d  
 My little Rachel, you must run—  
 Some willing neighbour must be

“Make haste—my little Rachel—  
 The first you meet with—bi  
 come,—

Ask him to lend his horse to-ni  
 And this good man, whom  
 requite,  
 Will help to bring the body hor

Away goes Rachel, weeping low  
 An infant, waked by her distres  
 Makes in the house a piteous c  
 And Peter hears the mother sig  
 “Seven are they, and all fatherl

And now is Peter taught to feel  
 That man's heart is a holy thin  
 And Nature, through a world c  
 Breathes into him a second bre  
 More searching than the breathc

1 a stone the woman sits  
 gony of silent grief—  
 1 his own thoughts did Peter start;  
 ongs to press her to his heart,  
 1 love that cannot find relief.

roused, as if through every limb  
 past a sudden shock of dread,  
 mother o'er the threshold flies,  
 up the cottage stairs she hies,  
 on the pillow lays her burning head.

Peter turns his steps aside  
 shade of darksome trees,  
 he sits down, he knows not how,  
 is hands pressed against his brow,  
 bows on his tremulous knees.

self-involved, does Peter sit  
 no sign of life he makes.  
 his mind were sinking deep  
 gh years that have been long asleep!  
 ance is past away—he wakes,—

ts his head—and sees the ass  
 anding in the clear moonshine.  
 n shall I be as good as thou?  
 ould, poor beast, that I had now  
 rt but half as good as thine!"

e—who deviously hath sought  
 uth through the lonesome woods,  
 sought, proclaiming to the ear  
 ght his grief and sorrowful fear—  
 comes—escaped from fields and  
 floods;—

With weary pace is drawing nigh—  
 He sees the ass—and nothing living  
 Had ever such a fit of joy  
 As hath this little orphan boy,  
 For he has no misgiving!

Forth to the gentle ass he springs,  
 And up about his neck he climbs;  
 In loving words he talks to him,  
 He kisses, kisses face and limb,—  
 He kisses him a thousand times!

This Peter sees, while in the shade  
 He stood beside the cottage door:  
 And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,  
 Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,  
 "Oh! God, I can endure no more!"

Here ends my tale:—for in a trice  
 Arrived a neighbour with his horse;  
 Peter went forth with him straightway;  
 And, with due care, ere break of day  
 Together they brought back the corse.

And many years did this poor ass,  
 Whom once it was my luck to see  
 Cropping the shrubs of Leming  
 Lane,

Help by his labour to maintain  
 The widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,  
 Had been the wildest of his clan,  
 Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly.  
 And after ten months' melancholy,  
 Became a good and honest man.

**Gifted by —**

**Sri Basanti Ballav Sen**

**8/1-A, Marbur Pen Garden Lane**

**C. 1001 — 76008**

**NOT EXCHANGEABLE AND**

**NOT SALABLE.**

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

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### DEDICATION.

TO —.

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom  
     thrown                      [shall spare  
 In perfect shape (whose beauty time  
 Though a breath made it) like a  
     bubble blown  
 For summer pastime into wanton air;  
 Happy the thought best likened to a  
     stone  
 Of the sea-beach, when, polished with  
     nice care,

Veins it discovers exquisite and rare  
 Which for the loss of that moist gift  
     atone

That tempted first to gather it.  
     here,                      [pre  
 O chief of friends! such feeling  
 To thy regard, with thoughts so  
     fortunate;  
 Were a vain notion; but the hope  
     dear,  
 That thou, if not with partial joy,  
 Wilt smile upon this gift with  
     than mild content!

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow  
     room;  
 And hermits are contented with their  
     cells;  
 And students with their pensive citadels:  
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his  
     loom,  
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar  
     for bloom,                      [Fells,  
 High as the highest peak of Furness  
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove  
     bells:  
 In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
 Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,  
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be  
     bound  
 Within the sonnet's scanty plot of  
     ground;  
 Pleased if some souls (for such there  
     needs must be)  
 Who have felt the weight of too much  
     liberty,  
 Should find brief solace there, as I  
     have found.

### AT FURNESS ABBEY.

HERE, where, of havoc tired and  
     undoing,  
 Man left this structure to become  
     prey,  
 A soothing spirit follows in the wake  
 That Nature takes, her countenance  
     pursuing.  
 See how her ivy clasps the sacred  
 Fall to prevent or beautify decay  
 And, on the mouldered wall,  
     bright, how gay,  
 The flowers in pearly dew their  
     renewing!  
 Thanks to the place, blessings upon  
 Even as I speak the rising sun  
     smile  
 Gleams on the grass-crowned top of  
     tall tower,  
 Whose cawing occupants with  
 Prescriptive title to the shatter  
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems  
     but a name!

ADMONITION.

ned more particularly for the perusal  
se who may have happened to be  
ured of some beautiful place of retreat,  
country of the lakes.

, may'st thou halt, and gaze with  
brightening eye!

lovely cottage in the guardian  
nook

stirred thee deeply ; with its own  
dear brook,

own small pasture, almost its own  
sky!

covet not the abode ;—forbear to  
sigh,

hany do, repining while they look ;  
s who would tear from nature's  
ok

icious leaf, with harsh impiety.

what the home must be if it  
e thine,

ine, though few thy wants!—

of, window, door,

ry flowers are sacred to the  
or,

ses to the porch which they  
wine :

, that now enchants thee, from  
day

ch it should be touched would  
it away.

VED vale!" I said, "when I  
all con

many records of my childish  
ars,

nbrance of myself and of my  
ers

ress me down : to think of what  
gone

ne an awful thought, if life have  
ne."

But, when into the vale I came, no  
fears

Distressed me ; from mine eyes  
escaped no tears ;

Deep thought, or dread remembrance,  
had I none.

By doubts and thousand petty fancies  
crost,

I stood of simple shame the blushing  
thrall ;

So narrow seemed the brooks, the  
fields so small.

A juggler's balls old time about him  
tossed :

I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed ;  
and all

The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,  
Together in immortal books enrolled :

His ancient dower Olympus hath not  
sold ;

And that inspiring hill which "did  
divide

Into two ample horns his forehead  
wide,"

Shines with poetic radiance as of old ;

While not an English mountain we  
behold

By the celestial muses glorified.

Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise  
in crowds :

What was the great Parnassus' self to  
thee.

Mount Skiddaw? In his natural  
sovereignty

Our British hill is nobler far: he  
shrouds

His double front among Atlantic  
clouds,

And pours forth streams more sweet  
than Castaly.



icy were lost within the shady  
ood;  
howed the bark upon the glassy  
ood  
ver anchored in her sheltering  
ay. [noontide, even  
othing art! whom morning,  
erve with all their changeful  
ageantry;

with ambition modest yet  
ablime,  
for the sight of mortal man, hast  
iven  
ne brief moment caught from  
eeting time  
ppropriate calm of blest eternity.

z, minstrel, these untuneful mur-  
murs -  
flagging notes that with each  
ther jar? "

ik, gentle lady, of a harp so far  
its own country, and forgive the  
trings." [springs,

ple answer! but even so forth  
the Castalian fountain of the  
heart,

oetry of life, and all *that* art  
e of words quickening insensate  
hings.

the submissive necks of guiltless  
nen

hed on the block, the glittering  
xe recoils; the toils

moon, and stars, all struggle in  
mortal sympathy; what wonder  
then

the poor harp distempered music  
yields

its sad lord, far from his native  
fields?

AERIAL rock—whose solitary brow  
From this low threshold daily meets  
my sight,

When I step forth to hail the morning  
light;

Or quit the stars with lingering fare-  
well—how

Shall fancy pay to thee a grateful  
vow?

How, with the muse's aid, her love  
attest?

By planting on thy naked head the  
crest

Of an imperial castle, which the  
plough

Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent  
scheme!

That doth presume no more than to  
supply

A grace the sinuous vale and roaring  
stream

Want, through neglect of hoar anti-  
quity.

Rise, then, ye votive towers, and catch  
a gleam

Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die!

---

TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE sleep; do they belong to  
thee,

These twinklings of oblivion! Thou  
dost love

To sit in meekness, like the brooding  
dove,

A captive never wishing to be free.

This tiresome night, O sleep! thou art  
to me

A fly, that up and down himself doth  
shove

Upon a fretful rivulet, now above



Now on the water vexed with mockery.  
 I have no pain that calls for patience,  
     no ;  
 Hence am I cross and peevish as a  
     child ;  
 Am pleased by fits to have thee for my  
     foe,  
 Yet ever willing to be reconciled :  
 O gentle creature ! do not use me so,  
 But once and deeply let me be be-  
     guiled.

## TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass  
     by,  
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and  
     bees  
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds  
     and seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water,  
     and pure sky ;  
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet  
     do lie  
 Sleepless, and soon the small birds'  
     melodies  
 Must hear, first uttered from my  
     orchard trees ;  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy  
     cry.  
 Even thus last night, and two nights  
     more, I lay,  
 And could not win thee, sleep ! by any  
     stealth ;  
 So do not let me wear to-night away :  
 Without thee what is all the morning's  
     wealth ?  
 Come, blessed barrier between day and  
     day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and  
     joyous health !

## TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken  
     thee, sleep !  
 And thou hast had thy store of  
     dearest names ;  
 The very sweetest, fancy culls  
     frames,  
 When thankfulness of heart is str  
     and deep !  
 Dear bosom child we call thee, t  
     dost steep  
 In rich reward all suffering ; balm  
     tames  
 All anguish ; saint that evil thou  
     and aims  
 Takest away, and into souls dost et  
 Like to a breeze from heaven. :  
     I alone,  
 I surely not a man ungently made,  
 Call thee worst tyrant by which fle  
     crost ?  
 Perverse, self-willed to own and  
     disown,  
 Mere slave of them who never forth  
     prayed, [wanted me  
 Still last to come where thou :

## THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

THE imperial consort of the fairy k  
 Owns not a sylvan bower ; or gorge  
     cell  
 With emerald floored, and with l  
     pureal shell  
 Ceiled and roofed, that is so fa  
     thing  
 As this low structure—for the task  
     spring  
 Prepared by one who loves the b  
     ant swell  
 Of the brisk waves, yet here cons  
     to dwell ;

preads in steadfast peace her  
brooding-wing.

cannot paint the o'ershadowing  
aw-tree-bough,  
dimly-gleaming nest,— a hollow  
own [down,  
liden leaves inlaid with silver  
as the mother's softest plumes  
flow; [sighed  
d—and, self-accused while gazing,  
human-kind, weak slaves of cum-  
rous pride!

ATTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN  
"THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

flowing rivers yield a blameless  
port.

live the name of Walton;— sage  
benign!

pen, the mysteries of the rod  
and line

ding, did not fruitlessly exhort  
everend watching of each still  
report

nature utters from her rural  
shrine.

, nobly versed in simple dis-  
cipline,

ound the longest summer day too  
short,

his loved pastime given by sedgy  
Lee,

own the tempting maze of Shaw-  
ford brook!

er than life itself, in this sweet  
book,

cowslip bank and shady willow  
tree,

the fresh meads; where flowed  
from every nook

his full bosom, gladsome piety!

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful  
genius made

That work a living landscape fair and  
bright;

Nor hallowed less with musical delight  
Than those soft scenes through which  
thy childhood strayed,

Those southern tracts of Cambria,  
"deep embayed,

With green hills fenced, with ocean's  
murmur lulled,"

Though hasty fame hath many a  
chaplet culled

For worthless brows, while in the pen-  
sive shade

Of cold neglect she leaves thy head  
ungraced,

Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts  
meek and still,

A grateful few, shall love thy modest  
lay,

Long as the shepherd's bleating flock  
shall stray

O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial  
waste;

Long as the thrush shall pipe on  
Grongar Hill!

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED  
THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN  
POEM.

See Milton's sonnet, beginning "A book was  
writ of late called 'Tetrachordon.'"

A BOOK came forth of late, called  
"Peter Bell:"

Not negligent the style;—the matter—  
—good

As aught that song records of Robin  
Hood;

Or Roy, renowned through many a  
 Scottish dell;  
 But some (who brook those hackneyed  
 themes full well,  
 Nor heat at Tam o' Shanter's name  
 their blood) [harpy brood,  
 Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a  
 On bard and hero clamorously fell.  
 Heed not, wild rover once through  
 heath and glen,  
 Who mad'st at length the better life  
 thy choice,  
 Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of  
 men [voice,  
 To thee appear not an unmeaning  
 Lift up that gray-haired forehead, and  
 rejoice  
 In the just tribute of thy poet's pen!

---

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nursed,  
 loved stream!  
 Thou, near the eagle's nest—within  
 brief sail,  
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,  
 Where thy deep voice could lull me!--  
 Faint the beam [gleam  
 Of human life when first allowed to  
 On mortal notice.--Glory of the vale,  
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown  
 though frail  
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the  
 steam [entwined  
 Of thy soft breath!--Less vivid wreath  
 Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was  
 worn,  
 Meed of some Roman chief—in  
 triumph borne [from his car  
 With captives chained; and shedding  
 The sunset splendours of a finished war  
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS  
 WESTMORELAND ON EASTER SUNDAY

WITH each recurrence of this glo-  
 morn  
 That saw the Saviour in His hu-  
 frame  
 Rise from the dead, erewhile  
 cottage-dame  
 Put on fresh raiment—till that  
 unworn;  
 Domestic hands the home-bred  
 had shorn, [A  
 And she who span it culled the dair-  
 In thoughtful reverence to the Pri-  
 of Peace,  
 Whose temples bled beneath  
 platted thorn.  
 A blest estate when piety sublime  
 These humble props disdained not  
 green dales! [ch  
 Sad may I be, who heard your Sable  
 When art's abused inventions w  
 unknown;  
 Kind nature's various wealth was  
 your own; [scal  
 And benefits were weighed in reason

---

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-re-  
 friend  
 Now that the cottage spinning-w  
 is mute;  
 And care—a comforter that best o  
 suit  
 Her froward mood, and softliest n  
 hend;  
 And love—a charmer's voice, that  
 to lend,  
 More efficaciously than aught that  
 From harp or lute, kind influence  
 compose

hobbing pulse,—else troubled  
 without end;  
 joy could tell, joy craving truce  
 and rest  
 her own overflow, what power  
 to date  
 these revolving motions did await  
 anxiously, to soothe her aching  
 breast—  
 to a point of just relief—  
 to date  
 vanishing triumphs of a day too  
 lest.

---

TO S. H.

SE is needless when with love  
 sincere  
 occupation, not by fashion led,  
 turnst the wheel that slept with  
 dust overspread;  
 nerves from no such murmur  
 shrink—tho' near,  
 as the dorhawk's to a distant  
 air,  
 twilight shades darken the moun-  
 tain's head.  
 she who toils to spin our vital  
 bread  
 smile on work, O lady! once so  
 clear  
 household virtues. Venerable  
 art,  
 from the poor! yet shall kind  
 Heaven protect  
 down; though rulers, with undue  
 respect,  
 bring to crowded factory and mart  
 proud discoveries of the intellect,  
 I not the pillage of man's ancient  
 heart.

DECAY OF PIETY.

OFT have I seen, ere time had  
 ploughed my cheek,  
 Matrons and sires—who, punctual to  
 the call  
 Of their loved church, on fast or  
 festival  
 Through the long year the house of  
 prayer would seek:  
 By Christmas snows, by visitation  
 bleak  
 Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or  
 hall  
 They came to lowly bench or sculp-  
 tured stall,  
 But with one fervour of devotion meek.  
 I see the places where they once were  
 known,  
 And ask, surrounded even by kneeling  
 crowds,  
 Is ancient piety for ever flown?  
 Alas! even then they seemed like  
 fleecy clouds  
 That, struggling through the western  
 sky, have won  
 Their pensive light from a departed  
 sun!

---

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE  
 MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND, IN THE  
 VALE OF GRASMERE, 1812.

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or  
 ribands gay,  
 These humble nuptials to proclaim or  
 grace?  
 Angels of love, look down upon the  
 place,  
 Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright  
 day!  
 Yet no proud gladness would the bride  
 display

Even for such promise ;—serious is her  
face,  
Modest her mien ; and she, whose  
thoughts keep pace  
With gentleness, in that becoming way  
Will thank you. Faultless doth the  
maid appear,  
No disproportion in her soul, no strife :  
But, when the closer view of wedded  
life  
Hath shown that nothing human can  
be clear  
From frailty, for that insight may the  
wife [dear.  
To her indulgent lord become more

---

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL  
ANGELO.

YES ! hope may with my strong desire  
keep pace,  
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed :  
For if of our affections none find grace  
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore  
hath God made  
The world which we inhabit ! Better  
plea [thee  
Love cannot have, than that in loving  
Glory to that eternal peace is paid,  
Who such divinity to thee imparts  
As hallows and makes pure all gentle  
hearts.  
His hope is treacherous only whose  
love dies  
With beauty, which is varying every  
hour :  
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by  
the power  
Of outward change, there blooms a  
deathless flower,  
That breathes on earth the air of  
paradise.

FROM THE SAME.

No mortal object did these eyes hold  
When first they met the placid light  
thine,  
And my soul felt her destiny divine,  
And hope of endless peace in me  
bold :  
Heaven-born, the soul a heaven-  
course must hold ;  
Beyond the visible world she soars  
seek  
(For what delights the sense is fit  
and weak)  
Ideal form, the universal mould.  
The wise man, I affirm, can find  
rest [I  
In that which perishes : nor will  
His heart to aught which doth on it  
depend.  
Tis sense, unbridled will, and not  
love,  
That kills the soul : love better  
is best, [at  
Even here below, but more in he

FROM THE SAME.

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

THE prayers I make will then be :  
indeed  
If Thou the spirit give by whi  
pray :  
My unassisted heart is barren clay  
That of its native self can no  
feed :  
Of good and pious works Thou a  
seed,  
That quickens only where Thou  
it may :  
Unless Thou show to us Thine  
true way

n can find it. Father! Thou  
 ust lead.  
 ou, then, breathe those thoughts  
 to my mind  
 ich such virtue may in me be  
 ed  
 in Thy holy footsteps I may  
 ead;  
 etters of my tongue do Thou  
 ibind,  
 . may have the power to sing of  
 hee,  
 und Thy praises everlastingly.

---

ISED by joy—impatient as the  
 ind  
 ed to share the transport— Oh!  
 ith whom  
 hee deep buried in the silent  
 omb,  
 spot which no vicissitude can  
 ind.

faithful love, recalled thee to  
 ny mind—

how could I forget thee?—  
 Through what power,  
 for the least division of an hour,  
 I been so beguiled as to be  
 blind

my most grievous loss?—That  
 thought's return  
 the worst pang that sorrow ever  
 bore,

one, one only, when I stood  
 forlorn,

wing my heart's best treasure was  
 no more;

t neither present time, nor years  
 unborn

ld to my sight that heavenly face  
 restore.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a  
 throne

Which mists and vapours from mine  
 eyes did shroud—

Nor view of who might sit thereon  
 allowed;

But all the steps and ground about  
 were strown

With sights the ruefullest that flesh  
 and bone

Ever put on; a miserable crowd,  
 Sick, hale, old, young, who cried be-  
 fore that cloud,

"Thou art our king, O Death! to thee  
 we groan!"

Those steps I clomb; the mists before  
 me gave [one

Smooth way; and I beheld the face of  
 Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,

With her face up to heaven; that  
 seemed to have

Pleasing remembrance of a thought  
 foregone;

A lovely beauty in a summer grave!

---

"WEAK is the will of man, his judg-  
 ment blind;

Remembrance persecutes, and hope  
 betrays;

Heavy is woe:—and joy, for human-  
 kind,

A mournful thing, so transient is the  
 blaze!"

Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal  
 days

Who wants the glorious faculty as-  
 signed

To elevate the more-than-reasoning  
 mind,

And colour life's dark cloud with  
 orient rays.

Imagination is that sacred power,  
 Imagination lofty and refined ;  
 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine  
     flower  
 Of Faith, and round the sufferer's  
     temples bind  
 Wreaths that endure affliction's  
     heaviest shower, [keenest wind.  
 And do not shrink from sorrow's

---

It is a beauteous evening, calm and  
     free ;  
 The holy time is quiet as a nun  
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad  
     sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er  
     the sea :  
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with His eternal motion  
     make  
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
 Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest  
     with me here,  
 If thou appear untouched by solemn  
     thought,  
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine :  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the  
     year ;  
 And worship'st at the temple's inner  
     shrine, [not  
 God being with thee when we know it

---

WHERE lies the land to which yon  
     ship must go ?  
 Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,  
 Festively she puts forth in trim array ;  
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow ?  
 What boots the inquiry ?—Neither  
     friend nor foe

She cares for ; let her travel where  
     may,  
 She finds familiar names, a bea  
     way  
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow  
 Yet still I ask, what haven is the  
     mark ?  
 And, almost as it was when ships were  
     rare,  
 (From time to time, like pilgrims, here  
     and there  
 Crossing the waters) doubt, and some  
     thing dark,  
 Of the old sea some reverential fear.  
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyful  
     bark !

---

WITH ships the sea was sprinkled  
     and nigh,  
 Like stars in heaven, and joyously  
     showed ;  
 Some lying fast at anchor in the road  
 Some veering up and down, one knew  
     not why.  
 A goodly vessel did I then espy  
 Come like a giant from a harbor  
     broad ;  
 And lustily along the bay she strode  
 " Her tackling rich, and of appearance  
     high,  
 This ship was nought to me, nor I  
     her,  
 Yet I pursued her with a low  
     look ;  
 This ship to all the rest did I prefer  
 When will she turn, and whither ?  
     will brook  
 No tarrying ; where she comes  
     winds must stir :  
 On went she,—and due north  
     journey took.

World is too much with us : late  
 and soon,  
 and spending, we lay waste  
 our powers :  
 we see in nature that is ours ;  
 we've given our hearts away, a  
 sordid boon !  
 This sea that bares her bosom to the  
 moon ;  
 the winds that will be howling at all  
 hours,  
 the up-gathered now like sleeping  
 powers ;  
 this, for every thing, we are out of  
 tune ;  
 it ves us not. Great God ! I'd  
 rather be  
 in suckled in a creed outworn ;  
 than sight I, standing on this pleasant  
 shore,  
 glimpses that would make me  
 miss forlorn ;  
 the sight of Proteus rising from the  
 sea ;  
 or old Triton blow his wreathèd  
 horn.

LANT tribe of bards on earth are  
 found,  
 while the flattering zephyrs  
 surround them play,  
 "coignes of vantage" hang their  
 nests of clay ;  
 quickly from that airy hold  
 unbound,  
 for oblivion ! To the solid  
 ground  
 nature trusts the mind that builds  
 for aye ;  
 convinced that there, there only, she  
 can lay

Secure foundations. As the year runs  
 round,  
 Apart she toils within the chosen ring ;  
 While the stars shine, or while day's  
 purple eye  
 Is gently closing with the flowers of  
 spring ;  
 Where even the motion of an angel's  
 wing  
 Would interrupt the intense tran-  
 quillity  
 Of silent hills, and more than silent  
 sky.

How sweet it is, when mother fancy  
 rocks  
 The wayward brain, to saunter through  
 a wood !  
 An old place, full of many a lovely  
 brood,  
 Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-  
 flowers in flocks ;  
 And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn  
 stocks,  
 Like a bold girl, who plays her agile  
 pranks  
 At wakes and fairs with wandering  
 mountebanks,---  
 When she stands cresting the clown's  
 head, and mocks  
 The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,  
 Such place to me is sometimes like a  
 dream  
 Or map of the whole world : thoughts,  
 link by link,  
 Enter through ears and eyesight, with  
 such gleam  
 Of all things, that at last in fear I  
 shrink,  
 And leap at once from the delicious  
 stream.



## PERSONAL TALK.

## I.

I AM not one who much or oft delight  
 To season my fireside with personal  
 talk,—  
 Of friends, who live within an easy  
 walk,  
 Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my  
 sight:  
 And, for my chance-acquaintance,  
 ladies bright,  
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on  
 the stalk,  
 These all wear out of me, like forms,  
 with chalk  
 Painted on rich men's floors for one  
 feast night,  
 Better than such discourse doth silence  
 long, [desire;  
 Long, barren silence, square with my  
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
 In the loved presence of my cottage-  
 fire,  
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
 Or kettle whispering its faint under-  
 song.

## II.

"YET life," you say, "is life; we have  
 seen and see,  
 And with a living pleasure we de-  
 scribe;  
 And fits of sprightly malice do but  
 bribe  
 The languid mind into activity.  
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth  
 and glee  
 Are fostered by the comment and the  
 gibe."  
 Even be it so: yet still among your  
 tribe,  
 Our daily world's true worldlings, rank  
 not me!

Children are blest, and powerful, the  
 world lies

More justly balanced; partly at the  
 feet, [melod  
 And part far from them:—sweet  
 Are those that are by distance ma  
 more sweet; [own ey  
 Whose mind is but the mind of I  
 He is a slave; the meanest we c  
 meet!

## III.

WINGS have we,—and as far as  
 can go  
 We may find pleasure: wilderness;  
 wood, [that m  
 Blank ocean and mere sky, sup  
 Which with the lofty sanctifies  
 low,  
 Dreams, books, are each a world;  
 books, we know,  
 Are a substantial world, both pure and  
 good:  
 Round these, with tendrils strong:  
 flesh and blood, [gro  
 Our pastime and our happiness  
 There find I personal themes,  
 plenteous store;  
 Matter wherein right voluble I am:  
 To which I listen with a ready ear;  
 Two shall be named, pre-eminent  
 dear—  
 The gentle lady married to the Moor  
 And heavenly Una with her mi  
 white lamb.

## IV.

NOR can I not believe but that here  
 Great gains are mine; for thus I f  
 remote  
 From evil-speaking; rancour, ne  
 sought,  
 Comes to me not: malignant truth,  
 lie.

have I genial seasons, hence  
 ive I  
 h passions, smooth discourse,  
 id joyous thought :  
 hus from day to day my little  
 at [ably.  
 in its harbour, lodging peace-  
 igs be with them—and eternal  
 raise,  
 gave us nobler loves and nobler  
 ices— [heirs  
 ets, who on earth have made us  
 th and pure delight by heavenly  
 ys!  
 night my name be numbered  
 mong theirs, [days.  
 gladly would I end my mortal

---

TO R. B. HAYDON.

is our calling, friend!—Creative  
 t [use,  
 her the instrument of words she  
 ail pregnant with ethereal hues,)  
 nds the service of a mind and  
 eart, [part,  
 zh sensitive, yet, in their weakest  
 cally fashioned—to infuse  
 in the whispers of the lonely  
 use,  
 the whole world seems adverse  
 o desert. [she may,  
 oh! when nature sinks, as oft  
 igh long-lived pressure of obscure  
 listress,  
 to be strenuous for the bright  
 eward,  
 in the soul admit of no decay,  
 r no continuance of weak-minded-  
 ness;  
 t is the glory, for the strife is  
 hard!

FROM the dark chambers of dejection  
 freed,  
 Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,  
 Rise, Gillies, rise: the gales of youth  
 shall bear  
 Thy genius forward like a wingèd  
 steed.  
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove  
 decreed  
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields  
 of air, [dare,  
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that  
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,  
 And reason govern that audacious  
 flight  
 Which heaven-ward they direct.—  
 Then droop not thou,  
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow  
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded  
 grove :  
 A cheerful life is what the muses love,  
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

---

FAIR prime of life! were it enough to  
 gild  
 With ready sunbeams every straggling  
 shower;  
 And, if an unexpected cloud should  
 lower,  
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to  
 build  
 For fancy's errands,—then, from fields  
 half-tilled  
 Gathering green weeds to mix with  
 poppy flower,  
 Thee might thy minions crown, and  
 chant thy power,  
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure  
 stilled.  
 Ah! show that worthier honours are  
 thy due;

Fair prime of life! arouse the deeper heart;  
 Confirm the spirit glorying to pursue  
 Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim;  
 And, if there be a joy that slights the claim  
 Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

---

I HEARD (alas! 'twas only in a dream)  
 Strains—which, as sage antiquity believed,  
 By waking ears have sometimes been received  
 Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream;  
 A most melodious requiem,—a supreme  
 And perfect harmony of notes, achieved  
 By a fair swan on drowsy billows heaved,  
 O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.  
 For is she not the votary of Apollo?  
 And knows she not, singing as he inspires,  
 That bliss awaits her which the ungenial hollow \*  
 Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?  
 Mount, tuneful bird, and join the immortal quires!  
 She soared—and I awoke,—struggling in vain to follow.

---

\* See the "Phædo" of Plato, by which this sonnet was suggested.

## RETIREMENT.

If the whole weight of what we feel  
 Save only far as thought and feeling blend  
 With action, were as nothing, partner  
 friend! [app  
 From thy remonstrance would be  
 But to promote and fortify the we  
 Of our own being, is her param  
 end;  
 A truth which they alone shall  
 prehend  
 Who shun the mischief which  
 cannot heal.  
 Peace in these feverish time  
 sovereign bliss;  
 Here, with no thirst but what  
 stream can slake,  
 And startled only by the ru  
 brake.  
 Cool air I breathe; while the  
 cumbered mind,  
 By some weak aims at se  
 assigned [i  
 To gentle natures, thanks not h

---

TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CAL  
 CALVERT! it must not be unhe  
 them  
 Who may respect my name, the  
 thee  
 Owed many years of early libert  
 This care was thine when sickne  
 condemn  
 Thy youth to hopeless wastin  
 and stem:  
 That I, if frugal and severe,  
 stray  
 Where'er I liked; and finally a  
 My temples with the muse's dia

if in freedom I have loved the  
 ith,  
 ; be aught of pure, or good, or  
 eat,  
 past verse; or shall be, in the  
 's  
 her mood, which now I medi-  
 e,—  
 dens me, O worthy, short-lived  
 uth!  
 k how much of this will be thy  
 ise.

---

not the sonnet; critic, you have  
 owned,  
 ss of its just honours;—with  
 s key  
 eare unlocked his heart; the  
 dody  
 s small lute gave ease to  
 trach's wound;  
 sand times this pipe did Tasso  
 and;  
 t Camöens soothed an exile's  
 ef;  
 onnet glittered a gay myrtle  
 f  
 he cypress with which Dante  
 owned  
 isionary brow: a glow-worm  
 up,  
 red mild Spenser, called from  
 ery-land  
 aggle through dark ways; and  
 en a damp  
 und the path of Milton, in his  
 nd  
 ing became a trumpet, whence  
 : blew  
 imating strains—alas, too few!

Not love, not war, nor the tumultuous  
 swell  
 Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of  
 change,  
 Nor duty struggling with afflictions  
 strange,  
 Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful  
 shell;  
 But where untroubled peace and con-  
 cord dwell,  
 There also is the muse not loth to  
 range,  
 Watching the twilight smoke of cot or  
 grange,  
 Skyward ascending from a woody  
 dell.  
 Meek aspirations please her, lone  
 endeavour,  
 And sage content, and placid melan-  
 choly;  
 She loves to gaze upon a crystal river,  
 Diaphanous, because it travels slowly;  
 Soft is the music that would charm for  
 ever; [and lowly.  
 The flower of sweetest smell is shy

---

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded,—while  
 the fields,  
 With ripening harvest prodigally fair,  
 In brightest sunshine bask,—this nip-  
 ping air,  
 Sent from some distant clime where  
 winter wilds  
 His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields  
 Of bitter change—and bids the flowers  
 beware;  
 And whispers to the silent birds, “Pre-  
 pare  
 Against the threatening foe your  
 trustiest shields.”

For me, who under kindlier laws  
 belong  
 To nature's tuneful quire, this rustling  
 dry  
 Through leaves yet green, and yon  
 crystalline sky,  
 Announce a season potent to renew,  
 'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive  
 joys of song,  
 And nobler cares than listless summer  
 knew.

---

NOVEMBER I.

How clear, how keen, how marvel-  
 lously bright  
 The effluence from yon distant moun-  
 tain's head,  
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as  
 the sky can shed,  
 Shines like another sun—on mortal  
 sight  
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching  
 night.  
 And all her twinkling stars. Who now  
 would tread,  
 If so he might, yon mountain's glitter-  
 ing head—  
 'Terrestrial—but a surface, by the  
 flight  
 Of sad mortality's earth-sully-  
 ing  
 wing,  
 Unswept, unstained! Nor shall the  
 aerial powers  
 Dissolve that beauty—destined to  
 endure,  
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely  
 pure,  
 Through all vicissitudes—till genial  
 spring  
 Has filled the laughing vales with  
 welcome flowers.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

ONE who was suffering tumult in  
 soul  
 Yet failed to seek the sure reli-  
 prayer,  
 Went forth—his course surrend-  
 to the care  
 Of the fierce wind, while mi-  
 lightnings prowl  
 Insidiously, untimely thunders growl  
 While trees, dim-seen, in fren-  
 zied numbers tear  
 The lingering remnant of their  
 hair,  
 And shivering wolves, surprised  
 darkness, howl  
 As if the sun were not. He rais-  
 eye  
 Soul-smitten—for, that instant  
 appear  
 Large space, 'mid dreadful clou-  
 purest sky,  
 An azure disc—shield of tranqui-  
 Invisible, unlooked-for minister  
 Of providential goodness ever n

---

TO A SNOWDROP.

LONE flower, hemmed in with  
 and white as they,  
 But hardier far, once more I s-  
 bend  
 Thy forehead, as if fearful to  
 Like an unbidden guest.  
 day by day,  
 Storms, sallying from the m-  
 tops, waylay  
 The rising sun, and on the  
 descend;  
 Yet art thou welcome, welco-  
 friend

zeal outruns his promise! Blue-  
 ad May  
 jon behold this border thickly

right jonquils, their odours  
 ishing

soft west-wind and his frolic  
 ers :

I then thy modest grace forget,  
 snowdrop, venturous harbinger  
 spring,  
 nsive monitor of fleeting years!

---

POSED A FEW DAYS AFTER THE  
 FOREGOING.

haughty expectations prostrate

randeur crouches like a guilty  
 ing,

all the lowly weak, till nature  
 ing

release, in fair society

, and fortune's utmost anger try;  
 these frail snowdrops that to-

ther cling,

od their helmets smitten by the  
 ing

ny a furious whirl-blast sweep-  
 ing by.

ve the faithful flowers! if small  
 ) great

ead the thoughts, thus struggling  
 sed to stand

Emathian phalanx, nobly obsti-  
 ate :

so the bright immortal Theban  
 and,

n onset, fiercely urged at Jove's  
 command,

t overwhelm—but could not  
 separate!

THE stars are mansions built by  
 nature's hand ;

And, haply, there the spirits of the  
 blest

Dwell, clothed in radiance, their im-  
 mortal vest ;

Huge ocean shows, within his yellow  
 strand,

A habitation marvellously planned,

For life to occupy in love and rest ;

All that we see—is dome, or vault, or  
 nest,

Or fortress, reared at nature's sage  
 command.

Glad thought for every season! but the  
 spring

Gave it while cares were weighing on  
 my heart,

'Mid song of birds, and insects mur-  
 muring :

And while the youthful year's prolific  
 art—

Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was  
 fashioning

Abodes, where self-disturbance hath  
 no part.

---

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

LADY! the songs of spring were in the  
 grove

While I was shaping beds for winter  
 flowers ;

While I was planting green unfading  
 bowers,

And shrubs to hang upon the warm  
 alcove.

And sheltering wall ; and still, as fancy  
 wove

The dream, to time and nature's  
 blended powers

I gave this paradise for winter hours,

A labyrinth, lady! which your feet  
shall rove.

Yes! when the sun of life more feebly  
shines,

Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn  
gloom

Or of high gladness you shall hither  
bring;

And these perennial bowers and mur-  
muring pines

Be gracious as the music and the  
bloom [spring.

And all the mighty ravishment of

---

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER,

With a selection from the poems of Anne,  
Countess of Winchilsea; and extracts of similar  
character from other writers; transcribed by a  
female friend.

LADY! I rifled a Parnassian cave  
(But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming  
ore;

And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid  
store

Of genuine crystals, pure as those that  
pave [to lave

The azure brooks where Dian joys  
Her spotless limbs; and ventured to  
explore

Dim shades—for reliques, upon  
Lethe's shore,

Cast up at random by the sullen wave.  
To female hands the treasures were  
resigned;

And lo this work!—a grotto bright  
and clear

From stain or taint; in which thy  
blameless mind

May feed on thoughts though pensive  
not austere;

Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined  
To holy musing, it may enter here.

*THERE is a pleasure in poetic pains  
Which only poets know;—'twas right  
said;*

Whom could the muses else allure  
tread

Their smoothest paths, to wear the  
lightest chains?

When happiest fancy has inspired  
strains,

How oft the malice of one luck  
word

Pursues the enthusiast to the sea  
board,

Haunts him belated on the sea  
plains!

Yet he repines not, if his thoughts  
stand clear

At last of hindrance and obscurity  
Fresh as the star that crowns the  
horizon of morn:

Bright, speckless as a softly-mou-  
tear

The moment it has left the vir-  
eye,

Or rain-drop lingering on the pos-  
sion thorn.

---

THE shepherd, looking eastward,  
said,

"Bright is thy veil, O moon, as  
art bright!"

Forthwith, that little cloud, in  
spread,

And penetrated all with  
light,

She cast away, and showed her  
head

Uncovered; dazzling the beholder's  
sight

As if to vindicate her beauty's right  
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparage

while that veil, removed or  
rown aside,  
floating from her, darkening as it  
ent ;  
a huge mass, to bury or to  
ide,  
ached this glory of the firma-  
ment ;  
meekly yields, and is obscured ;  
-content  
one calm triumph of a modest  
ride.

---

Twilight, sovereign of one  
peaceful hour !  
dull art thou as undiscerning  
night :  
studious only to remove from  
ight  
mutable distinctions. Ancient  
lower !  
did the waters gleam, the moun-  
ains lower,  
he rude Briton, when, in wolf-  
skin vest  
roving wild, he laid him down  
to rest  
he bare rock, or through a leafy  
bower  
ed ere his eyes were closed. By  
him was seen  
self-same vision which we now be-  
hold,  
y meek bidding, shadowy power !  
brought forth ;  
se mighty barriers, and the gulf  
between ;  
flood,—the stars,—a spectacle as  
old  
the beginning of the heavens and  
earth !

With how sad steps, O moon, thou  
climb'st the sky,  
“ How silently, and with how wan a  
face ! ”  
Where art thou ? Thou so often seen  
on high  
Running among the clouds a wood-  
nymph's race !  
Unhappy nuns, whose common  
breath's a sigh  
Which they would stifle, move at such  
a pace !  
The northern wind, to call thee to the  
chase,  
Must blow to-night his bugle horn.  
Had I  
The power of Merlin, goddess ! this  
should be ;  
And all the stars, fast as the clouds  
were riven,  
Should sally forth, to keep thee com-  
pany,  
Hurrying and sparkling through the  
clear blue heaven ;  
But Cynthia ! should to thee the palm  
be given,  
Queen both for beauty and for  
majesty.

---

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the  
stress  
Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp  
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral  
damp,  
So burns yon taper 'mid a black  
recess  
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motion-  
less :  
The lake below reflects it not ; the sky  
Muffled in clouds affords no company  
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.



Yet round the body of that joyless  
 thing,  
 Which sends so far its melancholy  
 light,  
 Perhaps are seated in domestic ring  
 A gay society with faces bright,  
 Conversing, reading, laughing;—or  
 they sing, [unite.  
 While hearts and voices in the song

---

MARK the concentrated hazels that in-  
 close [ray  
 Yon old gray stone, protected from the  
 Of noontide suns : and even the beams  
 that play  
 And glance, while wantonly the rough  
 wind blows,  
 Are seldom free to touch the moss that  
 grows [gloom  
 Upon that roof—amid embowering  
 The very image framing of a tomb,  
 In which some ancient chieftain finds  
 repose  
 Among the lonely mountains.—Live,  
 ye trees ! [ness keep  
 And thou, gray stone, the pensive like-  
 Of a dark chamber where the mighty  
 sleep ; [bends  
 Far more than fancy to the influence  
 When solitary nature condescends  
 To mimic time's forlorn humanities.

---

CAPTIVITY.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way  
 Strikes through the traveller's frame  
 with deadlier chill,  
 Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,  
 Glistening with unparticipated ray,  
 Or shining slope where he must never  
 stray ;

So joys, remembered without wish  
 will,  
 Sharpen the keenest edge of pre-  
 ill,—  
 On the crushed heart a heav-  
 burthen lay.  
 Just Heaven, contract the compass  
 my mind [sta  
 To fit proportion with my alte  
 Quench those felicities whose high  
 find  
 Reflected in my bosom all too late!  
 Oh, be my spirit, like my thralld  
 strait ; [sorrow, bli  
 And, like mine eyes that stream '

---

BROOK ! whose society the poet set  
 Intent his wasted spirits to renew ;  
 And whom the curious painter  
 pursue .  
 Through rocky passes, among flo  
 creeks,  
 And tracks thee dancing down  
 water-breaks ;  
 If wish were mine some type of  
 to view, [n  
 Thee, and not thee thyself, I '  
 Like Grecian artists, give thee b  
 cheeks,  
 Channels for tears ; no naiad shu  
 thou be,  
 Have neither limbs, feet, fee  
 joints nor hairs ;  
 It seems the eternal soul is clotd  
 thee  
 With purer robes than those ol  
 and blood,  
 And hath bestowed on thee a  
 good ;  
 Unwearied joy, and life with  
 cares.

SED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY  
STREAM.

TIC teachers of the snow-white  
r!  
ngling schoolmen of the scarlet  
ood!  
with a keenness not to be with-  
ood,  
he point home,—or falter and  
mur,  
ad in your course by many a  
asing burr;  
natural council-seats your acrid  
ood  
cool;—and, as the genius of the  
ood  
willingly to animate and spur  
lighter function slumbering in  
c brain,  
ddying balls of foam—these  
rowy gleams,  
er the pavement of the surging  
reams  
and flash—a synod might  
tain  
ubtle speculations, haply vain,  
ely less so than your far-fetched  
emes!

ND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE  
ESTED BY MR. W. WESTALL'S  
S OF THE CAVES, ETC., IN  
KSHIRE.

element of waters! wheresoe'er  
dost forsake thy subterranean  
aunts,  
herbs, bright flowers, and berry-  
earing plants,  
nto life and in thy train appear:  
through the sunny portion of the  
ear,

Swift insects shine, thy hovering pur-  
suivants:

And, if thy bounty fail, the forest  
pants; [his spear,  
And hart and hind and hunter with  
Languish and droop together. Nor  
unfelt [benign;  
In man's perturbèd soul thy sway  
And, haply, far within the marble belt  
Of central earth, where tortured spirits  
pine  
For grace and goodness lost, thy mur-  
murs melt [songs with thine.\*  
Their anguish,—and they blend sweet

MALHAM COVE.

Was the aim frustrated by force or  
guile,  
When giants scooped from out the  
rocky ground [found  
Tier under tier—this semicirque pro-  
(Giants—the same who built in Erin's  
isle  
That causeway with incomparable toil!)  
Oh, had this vast theatric structure  
wound [round,  
With finished sweep into a perfect  
No mightier work had gained the  
plausible smile  
Of all-beholding Phœbus! But, alas,  
Vain earth!—false world!—Founda-  
tions must be laid  
In heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is  
and was,  
Things incomplete, and purposes be-  
trayed [glass  
Make sadder transits o'er thoughts optic  
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

\* Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the  
letter-press prefixed to his admirable views) are  
invariably found to flow through these caverns.

## GORDALE.

AT early dawn, or rather when the air  
 Glimmers with fading light, and  
 shadowy eve  
 Is busiest to confer and to bereave,  
 Then, pensive votary! let thy feet repair  
 To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair  
 Where the young lions couch;—for so,  
 by leave [perceive  
 Of the propitious hour, thou mayst  
 The local deity, with oozy hair  
 And mineral crown, beside his jagged  
 urn [who hides  
 Recumbent. Him thou mayst behold,  
 His lineaments by day, yet there pre-  
 sides [turn;  
 Teaching the docile waters how to  
 Or, if need be, impediment to spurn,  
 And force their passage to the salt-sea  
 tides!

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED  
 LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS,  
 NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

A WEIGHT of awe not easy to be borne \*  
 Fell suddenly upon my spirit—cast  
 From the dread bosom of the unknown  
 past,  
 When first I saw that family forlorn;  
 Speak thou, whose massy strength and  
 stature scorn

\* The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle, eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number, and from more than three yards above ground, to less than so many feet: a little way out of the circle stands *Long Meg* herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When the author first saw this monument, as he came upon it by surprise, he might over-rate its importance as an object: but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, he must say, he has not seen any other relique of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

The power of years—pre-eminent,  
 placed  
 Apart—to overlook the circle vast  
 Speak, giant-mother! tell it to to  
 morn [of night  
 While she dispels the cumbrous shad  
 Let the moon hear, emerging from  
 cloud,  
 At whose behest uprose on Brit  
 ground  
 That sisterhood in hieroglyphic row  
 Forth-shadowing, some have deem  
 the infinite, [pro  
 The inviolable God, that tames

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS  
 THE HAMBLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE

DARK and more dark the shades  
 evening fell;  
 The wished-for point was reached,  
 at an hour  
 When little could be gained from  
 rich dower  
 Of prospect, whereof many thous  
 Yet did the glowing west with i  
 vellous power  
 Salute us:—there stood Indian citz  
 Temple of Greece, and minster wit  
 tower  
 Substantially expressed—a place  
 bell  
 Or clock to toll from. Many a temp  
 isle,  
 With groves that never were imagi  
 lay [the  
 'Mid seas how steadfast! objects al  
 Of silent rapture; but we felt the  
 We should forget them; they ar  
 the sky,  
 And from our earthly memory  
 away!

"They are of the sky,  
from our earthly memory fade away."  
words were uttered as in pen-  
sive mood  
med, departing from that solemn  
thought:  
trast and reproach to gross delight,  
life's unspiritual pleasures daily  
ruined!  
Now upon this thought I cannot  
rejoice;  
unstable as a dream of night;  
will I praise a cloud, however  
bright, [food.  
raging man's gifts, and proper  
, isle, with every shape of sky-  
built dome,  
rich clad in colours beautiful and  
pure,  
in the heart of man no natural  
home; [endure:  
immortal mind craves objects that  
cleave to it; from these it can-  
not roam, [secure.  
they from it: their fellowship is

WRITTEN UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,  
SEPT. 3, 1802.

It has not anything to show more  
fair:  
would he be of soul who could  
pass by  
without so touching in its majesty:  
city now doth like a garment  
wear [bare,  
beauty of the morning; silent,  
towers, domes, theatres, and  
temples lie  
unto the fields, and to the sky;  
bright and glittering in the smoke-  
less air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or  
hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem  
asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE sacred nurseries of blooming  
youth!  
In whose collegiate shelter England's  
flowers [hours  
Expand—enjoying through their vernal  
The air of liberty, the light of truth;  
Much have ye suffered from time's  
gnawing tooth, [towers!  
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and  
Gardens and groves! your presence  
overpowers  
The soberness of reason; till, in sooth,  
Transformed, and rushing on a bold  
exchange,  
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range  
Where silver Isis leads my stripling  
feet;  
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown  
The stream-like windings of that  
glorious street, [gown!  
An eager novice robed in fluttering

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

SHAME on this faithless heart! that  
could allow  
Such transport—though but for a  
moment's space;  
Not while—to aid the spirit of the  
place—

The crescent moon clove with its glittering prow  
 The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough,  
 But in plain daylight:—She too, at my side,  
 Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,  
 Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!  
 Sweet fancy! other gifts must I receive;  
 Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim;  
 Take from *her* brow the withering flowers of eve,  
 And to that brow life's morning wreath restore:  
 Let *her* be comprehended in the frame  
 Of these illusions, or they please no more.

---

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF  
 KING HENRY VIII., TRINITY LODGE,  
 CAMBRIDGE.

THE imperial stature, the colossal stride,  
 Are yet before me; yet do I behold  
 The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,  
 The vestments brodered with barbaric pride:  
 And lo! a poniard, at the monarch's side,  
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy  
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,  
 Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far descried.

Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?  
 'Mid those surrounding worthies  
 haughty king!  
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,  
 How Providence educeth, from the spring  
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,  
 Which neither force shall check, nor  
 time abate.

---

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY  
 GEORGE III.

WARD of the law!--dread shadow  
 king!  
 Whose realm had dwindled to  
 stately room;  
 Whose universe was gloom  
 in gloom,  
 Darkness as thick as life o'er life  
 fling,  
 Save haply for some feeble glimmer  
 Of faith and hope; if thou, by  
 nat doom,  
 Gently hast sunk into the quiet  
 Why should we bend in grief, to  
 cling,  
 When thankfulness were best!--  
 flowing tears,  
 Or, where tears flow not, sigh  
 sucking  
 ing sigh,  
 Yield to such after-thought  
 the  
 reply  
 Which justly it can claim. The  
 hears  
 In this deep knell--silent for  
 t  
 score years,  
 An unexampled voice of  
 memory.

JUNE, 1820.

; tells of groves—from England  
far away—\*

es that inspire the nightingale to  
trill

modulate, with subtle reach of  
skill [lay;

here unmatched, her ever-varying  
bold report I venture to gainsay :

I have heard the choir of Rich-  
mond Hill

ting, with indefatigable bill,  
is, that recalled to mind a distant

lay :

1, haply under shade of that same  
wood,

scarcely conscious of the dashing  
cars [shores,

, steadily between those willowy  
sweet-souled poet of "The Sea-  
sons" stood—

ning, and listening<sup>1</sup> long, in rap-  
turous mood,

evenly birds ! to your progenitors.

---

PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

RE holy ground begins, unhal-  
lowed ends,

arked by no distinguishable line ;  
turf unites, the pathways inter-

twine ;

, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep  
tends,

den, and that domain where kin-  
dred, friends,

l neighbours rest together, here  
confound

ir several features, mingled like  
the sound

Of many waters, or as evening  
blends

With shady night. Soft airs, from  
shrub and flower,

Waft fragrant greetings to each silent  
grave ; [wave

And while those lofty poplars gently  
Their tops, between them comes and

goes a sky  
Bright as the glimpses of eternity,

To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

---

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A  
CASTLE IN NORTH WALES.

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid  
roofless halls,

Wandering with timid footsteps oft  
betrayed,

The stranger sighs, nor scruples to  
upbraid

Old Time, though he, gentlest among  
the thralls

Of destiny, upon these wounds hath  
laid [falls,

His lenient touches, soft as light that  
From the wan moon, upon the towers

and walls,  
Light deepening the profoundest sleep

of shade.

Relic of kings ! wreck of forgotten  
wars,

To winds abandoned and the prying  
stars,

Time *loves* thee ! at his call the seasons  
twine

Luxuriant wreaths around thy fore-  
head hoar ;

And, though past pomp no changes  
can restore,

A soothing recompence, his gift, is  
thine !

---

\* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON.

MISS P.

Composed in the grounds of Plass Newidd,  
near Llangollen, 1824.

A STREAM, to mingle with your  
favourite Dee,

Along the Vale of Meditation flows ;\*

So styled by those fierce Britons,  
pleased to see

In nature's face the expression of  
repose ; [chose

Or haply there some pious hermit  
To live and die, the peace of heaven

his aim ; [owes,

To whom the wild sequestered region  
At this late day, its sanctifying name.

Glyn Cafaillgaroch, in the Cambrian  
tongue,

In ours the Vale of Friendship, let  
*this* spot

Be named ; where, faithful to a low-  
roofed cot,

On Deva's banks, ye have abode so  
long ;

Sisters in love—a love allowed to  
climb, [of time !

Even on this earth, above the reach

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S  
BRIDGE, NORTH WALES, 1824.

How art thou named ? In search of  
what strange land

From what huge height, descending ?  
Can such force

Of waters issue from a British source,  
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where

the hand

Of patriots scoop their freedom out,  
with hand

Desperate as thine ? Or, come the  
cessant shocks

From that young stream, that smite  
the throbbing rocks

Of Viamala ? There I seem to stand  
As in life's morn ; permitted to b

hold,

From the dread chasm, woods clini  
ing above woods

In pomp that fades not, everlasti  
snows,

And skies that ne'er relinquish the  
repose :

Such power possess the family  
floods [ol

Over the minds of poets, young

"Gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."

THOUGH narrow be that old ma  
cares, and near,

The poor old man is greater than  
seems : [drear

For he hath waking empire. wide  
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear

Rich are his walks with supernatu  
cheer ;

The region of his inner spirit teems  
With vital sounds and monitory gleams

Of high astonishment and pleas  
fear.

He the seven birds hath seen, I  
never part.

Seen the Seven Whistlers in the  
nightly rounds,

And counted them : and oftenti  
will start—

For overhead are sweeping Gair  
hounds,

Doomed, with their impious lord,  
flying hart

To chase for ever, on aerial ground

OLD Redbreast! hadst thou at  
 Jemima's lip  
 cked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love  
 might say,  
 half-blown rose had tempted thee  
 to sip  
 glistening dew: but hallowed is  
 the clay  
 the muse warms; and I, whose  
 lead is gray,  
 ot unworthy of thy fellowship;  
 could I let one thought — one  
 notion — slip  
 might thy sylvan confidence  
 betray.

re we not all His, without whose  
 rare  
 bsafed, no sparrow falleth to the  
 ground?  
 gives His angels wings to speed  
 through air,  
 rolls the planets through the blue  
 profound;  
 peck or perch, fond flutterer!  
 nor forbear  
 ust a poet in still musings bound.

x Philoctetes in the Lemnian  
 isle  
 a form sculptured on a monument  
 couched; on him or his dread  
 bow unbent,  
 e wild bird oft might settle, and  
 beguile  
 rigid features of a transient  
 smile,  
 erse the tear, or to the sigh give  
 vent,  
 eakening the pains of ruthless  
 banishment [toil  
 m his lov'd home, and from heroic

And trust that spiritual creatures round  
 us move,  
 Griefs to allay which reason cannot  
 heal;  
 Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to  
 prove  
 To fettered wretchedness, that no  
 Bastile  
 Is deep enough to exclude the light of  
 love,  
 Though man for brother man has  
 ceased to feel.

WHILE Anna's peers and early play-  
 mates tread  
 In freedom mountain turf and river's  
 marge;  
 Or float with music in the festal  
 barge;  
 Rein the proud steed, or through the  
 dance are led;  
 Her doom it is to press a weary  
 bed—  
 Till oft her guardian angel, to some  
 charge  
 More urgent called, will stretch his  
 wings at large,  
 And friends too rarely prop the  
 languid head.  
 Yet helped by genius—untired com-  
 forter!  
 The presence even of a stuffed owl  
 for her  
 Can cheat the time; sending her fancy  
 out  
 To ivied castles and to moonlight  
 skies,  
 Though he can neither stir a plume,  
 nor shout.  
 Nor veil, with restless film, his staring  
 eyes.



## TO THE CUCKOO.

NOR the whole warbling grove in concert heard  
 When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill  
 Like the first summons, cuckoo! of thy bill,  
 With its twin notes inseparably paired.  
 The captive, 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,  
 Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,  
 That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room  
 Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared,  
 The lordly eagle-race through hostile [search  
 May perish; time may come when never more  
 The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;  
 But long as cock shall crow from household perch  
 To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing, [the spring!  
 And thy erratic voice be faithful to

## THE INFANT M—— M——.

UNQUIET childhood here by special grace  
 Forgets her nature, opening like a flower [power  
 That neither feeds nor wastes its vital  
 In painful struggles. Months each other chase,  
 And nought untunes that infant's voice; no trace  
 Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;  
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek

That one enrapt with gazing on  
 face,  
 (Which even the placid innocence death  
 Could scarcely make more placid heaven more bright,)  
 Might learn to picture, for the eye  
 faith,  
 The virgin, as she shone with kind [light  
 A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,  
 Beneath some shady palm of Galilee

## TO ROTH A Q——.

ROTHA, my spiritual child! this h  
 was gray  
 When at the sacred font for the stood;  
 Pledged till thou reach the verge womanhood,  
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:  
 Too late, I feel, sweet orphan! was day  
 For steadfast hope the contract [ful  
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er still,  
 Embodied in the music of this lay  
 Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain stream \*  
 Whose murmur soothed thy languid mother's ear  
 After her throes, this stream of more dear  
 Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme  
 For others; for thy future self as  
 To summon fancies out of time's cell.

\* The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.





WO.

"To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers!  
He then would steal at leisure hours."

## IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

age how beautiful! O lady  
 bright,  
 those mortal lineaments seem all  
 refined  
 favouring nature and a saintly  
 mind  
 something purer and more ex-  
 quisite  
 an flesh and blood; whene'er thou  
 meet'st my sight,  
 then I behold thy blanched un-  
 withered cheek,  
 y temples fringed with locks of  
 gleaming white,  
 d head that droops because the soul  
 is meek,  
 ee with the welcome snowdrop I  
 compare;

child of winter, prompting  
 thoughts that climb  
 desolation toward the genial  
 prime; misty air,  
 ith the moon conquering earth's  
 filling more and more with crystal  
 light  
 nsive evening deepens into night.

ny mind's eye a temple, like a  
 cloud  
 ly surmounting some invidious  
 hill,  
 : out of darkness: the bright work  
 stood still,  
 might of its own beauty have  
 been proud,  
 it was fashioned and to God was  
 vowed  
 virtues that diffused, in every part,  
 it divine through forms of human  
 art:  
 wo:

Faith had her arch—her arch when  
 winds blow loud,  
 Into the consciousness of safety  
 thrilled;  
 And Love her towers of dread founda-  
 tion laid  
 Under the grave of things; Hope had  
 her spire  
 Star-high, and pointing still to some-  
 thing higher;  
 Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice  
 ---it said,  
 Hell gates are powerless phantoms when  
 we build.

## CONCLUSION.

TO —

If these brief records, by the Muses'  
 art  
 Produced as lonely nature or the strife  
 That animates the scenes of public  
 life  
 Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a  
 part:  
 And if these transcripts of the private  
 heart  
 Have gained a sanction from thy fall-  
 ing tears,  
 Then I repent not. but my soul hath  
 fears  
 Breathed from eternity; for as a dart  
 Cleaves the blank air, life flies: now  
 every day  
 Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift  
 wheel  
 Of the revolving week. Away, away,  
 All fitful cares, all transitory zeal;  
 So timely grace the immortal wing  
 may heal,  
 And honour rest upon the senseless  
 clay.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I  
 should rear  
 A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,  
 On favoured ground, thy gift, where I  
 might dwell  
 In neighbourhood with One to me  
 most dear,  
 That undivided we from year to year  
 Might work in our high Calling—a  
 bright hope  
 To which our fancies, mingling, gave  
 free scope  
 Till checked by some necessities severe.  
 And should these slacken, honoured  
 BEAUMONT! still  
 Even then we may perhaps in vain  
 implore  
 Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.  
 Whether this boon be granted us  
 or not,  
 Old Skiddaw will look down upon the  
 Spot  
 With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

---

I WATCH, and long have watched, with  
 calm regret  
 Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire  
 (So might he seem) of all the glittering  
 quire!  
 Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—  
 and yet;  
 But now the horizon's rocky parapet  
 Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright  
 attire,  
 He burns—transmuted to a dusky  
 fire—  
 Then pays submissively the appointed  
 debt  
 To the flying moments, and is seen no  
 more.

Angels and gods! We struggle with a  
 fate,  
 While health, power, glory, from the  
 height decline,  
 Depressed; and then extinguished  
 and our state,  
 In this, how different, lost Star, fire  
 thine,  
 That no to-morrow shall our being  
 restore!

---

A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE  
 CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

"*MISERRIMUS!*" and neither name  
 nor date,  
 Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon  
 the stone;  
 Nought but that word assigned to  
 unknown,  
 That solitary word—to separate  
 From all, and cast a cloud around  
 fate  
 Of him who lies beneath. A  
 wretched one,  
 Who chose his epitaph?—Him  
 alone  
 Could thus have dared the grave  
 agitate,  
 And claim, among the dead, this as  
 crown;  
 Nor doubt that He marked also  
 his own  
 Close to these cloistral steps a bare  
 place,  
 That every foot might fall with heavy  
 tread,  
 Trampling upon his vileness. Straight  
 pass  
 Softly!—To save the contrite, I  
 bled.

TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY  
DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

As said that to the brow of yon fair  
hill  
To Brothers clomb, and, turning face  
from face,  
Of one look more exchanging, grief to  
still  
feed, each planted on that lofty place  
chosen Tree ; then, eager to fulfil  
their courses, like two new-born rivers,  
they  
opposite directions urged their way  
down from the far-seen mount. No  
blast might kill  
the blight that fond memorial :—the  
trees grew,  
how entwine their arms ; but ne'er  
gain  
aced those Brothers upon earth's  
side plain ;  
ught of mutual joy or sorrow knew  
their spirits mingled in the sea  
to itself takes all, Eternity.

FILIAL PIETY.

Wayside between Preston and Liverpool.  
Touched through all severity of cold ;  
late, what'er the cottage hearth  
need for comfort, or for festal  
mirth ;  
Pile of Turf is half a century old :  
Traveller ! fifty winters have been  
told  
suddenly the dart of death went  
forth  
lost him who raised it,—his last  
work on earth :  
ance has it, with the Son, so strong  
a hold

Upon his Father's memory, that his  
hands,  
Through reverence, touch it only to  
repair  
Its waste.—Though crumbling with each  
breath of air,  
In annual renovation thus it stands—  
Rude Mausoleum ! but wrens nestle  
there,  
And red-breasts warble when sweet  
sounds are rare.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE  
OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE ON THE  
ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

HAYDON ! let worthier judges praise  
the skill  
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of  
lines  
And charm of colours ; I applaud those  
signs  
Of thought, that give the true poetic  
thrill :  
That unencumbered whole of blank and  
still,  
Sky without cloud—ocean without a  
wave ;  
And the one Man that laboured to  
enslave  
The World, sole standing high on the  
bare hill—  
Back turned, arms folded, the un-  
apparent face  
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary  
place [sun  
With light reflected from the invisible  
Set, like his fortunes ; but not set for aye  
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues  
his way,  
And before *him* doth dawn perpetual  
run.

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,

One upward hand, as if she needed rest  
From rapture, lying softly on her breast!

Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance;

But not the less—nay more—that countenance,

While thus illumined, tells of painful strife

For a sick heart made weary of this life  
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.

—Would She were now as when she hoped to pass

At God's appointed hour to them who tread

Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content,

Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass,

Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,

For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

#### TO A PAINTER.

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed;

But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,  
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,

By the habitual light of memory see  
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,

And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee

Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;

And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.

Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,

Or share with me, fond thought! thy inward eye,

Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art

The visual powers of Nature satisfy,  
Which hold, what'er to common sense appears,

Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

#### ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank surprise

This Work, I now have gazed on it long

I see its truth with unreluctant eyes;

O, my Beloyèd! I have done thee wrong,

Conscious of blessedness, but, when it sprung,

Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:

Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,

And the old day was welcome as young,

As welcome, and as beautiful sooth

More beautiful, as being a thing more holy:

Thanks to thy virtues, to the charms of youth

Of all thy goodness, never more melancholy;

To thy large heart and humble piety that cast

Into one vision, future, present, past

what a Wreck ! how changed in  
 mien and speech !  
 —though dread Powers, that work  
 in mystery, spin  
 tanglings of the brain ; though  
 shadows stretch  
 over the chilled heart—reflect ; far, far  
 within  
 there is a holy Being, freed from Sin.  
 She is not what she seems, a forlorn  
 wretch,  
 whose delegated Spirits comforts fetch  
 Her from heights that Reason may  
 not win.  
 Like Children, She is privileged to  
 hold  
 in mine communion ; both do live and  
 love,  
 Her to shallow Faith their ways  
 unfold,  
 illumined by Heaven's pitying  
 love ;  
 pitying innocence, not long to  
 last,  
 seem—in Her our sins and sorrows  
 last.

---

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

THINKING no haughty Muse, my hands  
 have here  
 posed some cultured Flowerets  
 (drawn from spots  
 where they bloomed singly, or in  
 scattered knots),  
 and kind in several beds of one par-  
 terre ;  
 to allure the casual Loiterer,  
 that, so placed, my Nurslings may  
 requite  
 their fond regard with opportune delight,  
 be unthanked, unless I fondly err.

But metaphor dismissed, and thanks  
 apart,  
 Reader, farewell ! My last words let  
 them be—  
 If in this book Fancy and Truth agree ;  
 If simple Nature trained by careful Art  
 Through It have won a passage to thy  
 heart :  
 Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee !

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDS-  
 WORTH, D.D., MASTER OF HARROW  
 SCHOOL,

After the perusal of his "Theophilus  
 Anglicanus."

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy  
 hand  
 Have I received this proof of pains  
 bestowed  
 By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the  
 road  
 That, in our native isle, and every land,  
 The Church, when trusting in divine  
 command  
 And in her Catholic attributes, hath  
 trod :  
 O may these lessons be with profit  
 scanned  
 To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by  
 God !  
 So the bright faces of the young and gay  
 Shall look more bright—the happy,  
 happier still ;  
 Catch, in the pauses of their keenest  
 play,  
 Motions of thought which elevate the  
 will  
 And, like the Spire that from your  
 classic Hill  
 Points heavenward, indicate the end  
 and way.



WANSFELL! this Household has a  
 favoured lot,  
 Living with liberty on thee to gaze,  
 To watch while Morn first crowns thee  
 with her rays,  
 Or when along thy breast serenely  
 float  
 Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a  
 note  
 Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!)  
 thy praise  
 For all that thou, as if from heaven,  
 hast brought  
 Of glory lavished on our quiet days.  
 Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are  
 gone  
 From every object dear to mortal  
 sight,  
 As soon we shall be, may these words  
 attest  
 How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone  
 Thy visionary majesties of light,  
 How in thy pensive glooms our hearts  
 found rest.

---

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide  
 and high,  
 Deep in the vale a little rural  
 Town\*  
 Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of  
 its own,  
 That mounts not toward the radiant  
 morning sky,  
 But, with a less ambitious sympathy,  
 Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the  
 cares  
 Troubles and toils that every day pre-  
 pares.  
 So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,

---

\* Ambleside.

Endears that Lingerer. And how big  
 her sway,  
 (Like influence never may my soul  
 reject),  
 If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith  
 decked  
 With glorious forms in numberless  
 array,  
 To the lone shepherd on the hill  
 disclose  
 Gleams from a world in which the  
 saints repose.

---

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND  
 WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

Is then no nook of English ground  
 secure  
 From rash assault? Schemes of im-  
 ment sown  
 In youth, and 'mid the busy world's  
 pure  
 As when their earliest flowers of life  
 were blown,  
 Must perish;—how can they this life  
 endure?  
 And must he too the ruthless end  
 bemoan  
 Who scorns a false utilitarian lure  
 'Mid his paternal fields at random  
 thrown?

---

\* The degree and kind of attachment  
 many of the yeomanry feel to their small  
 heritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near  
 the house of one of them stands a magnificent  
 which a neighbour of the owner advised him  
 fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" ex-  
 claimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my  
 knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that  
 the intended railway would pass through this  
 property, and I hope that an apology for  
 the answer will not be thought necessary to  
 who enters into the strength of the feeling

the threat, bright Scene, from  
 Orrest-head  
 ven to the pausing traveller's raptur-  
 ous glance :  
 ead for thy peace, thou beautiful  
 romance  
 nature : and, if human hearts be  
 dead,  
 eak, passing winds ; ye torrents, with  
 your strong  
 nd constant voice, protest against the  
 wrong.

ROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in  
 times of old,  
 our patriot sons, to stem invasive  
 war,  
 nched your brows : ye gloried in  
 each scar :  
 , for your shame, 'a Power, the  
 Thirst of Gold,  
 : rules o'er Britain like a baneful  
 star,  
 s that your peace, your beauty,  
 shall be sold,  
 clear way made for her triumphal  
 car  
 ough the beloved retreats your arms  
 enfold !  
 ur ye that Whistle ? As her long-  
 linked Train  
 pt onwards, did the vision cross  
 your view ?  
 ye were startled ;—and, in balance  
 true,

Weighing the mischief with the prom-  
 ised gain,  
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I  
 call on you  
 To share the passion of a just disdain.

-----

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

WELL have yon Railway Labourers to  
 THIS ground  
 Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit,  
 they walk  
 Among the Ruins, but no idle talk  
 Is heard : to grave demeanour all are  
 bound ;  
 And from one voice a Hymn with  
 tuneful sound  
 Hallows once more the long-deserted  
 Quire  
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth,  
 around.  
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes  
 admire  
 That wide-spanned arch, wondering  
 how it was raised,  
 To keep, so high in air, its strength and  
 grace :  
 All seem to feel the spirit of the  
 place,  
 And by the general reverence God is  
 praised :  
 Profane Despoilers, stand ye not re-  
 proved,  
 While thus these simple-hearted men  
 are moved ?

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,

1803.

DEPARTURE FROM THE VALE  
OF GRASMERE.

AUGUST 1803.

THE gentlest shade that walked  
Elysian plains

Might sometimes covet dissoluble  
chains; [lies

Even for the tenants of the zone that  
Beyond the stars, celestial paradise,

Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to  
overleap

At will the crystal battlements, and  
peep [fair,

Into some other region, though less

To see how things are made and  
managed there :

Change for the worse might please,  
incursion bold

Into the tracts of darkness and of cold ;  
O'er Limbo lake with æry flight to steer,  
And on the verge of Chaos hang in  
fear.

Such animation often do I find,

Power in my breast, wings growing in  
my mind,

Then, when some rock or hill is over-  
past,

Perchance without one look behind  
me cast,

Some barrier with which nature, from  
the birth [on earth.

Of things, has fenced this fairest spot

Oh, pleasant transit, Grasmere! to  
resign

Such happy fields, abodes so calm as  
thine ;

Not like an outcast with himself  
strife ;

The slave of business, time, or c  
for life.

But moved by choice ; or, if c  
strained in part,

Yet still with nature's freedom at  
heart ; [sho

To cull contentment upon wil  
And luxuries extract from bleal

moors ; [ini

With prompt embrace all beauty

And having rights in all that  
behold. [bright ad

Then why these lingering steps ?

For a brief absence, proves that  
is true :

Ne'er can the way be irksome or forl  
That winds into itself, for sweet ret

## TO THE SONS OF BURN

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF TH

FATHER.

"The poet's grave is in a corner of the ch  
yard. We looked at it with melanchol  
painful reflections, repeating to each othe  
own verses, 'Is there a man whose judg  
clear,' etc."—*Extract from the Journal  
Fellow-Traveller.*

'MID crowded obelisks and urn"  
I sought the untimely grave of Br

Sons of the bard, my heart still mc

With sorrow true ;

And more would grieve, but th  
turns

Trembling to you !





through twilight shades of good and ill  
 now are panting up life's hill,  
 and more than common strength and  
 skill

Must ye display,  
 ye would give the better will  
 its lawful sway.

nature strung your nerves to bear  
 perance with less harm, beware!  
 the poet's wit ye share,  
 e him can speed  
 ocial hour--of tenfold care  
 ere will be need.

honest men delight will take  
 are your failings for his sake,  
 latter you,--and fool and rake  
 ur steps pursue;  
 of your father's name will make  
 snare for you.

rom their noisy haunts retire,  
 add your voices to the quire  
 sanctify the cottage fire  
 th service meet;  
 e seek the genius of your sire,  
 s spirit greet:

where, 'mid "lonely heights and  
 hews,"

paid to nature tuneful vows;  
 riped his honourable brows  
 Bedewed with toil,  
 le reapers strove, or busy ploughs  
 Upturned the soil;

judgment with benignant ray  
 ll guide, his fancy cheer, your way;  
 ne'er to a seductive lay  
 et faith be given;  
 r deem that "light which leads  
 astray,  
 s light from heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave:  
 Be independent, generous, brave;  
 Your father such example gave,  
 And such revere:  
 But be admonished by his grave,  
 And think, and fear!

## ELLEN IRWIN, OR THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate  
 Upon the braes of Kirtle,\*  
 Was lovely as a Grecian maid  
 Adorned with wreaths of myrtle.  
 Young A-lam Bruce beside her lay;  
 And there did they beguile the day  
 With love and gentle speeches,  
 Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many squires  
 The Bruce had been selected;  
 And Gordon, fairest of them all,  
 By Ellen was rejected.  
 Sad tidings to that noble youth!  
 For it may be proclaimed with truth,  
 If Bruce hath loved sincerely,  
 That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,  
 His shattered hopes and crosses,  
 To them 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes  
 Reclined on flowers and mosses?  
 Alas that ever he was born!  
 The Gordon, couched behind a  
 thorn,  
 Sees them and their caressing;  
 Beholds them blest and blessing.

\* The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of Scotland, on whose banks the events here related took place.

Proud Gordon, maddened by the  
thoughts

That through his brain are travelling,—  
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce  
He launched a deadly javelin!

Fair Ellen saw it as it came,  
And, starting up to meet the same,  
Did with her body cover  
The youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,  
Thus died the beautiful Ellen,  
Thus, from the heart of her true-love,  
The mortal spear repelling.

And Bruce, as soon as he had slain  
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;  
And fought with rage incessant  
Against the Moorish crescent.

But many days, and many months,  
And many years ensuing,  
This wretched knight did vainly seek  
The death that he was wooing:  
So coming his last help to crave,  
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave  
His body he extended,  
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard  
The tale I have been telling,  
May in Kirkcubright churchyard view  
The grave of lovely Ellen:  
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;  
And, for the stone upon his head  
May no rude hand deface it,  
And its forlorn *HIC JACET*!

#### TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNIAID, UPON LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head:  
And these gray rocks; that household  
lawn;

Those trees, a veil just half wi  
drawn;

This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake;  
This little bay, a quiet road  
That holds in shelter thy abode;  
In truth together do ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream  
Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep!  
But, O fair creature! in the light  
Of common day, so heavenly bright  
I bless thee, vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart:  
God shield thee to thy latest years!  
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away:  
For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here scattered like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not see  
The embarrassed look of shy distress  
And maidenly shamefacedness:  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer.  
A face with gladness overspread!  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred  
And seedliness complete, that swells  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a still  
That gives thy gestures grace and life  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
Thus beating up against the wind.

That hand but would a garland cull  
 thee, who art so beautiful? ·  
 happy pleasure! here to dwell  
 In thee in some heathy dell;  
 thy homely ways and dress,  
 ephemeral, thou a shepherdess!  
 I could frame a wish for thee  
 As like a grave reality:  
 thou art to me but as a wave  
 On the wild sea: and I would have  
 No claim upon thee, if I could,  
 Though but of common neighbourhood.  
 A joy to hear thee, and to see!  
 My elder brother I would be,  
 My father, anything to thee!

How thanks to heaven! that of its grace  
 Hath led me to this lonely place.  
 Have I had; and going hence  
 Far away my recompense.  
 As pots like these it is we prize  
 In memory, feel that she hath eyes:  
 No, why should I be loth to stir?  
 Altho' this place was made for her;  
 Give new pleasure like the past,  
 Timed long as life shall last.  
 Am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
 To let Highland girl! from thee to part;  
 I, methinks, till I grow old,  
 Fair before me shall behold,  
 I do now, the cabin small,  
 As lake, the bay, the waterfall;  
 And thee, the spirit of them all!

### GLEN-ALMAIN, OR THE NARROW GLEN.

this still place, remote from men,  
 As Ossian, in the Narrow glen:  
 this still place, where murmurs on  
 one meek streamlet, only one:  
 sang of battles, and the breath  
 of stormy war, and violent death;

And should, methinks, when all was past,  
 Have rightfully been laid at last  
 Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent  
 As by a spirit turbulent;  
 Where sights were rough, and sounds  
 were wild  
 And every thing unreconciled;  
 In some complaining, dim retreat,  
 For fear and melancholy meet:  
 But this is calm; there cannot be  
 A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the bard sleep here indeed?  
 Or is it but a groundless creed!  
 What matters it?—I blame them not  
 Whose fancy in this lonely spot  
 Was moved: and in such way expressed  
 Their notion of its perfect rest.  
 A convent, even a hermit's cell  
 Would break the silence of this dell:  
 It is not quiet; is not ease;  
 But something deeper far than these:  
 The separation that is here  
 Is of the grave: and of austere  
 Yet happy feelings of the dead:  
 And, therefore, was it rightly said  
 That Ossian, last of all his race!  
 Lies buried in this lonely place.

### STEPPING WESTWARD.

[While my fellow-traveller and I were walking  
 by the side of Loch Katrine, one fine evening  
 after sunset, in our road to a hut where, in the  
 course of our tour, we had been hospitably  
 entertained some weeks before, we met, in  
 one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region,  
 two well-dressed women, one of whom said to  
 us, by way of greeting, "What! you are  
 stepping westward?" ]

"What! you are stepping westward?"  
 —"Yea."

'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,  
 If we, who thus together roam  
 In a strange land, and far from home,



Were in this place the guests of chance :  
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,  
Though home or shelter he had none,  
With such a sky to lead him on ?

The dewy ground was dark and cold ;  
Behind, all gloomy to behold ;  
And stepping westward seemed to be  
A kind of *heavenly* destiny ;  
I liked the greeting ; 'twas a sound  
Of something without place or bound ;  
And seemed to give me spiritual right  
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake  
Was walking by her native lake :  
The salutation had to me  
The very sound of courtesy :  
Its power was felt ; and while my eye  
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,  
The echo of the voice inwrought  
A human sweetness with the thought  
Of travelling through the world that lay  
Before me in my endless way.

### THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
Oh, listen ! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary hands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands :  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending :—  
I listened—motionless and still ;  
And as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

### ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE, UPON LOCH AWE

“ From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined castle on an island at some distance from the shore, backed by a cove of the mountain Cruachan down which came a foaming stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain with spots of sunshine ; there was a desolation in the low grounds, a grandeur in the mountains, and the castle was wild, yet stately — not dismantled turrets — nor the walls broken down, but obviously a ruin.”—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated war ! the mountain stream  
Roars in thy hearing ; but thy heart  
rest  
Is come, and thou art silent in  
age ;  
Save when the wind sweeps by  
sounds are caught  
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine  
theirs.

h! there is life that breathes not:  
 powers there are  
 hat touch each other to the quick  
 in modes  
 hich the gross world no sense hath  
 to perceive,  
 In soul to dream of. What art thou,  
 from care [sire,  
 off—abandoned by thy rugged  
 by soft peace adopted; though,  
 in place  
 in dimension, such that thou  
 mightst seem  
 a mere footstool to yon sovereign  
 lord,  
 e Cruachan, (a thing that meaner  
 hills  
 it crush, nor know that it had  
 suffered harm;)  
 he, not loth, in favour of thy  
 claims  
 reverence suspends his own; sub-  
 mitting  
 that the God of nature hath con-  
 ferred,  
 that he holds in common with the  
 stars,  
 the memorial majesty of time  
 personated in thy calm decay!

te, then, thy seat, vicegerent un-  
 reproved!  
 ", while a farewell gleam of even-  
 ing light  
 fondly lingering on thy shattered  
 front,  
 thou, in turn, be paramount; and  
 rule  
 ver the pomp and beauty of a scene  
 hose mountains, torrents, lake, and  
 woods, unite  
 ) pay thee homage; and with these  
 are joined,

In willing admiration and respect,  
 Two hearts, which in thy presence  
 might be called  
 Youthful as spring. Shade of de-  
 parted power,  
 Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,  
 The chronicle were welcome that  
 should call  
 Into the compass of distinct regard  
 The toils and struggles of thy infant  
 years! [as ice;  
 Yon foaming flood seems motionless  
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,  
 Frozen by distance: so, majestic pile,  
 To the perception of this age, appear  
 Thy fierce beginnings, softened and  
 subdued  
 And quieted in character: the strife,  
 The pride, the fury uncontrollable,  
 Lost on the aerial heights of the  
 Crusades! \*

### ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Katrine, in one of those small pinfold-like burial-grounds of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,  
 The English ballad-singer's joy!  
 And Scotland has a thief as good,  
 An outlaw of as daring mood:  
 She has her brave Rob Roy!  
 They clear the weeds from off his  
 grave,  
 And let us chant a passing stave  
 In honour of that hero brave!

---

\* The tradition is that the castle was built by a lady during the absence of her lord in Palestine.

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless  
heart

And wondrous length and strength of  
arm ;

Nor craved he more to quell his foes,  
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ;  
Forgive me if the phrase be strong ;—  
A poet worthy of Rob Roy  
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave ;  
As wise in thought as bold in deed :  
For in the principles of things  
*He* sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of  
books ?

Burn all the statutes and their shelves :  
They stir us up against our kind ;  
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion, make a law,  
Too false to guide us or control !  
And for the law itself we fight  
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose  
Distinctions that are plain and few :  
These find I graven on my heart :  
*That* tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,  
And those that travel on the wind !  
With them no strife can last ; they live  
In peace, and peace of mind. .

"For why ?—because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the  
power  
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson that is quickly learned,  
A signal this which all can see !  
Thus nothing here provokes the *str*  
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is check  
He tamed, who foolishly aspires :  
While to the measure of his might  
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand ;  
fall  
By strength of prowess or of wit :  
'Tis God's appointment who in  
sway  
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right  
plain,  
And longest life is but a day :  
To have my ends, maintain my right  
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he liv'd  
Through summer heat and winter snow  
The eagle, he was lord above,  
And Rob was lord below.

So was it *would*, at least, have been  
But through untowardness of fate  
For polity was then too strong :  
He came an age too late.

Or shall we say an age too soon ?  
For, were the bold man living now  
How might he flourish in his pride  
With buds on every bough !

Then rents and factors, rights of  
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domes  
Would all have seemed but idle  
things.  
Not worth a moment's pains.

Roy had never lingered here,  
 these few meagre vales confined;  
 thought how wide the world, the  
 times  
 how fairly to his mind!

to his sword he would have said,  
 thou my sovereign will enact  
 land to land through half the earth!  
 judge thou of law and fact!

is fit that we should do our part;  
 coming, that mankind should learn  
 that we are not to be surpassed  
 in fatherly concern.

old things all are over old,  
 good things none are good enough:—  
 will show that we can help to frame  
 world of other stuff.

too, will have my kings that take  
 from me the sign of life and death:  
 kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,  
 obedient to my breath."

Oh, if the word had been fulfilled,  
 might have been, then, thought of joy!  
 once would have had her present boast;  
 And we our own Rob Roy!

'I say not so; compare them not:  
 could I not wrong thee, champion brave!  
 could I wrong thee nowhere; least of  
 all  
 Here standing by thy grave.

Or thou, although with some wild  
 thoughts,  
 wild chieftain of a savage clan!  
 against this to boast of; thou didst love  
 The liberty of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live  
 With us who now behold the light,  
 Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,  
 And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,  
 The poor man's heart, the poor man's  
 hand;  
 And all the oppressed, who wanted  
 strength,  
 Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh  
 Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays  
 Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,  
 And by Loch Lomond's braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill,  
 Are faces that attest the same;  
 The proud heart flashing through the eyes,  
 At sound of Rob Roy's name.

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### SONNET.

COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the un-  
 worthy lord! [far please,  
 Whom mere despite of heart could so  
 And love of favor (for with such  
 disease  
 Fame taxes him) that he could send  
 forth word,  
 To level with the dust a noble horde.  
 A brotherhood of venerable trees,  
 Leaving an ancient dome, and towers  
 like these,  
 Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts  
 deplored  
 The fate of those old trees; and oft  
 with pain  
 The traveller, at this day, will stop  
 and gaze

On wrongs, which nature scarcely  
seems to heed :

For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks,  
and bays,

And the pure mountains, and the  
gentle Tweed, [main.

And the green silent pastures, yet re-

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,  
That glides the dark hills under?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder."

Strange words they seemed of slight  
and scorn :

My true love sighed for sorrow :  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

### YARROW UNVISITED.

[See the various poems the scene of which is  
laid upon the banks of the Yarrow ; in particular,  
the exquisite ballad of Hamilton,  
beginning

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !"]

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled ;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled ;  
And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my "*winsome marrow*,"  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;  
Each maiden to her dwelling !  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us :  
And Dryburgh, where with chiming  
Tweed  
The lintwhites sing in chorus ;  
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and harrow :  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow ?

"Oh ! green," said I, "are Yarrow  
holms,

And sweet is Yarrow flowing !  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,\*  
But we will leave it growing.  
O'er hilly path, and open strath,  
We'll wander Scotland thorough ;  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine  
take

The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;  
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow !  
We will not see them ; will not go,  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown  
It must, or we shall rue it :  
We have a vision of our own ;  
Ah ! why should we undo it ?  
The treasured dreams of times long  
past.

We'll keep them, winsome marrow !  
For when we're there, although  
fair,

"Twill be another Yarrow !

\* See Hamilton's ballad, as above.

care, with freezing years should  
 come,  
 I wandering seem but folly,—  
 could we be loth to stir from home,  
 I yet be melancholy ;  
 could life be dull, and spirits low,  
 I'll soothe us in our sorrow,  
 at earth has something yet to show,  
 e bonny holms of Yarrow !”

### SONNET.

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKIE,

an invasion being expected, October, 1803.

• thousand veterans practised in  
 war's game,  
 d men at Killicrankie were  
 arrayed  
 nst an equal host that wore the  
 plaid,  
 herds and herdsmen.—Like a  
 whirlwind came  
 Highlanders, the slaughter spread  
 like flame :  
 Garry, thundering down his moun-  
 tain road,  
 s stopped, and could not breathe  
 beneath the load  
 the dead bodies.—’Twas a day of  
 shame  
 them whom precept and the  
 pedantry  
 cold mechanic battle do enslave.  
 , for a single hour of that Dundee,  
 to on that day the word of onset  
 gave !  
 ke conquest would the men of Eng-  
 land see ;  
 nd her foes find a like inglorious  
 grave.

### THE MATRON OF JEDBURGH AND HER HUSBAND.

[At Jedburgh, my companion and I went into private lodgings for a few days ; and the following verses were called forth by the character and domestic situation of our hostess.]

AGE ! twine thy brows with fresh spring  
 flowers,  
 And call a train of laughing hours ;  
 And bid them dance and bid them  
 sing ;  
 And thou, too, mingle in the ring !  
 Take to thy heart a new delight ;  
 If not, make merry in despite  
 That there is one who scorns thy  
 power :—

But dance ! for under Jedburgh tower,  
 A matron dwells, who though she bears  
 The weight of more than seventy years,  
 Lives in the light of youthful glee,  
 And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay ! start not at that figure—there !  
 Him who is rooted to his chair !  
 Look at him—look again ! for he  
 Hath long been of thy family.  
 With legs that move not, if they can,  
 And useless arms, a trunk of man,  
 He sits, and with a vacant eye :  
 A sight to make a stranger sigh !  
 Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom :  
 His world is in this single room ;  
 Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?  
 Can merrymaking enter here ?

The joyous woman is the mate  
 Of him in that forlorn estate !  
 He breathes a subterraneous damp ;  
 But bright as vesper shines her lamp ;  
 He is as mute as Jedburgh tower ;  
 She jocund as it was of yore,

With all its bravery on ; in times  
When all alive with merry chimes,  
Upon a sun-bright morn of May,  
It roused the vale to holiday.

I praise thee, matron ! and thy due  
Is praise, heroic praise, and true !  
With admiration I behold  
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold ;  
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present  
The picture of a life well spent ;  
This do I see ; and something more ;  
A strength unthought of heretofore !  
Delighted am I for thy sake ;  
And yet a higher joy partake.  
Our human nature throws away  
Its second twilight, and looks gay ;  
A land of promise and of pride  
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah ! see her helpless charge ! inclosed  
Within himself as seems, composed ;  
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,  
The strife of happiness and pain,  
Utterly dead ! yet in the guise  
Of little infants, when their eyes  
Begin to follow to and fro  
The persons that before them go,  
He tracks her motions, quick or slow.  
Her buoyant spirit can prevail  
Where common cheerfulness would  
fail ;  
She strikes upon him with the heat  
Of July suns ; he feels it sweet ;  
An animal delight, though dim !  
'Tis all that now remains for him !

Theremore I looked, I wondered more—  
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,  
Some inward trouble suddenly [eye ;  
Broke from the matron's strong black  
A remnant of uneasy light,  
A flash of something over bright !

Nor long this mystery did detain  
My thoughts ; she told in pens  
strain

That she had borne a heavy yoke,  
Been stricken by a twofold stroke ;  
Ill health of body ; and had pined  
Beneath worse ailments of the mind

So be it !—but let praise ascend  
To Him who is our Lord and friend  
Who from disease and suffering  
Hath called for thee a second spring  
Repaid thee for that sore distress  
By no untimely joyousness ;  
Which makes of thine a blissful  
And cheers thy melancholy mate !

Fly, some kind harbinger, to Grass  
dale,

Say that we come, and come by  
day's light ;

Fly upon swiftest wing round field  
height ;

But chiefly let one cottage hear  
tale ;

There let a mystery of joy prevail  
The kitten frolic, like a gam  
sprite,

And Rover whine, as at a second  
Of near-approaching good that  
not fail ;

And from that infant's face  
appear ;

Yea, let our Mary's one com  
child,

That hath her six weeks' solitu  
guiled

With intimations manifold and  
While we have wandered o'er  
and wild,

Smile on his mother now with  
cheer.

## THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

TALE TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE, AFTER  
RETURNING TO THE VALE OF GRAS-  
MERE.

How we are tired of boisterous joy,  
Tossed enough, my little boy!  
Lays her head upon my breast,  
Thou shalt bring your stool and  
st;  
Thy corner is your own.

Take your seat, and let me see  
How you can listen quietly;  
As I promised, I will tell  
The strange adventure which befel  
The poor blind Highland boy.

Highland boy! why call him so?  
For my darlings, ye must know,  
Under hills which rise like towers,  
Higher hills than these of ours!  
From his birth had lived.

Never had seen one earthly sight:  
In the day: the stars, the night;  
Beetle, or butterfly, or flower,  
Fish in stream, or bird in bower,  
Woman, man, or child.

Yet he neither drooped nor pined,  
And had a melancholy mind;  
God took pity on the boy,  
And gave him joy  
Which we nothing know.

Neither, too, no doubt above  
Other children him did love:  
Was she here, or was she there,  
Thought of him with constant care,  
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad  
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,  
And bonnet with a feather gay,  
To kirk he on the Sabbath-day  
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he; not for need,  
But one to play with and to feed;  
Which would have led him, if bereft  
Of company or friends, and left  
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow;  
And thus from house to house would go,  
And all were pleased to hear and see;  
For none made sweeter melody  
Than did the poor blind boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream;  
Both when he heard the eagles scream,  
And when he heard the torrents roar,  
And heard the water beat the shore  
Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,  
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;  
But one of mighty size, and strange;  
That, rough or smooth, is full of  
change.  
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake by night and day,  
The great sea-water finds its way  
Through long, long windings of the  
hills:  
And drinks up all the pretty rills,  
And rivers large and strong:

Then hurries back the road it came—  
Returns, on errand still the same:  
This did it when the earth was new;  
And this for evermore will do,  
As long as earth shall last.



And with the coming of the tide,  
Come boats and ships that safely ride,  
Between the woods and lofty rocks ;  
And to the shepherds with their flocks  
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,  
The blind boy always had his share ;  
Whether of mighty towns, or vales  
With warmer suns and softer gales,  
Or wonders of the deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it  
stirred,  
When from the water-side he heard  
The shouting, and the jolly cheers,  
The bustle of the mariners  
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail ?  
For he must never handle sail ;  
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float  
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat  
Upon the rocking waves.

His mother often thought, and said,  
What sin would be upon her head  
If she should suffer this. " My son,  
Whate'er you do, leave this undone ;  
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side,  
Still sounding with the sounding tide,  
And heard the billows leap and dance,  
Without a shadow of mischance,  
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me  
well,  
Ye soon shall know how this befel)  
He in a vessel of his own,  
On the swift flood is hurrying down  
Down to the mighty sea.

In such a vessel never more  
May human creature leave the shore  
If this or that way he should stir,  
Woe to the poor blind mariner !  
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen  
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,  
Rare beasts, and birds with plum  
bright ;  
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,  
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men  
Spread round that haven in the gle  
Each hut, perchance, might have  
own,  
And to the boy they all were known  
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a turtle shell  
Which he, poor child, had studied  
A shell of ample size, and light  
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,  
That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a coracle that braves  
On Vaga's breast the fretful wave  
This shell upon the deep would sw  
And gaily lift its fearless brim  
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind boy knew  
And he a story strange, yet true.  
Had heard, how in a shell like thi  
An English boy, oh, thought of b  
Had stoutly launched from sho

Launched from the margin of a  
Among the Indian isles, where la  
His father's ship, and had sailed  
To join that gallant ship, of war,  
In his delightful shell.

Highland boy oft visited  
 House that held this prize; and,  
 And  
 Chance or chance, did thither come  
 Day when no one was at home,  
 I found the door unbarred.

There he sate, alone and blind,  
 Story flashed upon his mind;—  
 And thought roused him, and he  
 Look  
 Hell from out its secret nook,  
 I bore it on his head.

Unched his vessel—and in pride  
 Drove, from Loch Leven's side,  
 Led into it—his thoughts all free  
 The light breezes that with glee  
 Sang through the adventurer's hair.

While he stood upon his feet;  
 Stopped the motion— took his seat;  
 Better pleased as more and more  
 Tide retreated from the shore,  
 And sucked and sucked him in.

There he is in face of heaven!  
 Rapidly the child is driven!  
 Fourth part of a mile I ween  
 Thus had gone, ere he was seen  
 By any human eye.

When he was first seen, oh, me,  
 At shrieking and what misery!  
 Many saw; among the rest  
 Mother, she who loved him best,  
 He saw her poor blind boy.

For the child, the sightless boy,  
 As the triumph of his joy!  
 The bravest traveller in balloon,  
 Hunting as if to reach the moon,  
 Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,  
 Alone, and innocent, and gay!  
 For, if good angels love to wait  
 On the forlorn unfortunate,  
 This child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,  
 Which from the crowd on shore was sent,  
 The cries which broke from old and  
 Young  
 In Gaelic, or the English tongue,  
 Are stifled— all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew  
 A boat is ready to pursue;  
 And from the shore their course they  
 Take,  
 And swiftly down the running lake  
 They follow the blind boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;  
 So have ye seen the fowler chase  
 On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast  
 A youngling of the wild-duck's nest  
 With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily sailors crept  
 To seize (while on the deep it slept)  
 The hapless creature which did dwell  
 Erewhile within the dancing shell,  
 They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made  
 They follow, more and more afraid.  
 More cautious as they draw more near,  
 But in his darkness he can hear,  
 And guesses their intent.

"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—he then cried out,  
 "*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—with eager shout;  
 Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,  
 And what he meant was, "Keep away,  
 And leave me to myself!"

Alas! and when he felt their hands—  
 You've often heard of magic wands,  
 That with a motion overthrow  
 A palace of the proudest show,  
 Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light  
 With which his soul had shown so  
     bright,  
 All vanished;—'twas a heartfelt cross  
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,  
 As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice  
 With which the very hills rejoice:  
 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly  
 Have watched the event, and now can  
     That he is safe at last.                     [see

And then, when he was brought to land,  
 Full sure they were a happy band,  
 Which gathering round did on the  
     banks  
 Of that great water give God thanks,  
 And welcomed the poor child.

And in the general joy of heart  
 The blind boy's little dog took part:  
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss  
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,  
     With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his mother dear,  
 She who had fainted with her fear,  
 Rejoiced when waking she espies  
 The child; when she can trust her eye  
     And touches the blind boy.

She led him home, and wept amain  
 When he was in the house again:  
 Tears flowed in torrents from her eye  
 She kissed him—how could she chide  
     She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved  
 The perilous deep, the boy was saved  
 And, though his fancies had been wild  
 Yet he was pleased and reconciled  
     To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell  
 Still do they keep the turtle shell:  
 And long the story will repeat  
 Of the blind boy's adventurous feat  
     And how he was preserved.\*

---

\* It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages, a boy, the son of a captain of a man-of-war, seated himself in a turtle shell, and floated it from the shore to his father's ship, which at anchor at the distance of half a mile deferred to the opinion of a friend. I substituted such a shell for the less eligible vessel in which my blind voyager did actually intrust himself to the dangerous current of Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1814.

## THE BROWNIE'S CELL.

rested by a beautiful ruin upon one of  
isles of Loch Lomond, a place chosen for  
seat of a solitary individual from whom  
the name acquired its name.]

Open heath, bleak moor, and quaking  
depth of labyrinthine glen; [then,  
a trackless forest set  
trees, whose lofty umbrage met;  
fearful men withdrew of yore,—  
and their trust, and prayer their  
tore:]

In the wilderness were bound  
rich apartments as they found;  
tho' a new ambition raised:  
God might suitably be praised.

Lodged the warrior, like a bird  
of prey;  
here broad waters round him lay;  
his wild ruin is no ghost  
of devices—buried, lost!  
in this little lonely isle  
he stood a consecrated pile:  
the tapers burned, and mass was  
sung,  
and them whose timid spirits clung  
for mortal succour, though the tomb  
was fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

On those servants of another world  
when madd'ning power her bolts had  
hurled,  
their habitation shook:—it fell,  
and perished—save one narrow cell;  
either, at length, a wretch retired;  
neither grovelled nor aspired:

He, struggling in the net of pride,  
The future scorned, the past defied;  
Still tempering from the unguilty forge  
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

Proud remnant was he of a fearless  
race,  
Who stood and flourished face to face  
With their perennial hills:—but crime  
Hastening the stern decrees of time,  
Brought low a power, which from its  
home

Burst when repose grew wearisome;  
And taking impulse from the sword,  
And mocking its own plighted word,  
Had found, in ravage widely dealt  
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt!

All, all were dispossessed, save him  
whose smile  
Shot lightning through this lonely isle!  
No right had he but what he made  
To this small spot, his leafy shade:  
But the ground lay within that ring  
To which he only dared to cling:  
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,  
The craven few who bowed the head  
Beneath the change, who heard a  
claim  
How loud! yet lived in peace with  
shame.

From year to year this shaggy mortal  
went  
(So seemed it) down a strange descent;  
Till they, who saw his outward frame,  
Fixed on him an unhallowed name;

Him—free from all malicious taint,  
 And guiding, like the Patmos saint,  
 A pen unwearied—to indite,  
 In his lone isle, the dreams of night ;  
 Impassioned dreams, that strove to span  
 The faded glories of his clan !

Suns that through blood their western  
 harbour sought,  
 And stars that in their courses fought,—  
 Towers rent, winds combating with  
 woods---

Lands deluged by unbridled floods,—  
 And beast and bird that from the spell  
 Of sleep took import terrible.  
 These types mysterious (if the show  
 Of battle and the routed foe  
 Had failed) would furnish an array  
 Of matter for the dawning day !

How disappeared he?—ask the newt  
 and toad,

Inheritors of his abode ;  
 The otter crouching undisturbed,  
 In her dank cleft ;—but he thou curbed,  
 O froward fancy ! 'mid a scene  
 Of aspect winning and serene :  
 For those offensive creatures shun  
 The inquisition of the sun !  
 And in this region flowers delight,  
 And all is lovely to the sight.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,  
 When she applies her annual test  
 To dead and living ; when her breath  
 Quickens, as now, the withered heath ;—  
 Nor flaunting summer—when he throws  
 His soul into the briar-rose ;  
 Or calls the lily from her sleep ;  
 Prolonged beneath the bordering  
 deep :  
 Nor autumn, when the viewless wren  
 Is warbling near the Brownie's den.

Wild relique ! beauteous as the choicest  
 spot

In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot ;  
 Whither by care of Libyan Jove  
 (High servant of paternal love),  
 Young Bacchus was conveyed to lie  
 Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye  
 Where bud, and bloom, and fruit  
 glowed,

Close crowding round the infant god  
 All colours, and the liveliest streak  
 A foil to his celestial cheek !

### COMPOSED AT CORRALIN

#### IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER

"How Wallace fought for Scotland, let  
 name  
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild doe  
 All over his dear country ; left the deed  
 Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,  
 To people the steep rocks and river laes  
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local  
 Of independence and stern liberty."

LORD of the vale ! astounding flood  
 The dullest leaf in this thick wood  
 Quakes conscious of thy power ;  
 The caves reply with hollow moan  
 And vibrates to its central stone,  
 Yon time-cemented tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !  
 For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been  
 Beneficent as strong ;  
 Pleased in refreshing dews to steep  
 The little trembling flowers that  
 Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country  
 To look on thee—delight to rove  
 Where they thy voice can hear ;  
 And, to the patriot warrior's share  
 Lord of the vale ! to heroes laid  
 In dust, that voice is dear !





wo.

"To Kirk he on the Sabbath day  
Went hand in hand with her."

g thy banks, at dead of night  
 eps visibly the Wallace wight;  
 stands in warlike vest,  
 t, beneath the moon's pale beam,  
 nampion worthy of the stream,  
 gray tower's living crest!

clouds and envious darkness hide  
 rm not doubtfully descried:—  
 sir transient mission o'er,  
 say to what blind region flee  
 se shapes of awful phantasy?  
 what untrodden shore?

'an divine command they spurn;  
 s we from the mountains learn,  
 is the valleys show,  
 ever will they deign to hold  
 union where the heart is cold  
 man weal and woe.

an of abject soul in vain  
 walk the Marathonian plain;  
 id the shadowy gloom,  
 still invests the guardian pass  
 stood, sublime, Leonidas,  
 ed to the tomb.

et no slave his head incline,  
 eel, before the votive shrine  
 's lake, where Tell  
 , from his storm-vest boat, to land,  
 an's instrument, for by his hand  
 day the tyrant fell.

### YARROW VISITED,

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

is this—Yarrow?—*This* the stream  
 hich my fancy cherished,  
 uthfully, a waking dream?  
 mage that hath perished!

Oh, that some minstrel's harp were  
 near,

To utter notes of gladness,  
 And chase this silence from the air,  
 That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—A silvery current flows  
 With uncontrolled meanderings;  
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's  
 Lake

Is visibly delighted;  
 For not a feature of those hills  
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
 Save where that pearly whiteness  
 Is round the rising sun diffused,  
 A tender hazy brightness;  
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
 All profitless dejection;  
 Though not unwilling here to admit  
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower  
 Of Yarrow vale lay bleeding?  
 His bed perchance was yon smooth  
 mound

On which the herd is feeding:  
 And haply from this crystal pool,  
 Now peaceful as the morning,  
 The water-wraith ascended thrice—  
 And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
 The haunts of happy lovers,  
 The path that leads them to the grove,  
 The leafy grove that covers:  
 And pity sanctifies the verse  
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
 The unconquerable strength of love;  
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!



But thou, that didst appear so fair  
 To fond imagination,  
 Dost rival in the light of day  
 Her delicate creation :  
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
 A softness still and holy ;  
 The grace of forest charms decayed,  
 And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
 Rich groves of lofty stature,  
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
 Of cultivated nature ;  
 And, rising from those lofty groves,  
 Behold a ruin hoary !  
 The shattered front of Newark's towers,  
 Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening  
 bloom,  
 For sportive youth to stray in ;  
 For manhood to enjoy his strength ;  
 And age to wear away in !  
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
 A covert for protection  
 Of tender thoughts that nestle there,  
 The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
 The wild-wood fruits to gather,  
 And on my true love's forehead plant  
 A crest of blooming heather !  
 And what if I enwreathed my own !  
 'Twere no offence to reason ;  
 The sober hills thus deck their brows  
 To meet the wintry season.

I see—-but not by sight alone.  
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee !  
 A ray of fancy still survives—  
 Her sunshine plays upon thee !  
 Thy ever youthful waters keep  
 A course of lively pleasure,  
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe  
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the height  
 They' melt—and soon must vanish ;  
 One hour is theirs, no more is mine—  
 Sad thought, which I would banish,  
 But that I know where'er I go,  
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow !  
 Will dwell with me to heighten joy,  
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

### EFFUSION,

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE  
 BANKS OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELSBURG.

“ The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were, however, conducted into a small apartment where the gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the air as if flying asunder as by the touch of magic. lo ! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and airy with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions into a great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable images upon the ceiling and against the walls.”  
*Extract from the Journal of my Traveller.*

WHAT he — who 'mid the k  
 through  
 Of heroes that inspired his song  
 Doth yet frequent the hill of sto  
 The stars dim-twinkling through  
 forms !

What ! Ossian here—a painted  
 Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall  
 To serve, an unsuspected screen  
 For show that must not yet be !  
 And, when the moment comes,  
 And vanish by mysterious art :  
 Head, harp, and body, split ast  
 For ingress to a world of wond  
 A gay saloon, with waters danc  
 Upon the sight wherever glanci

loud cascade in front, and lo!  
 ousand like it, white as snow—  
 ams on the walls, and torrent-foam  
 ictive round the hollow dome,  
 ive cataracts! of their terrors  
 stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,  
 it catch the pageant from the flood  
 ndering adown a rocky wood!  
 at pains to dazzle and confound!  
 at strife of colour, shape and sound  
 quaint medley, that might seem  
 l out of a sick man's dream!  
 scene, fantastic and uneasy  
 made a maniac dizzy,  
 disenchanted from the mood  
 ves on sullen thoughts to brood!

ature, in thy changeful visions,  
 gh all thy most abrupt transitions,  
 a, graceful, tender, or sublime,  
 verse to pantomime,  
 neither do they know nor us  
 rvants, who can trifle thus;  
 erily the sober powers [roars,  
 k that frowns, and stream that  
 d by congenial sway  
 rits, and the undying lay,  
 ams that moulder not away,  
 rakened some redeeming thought  
 worthy of this favoured spot;  
 led some feeling—to set free  
 ard from such indignity!

e effigies of a valiant wight\*  
 e beheld, a Templar knight;  
 rostrate, not like those that rest  
 omb, with palms together pressed,  
 sculptured out of living stone,  
 standing upright and alone,  
 hands with rival energy  
 loyed in setting his sword free

On the banks of the river Nid, near  
 Esborough.

From its dull sheath—stern sentinel  
 Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;  
 As if with memory of the affray  
 Far distant, when, as legends say,  
 The monks of Fountain's thronged to  
 force

From its dear home the hermit's corse,  
 That in their keeping it might lie,  
 To crown their abbey's sanctity.  
 So had they rushed into the grot  
 Of sense despised, a world forgot,  
 And torn him from his loved retreat,  
 Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat  
 Still hint that quiet best is found,  
 Even by the *living*, under ground;  
 But a bold knight, the selfish aim  
 Defeating, put the monks to shame,  
 There where you see his image stand  
 Bare to the sky, with threatening brand  
 Which lingering Nid is proud to show  
 Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,  
 Our sires set forth their grateful praise;  
 Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!  
 But, nursed in mountain solitude,  
 Might some aspiring artist dare  
 To seize whatever, through misty air,  
 A ghost, by glimpses, may present  
 Of imitable lineament,  
 And give the phantom an array  
 That less should scorn the abandoned  
 clay:

Then let him hew, with patient stroke,  
 An Ossian out of mural rock.  
 And leave the figurative man  
 Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!  
 Fixed, liked the Templar of the steep,  
 An everlasting watch to keep:  
 With local sapctities in trust;  
 More precious than a hermit's dust;  
 And virtues through the mass infused,  
 Which old idolatry abused.

What though the granite would deny  
 All fervour to the sightless eye ;  
 And touch from rising suns in vain  
 Solicit a Memnonian strain ;  
 Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,  
 The wind might force the deep-  
     grooved harp  
 To utter melancholy moans  
 Not unconnected with the tones  
 Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones ;  
 While grove and river notes would  
     lend,  
 Less deeply sad, with these to blend !

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,  
 For ever with yourselves at strife ;  
 Through town and country both  
     deranged  
 By affectations interchanged,  
 And all the perishable gauds  
 That heaven-deserted man applauds ;  
 When will your hapless patrons learn  
 To watch and ponder—to discern  
 The freshness, the everlasting youth,  
 Of admiration sprung from truth ;  
 From beauty infinitely growing  
 Upon a mind with love o'erflowing ;  
 To sound the depths of every art  
 That seeks its wisdom through the  
     heart ?

Thus (where the intrusive pile, ill-  
     graced  
 With baubles of theatric taste,  
 O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers  
 On motley bands of alien flowers,  
 In stiff confusion set or sown,  
 Till nature cannot find her own,  
 Or keep a remnant of the sod  
 Which Caledonian heroes trod)  
 I mused : and, thirsting for redress,  
 Recoiled into the wilderness.

## AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS, &amp;c.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,  
 At thought of what I now behold :  
 As vapours breathed from dung  
     cold

Strike pleasure dead,  
 So sadness comes from out the me  
     Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near  
 And thou forbidden to appear ?  
 As if it were thyself that's here  
     I shrink with pain ;  
 And both my wishes and my fear  
     Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight  
     away  
 Dark thoughts !—they came, but  
     stay :  
 With chastened feelings would I  
     The tribute due  
 To him, and aught that hides his  
     From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest  
 He sang, his genius “ glinted ”  
 Rose like a star that touching ear  
     For so it seems,  
 Doth glorify its humble birth  
     With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful  
 The struggling heart, where b  
     now ?—  
 Full soon the Aspirant of the pl  
     The prompt, the brave  
 Slept, with the obscurest, in the  
     And silent grave.

urned with thousands, but as one  
 deeply grieved, for He was gone  
 se light I hailed when first it shone,  
 And showed my youth  
 Verse may build a princely throne  
 On humble truth.

! where'er the current tends,  
 et pursues and with it blends,—  
 e Criffel's hoary top ascends  
 By Skiddaw seen, --  
 ours we were, and loving friends  
 We might have been ;

iends though diversely inclined ;  
 art with heart and mind with  
 nd,  
 the main fibres are entwined,  
 Through Nature's skill,  
 en by contraries be joined  
 More closely still.

ar will start, and let 't flow ;  
 'poor Inhabitant below,"  
 dread moment—even so—  
 Might we together  
 ate and talked wheregowans blow,  
 Or on wild heather.

treasures would have then been  
 laced  
 n my reach ; of knowledge graced  
 ney what a rich repast !  
 But why go on ? --  
 pare to sweep, thou mournful blast,  
 His grave grass-grown.

e, too, a Son, his joy and pride,  
 three weeks past the Stripling died,)   
 gathered to his Father's side,  
 Soul-moving sight !  
 one to which is not denied  
 Some sad delight.

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed  
 Hath early found among the dead,  
 Harboured where none can be misled,  
 Wronged, or distrest ;  
 And surely here it may be said  
 That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace  
 Checked oft-times in a devious race,  
 May He, who halloweth the place  
 Where Man is laid,  
 Receive thy Spirit in the embrace  
 For which it prayed !

Sighing I turned away ; but ere  
 Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,  
 Music that sorrow comes not near,  
 A ritual hymn,  
 Chanted in love that casts out fear  
 By Seraphim.

---

## THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON  
 THE BANKS OF NITH, NEAR THE  
 POET'S RESIDENCE.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow  
 That must have followed when his brow  
 Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us  
 how—

With holly spray,  
 He faltered, drifted to and fro,  
 And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister,  
 throng  
 Our minds when, lingering all too long,  
 Over the grave of Burns we hung  
 In social grief—  
 Indulged as if it were a wrong  
 To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme  
 Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,  
 And prompt to welcome every gleam  
     Of good and fair,  
 Let us beside the limpid Stream  
     Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight ;  
 Think rather of those moments bright  
 When to the consciousness of right  
     His course was true,  
 When Wisdom prospered in his sight  
     And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,  
 Freely as in youth's season bland,  
 When side by side, his Book in hand,  
     We wont to stray,  
 Our pleasure varying at command  
     Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod  
 These pathways, yon far-stretching road !  
 There lurks his home ; in that Abode,  
     With mirth elate,  
 Or in his nobly-pensive mood,  
     The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,  
 Before it humbly let us pause,  
 And ask of Nature from what cause  
     And by what rules  
 She trained her Burns to win applause  
     That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and lonely  
     glen  
 Are felt the flashes of his pen ;  
 He rules 'mid winter snows,  
     when

Bees fill their hives :  
 Deep in the general heart of men  
     His power survives.

What need of fields in some  
     clime  
 Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublimed  
 And all that fetched the flowery  
     rhyme

From genuine springs,  
 Shall dwell together till old Time  
     Folds up his wings ?

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates  
     Heaven  
 This Minstrel lead, his sins  
     given ;

The rueful conflict, the heart riven  
     With vain endeavour,  
 And memory of Earth's bitter leaven  
     Effaced for ever.

But why to Him confine the prayer  
 When kindred thoughts and yearnings  
     bear

On the frail heart the purest share  
     With all that live ?—

The best of what we do and are,  
     Just God, forgive !

## POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

Persons resident in the country, and attached to rural objects, many places will be unnamed or of unknown names, where incidents must have occurred, or feelings experienced, which will have given to

such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such incidents, and renew the gratification of such feelings, names have been given to places by the author and some of his friends, and the following poems written in consequence.

from a jutting ridge, around  
rose base

our deep Vale, two heath-clad  
ocks ascend

owship, the loftiest of the pair  
to no ambitious height; yet

oth,  
ake and stream, mountain and  
owery mead,

ling prospects fair as human eyes  
eheld. Up-led with mutual help,  
ne or other brow of those twin  
eaks

two adventurous Sisters wont to  
limb,

took no note of the hour while  
hence they gazed,

blooming heath their couch, gazed  
side by side,

eechless admiration. I, a witness  
frequent sharer of their calm  
delight

thankful heart, to either Eminence  
: the baptismal name each Sister  
bore.

are they parted, far as Death's  
cold hand

h power to part the Spirits of those  
who love

they did love. Ye kindred  
Pinnacles—

it, while the generations of mankind  
low each other to their hiding-place

time's abyss, are privileged to endure

Beautiful in yourselves, and richly  
graced

With like command of beauty—grant  
your aid

For MARY's humble, SARAH's silent  
claim,

That their pure joy in nature may  
survive

From age to age in blended memory.

It was an April morning: fresh and  
clear

The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,  
Ran with a young man's speed: and

yet the voice  
Of waters which the winter had sup-  
plied

Was softened down into a vernal tone.  
The spirit of enjoyment and desire.

And hopes and wishes, from all living  
things

Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.  
The budding groves seemed eager to

urge on  
The steps of June; as if their various  
hues

Were only hindrances that stood between  
Them and their object: but, mean-  
while, prevailed

Such an entire contentment in the air,  
That every naked ash, and tardy tree

Yet leafless, showed as if the coun-  
tenance

With which it looked on this delightful  
 day  
 Were native to the summer.—Up the  
 brook  
 I roamed in the confusion of my heart,  
 Alive to all things and forgetting all.  
 At length I to a sudden turning came  
 In this continuous glen, where down a  
 rock  
 The stream, so ardent in its course  
 before,  
 Sent forth such sallies of glad sound,  
 that all  
 Which I till then had heard, appeared  
 the voice  
 Of common pleasure: beast and bird,  
 the lamb,  
 The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the  
 thrush  
 Vied with this waterfall, and made a  
 song  
 Which, while I listened, seemed like  
 the wild growth  
 Or like some natural produce of the air,  
 That could not cease to be. Green  
 leaves were here;  
 But 'twas the foliage of the rocks, the  
 birch,  
 The yew, the holly, and the bright  
 green thorn,  
 With hanging islands of resplendent  
 furze:  
 And on a summit, distant a short  
 space,  
 By any who should look beyond the  
 dell,  
 A single mountain cottage might be  
 seen.  
 I gazed and gazed, and to myself I  
 said,  
 "Our thoughts at least are ours; and  
 this wild nook,  
 My Emma, I will dedicate to thee."

Soon did the spot become my  
 home,  
 My dwelling, and my out-of-  
 abode.  
 And, of the shepherds who have  
 me there,  
 To whom I sometimes in our idles  
 Have told this fancy, two or  
 perhaps,  
 Years after we are gone and in  
 graves,  
 When they have cause to speak  
 this wild place,  
 May call it by the name of Em  
 Dell.

### TO JOANNA.

AMID the smoke of cities did you  
 The time of early youth; and  
 you learned,  
 From years of quiet industry, to  
 The living beings by your own fire  
 With such a strong devotion, that  
 heart  
 Is slow to meet the sympathies of  
 Who look upon the hills with tenderness  
 And make dear friendships with  
 streams and groves.  
 Yet we, who are transgressors in  
 kind,  
 Dwelling retired in our simplicity  
 Among the woods and fields, where  
 you well,  
 Joanna! and I guess, since you have  
 So distant from us now for two  
 years,  
 That you will gladly listen to discourse  
 However trivial, if you thence are  
 That they, with whom you once  
 happy, talk  
 Familiarly of you and of old times



70.

"Alone she cuts and binds the grain  
And sings a melancholy strain."





While I was seated, now some ten  
 days past,  
 Hath those lofty firs, that overtop  
 their ancient neighbour, the old  
 people tower,  
 Near from his gloomy house hard  
 by  
 Come forth to greet me; and when he  
 had asked,  
 How fares Joanna; that wild-hearted  
 maid!  
 "When will she return to us?" he  
 paused:  
 I, after short exchange of village  
 news,  
 With grave looks demanded, for  
 what cause,  
 Giving obsolete idolatry,  
 To a Runic priest, in characters  
 of midable size had chiselled out  
 an uncouth name upon the native  
 rock.  
 "The Rotha, by the forest side,  
 By those dear immunities of heart  
 divided between malice and true  
 love,  
 Not loth to be so catechised,  
 This was my reply:—"As it befel.  
 Summer morning we had walked  
 broad  
 track of day, Joanna and myself.  
 That delightful season when the  
 room,  
 Powered, and visible on every  
 steep,  
 The copses runs in veins of gold.  
 The pathway led us on to Rotha's  
 banks;  
 When we came in front of that tall  
 rock  
 Eastward looks, I there stopped  
 short—and stood  
 Gazing the lofty barrier with my eye  
 wo.

From base to summit; such delight I  
 found  
 To note in shrub and tree, in stone and  
 flower,  
 That intermixture of delicious hues,  
 Along so vast a surface, all at once,  
 In one impression, by connecting force  
 Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.  
 When I had gazed perhaps two minutes,  
 space,  
 Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
 That ravishment of mine, and laughed  
 aloud.  
 The rock, like something starting from  
 a sleep,  
 Took up the lady's voice, and laughed  
 again:  
 That ancient woman seated on Helm-  
 Crag  
 Was ready with her cavern: Hammer-  
 Scar,  
 And the tall steep of Silver-how, sent  
 forth  
 A noise of laughter; southern Lough-  
 rigg heard.  
 And Fairfield answered with a moun-  
 tain tone:  
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
 Carried the lady's voice,—old Skiddaw  
 blew  
 His speaking trumpet;—back out of  
 the clouds  
 Of Glaramara southward came the  
 voice:  
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty  
 head.  
 Now whether (said I to our cordial  
 friend,  
 Who in the hey-day of astonishment  
 Smiled in my face) this were in simple  
 truth  
 A work accomplished by the brother-  
 hood

Of ancient mountains, or my ear was  
touched  
With dreams and visionary impulses  
To me alone imparted, sure I am  
That there was a loud uproar in the  
hills:  
And, while we both were listening, to  
my side  
The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished  
To shelter from some object of her  
fear.  
And hence, long afterwards, when  
eighteen moons  
Were wasted, as I chanced to walk  
alone  
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a  
calm  
And silent morning, I sat down, and  
there,  
In memory of affections, old and true.  
I chiselled out in those rude characters  
Joanna's name deep in the living stone.  
And I, and all who dwell by my fire-side,  
Have called the lovely rock, Joanna's  
Rock." \*

THERE is an eminence,—of these our  
hills  
The last that parleys with the setting  
sun.  
We can behold it from our orchard-  
seat;  
And when at evening we pursue our  
walk

\* In Cumberland and Westmoreland are several inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of time, and the rudeness of the workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are, without doubt, Roman.

The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the river which, flowing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal, falls into Wynander.—On Helm-Crag, that impressive single mountain at

Along the public way, this peak, so high  
Above us, and so distant in its height  
Is visible; and often seems to send  
Its own deep quiet to restore  
hearts.

The meteors make of it a favour  
haunt:

The star of Jove, so beautiful;  
large

In the mid heavens, is never half so  
As when he shines above it. "The  
truth

The loneliest place we have among  
clouds.

And she who dwells with me, who  
have loved

With such communion, that no  
on earth

Can ever be a solitude to me.

Hath to this lonely summit given  
name.

A NARROW girdle of rough stone  
crag,

A rude and natural causeway,  
posed

Between the water and a windin  
Of copse and thicket, leaving  
eastern shore

Of Grasmere safe in its own pri  
And there, myself and two  
friends.

One calm September morning,  
mist

the head of the vale of Grasmere, which from most points of view bears resemblance to an old woman cowering by this rock is one of those fissures which in the language of the country are called dungeons. Most of the mountains mentioned immediately surround the vale; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same

I altogether yielded to the sun,  
 entered on this retired and difficult  
 way.  
 quits the road with one in haste, but  
 we  
 ed with our time; and, as we  
 strolled along,  
 as our occupation to observe  
 objects as the waves had tossed  
 ashore,  
 ther, or leaf, or weed, or withered  
 bough,  
 b on the other heaped, along the  
 ledge

dry wreck. And, in our vacant  
 pool,  
 dom did we stop to watch some  
 it  
 delion seed or thistle's beard,  
 skimmed the surface of the dead  
 lym lake,  
 ily halting now—a lifeless  
 und!  
 arting off again with freak as  
 dden;  
 its sportive wanderings, all the  
 file,  
 report of an invisible breeze  
 as its wings, its chariot, and its  
 use,  
 ymate. rather say its moving  
 ul.  
 ten, trifling with a privilege  
 ndulged to all, we paused, one  
 w,  
 ow the other, to point out, per-  
 chance  
 ick, some flower or water-weed,  
 o fair  
 to be divided from the place  
 ich it grew, or to be left alone  
 own beauty. Many such there  
 re,

Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that  
 tall fern,  
 So stately, of the Queen Osmunda  
 named;  
 Plant lovelier in its own retired abode  
 On Grasmere's beach, than naiad by  
 the side  
 Of Grecian brook, or lady of the mere,  
 Sole-sitting by the shores of old  
 romance,  
 So fared we that bright morning: from  
 the fields,  
 Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the  
 busy mirth  
 Of reapers, men and women, boys and  
 girls.  
 Delighted much to listen to those  
 sounds,  
 And feeling thus our fancies, we  
 advanced  
 Along the indented shore; when sud-  
 denly,  
 Through a thin veil of glittering haze  
 was seen  
 Before us, on a point of jutting land,  
 The tall and upright figure of a man  
 Attired in peasant's garb, who stood  
 alone.  
 Angling beside the margin of the lake.  
 Improvident and reckless, we ex-  
 claimed,  
 The man must be, who thus can lose a  
 day  
 Of the mid-harvest, when the labourer's  
 hire  
 Is ample, and some little might be  
 stored  
 Wherewith to cheer him in the winter  
 time.  
 Thus talking of that peasant, we ap-  
 proached  
 Close to the spot where with his rod  
 and line

He stood alone; whereat he turned  
 his head  
 To greet us—and we saw a man worn  
 down  
 By sickness, gaunt and lean, with  
 sunken cheeks  
 And wasted limbs, his legs so long and  
 lean  
 That for my single self I looked at  
 them,  
 Forgetful of the body they sus-  
 tained.—  
 Too weak to labour in the harvest  
 field,  
 The man was using his best skill to  
 gain  
 A pittance from the dead unfeeling  
 lake  
 That knew not of his wants. I will  
 not say  
 What thoughts immediately were ours,  
 nor how  
 The happy illeness of that sweet morn,  
 With all its lovely images, was  
 changed  
 To serious musing and to self-  
 reproach.  
 Nor did we fail to see within ourselves  
 What need there is to be reserved in  
 speech,  
 And temper all our thoughts with  
 charity.  
 Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,  
 My friend, myself, and she who then  
 received  
 The same admonishment, have called  
 the place  
 By a memorial name, uncouth indeed  
 As e'er by mariner was given to bay  
 Or foreland, on a new-discovered  
 coast;  
 And Point Rash Judgment is the name  
 it bears.

TO M. H.

OUR 'walk was far among the ancient  
 trees;  
 There was no road, nor any woodland  
 path;  
 But a thick umbrage, checking the  
 wild growth  
 Of weed and sapling, along soft green  
 turf  
 Beneath the branches, of itself I  
 made  
 A track, that brought us to a slight  
 lawn,  
 And a small bed of water in the we  
 All round this pool both flocks  
 herds might drink  
 On its firm margin, even as fire  
 well,  
 Or some stone-basin which the f  
 man's hand  
 Had shaped for their refreshment  
 did sun,  
 Or wind from any quarter, ever c  
 But as a blessing, to this calm re  
 This glade of water and this one  
 field.  
 The spot was made by nature for  
 The travellers know it not, and  
 remain  
 Unknown to them: but it is bea  
 And if a man should plant his  
 near,  
 Should sleep beneath the shelter  
 trees,  
 And blend its waters with his da  
 He would so love it, that in h  
 hour  
 Its image would survive an  
 thoughts;  
 And therefore, my sweet M  
 still nook,  
 With all its beeches, we hav  
 from you.

N, to the attractions of the busy  
 world,  
 rring studious leisure, I had  
 chosen  
 litation in this peaceful vale,  
 p season followed of continual  
 storm  
 eepest winter; and, from week to  
 week,  
 way, and lane, and public road,  
 were clogged  
 frequent showers of snow. Upon  
 a hill  
 a short distance from my cottage  
 stands  
 ately fir-grove, whither I was wont  
 hasten. for I found beneath the  
 roof  
 hat perennial shade, a cloistral  
 ce  
 ge. with an unincumbered floor.  
 n a safe covert, on the shallow  
 ow,  
 metimes, on a speck of visible  
 th.  
 d breast near me hopped; nor  
 s I loth  
 pathise with vulgar coppice birds  
 for protection from the nipping  
 ast,  
 repaired.—A single beech-tree  
 ew  
 this grove of firs; and, on the  
 rk  
 t one beech, appeared a thrush's  
 est;  
 year's nest, conspicuously built  
 ch small elevation from the  
 round  
 ve sure sign that they, who in  
 at house  
 ture and of love had made their  
 ione

Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long  
 Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And often-  
 times,  
 A few sheep, stragglers from some  
 mountain-flock,  
 Would watch my motions with sus-  
 picious stare.  
 From the remotest outskirts of the-  
 grove,—  
 Some nook where they had made their  
 final stand,  
 Huddling together from two fears—the  
 fear  
 Of me and of the storm. Full many  
 an hour  
 Here did I lose. But in this grove the  
 trees  
 Had been so thickly planted, and had  
 thriven  
 In such perplexed and intricate array,  
 That vainly did I seek, beneath their  
 stems,  
 A length of open space, where to and fro  
 My feet might move without concern  
 or care. [day to day  
 And, baffled thus, though earth from  
 Was fettered, and the air by storm dis-  
 turbed, [prized,  
 I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and  
 Less than I wished to prize, that calm  
 recess.

The snows dissolved, and genial  
 spring returned  
 To clothe the fields with verdure.  
 Other haunts  
 Meanwhile were mine; till, one bright  
 April day,  
 By chance retiring from the glare of  
 noon  
 To this forsaken covert, there I found  
 A hoary pathway traced between the  
 trees,

And winding on with such an easy line  
 Along a natural opening, that I stood  
 Much wondering how I could have  
     sought in vain

For what was now so obvious. To abide,  
 For an allotted interval of ease,  
 Under my cottage roof, had gladly come  
 From the wild sea a cherished visitant;  
 And with the sight of this same path—  
     begun,

Begun and ended, in the shady grove,  
 Pleasant conviction flashed upon my  
     mind

That, to this opportune recess allured,  
 He had surveyed it with a finer eye,  
 A heart more wakeful; and had worn  
     the track

By pacing here, unwearied and alone,  
 In that habitual restlessness of foot  
 That haunts the sailor measuring o'er  
     and o'er

His short domain upon the vessel's  
     deck,

While she pursues her course through  
     the dreary sea.

When thou hadst quitted Esth-  
     waite's pleasant shore,

And taken thy first leave of those  
     green hills

And rocks that were the play-ground of  
     thy youth,

Year followed year, my brother! and  
     we two,

Conversing not, knew little in what  
     mould

Each other's mind was fashioned; and  
     at length,

When once again we met in Grasmere  
     vale,

Between us there was little other bond  
 Than common feelings of fraternal  
     love.

But thou, a school-boy, to the  
     'hadst carried

Undying recollections: nature there  
 Was with thee; she, who loved  
     both, she still

Was with thee; and even so didst  
     become

A *silent* poet; from the solitude  
 Of the vast sea didst bring a wate  
     heart

Still couchant, an inevitable ear,  
 And an eye practised like a blind  
     touch.

Back to the joyless ocean thou  
     gone;

Nor from this vestige of thy m  
     hours

Could I withhold thy honoured n  
     and now

I love the fir-grove with a perfect  
 Thither do I withdraw when clou  
     suns

Shine hot, or wind blows trouble  
     and strong:

And there I sit at evening, whe  
     steep

Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's f  
     ful lake,

And one green island, gleam be  
     the stems

Of the dark firs, a visionary scene  
 And, while I gaze upon the spect  
 Of clouded splendour, on this d  
     like sight

Of solemn loveliness, I think on  
 My brother, and on all which tho  
     lost.

Nor seldom, if I rightly guess,  
     thou,

Muttering the verses which I mu  
     first

Among the mountains, throug  
     midnight watch

pacing thoughtfully the vessel's deck  
 some far region, here, while o'er my  
 head,  
 every impulse of the moving breeze,  
 the fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like  
 sound,  
 ne I tread this path;—for aught I  
 know,  
 joining my steps to thine: and, with a  
 store  
 indistinguishable sympathies,

Mingling most earnest wishes for the  
 day  
 When we, and others whom we love,  
 shall meet  
 A second time, in Grasinere's happy  
 vale.

---

*Note.*—This wish was not granted; the  
 lamented person, not long after, perished by  
 shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as com-  
 mander of the Honourable East India Com-  
 pany's vessel, the *Earl of Abergavenny*.

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## INSCRIPTIONS.

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THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE  
 SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT,  
 ST., LEICESTERSHIRE.

embowering rose, the acacia, and  
 the pine,  
 not unwillingly their place resign;  
 that the cedar thrive that near them  
 stands.

reared by Beaumont's and by Words-  
 worth's hands.

wooed the silent art with studious  
 pains,---

the groves have heard the other's  
 pensive strains;

united thus, their spirits did unite  
 interchange of knowledge and de-  
 light.

nature's kindest powers sustain  
 the tree.

may love protect it from all injury!

when its potent branches, wide  
 out-thrown,

on the brow of this memorial stone,  
 may some painter sit in future  
 days,

Some future poet meditate his lays;  
 Not mindless of that distant age  
 renowned

When inspiration hovered o'er this  
 ground,

The haunt of him who sang how spear  
 and shield

In civil conflict met on Bosworth field;  
 And of that famous youth, full soon  
 removed

From earth, perhaps by Shakespeare's  
 self approved, [beloved.

Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend

---

### IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

Oft is the medal faithful to its trust  
 When temples, columns, towers are  
 laid in dust;

And 'tis a common ordinance of fate  
 That things obscure and small outlive  
 the great:

Hence, when yon mansion and the  
 flowery trim

Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,



And all its stately trees are passed  
 away,  
 This little niche, unconscious of decay,  
 Perchance may still survive. And be  
 it known  
 That it was scooped within the living  
 stone,—  
 Not by the sluggish and ungrateful  
 pains  
 Of labourer plodding for his daily  
 gains;  
 But by an industry that wrought in  
 love,  
 With help from female hands, that  
 proudly strove  
 To aid the work, what time these walks  
 and bowers  
 Were shaped to cheer dark winter's  
 lonely hours.

There, though by right the excell  
 painter sleep  
 Where death and glory a joint s  
 bath keep,  
 Yet not the less his spirit would be  
 dear  
 Self-hidden praise, and friendshi  
 private tear.  
 Hence, on my patrimonial groun  
 have I  
 Raised this frail tribute to his mem  
 From youth a zealous follower of  
 art  
 That he professed, attached to  
 in heart:  
 Admiring, loving, and with grief  
 pride  
 Feeling what England lost when  
 nolds died.

---

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR  
 GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., AND IN  
 HIS NAME, FOR AN URN, PLACED BY  
 HIM AT THE TERMINATION OF A  
 NEWLY-PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE  
 SAME GROUNDS.

YE lime-trees, ranged before this hal-  
 lowed urn,  
 Shoot forth with lively power at  
 spring's return;  
 And be not slow a stately growth to rear  
 Of pillars, branching off from year to  
 year,  
 Till they have learned to frame a dark-  
 some aisle;—  
 That may recall to mind that awful  
 pile  
 Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's  
 noblest dead,  
 In the last sanctity of fame is laid.

---

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES C  
 COLEORTON.

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the c  
 bound,  
 Rugged and high, of Charm  
 forest ground,  
 Stand yet, but, stranger! hidden  
 thy view,  
 The ivied ruins of forlorn  
 Dieu;  
 Erst a religious house, which da  
 night  
 With hymns resounded, and  
 chanted rite:  
 And when those rites had ceas  
 spot gave birth  
 To honourable men of various  
 There, on the margin of a sti  
 wild,  
 Did Francis Beaumont sport, a  
 child;

here, under shadow of the neigh-  
 bouring rocks,  
 in youthful tales of shepherds and  
 their flocks;  
 unconscious prelude to heroic themes,  
 heart-breaking tears, and melancholy  
 dreams  
 slighted love, and scorn, and  
 jealous rage,  
 which his genius shook the  
 buskined stage.  
 Communities are lost, and empires die.  
 Things of holy use unhallowed  
 lie;  
 they perish;—but the intellect can  
 raise,  
 in airy words alone, a pile that  
 never decays.

---

TEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A  
 ONE IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE  
 (N OUT-HOUSE) ON THE ISLAND AT  
 KASMERE.

It is this edifice, and thou hast  
 seen  
 things, albeit rude, that have main-  
 tained  
 portions more harmonious, and ap-  
 proached  
 closer fellowship with ideal grace.  
 Take it in good part:—alas! the poor  
 natives of our village had no help  
 from the great city; never upon leaves  
 of red morocco folio saw displayed  
 long succession, pre-existing ghosts  
 of beauties yet unborn, the rustic lodge  
 of the squire, and cottage with verandah  
 graced,  
 or lacking, for fit company, alcove,  
 garden-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined  
 hermitage.

W.O.

Thou see'st a homely pile, yet to these  
 walls  
 The heifer comes in the snow-storm,  
 and here  
 The new-dropped lamb finds shelter  
 from the wind.  
 And hither does one poet sometimes row  
 His pinnace, a small vagrant barge,  
 up-piled  
 With plenteous store of heath and  
 withered fern,  
 (A lading which he with his sickle cuts  
 Among the mountains) and beneath  
 this roof [here at noon  
 He makes his summer couch, and  
 Spreads out his limbs, while, yet un-  
 shorn, the sheep,  
 Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,  
 Lie round him, even as if they were a  
 part [his bed  
 Of his own household; nor, while from  
 He looks through the open door-place  
 toward the lake  
 And to the stirring breezes, does he want  
 Creations lovely as the work of sleep—  
 Fair sights and visions of romantic joy!

---

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL ON A  
 STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUN-  
 TAIN OF BLACK COMB.

STAY, bold adventurer; rest awhile thy  
 limbs  
 On this commodious seat! for much  
 remains  
 Of hard ascent before thou reach the top  
 Of this huge eminence.—from black-  
 ness named.  
 And, to far-travelled storms of sea and  
 land,  
 A favourite spot of tournament and  
 war!

But thee may no such boisterous visi-  
 tants  
 Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy  
 brow;  
 And neither cloud conceal, nor misty  
 air  
 Bedim, the grand terraqueous spec-  
 tacle,  
 From centre to circumference, un-  
 veiled!  
 Know, if thou grudge not to prolong  
 thy rest,  
 That on the summit whither thou art  
 bound,  
 A geographic labourer pitched his  
 tent,  
 With books supplied and instruments  
 of art,  
 To measure height and distance;  
 lonely task,  
 Week after week pursued!—To him  
 was given  
 Full many a glimpse (but sparingly  
 bestowed  
 (On timid man) of nature's processes  
 Upon the exalted hills. He made  
 report  
 That once, while there he plied his  
 studious work  
 Within that canvass dwelling, colours,  
 lines, [map,  
 And the whole surface of the out-spread  
 Became invisible: for all around  
 Had darkness fallen—unthreatened,  
 unproclaimed—  
 As if the golden day itself had  
 been  
 Extinguished in a moment; total  
 gloom,  
 In which he sate alone, with unclosed  
 eyes,  
 Upon the blinded mountain's silent  
 top!

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL UPON  
 A STONE, THE LARGEST OF A HILL  
 LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY  
 UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS  
 RYDAL.

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen  
 stones  
 Is not a ruin spared or made by tin  
 Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st  
 the cairn  
 Of some old British chief: 'tis not  
 more  
 Than the rude embryo of a little dale  
 Or pleasure-house, once destined to be  
 built  
 Among the birch-trees of this rocky  
 But, as it chanced, Sir William has  
 learned  
 That from the shore a full-grown  
 might wade,  
 And make himself a freeman of  
 spot  
 At any hour he chose, the peerless  
 knight  
 Desisted, and the quarry and  
 mound  
 Are monuments of his unfinished  
 The block on which these lines  
 traced, perhaps,  
 Was once selected as the corner-stone  
 Of that intended pile, which  
 have been  
 Some quaint odd plaything of  
 fate skill,  
 So that, I guess, the linnet at  
 thrush,  
 And other little builders who  
 here,  
 Had wondered at the work,  
 blame him not,  
 For old Sir William was a  
 knight

in this vale, to which he apper-  
 ined  
 all his ancestry. Then peace to  
 im,  
 for the outrage which he had  
 evised  
 : forgiveness!—But if thou art  
 ne  
 re with thy impatience to be-  
 ome  
 mate of these mountains,—if,  
 isturbed  
 eautiful conceptions, thou hast  
 ewn  
 f the quiet rock the elements  
 r trim mansion destined soon to  
 laze  
 ow-white splendour,—think again,  
 nd, taught  
 d Sir William and his quarry,  
 eave  
 fragments to the bramble and  
 he rose :  
 : let the vernal slow-worm sun  
 himself,  
 let the redbreast hop from stone  
 o stone.

What is glory?—in the socket  
 See how dying tapers fare!  
 What is pride?—a whizzing rocket  
 That would emulate a star.

What is friendship?—do not trust her,  
 Nor the vows which she has made ;  
 Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
 From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth?—a staff rejected ;  
 Duty?—an unwelcome clog ;  
 Joy?—a moon by fits reflected  
 In a swamp or watery bog ;

Bright, as if through ether steering,  
 To the traveller's eye it shone :  
 He hath hailed it re-appearing—  
 And as quickly it is gone ;

Such is joy—as quickly hidden,  
 Or mis-shapen to the sight,  
 And by sullen weeds forbidden  
 To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing billow,  
 (Winds behind, and rocks before!)  
 Age?—a drooping, tottering willow  
 On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace?—when pain is over,  
 And love ceases to rebel,  
 Let the last faint sigh discover  
 That precedes the passing knell!

---

PTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND  
 AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL.

is what are they?—Beads of  
 morning  
 g on slender blades of grass ;  
 spider's web adorning  
 strait and treacherous pass.

t are fears but voices airy?  
 pering harm where harm is not ;  
 deluding the unwary  
 the fatal bolt is shot!

---

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

PAUSE, traveller! whosoe'er thou be  
 Whom chance may lead to this retreat  
 Where silence yields reluctantly  
 Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat ;

Give voice to what my hand shall  
trace,  
And fear not lest an idle sound  
Of words unsuited to the place  
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this rock, while vernal air  
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,  
Uphold a monument as fair  
As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,  
Like marble white, like ether pure;  
As if beneath some hero lay,  
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;  
And, ever as the sun shone forth,  
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,  
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous pile  
Unsound as those which fortune builds;  
To undermine with secret guile,  
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock  
Fell the whole fabric to the ground;  
And naked left this dripping rock,  
With shapeless ruin spread around!

---

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,  
Bubbles gliding under ice,  
Bodied forth and evanescent,  
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts!—A wind-swept  
meadow  
Mimicking a troubled sea,  
Such is life; and death a shadow  
From the rock eternity!

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE  
TROUBLED long with warring notions,  
Long impatient of thy rod,  
I resign my soul's emotions  
Unto thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter  
Yielded by this craggy rent,  
If my spirit toss and welter  
On the waves of discontent?

Parching summer hath no warrant  
To consume this crystal well;  
Rains that make each rill a torrent,  
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station  
Would my life present to thee,  
Gracious God, the pure oblation,  
Of divine tranquillity!

NOR seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;  
Not seldom evening in the west  
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes  
To the confiding bark, untrue;  
And, if she trust the stars above,  
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outstir'd  
Full oft, when storms the welkin  
Draws lightning down upon the  
It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord  
Who didst vouchsafe for man to  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne  
And asked for peace on suppliant  
And peace was given,—nor peace  
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE  
ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND,  
WENT-WATER.

in the dear love of some one  
friend [what thoughts

been so happy that thou know'st  
sometimes in the happiness of love  
the heart sink, then wilt thou  
reverence [unmoved

quiet spot; and, stranger! not  
thou behold this shapeless heap  
of stones,

desolate ruins of St. Herbert's cell.  
stood his threshold: here was  
pread the roof

sheltered him, a self-secluded man,  
long exercise in social cares

offices humane, intent to adore

Deity, with undistracted mind,

meditate on everlasting things,

er solitude. But he had left

ow-labourer, whom the good man  
oved [upraised

s own soul. And, when with eye

aven he knelt before the crucifix,

o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore

Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced  
Along the beach of this small isle  
and thought [both

Of his companion, he would pray that  
(Now that their earthly duties were  
fulfilled) [in vain

Might die in the same moment. Nor  
So prayed he:—as our chronicles  
report, [last day,

Though here the hermit numbered his  
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved  
friend, [hour.

Those holy men both died in the same

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind  
Crowded with thoughts that need a  
settled home,

Yet, like to eddying balls of foam

Within this whirlpool, they each other  
chase

Round and round, and neither find

An outlet nor a resting place!

Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,

Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

## SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

IMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR  
CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

star of evening, splendour of the  
west,

of my country!—on the horizon's  
brink

u hangest, stooping, as might  
seem, to sink [to rest,

England's bosom: yet well pleased

awhile, and be to her a glorious  
crest [think,

spicuous to the nations. Thou, I

Shouldst be my country's emblem:  
and shouldst wink, [banners, drest

Bright star! with laughter on her  
In thy fresh beauty. There! that  
dusky spot [she lies.

Beneath thee, that is England; there  
Blessings be on you both! one hope,  
one lot, [fear

One life, one glory! I with many a  
For my dear country, many heartfelt  
sighs, [linger here.

Among men who do not love her,

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,  
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?  
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of  
low degree,  
Men known, and men unknown, sick,  
lame, and blind,  
Post forward all, like creatures of one  
kind,  
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend  
the knee  
In France, before the new-born  
majesty.  
'Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate  
mind!  
A seemly reverence may be paid to  
power;  
But that's a loyal virtue, never sown  
In haste, nor springing with a tran-  
sient shower:  
When truth, when sense, when liberty  
were flown,  
What hardship had it been to wait  
an hour?  
Shame on you, feeble heads, to slavery  
prone!

---

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD  
LEADING TO ARDRES, AUGUST 7,  
1802.

JONES! as from Calais southward you  
and I  
Went pacing side by side, this public  
way  
Streamed with the pomp of a too-  
credulous day,\*  
When faith was pledged to new-born  
liberty:

---

\* 14th July, 1790.—[The day on which the  
unfortunate Louis XVI. took the oath of fidelity  
to the new constitution.]

A homeless sound of joy was in the  
From hour to hour the antiquated  
Beat like the heart of man: so  
garlands, mirth,  
Banners, and happy faces, far and  
And now, sole register that t  
things were,  
Two solitary greetings have I hear  
"Good morrow, citizen!" a hollow  
As if a dead man spake it! Yet d  
Touches me not, though pensive  
bird  
Whose vernal coverts winter hath  
bare.

---

1801.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a  
And an unthinking grief! The ten  
mood [wha  
Of that man's mind—what can  
Fed his first 'hopes? what kno  
could *he* gain?  
'Tis not in battles that from yo  
train  
The governor who must be wi  
good,  
And temper with the sternness  
brain  
Thoughts motherly, and me  
womanhood.  
Wisdom doth live with children  
her knees:  
Books, leisure, perfect freedo  
the talk  
Man holds with week-day mar  
hourly walk  
Of the mind's business: these  
degrees  
By which true sway doth mou  
is the stalk  
True power doth grow on;  
rights are these.

ALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

ALS have I seen that were not  
mes :

young Buonaparté's natal day,  
is is henceforth an established  
day,

for life. With worship France  
proclaims

probation, and with pomps and  
umes.

n grant that other cities may  
e gay!

is not : and I have bent my  
ay

e sea-coast, noting that each man  
ames

usiness as he likes. Far other  
how

uth here witnessed, in a prouder  
ime :

senselessness of joy was then  
ublime !

y is he, who, caring not for pope,  
ul, or king, can sound himself to  
snow

destiny of man, and live in hope.

#### THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

E did she hold the gorgeous East  
in fee :

was the safeguard of the west :  
the worth

Venice did not fall below her birth,  
ice, the eldest child of liberty.

was a maiden city, bright and  
free ;

guile seduced, no force could  
violate ;

when she took unto herself a  
mate,

She must espouse the everlasting sea !  
And what if she had seen those glories  
fade,

Those titles vanish, and that strength  
decay ;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be  
paid

When her long life hath reached its  
final day :

Men are we, and must grieve when  
even the shade

Of that which once was great, is passed  
away.

#### THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE voice of song from distant lands  
shall call

To that great king ; shall hail the  
crownéd youth

Who, taking counsel of unbending  
truth,

By one example hath set forth to all  
How they with dignity may stand ; or  
fall ;

If fall they must. Now, whither doth  
it tend ?

And what to him and his shall be the  
end ?

That thought is one which neither can  
appal

Nor cheer him : for the illustrious  
Swede hath done

The thing which ought to be : is raised  
*above*

All consequences ; work he hath  
begun

Of fortitude, and piety, and love,  
Which all his glorious ancestors  
approve :

The heroes bless him, him their right-  
ful son.



## TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!

Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough

Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;

O miserable chieftain! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not!  
do thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:

Though fallen thyself never to rise again,  
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind

Powers that will work for thee, air, earth, and skies:

There's not a breathing of the common wind

That will forget thee; thou hast great  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,

And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

SEPTEMBER 1. 1802.

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing of all negroes from France by decree of the government: we had a fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.

We had a female passenger who came  
From Calais with us, spotless in array,  
A white-robed negro, like a lady gay,  
Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;  
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim  
She sate, from notice turning not away,  
But on all proffered intercourse did lay  
A weight of languid speech,—or to the same

No sign of answer made by word or face:

Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire,

That, burning independent of the mind,

Joined with the lustre of her rich attire

To mock the outcast—O ye heaven be kind!

And feel, thou earth, for this afflicted race!

## COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY, NEAR DOVER.

## ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil we breathe once more.

The cock that crows, the smoke curls, that sound

Of bells, those boys who in meadow-ground

In white-sleeved shirts are playing and the roar

Of the waves breaking on the distant shore,

All, all are English. Oft have I longed round

With joy in Kent's green vales: never found

Myself so satisfied in heart before  
Europe is yet in bonds: but let

pass,

Thought for another moment—art free,

My country! and 'tis joy enough  
pride

For one hour's perfect bliss, to  
the grass

Of England once again, and heaven see,

With such a dear companion: side.

SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER.

D, within a hollow vale, I stood ;  
 aw, while sea was calm and air  
 as clear.

coast of France, the coast of  
 rance how near !

almost into frightful neighbour-  
 hood.

nk, for verily the barrier flood  
 like a lake, or river bright and  
 air,

n of waters : yet what power is  
 here !

mightiness for evil and for good !  
 so doth God protect us if we be  
 ous and wise. Winds blow, and  
 waters roll,

th to the brave, and power, and  
 eity,

themselves are nothing ! One  
 decree

laws to *them*, and said that by  
 he soul

the nations shall be great and  
 free !

UGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUB-  
 JUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

voices are there : one is of the sea,  
 of the mountains ; each a mighty  
 voice

oth from age to age thou didst  
 rejoice.

were thy chosen music, liberty !

e came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
 u fought 'st against him ; but hast  
 vainly striven.

u from thy Alpine holds at length  
 art driven,

re not a torrent murmurs heard by  
 thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been  
 bereft ;

Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which  
 still is left ;

For, high-souled maid, what sorrow  
 would it be

That mountain floods should thunder  
 as before,

And ocean bellow from his rocky  
 shore,

And neither awful voice be heard by  
 thee !

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER,

1802.

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I  
 must look

For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd.  
 To think that now our life is only  
 dress'd

For show ; mean handy-work of crafts-  
 man, cook,

Or groom ! We must run glittering  
 like a brook

In the open sunshine, or we are  
 unblest :

The wealthiest man among us is the  
 best :

No grandeur now in nature or in  
 book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
 This is idolatry ; and these we  
 adore ;

Plain living and high thinking are no  
 more ;

The homely beauty of the good old  
 cause

Is gone : our peace, our fearful in-  
 nocence

And pure religion breathing household  
 laws.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at  
this hour :

England hath need of thee ; she is a  
fen

Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and  
pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and  
bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English  
dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish  
men ;

Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;

And give us manners, virtue, freedom,  
power.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt  
apart ;

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was  
like the sea ;

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,  
free,

So didst thou travel on life's common  
way,

In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy  
heart

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

---

GREAT men have been among us ;  
hands that penned

And tongues that uttered wisdom,  
better none :

The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,  
Young Vane, and others who called  
Milton friend.

These moralists could act and compre-  
hend :

They knew how genuine glory was put  
on ;

Taught us how rightfully a nation  
shone

In splendour : what strength was, that  
would not bend

But in magnanimous meekness  
France, 'tis strange,

Hath brought forth no such souls  
we had then.

Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing chan-  
No single volume paramount,

code,

No master spirit, no determi-  
road ;

But equally a want of books  
men !

---

It is not to be thought of that  
flood

Of British freedom, which, to the  
sea

Of the world's praise, from dark  
tiquity .

Hath flowed, "with pomp of w  
unwithstood,"

Roused though it be full often  
mood

Which spurns the check of sal  
bands,

That this most famous stream in  
and sands

Should perish ; and to evil ar  
good

Be lost for ever. In our halls is  
Armoury of the invincible knig

old :

We must be free or die, who spe  
tongue

That Shakspeare spake : the fait  
morals hold

Which Milton held. In every thi  
are sprung

Of earth's first blood, have titles  
fold.

I have borne in memory what  
 & tamed  
 ations, how ennobling thoughts  
 part  
 nen change swords for ledgers,  
 I desert  
 dent's bower for gold, some  
 rs unnamed

my country!—am I to be  
 uned?

hen I think of thee, and what  
 ou art,  
 in the bottom of my heart,  
 e unfilial fears I am ashamed.

uly must we prize thee; we who  
 d

e a bulwark for the cause of  
 in:

y my affection was beguiled.  
 onder if a poet now and then,

the many movements of his  
 nd,

t thee as a lover or a child?

---

OCTOBER, 1803.

might believe that natural  
 iseries

lasted France, and made of it a  
 nd

for men; and that in one great  
 and

ons were bursting forth, to dwell  
 t ease,

is a chosen soil, where sun and  
 reeze

gentle favours; rural works are there  
 rdinary business without care;

rich in all things that can soothe  
 nd please!

piteous then that there should be  
 uch dearth

Of knowledge; that whole myriads  
 should unite

To work against themselves such fell  
 despite:

Should come in frenzy and in drunken  
 mirth,

Impatient to put out the only light  
 Of liberty that yet remains on earth!

---

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse,  
 to bear

Than his who breathes, by roof, and  
 floor, and wall,

Pent in, a tyrant's solitary thrall;

'Tis his who walks about in the open air  
 One of a nation who, henceforth, must  
 wear

Their fetters in their souls. For who  
 could be,

Who, even the best, in such condition,  
 free

From self-reproach, reproach that he  
 must share

With human nature? Never be it ours  
 To see the sun how brightly it will shine,  
 And know that noble feelings, manly  
 powers,

Instead of gathering strength, must  
 droop and pine,

And earth with all her pleasant fruits  
 and flowers

Fade, and participate in man's decline.

---

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times strike monied worldlings  
 with dismay:

Even rich men, brave by nature, taint  
 the air

With words of apprehension and de-  
 spair:

While tens of thousands, thinking on  
the affray,  
Men unto whom sufficient for the day  
And minds not stinted or untilled are  
given,  
Sound, healthy children of the God of  
heaven,  
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.  
What do we gather hence but firmer  
faith  
That every gift of noble origin  
Is breathed upon by hope's perpetual  
breath?  
That virtue and the faculties within  
Are vital,—and that riches are akin  
To fear, to change, to cowardice and  
death!

---

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou  
shouldst wean  
Thy heart from its emasculating  
food:  
The truth should now be better under-  
stood;  
Old things have been unsettled; we  
have seen  
Fair seed-time, better harvest might  
have been  
But for thy trespasses: and at this day,  
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,  
Aught good were destined, thou  
wouldst step between.  
England! all nations in this charge  
agree:  
But worse, more ignorant in love and  
hate,  
Far, far more abject is thine enemy:  
Therefore the wise pray for thee,  
though the freight  
Of thy offences be a heavy weight:  
Oh, grief! that earth's best hopes rest  
all with thee!

OCTOBER, 1803.

WHEN, looking on the present  
things,  
I see one man, of men the m  
too!  
Raised up to sway the world,  
undo,  
With mighty nations for his unde  
The great events with which ol  
rings  
Seem vain and hollow; I find r  
great:  
Nothing is left which I can ven  
So that a doubt almost with  
springs  
Of Providence, such emptin  
length  
Seems at the heart of all things  
great God!  
I measure back the steps which  
trod:  
And tremble, seeing whence p  
the strength  
Of such poor instruments  
thoughts sublime  
I tremble at the sorrow\* of the t

---

TO THE MEN OF KENT. OCTOBE  
VANGUARD of liberty, ye men c  
Ye children of a soil that doth  
Her haughty brow against the  
France,  
Now is the time to prove you  
ment!  
To France be words of invitati  
They from their fields can  
countenance  
Of your fierce war, may ken th  
ing lance,  
And hear you shouting for  
brave intent.

ingle, in bold parley, ye of  
 re,  
 om the Norman win a gallant  
 eath;  
 ned the charters that were yours  
 fore;—  
 rleying now! In Britain is one  
 eath;  
 are with you now from shore to  
 ore:  
 n of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

---

ICIPATION. OCTOBER, 1803.

: for a mighty victory is won!  
 itish ground the invaders are laid  
 ow:  
 breath of Heaven has drifted  
 em like snow,  
 left them lying in the silent  
 an,

to rise again! the work is  
 one.

forth, ye old men, now in peace-  
 ul show,

greet your sons! drums beat and  
 rumpets blow!

merry, wives! ye little children,  
 stun

grandame's ears with pleasure of  
 your noise!

infants, clap your hands! Divine  
 must be

triumph, when the very worst, the  
 pain,

even the prospect of our brethren  
 slain,

something in it which the heart  
 enjoys:—

glory will they sleep and endless  
 sanctity.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!  
 Another mighty empire overthrown!  
 And we are left, or shall be left, alone;  
 The last that dare to struggle with the  
 foe.

'Tis well! from this day forward we  
 shall know

That in ourselves our safety must be  
 sought;

That by our own right hands it must  
 be wrought,

That we must stand unpropped, or be  
 laid low.

O dastard whom such foretaste doth  
 not cheer!

We shall exult, if they who rule the  
 land

Be men who hold its many blessings  
 dear,

Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile  
 band.

Who are to judge of danger which they  
 fear.

And honour which they do not under-  
 stand.

---

### ODE.

Who rises on the banks of Seine,  
 And binds her temples with the civic  
 wreath?

What joy to read the promise of her  
 mien!

How sweet to rest her wide-spread  
 wings beneath!

But they are ever playing,

And twinkling in the light,

And if a breeze be straying,

That breeze she will invite;

And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is  
 fair.

And calls a look of love into her face,

And spreads her arms—as if the  
general air

Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.

Melt, principalities, before her melt!

Her love ye hailed—her wrath have  
felt;

But she through many a change of  
form hath gone,

And stands amidst you now, an armed  
creature,

Whose panoply is not a thing put on,

But the live scales of a portentous  
nature;

That, having forced its way from birth  
to birth,

Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a  
terror to the earth!

I marked the breathings of her  
dragon crest;

My soul, a sorrowful interpreter,

In many a midnight vision bowed

Before the ominous aspect of her  
spear;

Whether the mighty beam, in scorn  
upheld,

Threatened her foes,—or, pompously  
at rest,

Seemed to bisect her orb'd shield,

As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud

Across the setting sun, and all the fiery  
west.

So did she daunt the earth, and God  
defy!

And, wheresoe'er she spread her sover-  
eignty,

Pollution tainted all that was most  
pure.

Have we not known—and live we not  
to tell—

That Justice seemed to hear her final  
knell?

Faith buried deeper in her own  
breast

Her stores, and sighed to find  
insecure!

And Hope was maddened by the  
that fell

From shades, her chosen path  
short-lived rest:

Shame followed shame—and woe  
planted woe---

Is this the only change that  
show?

How long shall vengeance sleep  
patient heavens, how long

Infirm ejaculation! from the  
Of nations wanting virtue to be

Up to the measure of accorded  
And daring not to feel the me-

right.

Weak spirits are there—whom  
ask.

Upon the pressure of a painful  
The lion's sinews, or the eagle

Or let their wishes loose, in force  
Among the lurking power

Of herbs and lowly flow  
Or seek, from saints above, mi-

aid;

That man may be accomplish  
task

Which his own nature hath en-  
and why?

If, when that interference hath  
him,

He must sink down to  
In worse than former help

and lie

Till the caves roar,—  
becility

Again engendering ang-

The same weak wish returns,  
before deceived him.

thou, Supreme Disposer! may'st  
at speed

course of things, and change the  
wheel,

hath been held aloft before  
men's sight

the first framing of societies,

as bards have told in ancient  
singing,

or by soft seducing harmonies;

drawn together by the appetite,

And by the power, of wrong!

#### CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

MAN master stands on Grecian  
ground,

o the people at the Isthmian  
games

blest he, by a herald's voice,  
reclaims

liberty of Greece!—the words re-  
sound [drowned;

all voices in one voice are  
acclamation by which the air was  
rent!

birds, high flying in the element,

drawn to the earth, astonished at  
the sound!

ere the thoughtful grieved; and  
till that voice

falls, with sad echoes, musing  
in fancy's ear:

that a *conqueror's* words should be  
so dear:

that a *boon* could shed such rap-  
turous joys!

that of that which is not to be given  
the blended powers of earth and  
heaven.

#### UPON THE SAME EVENT.

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the  
beams of morn

The tidings passed of servitude re-  
pealed,

And of that joy which shook the Isth-  
mian field,

The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter  
scorn.

"'Tis known," cried they, "that he,  
who would adorn

His envied temples with the Isthmian  
crown,

Must either win, through effort of his own,  
The prize, or be content to see it worn

By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye  
prop,

Sons of the brave who fought at  
Marathon!

Your feeble spirits. Greece her head  
hath bowed,

As if the wreath of liberty thereon  
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,

Which, at Jove's will, descends on  
Pelion's top."

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL  
PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE  
ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE,  
MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to  
climb:

How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by  
thee

Is known.—by none, perhaps, so feel-  
ingly;

But thou, who, starting in thy fervent  
prime,

Didst first lead forth that enterprise  
sublime.



Hast heard the constant voice its  
 charge repeat,  
 Which, out of thy young heart's ora-  
 cular seat,  
 First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow  
 of Time,  
 Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm  
 Is won, and by all nations shall be  
 worn! [torn,  
 The blood-stained writing is for ever  
 And thou henceforth wilt have a good  
 man's calm,  
 A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall  
 find  
 Repose at length, firm friend of human  
 kind!

---

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come  
 from you!  
 Thus in your books the record shall  
 be found,  
 "A watchword was pronounced, a  
 potent sound,  
 ARMINIUS!—all the people quaked  
 like dew  
 Stirred by the breeze—they rose a  
 nation, true,  
 True to herself—the mighty Germany,  
 She of the Danube and the Northern sea,  
 She rose, and off at once the yoke she  
 threw.  
 All power was given her in the dread-  
 ful trance;  
 Those new-born kings she withered  
 like a flame."  
 Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and  
 shame  
 To that Bavarian who could first advance  
 His banner in accursed league with  
 France,  
 First open traitor to the German name!

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASS  
 LAKE, 1807.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in  
 bars  
 Through the gray west; and lo!  
 waters, steeled  
 By breezeless air to smoothest  
 A vivid repetition of the stars;  
 Jove—Venus—and the ruddy  
 Mars,  
 Amid his fellows beautifully rev  
 At happy distance from earth's  
 ing field,  
 Where ruthless mortals wage in  
 wars.  
 Is it a mirror?—or the nether sp  
 Opening to view the abyss in wh  
 feeds  
 Her own calm fires?—But list!  
 is near:  
 Great Pan himself low-whi  
 through the reeds,  
 "Be thankful, thou; for if  
 deeds  
 Ravage the world, tranquillity is

---

Go back to antique ages, i  
 eyes  
 The genuine mien and charact  
 trace  
 Of the rash spirit that still h  
 place,  
 Prompting the world's a  
 vanities!  
 Go back, and see the Tower  
 rise;  
 The pyramid extend its  
 base,  
 For some aspirant of our sl  
 race,  
 Anxious an aery name to imm

ere, too, ere wiles and politic dispute  
 re specious colouring to aim and  
 act,  
 the first mighty hunter leave the  
 brute  
 chase mankind, with men in armies  
 packed  
 his field-pastime, high and ab-  
 solute,  
 ile, to dislodge his game, cities are  
 icked!

---

USED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS  
 AGED IN WRITING A TRACT  
 ANIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF  
 TRA, 1808.

'mid the world's vain objects!  
 hat enslave  
 ree-born soul,—that world whose  
 aunted skill

fish interest perverts the will,  
 e factions lead astray the wise  
 nd brave;

ere! but in dark wood and rocky  
 ave,  
 hollow vale which foaming tor-  
 ents fill

omnipresent murmur as they rave  
 their steep beds, that never shall  
 be still:

mighty nature! in this school  
 sublime

gh the hopes and fears of suffer-  
 ing Spain:

er consult the auguries of time,  
 through the human heart explore  
 my way,

look and listen—gathering,  
 whence I may,

mph, and thoughts no bondage  
 can restrain.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON  
 THE SAME OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen:—and listened to  
 the wind

That sang of trees up-torn and vessels  
 tost;

A midnight harmony, and wholly lost  
 To the general sense of men by chains  
 confined

Of business, care, or pleasure,—or  
 resigned

To timely sleep. Thought I, the im-  
 passionate strain,

Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,  
 Like acceptance from the world will  
 find.

Yet some with apprehensive ear shall  
 drink

A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows  
 past.

And to the attendant promise will give  
 heed!—

The prophecy,—like that of this wild  
 blast.

Which, while it makes the heart with  
 sadness shrink,

Tells also of bright calms that shall  
 succeed.

---

HOFFER.

OF mortal parents is the hero born  
 By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are  
 led?

Or is it Tell's great spirit, from the dead  
 Returned to animate an age forlorn?

He comes like Phœbus through the  
 gates of morn

When dreary darkness is discomfited:  
 Yet mark his modest state! upon his head,  
 That simple crest, a heron's plume is  
 worn.

O liberty ! they stagger at the  
 shock ;  
 From van to rear—and with one mind  
 would flee,  
 But half their host is buried :—rock  
 on rock  
 Descends :—beneath this godlike  
 warrior, see !  
 Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to  
 bemock  
 The tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

---

ADVANCE — come forth from thy  
 Tyrolean ground,  
 Dear liberty ! stern nymph of soul un-  
 tamed,  
 Sweet nymph, oh, rightly of the moun-  
 tains named  
 Through the long chain of Alps from  
 mound to mound  
 And o'er the eternal snows, like echo,  
 bound,—  
 Like echo, when the hunter-train at  
 dawn  
 Have roused her from her sleep : and  
 forest-lawn,  
 Cliffs, woods, and caves her viewless  
 steps resound  
 And babble of her pastime !—On,  
 dread power !  
 With such invisible motion speed thy  
 flight,  
 Through hanging clouds, from craggy  
 height to height,  
 Through the green vales and through  
 the herdsman's bower,  
 That all the Alps may gladden in thy  
 night,  
 Here, there, and in all places at one  
 hour.

## FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE

THE land we from our fathers b  
 trust,  
 And to our children will trans  
 die :  
 This is our maxim, this our piety  
 And God and nature say that  
 just.  
 That which we *would* perform i  
 we must !  
 We read the dictate in the i  
 eye ;  
 In the wife's smile ; and in the  
 sky ;  
 And, at our feet, amid the silent  
 Of them that were before us.  
 aloud  
 Old songs, the precious music  
 heart !  
 Give, herds and flocks, your vo  
 the wind !  
 While we go forth, a self-  
 crowd,  
 With weapons grasped in fearless  
 to assert  
 Our virtue, and to vindicate ma

—  
 ALAS ! what boots the long, la  
 quest  
 Of moral prudence, sought  
 good and ill ;  
 Or pains abstruse—to elevate  
 And lead us on to that trans  
 rest  
 Where every passion shall tl  
 attest  
 Of reason, seated on her s  
 hill ;  
 What is it, but a vain and curi  
 If sapient Germany must lie d

the brutal sword? Her  
 oughly schools  
 lush; and may not we with  
 row say,  
 strong instincts and a few plain  
 es,  
 the herdsmen of the Alps, have  
 ought  
 or mankind at this unhappy day  
 all the pride of intellect and  
 ought?

it among rude untutored dales,  
 and there only, that the heart is  
 ie?  
 sing to repel or to subdue,  
 y rocks and woods that man  
 avails?  
 ! though nature's dread protec-  
 on fails,  
 a bulwark in the soul. This knew  
 burghers when the sword they  
 ew  
 igoza, naked to the gales  
 cely-breathing war. The truth  
 is felt  
 afox, and many a brave compeer,  
 m of noble birth and noble mind :  
 ies, meek-eyed women without  
 ar ;  
 anderers of the street, to whom  
 dealt  
 read which without industry they  
 id.

he wide earth, on mountain and  
 a plain,  
 s in the affections and the soul of  
 an  
 head, like the universal Pan,  
 ore exalted, with a brighter train.

And shall his bounty be dispensed in  
 vain,  
 Showered equally on city and on field,  
 And neither hope nor steadfast  
 promise yield  
 In these usurping times of fear and  
 pain?  
 Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it  
 Heaven!  
 We know the arduous strife, the eter-  
 nal laws  
 To which the triumph of all good is  
 given,  
 High sacrifice, and labour without  
 pause,  
 Even to the death:—else wherefore  
 should the eye  
 Of man converse with immortality?

---

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE  
 TYROLESE.

It was a *moral* end for which they  
 fought ;  
 Else how, when mighty thrones were  
 put to shame,  
 Could they, poor shepherds, have pre-  
 served an aim.  
 A resolution, or enlivening thought?  
 Nor hath that moral good been *vainly*  
 sought :  
 For in their magnanimity and fame  
 Powers have they left, an impulse and  
 a claim  
 Which neither can be overturned nor  
 bought.  
 Sleep, warriors, sleep! among your  
 hills repose!  
 We know that ye, beneath the stern  
 control  
 Of awful prudence, keep the unvan-  
 quished soul.

And, when, impatient of her guilt and  
woes,  
Europe breaks forth ; then, shepherds !  
shall ye rise  
For perfect triumph o'er your enemies.

---

HAIL, Zaragoza ! If with unwet eye  
We can approach, thy sorrow to be-  
hold.

Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold ;  
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.  
These desolate remains are trophies high  
Of more than martial courage in the  
breast

Of peaceful civic virtue : they attest  
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.  
Blood flowed before thy sight without  
remorse ;

Disease consumed thy vitals : war up-  
heaved

The ground beneath thee with volcanic  
force :

Dread trials ! yet encountered and sus-  
tained

Till not a wreck of help or hope re-  
mained,

And law was from necessity received.

---

SAY, what is honour ?—'Tis the finest  
sense

Of *justice* which the human mind can  
frame,

Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,  
And guard the way of life from all  
offence

Suffered or done. When lawless  
violence

Invades a realm, so pressed that in the  
scale

Of perilous war her weightiest armies

Honour is hopeful elevation—where  
Glory, and triumph. Yet with per-  
skill

Endangered states may yield to  
unjust,

Stoop their proud heads, but not  
the dust,—

A foe's most favourite purpose to  
Happy occasions oft by self-mist  
Are forfeited : but infamy doth

---

THE martial courage of a day is  
An empty noise of death the battle  
If vital hope be wanting to rest  
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain  
Armies or kingdoms. We have  
a strain

Of triumph, how the labouring  
bore

A weight of hostile corpses : di-  
with gore

Were the wide fields, the  
heaped with slain.

Yet see, the mighty tumult o'er  
Austria a daughter of her throne  
sold !

And her Tyrolean champion was  
Murdered like one ashore  
wreck cast,

Murdered without relief. Of  
as bold,

To think that such assurance  
fast !

---

BRAVE Schill ! by death deliver  
thy flight

From Prussia's timid region.  
rest

With heroes 'mid the island  
blest,

Or in the fields of empty rean

meteor wert thou crossing a dark  
 night;  
 shall thy name conspicuous and  
 sublime,  
 and in the spacious firmament of  
 time,  
 and as a star: such glory is thy  
 right.  
 ;' it may not be: for earthly  
 fame  
 fortune's frail dependant; yet there  
 lives  
 edge, who, as man claims by merit,  
 gives;  
 whose all-pondering mind a noble  
 aim,  
 thfully kept, is as a noble deed:  
 whose pure sight all virtue doth  
 succeed.

Look now on that adventurer who  
 hath paid  
 His vows to fortune; who, in cruel  
 slight  
 Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,  
 Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was  
 made  
 By the blind goddess;—ruthless, un-  
 dismayed;  
 And so hath gained at length a  
 prosperous height  
 Round which the elements of worldly  
 might  
 Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds,  
 are laid!  
 Oh, joyless power that stands by law-  
 less force!  
 Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn and  
 hate,  
 Internal darkness and unquiet breath;  
 And, if old judgments keep their  
 sacred course,  
 Him from that height shall Heaven  
 precipitate  
 By violent and ignominious death.

Not the royal Swede unfortunate,  
 never did to fortune bend the  
 knee;  
 slighted fear, rejected steadfastly  
 station: and whose kingly name  
 and state  
 "perished by his choice, and not  
 his fate!"  
 e lives he, to his inner self en-  
 leared;  
 hence, wherever virtue is revered,  
 ts a more exalted potentate,  
 ned in the hearts of men. Should  
 Heaven ordain  
 this great servant of a righteous  
 cause  
 still have sad or vexing thoughts  
 to endure,  
 may a sympathising spirit pause,  
 onished by these truths, and  
 quench all pain  
 thankful joy and gratulation pure.

Is there a power that can sustain and  
 cheer  
 The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's  
 doom, [tomb,  
 Forced to descend into his destined  
 A dungeon dark' where he must waste  
 the year,  
 And lie cut off from all his heart holds  
 dear;  
 What time his injured country is a  
 stage  
 Whereon deliberate valour and the  
 rage  
 Of righteous vengeance side by side  
 appear,

Filling from morn to night the heroic  
 scene  
 With deeds of hope and everlasting  
 praise :  
 Say can he think of this with mind  
 serene  
 And silent fetters? Yes, if visions  
 bright  
 Shine on his soul, reflected from the  
 days  
 When he himself was tried in open  
 light.

---

1810.

AH! where is Palafox? Nor tongue  
 nor pen  
 Reports of him, his dwelling or his  
 grave!  
 Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the  
 wave?  
 Or is she swallowed up, remote from  
 ken  
 Of pitying human nature? Once again  
 Methinks that we shall hail thee,  
 champion brave,  
 Redeemed to baffle that imperial  
 slave,  
 And through all Europe cheer de-  
 sponding men  
 With new-born hope. Unbounded is  
 the might  
 Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and  
 right.  
 Hark, how thy country triumphs!—  
 Smilingly  
 The Eternal looks upon her sword that  
 gleams,  
 Like his own lightning, over moun-  
 tains, high.  
 On rampart, and the banks of all her  
 streams.

In due observance of an a-  
 rite,  
 The rude Biscayans, when their cl-  
 lie  
 Dead in the sinless time of infan-  
 Attire the peaceful corse in ves-  
 white ;  
 And, in like sign of cloudless u-  
 bright,  
 They bind the unoffending en-  
 brows  
 With happy garlands of the pur-  
 rose ;  
 Then do a festal company unite  
 In choral song ; and, while the t-  
 cross  
 Of Jesus goes before, the c-  
 borne  
 Uncovered to his grave : 'tis cl-  
 her loss  
 The mother *then* mourns, as sh-  
 must mourn ;  
 But soon, through Christian  
 grief subdued,  
 And joy returns, to brighten fo-

---

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCA-  
 ONE OF THOSE FUNERALS.

YET, yet, Biscayans ! we must r-  
 toes  
 With firmer soul, yet labour to  
 Our ancient freedom ; else 'tw-  
 than vain  
 To gather round the bier the  
 shows.  
 A garland fashioned of the p-  
 rose  
 Becomes not one whose fat-  
 slave :  
 Oh ! bear the infant covered  
 grave !

3 venerable mountains now in-  
 close  
 ople sunk in apathy and fear.  
 is endure, farewell, for us, all  
 good!  
 awful light of heavenly innocence  
 ail to illuminate the infant's bier;  
 guilt and shame, from which is  
 no defence,  
 and on all that issues from our  
 blood.

---

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde  
 account of Biscay, is a most venerable  
 monument. Ferdinand and Isabella,  
 year 1476, after hearing mass in the  
 of Santa Maria de la Antigua, re-  
 to this tree, under which they swore  
 Biscayans to maintain their *fueros*  
 ges). What other interest belongs to  
 the minds of this people will appear  
 re following

PROPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME.

1810.

of Guernica! Tree of holier  
 power  
 that which in Dodona did en-  
 shrine  
 faith too fondly deemed) a voice  
 divine,  
 d from the depths of its aerial  
 bower,  
 canst thou flourish at this blight-  
 ing hour?  
 t hope, what joy can sunshine  
 bring to thee,  
 he soft breezes from the Atlantic  
 sea.  
 lews of morn, or April's tender  
 hower?  
 3 merciful and welcome would  
 hat be

Which should extend thy branches on  
 the ground,  
 If never more within their shady round  
 Those lofty-minded lawgivers shall meet,  
 Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,  
 Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

---

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED  
SPANIARD. 1810.

We can endure that He should waste  
 our lands.  
 Despoil our temples, and by sword and  
 flame [came;  
 Return us to the dust from which we  
 Such food a tyrant's appetite demands:  
 And we can brook the thought that by  
 his hands  
 Spain may be overpowered, and he  
 possess.  
 For his delight, a solemn wilderness,  
 Where all the brave lie dead. But  
 when of hands,  
 Which he will break for us, he dares to  
 speak.  
 Of benefits, and of a future day  
 When our enlightened minds shall  
 bless his sway.  
 Then, the strained heart of fortitude  
 proves weak:  
 Our groans, our blushes, our pale  
 cheeks declare  
 That he has power to inflict what we  
 lack strength to bear.

---

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
 In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!  
 I better like a blunt indifference  
 And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
 To win me at first sight: and be there  
 joined



Patience and temperance with this  
high reserve,

Honour that knows the path and will  
not swerve ;

Affections, which, if put to proof, are  
kind ;

And piety towards God. Such men of  
Were England's native growth ; and,  
throughout Spain, [remain :

(Thanks to high God) forests of such  
Then for that country let our hopes be  
bold ;

For matched with these shall policy  
prove vain, [her gold.

Her arts, her strength, her iron, and

1810.

O'ERWEENING statesmen have full long  
relied [wealth ;

On fleets and armies, and external  
But from *within* proceeds a nation's  
health ;

Which shall not fail, though poor men  
cleave with pride

To the paternal floor ; or turn aside,  
In the thronged city, from the walks of  
gain,

As being all unworthy to detain  
A soul by contemplation sanctified.

There are who cannot languish in this  
strife, [good

Spaniards of every rank, by whom the  
Of such high course was felt and  
understood ;

Who to their country's cause have  
bound a life,

Erewhile by solemn consecration given  
To labour, and to prayer, to nature,  
and to heaven.\*

\* See Laborde's character of the Spanish  
people : from him the sentiment of these last  
two lines is taken.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH  
GUERRILLAS.

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and  
blast

From bleak hill-top, and len  
march by night

Through heavy swamp, or ove  
clad height,

These hardships ill sustained  
dangers past,

The roving Spanish bands are  
at last.

Charged, and dispersed like fox  
as a flight

Of scattered quails by signs do  
So these,---and, heard of once  
are chased

With combinations of long  
art

And newly-kindled hope ; but  
fled.

Gone are they, viewless as th  
dead ;

Where now ? Their sword i  
foeman's heart !

And thus from year to year  
they thwart.

And hang like dreams an  
guilty bed.

SPANISH GUERRILLAS. 18

THEY seek, are sought ; to de  
led,

Shrink not, though far out  
by their foes :

For they have learnt to ope  
close

The ridges of grim war ; an  
head

Are captains such as erst the  
bred



NO.

"A single One, in mad career  
Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye



stered, self-supported chiefs,—  
 ke those  
 1 hardy Romewas fearful to oppose,  
 2 desperate shock the Cartha-  
 inian fled.  
 ie who lived unknown a shep-  
 erd's life  
 bited Viriatus breathes again ;  
 Mina, nourished in the studious  
 hade,  
 that great leader\* vies, who, sick  
 if strife  
 bloodshed, longed in quiet to be  
 aid  
 me green island of the western  
 nain.

1811.

power of armies is a visible thing,  
 al, and circumscribed in time and  
 space :  
 who the limits of that power shall  
 trace  
 h a brave people into light can  
 bring [bating,  
 ide, at will,—for freedom com-  
 ust revenge inflamed? No foot  
 may chase.  
 ye can follow to a fatal place  
 : power. that spirit, whether on the  
 wing  
 : the strong wind, or sleeping like  
 the wind  
 in its awful caves.—From year to  
 year  
 ngs this indigenious produce far  
 and near ;  
 craft this subtle element can bind,  
 ing like water from the soil, to find  
 every nook a lip that it may cheer.

wo.

Sertorius.

1811.

HERE pause: the poet claims at least  
 this praise,  
 That virtuous liberty hath been the  
 scope  
 Of his pure song which did not shrink  
 from hope  
 In the worst moment of these evil days ;  
 From hope, the paramount *duty* that  
 Heaven lays,  
 For its own honour, on man's suffering  
 heart.  
 Never may from our souls one truth  
 depart,  
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze  
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled  
 eye ;  
 Nor, touched with due abhorrence of  
*their* guilt  
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and  
 blood is spilt,  
 And justice labours in extremity,  
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is  
 built.  
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny !

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA. 1812-13.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold  
 A fond reflection of her own decay,  
 Hath painted winter like a traveller—  
 old.  
 Propped on a staff—and, through the  
 sullen day.  
 In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,  
 As though his weakness were disturbed  
 by pain :  
 Or, if a juster fancy should allow  
 An undisputed symbol of command,  
 The chosen sceptre is a withered  
 bough.  
 Infirmy grasped within a palsied hand.

These emblems suit the helpless and  
forlorn,  
But mighty winter the device shall  
scorn.

For he it was—dread winter! who  
beset,  
Flinging round van and rear his  
ghastly net,  
That host,—when from the regions of  
the pole  
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren  
goal,  
That host, as huge and strong as e'er  
defied  
Their God, and placed their trust in  
human pride!  
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,  
He smote the blossoms of their warrior  
youth;  
He called on frost's inexorable tooth  
Life to consume in manhood's firmest  
hold;  
Nor spared the reverend blood that  
feebly runs;  
For why, unless for liberty en-  
rolled  
And sacred home, ah! why should  
hoary age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,  
But fleetier far the pinions of the  
wind,  
Which from Siberian caves the monarch  
freed,  
And sent him forth, with squadrons of  
his kind.  
And bade the snow their ample backs  
bestride,

And to the battle ride.  
No pitying voice commands a halt,  
No courage can repel the dire  
assault;

Distracted, spiritless, benumbed,  
blind,  
Whole legions sink — and, in  
instant, find  
Burial and death: look for them  
descrie,  
When morn returns, beneath the  
blue sky,  
A soundless waste, a trackless void

---

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

YE storms, resound the praises  
king!  
And ye mild seasons—in a sunn  
Midway on some high hill, while  
Time  
Looks on delighted—meet in fe-  
And loud and long of winter's  
sing!  
Sing ye, with blossoms crown  
fruits, and flowers,  
Of winter's breath surcharged  
sleety showers,  
And the dire flapping of his hoar  
Knit the blithe dance upon  
green grass;  
With feet, hands, eyes, loud  
report your gain;  
Whisper it to the billows of the  
And to the aerial zephyrs as they  
That old decrepit winter—He he  
That host, which rendered  
bounties vain!

---

By Moscow self-devoted to a  
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russia  
Lavished in fight with despera-  
hood;  
The unfeeling elements no cl  
raise  
To rob our human nature of joy

what she did and suffered. Pledges  
 sure  
 a deliverance absolute and pure  
 gave, if faith might tread the  
 beaten ways [High  
 Providence. But now did the Most  
 alt His still small voice;—to quell  
 that host  
 charged His Power, a manifest Ally;  
 rose heaped waves confounded  
 e proud boast [and Frost,  
 arah, said to Famine, Snow,  
 the strife by deadliest victory!

---

GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF  
 HOCKHEIM.

‘TILY paused the strife:—the  
 eld throughout  
 g upon his arms each warrior  
 ood, [blood,  
 ed in the very act and deal of  
 reath suspended, like a listening  
 out. [shout,  
 ence! thou wert mother of a  
 through the texture of yon azure  
 ome [home  
 es its glad way, a cry of harvest-  
 al to Heaven in ecstasy devout!  
 barrier Rhine hath flashed,  
 hrough battle-smoke, [view,  
 en who gaze heart-smitten by the  
 all Germany had felt the shock!  
 wretched Gauls! ere they the  
 charge renew  
 have seen (themselves now casting  
 off the yoke) [pursue.\*  
 unconquerable stream his course

he event is thus recorded in the journals  
 day: “When the Austrians took Hock-  
 in one part of the engagement they got  
 brow of the hill, whence they had their  
 view of the Rhine. They instantly halted  
 a gun was fired—not a voice heard: they

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces  
 bright,  
 Our aged sovereign sits; to the ebb  
 and flow  
 Of states and kingdoms, to their joy  
 or woe,  
 Insensible: he sits deprived of sight,  
 And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,  
 Whom no weak hopes deceived;  
 whose mind ensued,  
 Through perilous war, with regal forti-  
 tude,  
 Peace that should claim respect from  
 lawless might.  
 Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray  
 divine  
 To his forlorn condition! let thy grace  
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;  
 Permit his heart to kindle, and to  
 embrace  
 (Though were it only for a moment’s  
 space) [are THINE!  
 The triumphs of this hour; for they

---

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON  
 THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS  
 OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

DEAR reliques! from a pit of vilest  
 mould  
 Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral  
 kings;  
 And to inflict shame’s salutary stings  
 On the remorseless hearts of men  
 grown old  
 In a blind worship; men perversely bold

---

stood gazing on the river, with those feelings  
 which the events of the last fifteen years at once  
 called up. Prince Schwartzberg rode up to  
 know the cause of this sudden stop: they then  
 gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and  
 drove them into the water.”

Even to this hour; yet, some shall now  
forsake [spake,  
Their monstrous idol if the dead e'er  
To warn the living; if truth were ever  
told

By aught redeemed out of the hollow  
grave: [pious, brave!  
O murdered prince! meek, loyal,  
The power of retribution once was given;  
But 'tis a rueful thought that willow-  
bands  
So often tie the thunder-wielding  
hands [heaven!  
Of justice, sent to earth from highest

---

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF  
WATERLOO.

*(The last six lines intended for an  
Inscription.)*

FEBRUARY, 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you  
Is life despised; ah, no, the spacious earth  
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right  
of birth,

So many objects to which love is due.  
Ye slight not life—to God and nature  
true;

But death, becoming death, is dearer far,  
When duty bids you bleed in open war:  
Hence hath your prowess quelled that  
impious crew.

Heroes! for instant sacrifice prepared,  
Yet filled with ardour, and on triumph  
bent,

'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident,  
To you who fell, and you whom  
slaughter spared,

To guard the fallen, and consummate  
the event,

Your country rears this sacred monu-  
ment!

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN  
SOBIESKI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

OH! for a kindling touch of that p  
flame

Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacri  
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,  
In words like these: "Up voice  
song! proclaim

'Thy saintly rapture with celestial air  
For lo! the imperial city stands relea  
From bondage threatened by the  
battled East,

And Christendom respires; from  
and shame

Redeemed, from miserable fear set  
By one day's feat, one mighty vict  
Chant the deliverer's praise in e  
tongue!

The cross shall spread, the cres  
hath waxed dim,

He conquering, as in joyful heav  
sung,

HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD,  
GOD BY HIM.

---

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF  
WATERLOO.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

THE hard, whose soul is mee  
dawning day,

Yet trained to judgments righte  
severe;

Fervid, yet conversant with holy  
As recognising one Almighty sw  
He whose experienced eye can  
the array

Of past events,—to whom, in  
clear,

The aspiring heads of future  
appear,

mountain-tops whose mists have  
 rolled away :  
 piled from all encumbrance of our  
 time,\*  
 only, if such breathe, in strains  
 devout  
 comprehend this victory sublime;  
 worthily rehearse the hideous rout,  
 triumph hail, which from their  
 peaceful clime [shout.  
 els might welcome with a choral

PERORS and kings, how oft have  
 temples rung  
 impious thanksgiving, the Al-  
 mighty's scorn!  
 oft above their altars have been  
 rung  
 aies that led the good and wise  
 o mourn  
 nphant wrong, battle of battle  
 orrn,  
 sorrow that to fruitless sorrow  
 lung!  
 from Heaven-sanctioned victory,  
 peace is sprung;  
 his firm hour salvation lifts her  
 rorn.  
 to arms! but conscious that the  
 nerve  
 opular reason, long mistrusted,  
 freed  
 'thrones, ye powers, from duty fear  
 to swerve;  
 just, he grateful: nor, the op-  
 pressor's creed  
 ving, heavier chastisement deserve  
 n ever forced unpitied hearts to  
 bleed.

"From all this world's encumbrance did  
 self assoil."—Spenser.

## ODE.

COMPOSED IN JANUARY, 1816.

"Carmina possumus  
 Donare, et pretium dicere muner.  
 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,  
 Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis  
 Post mortem ducibus  
 ——— clarius indicant  
 Laudes, quam ——— Pierides; neque  
 Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,  
 Mercedem tuleris."—HOR. Car. 8, Lib. 4.

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had  
 closed the latch  
 On the tired household of corporeal  
 sense,  
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,  
 Was free her choicest favours to dis-  
 pense;  
 I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,  
 A landscape more august than happiest  
 skill  
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and  
 shade;  
 An intermingled pomp of vale and  
 hill,  
 City, and naval stream, suburban  
 grove,  
 And stately forest where the wild deer  
 rove;  
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky  
 towns,  
 And scattered rural farms of aspect  
 bright,  
 And, here and there, between the  
 pastoral downs,  
 The azure sea upswelled upon the  
 sight.  
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only  
 shows!  
 But not a living creature could be seen  
 Through its wide circuit, that, in deep  
 repose,  
 And, even to sadness, lonely and  
 serene!



Lay hushed ; till—through a portal in  
the sky [storm

Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a  
Opening before the sun's triumphant  
eye,

Issued, to sudden view, a glorious  
form !

Earthward it glided with a swift de-  
scend :

Saint George himself this visitant must  
be ;

And ere a thought could ask on what  
intent

He sought the regions of humanity,  
A thrilling voice was heard, that  
vivified

City and field and flood,—aloud it  
cried,

“ Though from my celestial home,

Like a champion armed I come ;

On my helm the dragon crest,

And the red cross on my breast ;

I, the guardian of this land,

Speak not now of toilsome duty—

Well obeyed was that command,

Whence bright days of festive beauty;

Haste, virgins, haste!—the flowers  
which summer gave

Have perished in the field ;

But the green thickets plenteously  
shall yield

Fit garlands for the brave,

That will be welcome, if by you en-  
twined !

Haste, virgins, haste ;—and you, ye  
matrons grave,

Go forth with rival youthfulness of  
mind,

And gather what ye find

Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs,  
To deck your stern defenders' modest  
brows !

Such simple gifts prepare,  
Though they have gained a worth-  
meed ;

And in due time shall share  
Those palms and amaranthine wreath  
Unto their martyred countrymen  
creed,

In realms where everlasting fresh  
breathes !”

And lo ! with crimson banner  
proudly streaming,

And upright weapons inno-  
gleaming,

Along the surface of a spacious plain  
Advance in order the redoubted band  
And there receive green chaplets :  
the hands

Of a fair female train,

Maids and matrons—dight

In robes of dazzling white, —

While from the crowd bursts forth  
rapturous noise

By the cloud-capt hills retorted

And a throng of rosy boys

In loose fashion tell their joys—  
And gray-haired sires, on staves  
ported,

Look round—and by their smiles  
seem to say,

Thus strives a grateful country  
display [n

The mighty debt which nothing

Anon before my sight a palace  
Built of all precious substance  
pure

And exquisite, that sleep alone be-  
Ability like splendour to endure ;  
Entered, with streaming torches  
through the gate,

I saw the banquet spread beneath  
dome of state,

oft dome, that dared to emulate  
 e heaven of sable night  
 th starry lustre; yet had power to  
 throw  
 emn effulgence, clear as solar light,  
 on a princely company below,  
 ile the vault rang with choral har-  
 mony,  
 e some nymph-haunted grot beneath  
 the roaring sea.

sooner ceased! that peal, than on  
 the verge  
 exultation hung a dirge,  
 eathed from a soft and lonely in-  
 strument,  
 That kindled recollections  
 Of agonized affections;  
 d, though some tears the strain  
 attended,  
 he mournful passion ended  
 ace of spirit, and sublime content!

it garlands wither,—festal shows  
 depart,  
 dreams themselves; and sweetest  
 sound,  
 lbeit of effect profound,  
 was—and it is gone!  
 orious England! bid the silent art  
 ect, in glowing hues that shall not  
 fade,  
 se high achievements, even as she  
 arrayed  
 second life the deed of Marathon,  
 pon Athenian walls:  
 may she labour for thy civic halls;  
 nd be the guardian spaces  
 f consecrated places,  
 nobly graced by sculpture's patient  
 toil;  
 d let imperishable columns rise  
 d in the depths of this courageous  
 soil;

Expressive signals of a glorious strife,  
 And competent to shed a spark divine  
 Into the torpid breast of daily life;  
 Records on which, for pleasure of all  
 eyes,

The morning sun may shine  
 With gratulation thoroughly benign!

And ye, Pierian sisters, sprung from  
 Jove  
 And sage Mnemosyne,—full long de-  
 barred  
 From your first mansions,—exiled all  
 too long  
 From many a hallowed stream and  
 grove,  
 Dear native regions where ye wont to  
 rove,  
 Chanting for patriot heroes the reward  
 Of never-dying song!  
 Now, (for, though truth descending  
 from above

The Olympian summit hath destroyed  
 for aye  
 Your kindred deities, ye live and move  
 Spared for obeisance from perpetual love  
 For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)  
 Now, on the margin of some spotless  
 fountain,  
 Or top serene of unmolested moun-  
 tain,  
 Strike audibly the noblest of your  
 lyres,  
 And for a moment meet the soul's  
 desires!  
 That I, or some more favoured bard,  
 may hear  
 What ye, celestial maids! have often  
 sung  
 Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with  
 rapt ear,  
 And give the treasure to our British  
 tongue!

So shall the characters of that proud  
 page  
 Support their mighty theme from age  
 to age;  
 And, in the desert places of the earth,  
 When they to future empires have  
 given birth,  
 So shall the people gather and believe  
 The bold report, transferred to every  
 clime;  
 And the whole world, not envious but  
 admiring,  
 And to the like aspiring,  
 Own that the progeny of this fair isle  
 Had power as lofty actions to achieve  
 As were performed in man's heroic  
 prime; [held  
 Nor wanted, when their fortitude had  
 its even tenor, and the foe was quelled.  
 A corresponding virtue to beguile  
 The hostile purpose of wide-wasting  
 time;  
 That not in vain they laboured to  
 secure,  
 For their great deeds, perpetual memory,  
 And fame as largely spread as land  
 and sea,  
 By works of spirit high and passion pure.

### THANKSGIVING ODE.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

WHOLLY unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If I have given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect me from a charge of insensibility, should I state my own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. Upon the

wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom presiding in time of peace over an enemy inferior to that which has been displayed in war, they confide, who encourage a firm belief that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination, in order to calamity so confidently prophesied, as it not taken the shape which their sagacity allots to it, may appear as grievous as possible to another. But the body of the nation will quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel have been in a great degree unavoidable consecration of their noble efforts, they vigorously apply themselves to remedy the

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism or in disregard of sound philosophy that I have given vent to feelings tenderly encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of our countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which rendered it, to the inhabitants of several countries where its operations were carried on, a protection from the violence of their own troops, has performed services which will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public) through a scrupulous dread lest the tribute to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with consciousness, at times overpowering them, that they transcend all praise.—But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously if she suffered the abuse which others have made of military power, to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was or can be, independent, free, or so much less great, in any sane application of the word, without a cultivation of military virtue. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under circumstances peculiarly favourable. The same insularity which, by rendering territorial incursions impossible, utterly precludes the de-

st under the most seductive shape it can  
, enables her to rely, for her defence  
, foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of  
force from which her own liberties have  
to fear. Such are the privileges of her  
in; and, by permitting, they invite her  
way to the courageous instincts of  
nature, and to strengthen and refine  
y culture.

some have more than insinuated that a  
exists to subvert the civil character of the  
people by unconstitutional applications  
necessary increase of military power.  
visers and abettors of such a design, were  
ble that it should exist, would be guilty of  
st heinous crime, which, upon this planet,  
committed. Trusting that this apprehen-  
sion from the delusive influences of an  
able jealousy, let me hope that the martial  
es which I venerate will be fostered by  
ng to those good old usages which expe-  
has sanctioned; and by availing our-  
of new means of indisputable promise:  
larly by applying, in its utmost possible  
, that system of tuition whose master-  
is a habit of gradually enlightened sub-  
tion:—by imparting knowledge, civil,  
and religious, in such measure that the  
among all classes of the community, may  
admire, and be prepared and accomplished  
nd that country under whose protection  
ulties have been unfolded, and its riches  
ed:—by just dealing towards all orders  
state, so that no members of it being  
led upon, courage may everywhere con-  
to rest immovably upon its ancient Eng-  
foundation, personal self-respect:—by  
ate rewards, and permanent honours,  
red upon the deserving; by encouraging  
c exercises and manly sports among the  
ity of the country:—and by especial care  
vide and support institutions, in which,  
; a time of peace, a reasonable proportion  
youth of the country may be instructed  
itary science.

have only to add, that I should feel  
satisfaction in giving to the world these  
d attempts to celebrate the virtues of  
country, if I did not encourage a hope  
a subject, which it has fallen within my  
nce to treat only in the mass, will by other  
be illustrated in that detail which its  
rtance calls for, and which will allow  
rtunities to give the merited applause to  
ONS as well as to THINGS.

is Ode was published along with other  
s, now interspersed through this Volume.  
WO.

## ODE.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED  
FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

HAIL, orient conqueror of gloomy night!  
Thou that canst shed the bliss of  
gratitude

On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;  
Whether thy punctual visitations smite  
The haughty towers where monarchs  
dwell; [bright  
Or thou, impartial sun, with presence  
'cheer'st the low threshold of the  
peasant's cell!

Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky  
In naked splendour, clear from mist  
or haze,

Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,  
Which even in deepest winter testify

Thy power and majesty,  
Dazzling the vision that presumes to  
gaze.

Well does thine aspect usher in this day;  
As aptly suits therewith that modest  
pace

Submitted to the chains  
That bind thee to the path which God  
ordains

That thou shalt trace,  
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou  
pass away!

Nor less, the stillness of these frosty  
plains,

Their utter stillness, and the silent grace  
Of yon ethereal summits white with  
snow,

(Whose tranquil pomp, and spotless  
purity,

Report of storms gone by  
To us who tread below)  
Do with the service of this day accord.

Divinest object, which the uplifted eye  
Of mortal man is suffered to behold ;  
Thou, who upon yon snow-clad  
heights has poured

Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble  
vale,

Thou who dost warm earth's universal  
mould,

And for thy bounty wert not un-  
adored

By pious men of old ;

Once more, heart-cheering sun, I bid  
thee hail !

Bright be thy course to-day, let not  
this promise fail !

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning  
hour,

All nature seems to hear me while I  
speak,

By feelings urged, that do not vainly  
seek

Apt language, ready as the tuneful  
notes

That stream in blithe succession from  
the throats

Of birds in leafy bower,

Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.

There is a radiant though a short-lived  
flame,

That burns for poets in the dawning  
east ;

And oft my soul hath kindled at the  
same,

When the captivity of sleep had  
ceased ;

But he who fixed immovably the frame  
Of the round world, and built, by laws  
as strong,

A solid refuge for distress,

The towers of righteousness ;

He knows that from a holier altar  
came

The quickening spark of this day  
, sacrifice ;

Knows that the source is nobly  
whence doth rise

The current of this matin song ;

That deeper far it lies

Than aught dependent on the fire  
skies.

Have we not conquered ?—By  
vengeful sword ?

Ah, no, by dint of magnanimity ;

That curbed the baser passions,  
left free

A loyal band to follow their  
lord,

Clear-sighted honour—and his  
compeers,

Along a track of most unnatural yet

In execution of heroic deeds ;

Whose memory, spotless as the cry  
beads,

Of morning dew upon the untrodden  
meads,

Shall live enrolled above the  
spheres

He, who in concert with an eagle  
string,

Of Britain's acts would sing,

He with enraptured voice will tell

Of one whose spirit no reverse could  
quell ;

Of one that 'mid the failing  
failed :

Who paints how Britain struggled  
prevailed

Shall represent her labouring with  
eye

Of circumspect humanity ;

Shall show her clothed with strength  
and skill,

All martial duties to fulfil ;

Firm as a rock in stationary fight.

otion rapid as the lightning's  
beam ;  
as a flood-gate bursting at  
mid night  
use the wicked from their giddy  
dream—  
woe to all that face her in the field !  
lled she may not be, and cannot  
ield.

d thus is *missed* the sole true  
glory  
at can belong to human story !  
which they only shall arrive  
to through the abyss of weakness  
live.  
ery humblest are too proud of heart :  
one brief day is rightly set apart  
Him who lifteth up and layeth  
ow ;  
hat Almighty God to whom we  
owe,  
ot that we have vanquished—but  
hat we survive.

ow dreadful the dominion of the  
mpure !  
should the song be tardy to pro-  
claim  
less than power unbounded could  
not tame  
soul of evil—which, from hell let  
loose,  
filled the astonished world with  
such abuse,  
boundless patience only could  
endure ?  
wasted regions—cities wrapt in  
flame—  
sees, may lift a streaming  
eye  
heaven,—who never saw may heave  
a sigh ;

But the foundation of our nature  
shakes,  
And with an infinite pain the spirit  
aches,  
When desolated countries, towns on  
fire,  
Are but the avowed attire  
Of warfare waged with desperate  
mind  
Against the life of virtue in mankind ;  
Assaulting without ruth  
The citadels of truth ;  
While the fair gardens of civility  
By ignorance defaced,  
By violence laid waste,  
Perish without reprieve for flower or  
tree !

A crouching purpose—a distracted  
will— [scorn,  
Opposed to hopes that battered upon  
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn  
Not all the light of earthly power could  
fill :  
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient  
skill,  
And to celerities of lawless force  
Which, spurning God, had flung away  
remorse—  
What could they gain but shadows of  
redress ?  
So bad proceeded propagating worse ;  
And discipline was passion's dire  
excess.  
Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,\*  
And deadlier poisons in the chalice  
blend— [wise ?  
When will your trials teach you to be  
O prostrate lands, consult your  
agonies !

\* "A discipline the rule whereof is passion."  
—Lord Brook.

No more—the guilt is banish'd,  
 And, with the guilt, the shame is  
 fled ;  
 And, with the guilt and shame, the woe  
 hath vanish'd,  
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her  
 head !

No more—these lingerings of distress  
 Sully the limped stream of thankfulness.  
 What robe can gratitude employ  
 So seemly as the radiant vest of joy ?  
 What steps so suitable as those that  
 move

In prompt obedience to spontaneous  
 measures  
 Of glory—and felicity—and love,  
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred  
 pleasures ?

O Britain ! dearer far than life is dear,  
 If one there be  
 Of all thy progeny  
 Who can forget thy prowess, never  
 more

Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear  
 Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents  
 roar.

As springs the lion from his den,  
 As from a forest-brake  
 Upstarts a glistening snake,  
 The bold Arch-despot ré-appeared ;—  
 again

Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be  
 cast,  
 With all her armèd Powers,  
 On that offensive soil, like waves upon  
 a thousand shores.

The trumpet blew a universal blast !  
 But Thou art foremost in the field :—  
 there stand :  
 Receive the triumph destined to thy  
 hand !

All States have glorified themselves  
 their claims  
 Are weighed by Providence, in bala  
 even ;  
 And now, in preference to the migh  
 names,  
 To Thee the exterminating swor  
 given.  
 Dread mark of approbation, j  
 gained !  
 Exalted office, worthily sustained !

Preserve, O Lord ! within  
 hearts  
 The memory of thy favour,  
 That else insensibly departs,  
 And loses its sweet savour !  
 Lodge it within us !—as the pow  
 light

Lives inexhaustibly in precious ge  
 Fixed on the front of eastern  
 dems,  
 So shine our thankfulness for  
 bright !

What offering, what transe  
 monument

Shall our sincerity to thee present  
 Not work of hands ; but trophie  
 may reach

To highest heaven—the labour  
 soul ;

That builds, as thy unerring pr  
 teach,

Upon the internal conquests me  
 each,

Her hope of lasting glory f  
 whole.

Yet will not heaven disown no  
 gainsay

The outward service of this day !  
 Whether the worshippers entreat  
 Forgiveness from God's mercy—

hanks and praises to His throne  
ascend

He has brought our warfare to an  
end,

that we need no second vic-  
tory !

what a ghastly sight for man to  
see ;

to the heavenly saints in peace  
who dwell,

or a brief moment, terrible ;

to thy sovereign penetration,  
fair,

where whom all things are, that  
were,

judgments that have been, or e'er  
shall be ;

as in the chain of thy tranquillity !

in the bosom of this favoured  
nation,

the thou, this day, a vital undula-  
tion !

that all who do this land inherit

conscious of thy moving spirit !

'tis a goodly ordinance, — the  
sight,

though sprung from bleeding war, is  
one of pure delight ;

in thou the hour, or ere the hour  
arrive,

in a whole people shall kneel down  
in prayer,

at one moment, in one rapture,  
strive

lip and heart to tell their grati-  
tude

for thy protecting care,

in thy solemn joy—praising the Eter-  
nal Lord

for tyranny subdued,

for the sway of equity renewed,  
liberty confirmed, and peace re-  
stored !

But hark—the summons!—down  
the placid lake

Floats the soft cadence of the church-  
tower bells ;

Bright shines the sun, as if his beams  
would wake

The tender insects sleeping in their cells ;  
Bright shines the sun—and not a

breeze to shake

The drops that tip the melting icicles.

*O enter now His temple gate !*

Inviting words — perchance already  
flung,

(As the crowd press devoutly down the  
aisle

Of some old minster's venerable pile)

From voices into zealous passion stung,

While the tubed engine feels the in-  
spiring blast,

And has begun—its clouds of sound to  
cast

Forth towards empyreal heaven,

As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us, humbler ceremonies now await ;

But in the bosom, with devout respect,

The banner of our joy we will erect,

And strength of love our souls shall  
elevate :

For to a few collected in his name,

Their heavenly Father will incline an  
ear

Gracious to service hallowed by its  
aim ;—

Awake ! the majesty of God revere !

Go—and with foreheads meekly  
bowed

Present your prayers—go—and rejoice  
aloud—

The Holy One will hear !

And what 'mid silence deep, with faith  
sincere,

Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,  
Shall simply feel and purely meditate



Of warnings—from the unprecedented  
 might,  
 Which, in our time, the impious have  
 disclosed ;  
 And of more arduous duties thence im-  
 posed  
 Upon the future advocates of right ;  
 Of mysteries revealed,  
 And judgments unrepealed,—  
 Of earthly revolution,  
 And final retribution,—  
 To his omniscience will appear  
 An offering not unworthy to find  
 place,  
 On this high DAY of THANKS, before  
 the Throne of Grace !

---

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy  
 The arithmetic of babes, must foreign  
 hordes,  
 Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by  
 words,  
 Striking through English breasts the  
 anarchy  
 Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and  
 tie  
 Our hands behind our backs with felon  
 cords ?  
 Yields every thing to discipline of  
 swords ?  
 Is man as good as man, none low, none  
 high ?—  
 Nor discipline nor valour can withstand  
 The shock, nor quell the inevitable  
 rout,  
 When in some great extremity breaks  
 out  
 A people, on their own beloved Land  
 Risen, like one man, to combat in the  
 sight  
 Of a just God for liberty and right.

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION

1803.

COME ye—who, if (which He  
 avert !) the Land  
 Were with herself at strife, would  
 your stand,  
 Like gallant Falkland, by the Mon-  
 side,  
 And, like Montrose, make L  
 your pride—  
 Come ye—who, not less zealous,  
 display  
 Banners at enmity with  
 sway,  
 And, like the Pym and Milt  
 that day,  
 Think that a State would live in se  
 health  
 If Kingship bowed its head to  
 monwealth—  
 Ye too—who, a no discredita  
 Would keep, perhaps with m  
 fruitless tear,  
 Uncertain what to choose and h  
 steer  
 And ye who might mistake for  
 sense  
 And wise reserve the plea  
 dolence  
 Come ye whate'er your cie  
 waken all,  
 Whate'er your temper, at your Co  
 call ;  
 Resolving (this a free-born  
 can)  
 To have one Soul, and perish  
 man,  
 Or save this honoured Land fro  
 Lord  
 But British reason and the  
 sword.

---

## ODE.

1815.

I.

NATION—ne'er before content,  
 e ascending, restless in her pride  
 all that martial feats could yield  
 desires, or to her hopes present—  
 d to the Victory on that Belgic  
 eld

red, this closing deed magnificent,  
 l with the embrace was satisfied.

— Fly, ministers of Fame,  
 every help that ye from earth and  
 eaven may claim!

brough the world these tidings of  
 elight!

rs, Days, and Months, *have* borne  
 em in the sight

ortals, hurrying like a sudden  
 power

it landward stretches from the sea,  
 e morning's splendours to devour;

is swift travel scorns the company  
 some change, or threats from sad-  
 lening power.

*The shock is given—the Adversaries  
 led*

*Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!*  
 lannunciation!—it went forth—

reed the caverns of the sluggish  
 North—

ound no barrier on the ridge  
 ndes—frozen gulfs became its  
 ridge—

vast Pacific gladdens with the  
 freight—

the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—  
 Arabian desert shapes a willing road

ross her burning breast,  
 this retreshing incense from the

West!—  
 Where snakes and lions breed,

Where towns and cities thick as stars  
 appear, [where'er

Wherever fruits are gathered, and  
 The upturned soil receives the hopeful  
 seed—

While the Sun rules, and cross the  
 shades of night—

The unwearied arrow hath pursued its  
 flight! [heed,

The eyes of good men thankfully give  
 And in its sparkling progress read  
 Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless  
 meed:

Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,  
 And slaves are pleased to learn that  
 mighty feats are done;

Even the proud Realm, from whose  
 distracted borders

This messenger of good was launched  
 in air,

France, humbled France, amid her wild  
 disorders,

Feels, and hereafter shall the truth  
 declare,

That she too lacks not reason to  
 rejoice,

And utter England's name with sadly-  
 plausible voice.

II.

O genuine glory, pure renown!

And well might it beseech that mighty  
 Town

Into whose bosom earth's best treasures  
 flow,

To whom all persecuted men retreat;  
 If a new Temple lift her votive brow

High on the shore of silver Thames—  
 to greet

The peaceful guest advancing from afar.  
 Bright be the Fabric, as a star

Fresh risen, and beautiful within!—  
 there meet

Dependence infinite, proportion just ;  
 A Pile that Grace approves, and Time  
     can trust  
 With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

## III.

But if the valiant of this land  
 In reverential modesty demand,  
 That all observance, due to them, be  
     paid  
 Where their serene progenitors are laid ;  
 Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-  
     like sages,  
 England's illustrious sons of long, long  
     ages ;  
 Be it not unordained that solemn rites,  
 Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,  
 Shall be performed at pregnant intervals ;  
 Commemoration holy that unites  
 The living generations with the dead ;  
     By the deep soul-moving sense  
     Of religious eloquence,---  
     By visual pomp, and by the tie  
     Of sweet and threatening harmony ;  
     Soft notes, awful as the omen  
     Of destructive tempests coming,  
     And escaping from that sadness  
     Into elevated gladness ;  
     While the white-robed choir attendant,  
     Under mouldering banners pendant,  
 Provoke all potent symphonies to raise  
     Songs of victory and praise,  
 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or  
     bled [graves  
 With medicable wounds, or found their  
 Upon the battle field, or under ocean's  
     waves ;  
 Or were conducted home in single  
     state,  
 And long procession—there to lie,  
 Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,  
 Unheard by them, their deeds shall  
     celebrate !

## IV.

Nor will the God of peace and love  
 Such martial service disapprove.  
 He guides the Pestilence—the cl  
 Of locusts travels on his breath ;  
 The region that in hope was ploug  
 His drought consumes, his mi  
     taints with death ;  
 He springs the hushed Volc  
     mine,  
 He puts the Earthquake on her  
     design,  
 Darkens the sun, hath made the f  
     sink,  
 And, drinking towns and cities,  
     can drink  
 Cities and towns 'tis Thou—the  
     is Thine ! [cou  
 The fierce Tornado sleeps within  
     He hears the word—he flies—  
     And navies perish in their ports  
 For Thou art angry with Thine ene  
     For these, and mourning for  
     errors,  
     And sins, that point their terror  
 We bow our heads before Thee,  
     we laud  
 And magnify Thy name, Almighty  
     But Man is Thy most awful i  
     ment,  
 In working out a pure intent :  
 Thou cloth'st the wicked in  
     dazzling mail,  
 And for Thy righteous purpose  
     prevail ;  
     Thine arm from peril guard  
     coasts  
 Of them who in Thy laws delig  
 Thy presence turns the scale of d  
     ful fight,  
 Tremendous God of battles, Lo  
     Hosts !

v.

bear :—to Thee—

and Judge of all, with fervent  
tongue,

t in a gentler strain

ntemplation, by no sense of wrong  
quick and keen) incited to disdain

ty pleading from the heart in vain—

THEE—TO THEE,

God of christianised Humanity,

Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks  
ascend, [an end,

That Thou hast brought our warfare to  
And that we need no second victory!

Blest, above measure blest,

If on Thy love our Land her hopes  
shall rest,

And all the Nations labour to fulfil

Thy law, and live henceforth in peace,  
in pure good will.

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

1820.

### DEDICATION.

Fellow-travellers! think not that the  
fuse

in presenting these memorial Lays,

ope the general eye thereon would gaze,

a mirror that gives back the hues

ing Nature; no—though free to choose

reeneat bowers, the most inviting ways,

urest landscapes and the brightest days—

kill she tried with less ambitious views.

For You she wrought: Ye only can supply

The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides

In that enjoyment which with You abides,

Trusts to your love and vivid memory;

Thus far contented, that for You her verse

Shall lack not power the "meeting soul to  
pierce!"

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, *November, 1821.*

WOMEN. —ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

said, fantastic ocean doth enfold

likeness of whate'er on land is  
seen;

if the Nereid Sisters and their  
Queen,

ve whose heads the tide so long  
hath rolled,

Dames resemble whom we here  
behold,

v fearful were it down through  
opening waves [caves,

sink, and meet them in their fretted  
hered, grotesque, immeasurably old,

l shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear  
it not: [excel;

they Earth's fairest daughters do

Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;

Their voices into liquid music swell,

Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry  
grot,

The undisturbed abodes where Sea-  
nymphs dwell!

### AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A WINGED Goddess—clothed in vesture  
wrought [was bold,

Of rainbow colours; One whose port

Whose overburthened hand could  
scarcely hold

The glittering crowns and garlands

which it brought— [Spot.

Hovered in air above the far-famed

**BRUGÈS.**

THE spirit of antiquity—enshrined  
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet  
    song,  
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,  
And with devout solemnities entwined—  
Mounts to the seat of grace within the  
    mind :

Hence forms that glide with swan-like  
ease along ; [throng,

Hence motions, even amid the vulgar  
To an harmonious deferency confined :  
As if the streets were consecrated ground,  
The city one vast temple—dedicate  
To mutual respect in thought and deed ;  
To leisure, to forbearances sedate :  
To social cares from jarring passions  
freed ; [found !  
A deeper peace than that in deserts

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle fancy  
choose?

Is this the stream, whose cities,  
heights, and plains,

War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains

Familiar, as the morn with pearly  
dews?

The morn, that now, along the silver  
Meuse.

Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls  
the swains

To tend their silent boats and ringing  
wains,

Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit  
bestrews

The ripening corn beneath it. As mine  
eyes

**Turn from the fortified and threatening  
hill,**

How sweet the prospect of yon watery  
glade,

With its gray rocks clustering in  
sive shade,

That, shaped like old monastic turret  
From the smooth meadow-grown  
serene and still!

**AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.**

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,  
 That we approached the seat  
 Charlemaine?

To sweep from many an old roma  
strain

That faith which no devotion may rer  
Why does this puny church preser  
view

Her feeble columns? and that sea  
chair!

This sword that one of our weak  
might wear ;

Objects of false pretence, or me  
If from a traveller's fortune I n  
claim

A palpable memorial of that day,  
Then would I seek the Pyrenean  
breach [handed s

That Roland clove with huge  
And to the enormous labour left  
name,

Where unremitting frosts the  
crescent bleach.\*

\* Let a wall of rocks be imagined from to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physics separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy wall curved like a crescent, with its concave towards France. Lastly, let us suppose in the very middle of the wall a breach of hundred feet wide has been beaten down by famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the "*Bre Roland*."—*Raymond's Pyrenees.*

## THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

the help of angels to complete  
 people—angels governed by a plan  
 pursued (how gloriously!) by  
 [seat  
 that *He* might not disdain the  
 wells in heaven! But that  
 iring heat  
 iled; and now, ye powers!  
 se gorgeous wings  
 melid aspect yon emblazonings  
 ly picture, 'twere an office meet  
 on these unfinished shafts to try  
 dnight virtues of your har-  
 ny:---  
 st design might tempt you to  
 eat  
 that call forth upon empyreal  
 und  
 d fabrics—rising to the sound  
 rating harps and voices sweet!

MARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF  
THE RHINE.

his dance of objects sadness  
 als  
 he defrauded heart—while  
 aping by.  
 fit of Thespian jollity.  
 her vine-leaf crown the green  
 th reels:  
 rd, in rapid evanescence, wheels  
 verable pageantry of time,  
 beetling rampart—and each  
 ver sublime,  
 at the dell unwillingly reveals  
 ing cloistral arch, through trees  
 pied  
 he bright river's edge. Yet why  
 pine?

To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to  
 gaze:

Such sweet way-faring—of life's spring  
 the pride,  
 Her summer's faithful joy—*that* still is  
 mine, [days.  
 And in fit measure cheers autumnal

HYMN, FOR THE BOATMEN AS THEY  
APPROACH THE RAPIDS, UNDER THE  
CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

JESU! bless our slender boat,  
 By the current swept along;  
 Loud its threatenings—let them not  
 Drown the music of a song,  
 Breathed thy mercy to implore,  
 Where these troubled waters roar!

Saviour, for our warning, seen  
 Bleeding on that precious rood;  
 If, while through the meadows green  
 Gently wound the peaceful flood,  
 We forgot Thee, do not Thou  
 Disregard Thy suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient tower  
 Watching o'er the river's bed,  
 Flung the shadow of Thy power,  
 Else we sleep among the dead;  
 Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,  
 Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our bark among the waves;  
 Through the rocks our passage  
 smooth:

Where the whirlpool frets and raves  
 Let Thy love its anger soothe:  
 All our hope is placed in Thee;  
*Miserere Domine!* \* \*

\* See the beautiful song in Mr. Coleridge's  
 tragedy of "Remorse."

## THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

Not, like his great compeers, indignantly \*  
 Doth Danube spring to life! The wandering stream  
 (Who loves the cross, yet to the crescent's gleam  
 Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee  
 Slips from his prison walls: and fancy, free  
 To follow in his track of silver light,  
 Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's flight  
 Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea  
 Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet  
 In conflict: whose rough winds forgot their jars—  
 To waft the heroic progeny of Greece,  
 When the first ship sailed for the golden fleece.  
 Argo, exalted for that daring feat  
 To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

---

\* Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The spring appears in a capacious stone basin in front of a ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it,—and entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The *copiousness* of the spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honour of being named the source of the Danube.

MEMORIAL NEAR THE OUTLET OF  
LAKE OF THUN.

DEM  
 ANDENKEN  
 MEINES FREUNDES  
 ALOYS REDING  
 MDCCCXVIII.

---

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered captain-general of the Swiss forces, with a courage and perseverance for the cause, opposed the flagitious and successful attempt of Buonaparte to subvert their country.

---

AROUND a wild and woody hill  
 A gravelled pathway treading,  
 We reached a votive stone that bore  
 The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the friend who placed it  
 For silence and protection,  
 And haply with a finer care  
 Of dutiful affection.

The sun regards it from the west  
 And, while in summer glory;  
 He sets, his sinking yields a type  
 Of that pathetic story.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss  
 Amid the grove to linger:  
 Till all is dim, save this bright spot  
 Touched by his golden finger.

---

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CANTONS  
OF SWITZERLAND

DOOMED as we are our native dale  
 To wet with many a bitter show  
 It ill befits us to disdain  
 The altar, to deride the fane,  
 Where simple sufferers bend, in  
 To win a happier hour.

where spreads the village lawn,  
some knee-worn cell to gaze;  
the firm unmoving cross,  
where pines their branches toss:  
the chapel far withdrawn,  
urks by lonely ways!

er we roam—along the brink  
ine--or by the sweeping Po,  
gh Alpine vale, or champain wide,  
er we look on, at our side  
arity,--to bid us think,  
ael, if we would know.

---

APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH,  
LAUTERBRUNNEN.\*

RED by whom, or how inspired—  
esigned [concert reach  
what strange service, does this  
ars, and near the dwellings of man-  
ind!  
elds familiarized to human speech?

The Staub-bach" is a narrow stream,  
after a long course on the heights, comes  
sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging  
ce, overleaps it with a bound, and, after  
of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The  
owers of these musical beggars may seem  
exaggerated: but this wild and savage  
is utterly unlike any sounds I had ever  
the notes reached me from a distance,  
on what occasion they were sung I  
not guess, only they seemed to belong,  
ne way or other, to the waterfall; and  
ded me of religious services chanted to  
ts and fountains in pagan times. Mr.  
ey has thus accurately characterised the  
arity of this music: "While we were at  
aterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly  
n and girls, assembled just out of reach  
spring, and set up,—surely, the wildest  
s that ever was heard by human ears,—a  
not of articulate sounds, but in which the  
was used as a mere instrument of music,  
flexible than any which art could produce,  
pet, powerful, and thrilling beyond de-  
pet."—See notes to "A Tale of Para-

No mermaids warble (to allay the wind  
Driving some vessel toward a danger-  
ous beach)

More thrilling melodies! witch answer-  
ing witch,

To chant a love-spell, never intertwined  
Notes shrill and wild with art more  
musical!

Alas! that from the lips of abject want  
Or idleness in tatters mendicant

The strain should flow—free fancy to  
enthrall,

And with regret and useless pity haunt  
This bold, this bright, this sky-born  
*waterfall.*

---

THE FALL OF THE AAR.—HANDEC.

FROM the fierce aspect of this river  
throwing

His giant body o'er the steep rock's  
brink,

Back in astonishment and fear we  
shrink:

But gradually a calmer look bestowing,  
Flowers we espy beside the torrent  
growing;

Flowers that peep forth from many a  
cleft and chink,

And, from the whirlwind of his anger  
drink

Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress  
blowing:

They suck, from breath that threaten-  
ing to destroy

Is more benignant than the dewy eve.  
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:  
Nor doubt but He to whom you pine-  
trees nod

Their heads in sign of worship,  
nature's God,

These humbler adorations will receive.



## SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

"WHAT know we of the blest above  
 But that they sing and that they love?"  
 Yet, if they ever did inspire  
 A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,  
 Now, where those harvest damsels float  
 Homeward in their rugged boat,  
 (While all the ruffling winds are fled,  
 Each slumbering on some mountain's  
     head),  
 Now, surely, hath that gracious aid  
 Been felt, that influence is displayed.  
 Pupils of Heaven, in order stand  
 The rustic maidens, every hand  
 Upon a sister's shoulder laid,—  
 To chant, as glides the boat along,  
 A simple, but a touching, song;  
 To chant, as angels do above,  
 'The melodies of peace in love!

## ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.

FOR gentlest uses, oft-times nature  
 takes  
 The work of fancy from her willing  
 hands;  
 And such a beautiful creation makes  
 As renders needless spells and magic  
 wands,  
 And for the boldest tale belief com-  
 mands.  
 When first mine eyes beheld that  
 famous hill  
 The sacred Engelberg;\* celestial  
 bands,  
 With intermingling motions soft and  
 still,

\* The convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Hung round its top, on wings  
 changed their hues at will.  
 Clouds do not name those vision  
 they were  
 The very angels whose authentic  
 Sung from that heavenly group  
 middle air,  
 Made known the spot where  
 should raise  
 A holy structure to the Alm  
 praise.  
 Resplendent apparition! if in vain  
 My ears did listen, 'twas enough  
 gaze;  
 And watch the slow departure  
 train,  
 Whose skirts the glowing moon  
 thirsted to detain!

## OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

MEEK Virgin mother, more benighted  
 Than fairest star upon the height  
 Of thy own mountain † set to keep  
 Lone vigils through the hours of night  
 What eye can look upon thy shrine  
 Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings as they  
 In sign of misery relieved,  
 Even these, without intent of thank  
 Report of comfortless despair,  
 Of many a deep and cureless pain  
 And confidence deceived.

To thee, in this aerial cleft,  
 As to a common centre, tend  
 All sufferers that no more rely  
 On mortal succour, all who sigh  
 And pine, of human hope bereft  
 Nor wish for earthly friend.

† Mount Righi.

ience, O Virgin mother mild!  
 gh plenteous flowers around thee  
 low  
 nly from the dreary strife  
 nter, but the storms of life,  
 have thy votaries aptly styled  
 ady of the Snow.

for the man who stops not here,  
 own the irriguous valley hies,  
 ery name, O lady! flings,  
 looming fields and gushing springs,  
 der sense of shadowy fear,  
 hastening sympathies!

alls that intermingling shade  
 mmer-gladsomeness unkind;  
 astens only to requite  
 gleams of fresher, purer light;  
 ; o'er the flower-enameled glade,  
 sweetly breathes the wind.

n!—a tempting downward way,  
 dant path before us lies;  
 shines the glorious sun above;  
 give free course to joy and love,  
 ing the evil of the day  
 ient for the wise.

---

SION, IN PRESENCE OF THE  
 TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORF.

s tower stands upon the spot where grew  
 den-tree against which his son is said to  
 been placed, when the father's archery  
 ut to proof under circumstances so famous  
 iss story.

T though the Italian pencil  
 wrought not here,  
 such fineskill as did the meed bestow  
 Marathonian valour, yet the tear  
 ngs forth in presence of this gaudy  
 show,  
 le narrow cares their limits overflow.

Thrice happy, burghers, peasants,  
 warriors old,  
 Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go  
 Home-ward, or school-ward, ape what  
 ye behold;  
 Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy  
 bold!

And when that calm spectatress from  
 on high  
 Looks down—the bright and solitary  
 moon,  
 Who never gazes but to beautify;  
 And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze  
 of noon  
 Roused into fury, murmur a soft  
 tune  
 That fosters peace, and gentleness  
 recalls;  
 Then might the passing monk receive  
 a boon  
 Of saintly pleasure from these pictured  
 walls,  
 While, on the warlike groups, the  
 mellowing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their  
 trials come  
 Yield not to terror or despondency,  
 But face like that sweet boy their  
 mortal doom,  
 Whose head the ruddy apple tops,  
 while he  
 Expectant stands beneath the linden  
 tree.  
 He quakes not like the timid forest  
 game;  
 But smiles—the hesitating shaft to  
 free,  
 Assured that Heaven its justice will  
 proclaim,  
 And to his father give its own un-  
 erring aim.

## THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

By antique fancy trimmed—though  
lowly, bred  
To dignity—in thee, O Schwytz! are seen  
The genuine features of the golden  
mean;  
Equality by prudence governèd,  
Or jealous nature ruling in her stead;  
And, therefore, art thou blest with  
peace, serene  
As that of the sweet fields and  
meadows green  
In unambitious compass round thee  
spread,  
Majestic Berne, high on her guardian  
steep,  
Holding a central station of command,  
Might well be styled this noble body's  
head;  
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous en-  
trenchments deep,  
Its heart; and ever may the heroic land  
Thy name, O Schwytz, in happy free-  
dom keep!\*

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES"  
ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST.  
GOTHARD.

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine  
Avails those modulations to detect,  
Which, heard in foreign lands, the  
Swiss affect  
With tenderest passion, leaving him  
to pine  
(So fame reports) and die; his sweet-  
breath'd kine

---

\* Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.

Remembering, and green A  
pastures decked  
With vernal flowers. Yet may we  
reject  
The tale as fabulous.—Here we  
recline  
Mindful how others by this si-  
strain,  
Are moved, for me—upon this in-  
tain named  
Of God himself from dread  
eminence—  
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaim  
Yield to the music's touching influ-  
And joys of distant home my  
enchain.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR,  
FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

This church was almost destroyed by light-  
a few years ago, but the altar and the  
of the patron saint were untouched.  
mount, upon the summit of which the church  
is built, stands amid the intricacies of  
Lake of Lugano: and is, from a hu-  
points of view, its principal ornament,  
to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one  
nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome,  
but the traveller who performs it will  
amply rewarded. Splendid fertility,  
woods, and dazzling waters, seclusion  
confinement of view contrasted with se-  
extent of plain fading into the sky: and  
again, in an opposite quarter, with an ho-  
of the loftiest and boldest Alps—uni-  
composing a prospect more diverse in  
magnificence, beauty, and sublimity,  
perhaps any other point in Europe  
inconsiderable an elevation commands.

THOU sacred pile! whose turrets rise  
From yon steep mountain's lofty  
stage,

Guarded by lone San Salvador;  
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,  
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,  
But ne'er to human rage!

oreb's top, on Sinai, deigned  
 at the universal lord :  
 leap the fountains from their  
 ells  
 ; everlasting bounty dwells ?  
 while the creature is sustained,  
 od may be adored.

fountains, rivers, seasons, times,  
 I remind the soul of heaven ;  
 lack devotion needs them all  
 with, so oft of sense the thrall,  
 she, by aid of nature, climbs,  
 hope to be forgiven.

and patriotic love,  
 all the pomps of this frail  
 spot  
 " men call earth," have yearned  
 to seek,  
 iate with the simply meek,  
 on in the sainted grove,  
 n the hallowed grot.

er. in time of adverse shocks,  
 ainting hopes and backward  
 hills,  
 ighty Tell repair of old—  
 o cast in nature's mould,  
 rarer of the steadfast rocks  
 of the ancient hills !

oo, of battle-martyrs chief !  
 to recall his daunted peers,  
 ictory shaped an open space,  
 athering with a wide embrace,  
 his single breast, a sheaf  
 tal Austrian spears.\*

mold Winkelried, at the battle of Sem-  
 broke an Austrian phalanx in this man-  
 The event is one of the most famous in  
 nals of Swiss heroism ; and pictures and  
 of it are frequent throughout the country.

## FORT FUENTES.

"The ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights ; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The ruin is interesting, both in mass and detail. An inscription upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third ; and the chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the chapel walls : a smooth green turf has taken the place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image ; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes : near the ruins were some, ill-tended, but growing willingly ; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined chapel, a statue of a child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. 'How little,' we exclaimed, 'are these things valued here ! Could we but transport this pretty image to our own garden !' Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years."—*Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour ! when upheaved by war's  
 sulphurous blast,

This sweet-visaged cherub of Parian  
 stone

So far from the holy enclosure was  
 cast,

To couch in this thicket of brambles  
 alone ;

To rest where the lizard may bask in  
the palm

Of his half-open hand pure from  
blemish or speck ;

And the green, gilded snake, without  
troubling the calm

Of the beautiful countenance, twine  
round his neck.

Where haply (kind service to piety due!)

When winter the grove of its mantle  
bereaves,

Some bird (like our own honoured  
redbreast) may strew

The desolate slumberer with moss  
and with leaves.

Fuentes once harboured the good and  
the brave,

Nor to her was the dance of soft  
pleasure unknown ;

Her banners for festal enjoyment did  
wave

While the thrill of her fifes through  
the mountains was blown :

Now gads the wild vine o'er the path-  
less ascent— [sway,

O silence of nature, how deep is thy

When the whirlwind of human de-  
struction is spent,

Our tumults appeased, and our  
strifes passed away!

---

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE  
SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,  
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy  
guide!

Hope be thy guide, adventurous boy ;  
The wages of thy travel, joy!

Whether for London bound—to  
Thy mountain notes with simple

Or on thy head to poise a show  
Of images in seemly row ;

The graceful form of milk-white s  
Or bird that soared with Ganyme

Or through our hamlets thou wil  
The sightless Milton, with his ha

Around his placid temples curls  
And Shakspeare at his side—a f

If clay could think and mind  
weight,

For him who bore the world!

Hope be thy guide, adventurous

The wages of thy travel, joy!

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free  
Though serving sage philosophy)

Wilt ramble over hill and dale,

A vendor of the well-wrought se

Whose sentient tube instructs to

A purpose to a fickle clime :

Whether thou choose this useful

Or minister to finer art,

Though robbed of many a ch  
dream,

And crossed by many a sh  
scheme,

What stirring wonders wilt thou

In the proud isle of liberty!

Yet will the wanderer sometime

With thoughts which no deligl  
chase,

Recall a sister's last embrace,

His mother's neck entwine!

Nor shall forget the maiden co'

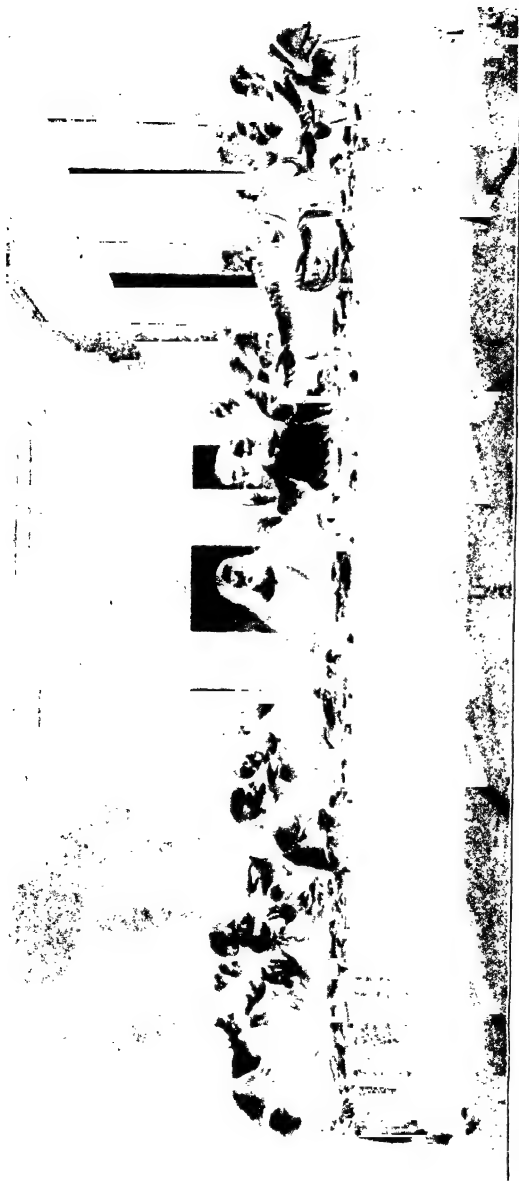
That *would* have loved the  
haired boy!

My song, encouraged by the gra

That beams from his ingenuou

For this adventurer scruples no'

To prophesy a golden lot ;



*Leonardo da Vinci.*  
W.O.

*Repton Photo. Co.*

**"The annunciation of the dreadful truth  
Made to the Twelve."**



ompence, and safe return  
 no's steeps—his happy bourne !  
 he, aloft in garden glade,  
 nd, with his own dark-eyed maid,  
 vering maize, and prop the twig  
 supports the luscious fig ;  
 his eye in paths sun-proof  
 rple of the trellis-roof,  
 rough the jealous leaves escapes  
 adenabbia's pendant grapes.  
 ght he tempt that goatherd-child  
 re his wanderings ! him whose  
 k  
 et my heart can scarcely brook,  
 hingly he smiled,  
 i a rapture caught from heaven,  
 asked alms in pity given.

## PART II.

odding plumes, and lightly drest,  
 resters in leaf-green vest,  
 elvetian mountaineers, on ground  
 ll's dread archery renowned,  
 the target stood --to claim  
 erton of the steadiest aim.  
 was the rifle-gun's report,  
 ling thunder quick and short !  
 ring through the heights around,  
 prolonged a tell-tale sound  
 rts and hands alike "prepared  
 easures they enjoy to guard !"  
 f there be a favoured hour  
 heroes are allowed to quit  
 omb, and on the clouds to sit  
 utelary power,  
 air descendants shedding grace,  
 was the hour, and that the place.  
 uth inspired the bards of old  
 of an iron age they told,  
 i to unequal laws gave birth,  
 rove Astræa from the earth.  
 ble boy (perchance with blood  
 ble as the best endued,

But seemingly a thing despised,  
 Even by the sun and air unprized ;  
 For not a tinge or flowery streak  
 Appeared upon his tender cheek) :  
 Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,  
 Apart, beside his silent goats,  
 Sate watching in a forest shed,  
 Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head,  
 Mute as the snow upon the hill,  
 And, as the saint he prays to, still.  
 Ah, what avails heroic deed ?  
 What liberty ? if no defence  
 Be won for feeble innocence—  
 Father of all ! though wilful manhood read  
 His punishment in soul-distress,  
 Grant to the morn of life its natural  
 blessedness !

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA, MILAN.

THOUGH searching damp and many  
 an envious flaw  
 Have marred this work,\* the calm  
 ethereal grace, [face,  
 The love deep-seated in the Saviour's  
 The mercy, goodness, have not failed  
 to awe [thaw  
 The elements ; as they do melt and  
 The heart of the beholder—and erase  
 (Atleast for one rapt moment) every trace  
 Of disobedience to the primal law.  
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth  
 Made to the Twelve, survives : lip,  
 forehead, cheek,

\* This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs.—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Merghen, are both admirable : but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.



And hand reposing on the board in ruth  
Of what it utters,\* while the unguilty seek  
Unquestionable meanings, still bespeak  
A labour worthy of eternal youth !

---

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.

High on her speculative tower  
Stood Science waiting for the hour  
When Sol was destined to endure  
That darkening of his radiant face  
Which Superstition strove to chase,  
Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,  
Through regions fair as Paradise  
We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought  
A silent and unlooked-for change,  
That checked the desultory range  
Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,  
The waves danced round us as before,  
As lightly, though of altered hue ;  
Mid recent coolness, such as falls  
At noon-tide from umbrageous walls  
That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings ; no cloud  
Cast far or near a murky shroud ;  
The sky an azure field displayed ;  
'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently  
    charmed,

Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,  
And as in slumber laid :—

Or something night and day between,  
Like moonshine, but the hue was green ;  
Still moonshine, without shadow,  
    spread

On jutting rock, and curved shore,

Where gazed the peasant from his  
And' on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steep—it lay  
Lugano ! on thy ample bay ;  
The solemnizing veil was drawn  
O'er villas, terraces, and towers,  
To Albogasio's olive bowers,  
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy, with the speed of fire  
Hath past to Milan's loftiest spire  
And there alights 'mid that æria  
Of figures human and divine,†  
White as the snows of Apennine  
Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the art  
That guards the temple night and  
Angels she sees that might from  
    have flown,

And virgin saints - who not in vain  
Have striven by purity to gain  
The beatific crown ;

---

† The statues ranged round the sides along the roof of the cathedral of Milan have been found fault with by persons who have no true taste is unfortunate for themselves, but true that the same expense and labour would have been directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building : for, seen from the ground, the statues appear diminutive, the *coup-d'œil*, from the best point of view, which is half way up the spire, must be admitted to be the work of an unprejudiced person with admiration. Surely the selection and arrangement of the figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imagination of the spectator. It was a great pleasure that I saw, during the tour, which we made, several children, of all ages, tripping up and down the spire, and pausing to look around them, with much more animated than could be derived from these, or the finest works placed within easy reach. Remember you have the Alps on one side, and the Apennines, with the Plain of Lombardy between !

---

\* "The hand  
Sang with the voice, and this the argument."  
—MILTON.

ing-drawn files, concentric rings  
narrowing above each ;—the  
rings—  
lifted palms, the silent marble lips,  
irry zone of sovereign height,\*  
aped in this portentous light !  
ering dim eclipse !

fter man had fallen, (if aught  
perishable spheres have wrought  
ith that issue be compared)  
gs of celestial visages,  
ing like water in the breeze,  
s sadness shared.

hile I speak, the labouring Sun  
d deliverance has begun :  
press waves her sombre plume  
cheerily ; and town and tower,  
neyard and the olive-bower,  
lustre re-assume !

who guard and grace my home  
in far-distant lands we roam,  
countenance hath this day put on  
or you ? [eyes,  
we looked round with favoured  
illen mists hide lake and skies  
ountains from your view ?

s it given you to behold  
ision, pensive though not cold.  
thesmooth breast of gay Winander—  
e the soft yet awful veil [mere?  
l over Grasmere's lovely dale,  
llyn's brow severe ?

in vain—and know far less  
mess, sorrow, or distress  
spared my dwelling to this hour :  
indness, but ordained to prove  
aith in Heaven's unfailing love  
all-controlling power.

ove the highest circle of figures is a zone  
illic stars.

### THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

How blest the maid whose heart—yet free  
From love's uneasy sovereignty,  
Beats with a fancy running high  
Her simple cares to magnify :  
Whom labour, never urged to toil,  
Hath cherished on a healthful soil,  
Whoknowsnotpomp, whoheedsnotpelf;  
Whose heaviest sin it is to look  
Askance upon her pretty self  
Reflected in some crystal brook ;  
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds  
no tear

But in sweet pity ; and can hear  
Another's praise from envy clear.  
Such, (but, O lavish nature ! why  
That dark unfathomable eye,  
Where lurks a spirit that replies  
To stillest mood of softest skies,  
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,  
Another's first, and then her own ?)  
Such, haply, yon Italian maid,  
Our lady's laggard votaress,  
Halting beneath the chestnut shade  
To accomplish there her loveliness :  
Nice aid maternal fingers lend ;  
A sister serves with slacker hand ;  
Then, glittering like a star, she joins  
the festal band.

How blest (if truth may entertain  
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)  
The Helvetian girl—who daily braves,  
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,  
And quits the bosom of the deep  
Only to climb the rugged steep ?  
Say whence that modulated shout ?  
From wood-nymph of Diana's throng ?  
Or does the greeting to a rout  
Of giddy bacchanals belong ?  
Jubilant outcry !—rock and glade  
Resounded—but the voice obeyed  
The breath of an Helvetian maid.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood ;  
 Her courage animates the flood ;  
 Her steps the elastic green-sward meets  
 Returning reluctant sweets ;  
 The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice  
 Aloud, saluted by her voice !  
 Blithe paragon of Alpine grace,  
 Be as thou art—for through thy veins  
 The blood of heroes runs its race !  
 And nobly wilt thou brook the chains  
 That, for the virtuous, life prepares ;  
 The fetters which the matron wears ;  
 The patriot mother's weight of anxious  
 cares !

"Sweet Highland girl ! a very shower \*  
 Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"  
 When thou didst flit before mine eyes,  
 Gay vision under sullen sk'ies,  
 While hope and love around thee played,  
 Near the rough Falls of Inversnaid !  
 Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,  
 Nor take one ray of light from thee ;  
 For in my fancy thou dost share  
 The gift of immortality ;  
 And there shall bloom, with thee allied,  
 The votaress by Lugano's side ;  
 And that intrepid nymph, on Uri's  
 steep, descried !

---

THE COLUMN, INTENDED BY BONA-  
 PARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE  
 IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAY-  
 SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION, following down this far-  
 famed slope  
 Her pioneer, the snow-dissolving sun,  
 While clarions prate of kingdoms to be  
 won,  
 Perchance in future ages here may stop ;

---

\* See Address to a Highland Girl, p. 234.

Taught to mistrust her flattering  
 scope  
 By admonition from this pre-  
 stone ;  
 Memento uninscribed of pride  
 Vanity's hieroglyphic ; a choice  
 In fortune's rhetoric. Daugh-  
 the rock, [power  
 Rest where thy course was sta-  
 The soul transported sees, fro-  
 of thine, [p  
 Crimes which the great Avenger  
 Hears combats whistling o'er  
 sanguined heath ;  
 What groans ! what shrieks  
 quietness in death !

---

STANZAS COMPOSED IN THE S  
 PASS.

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed  
 shade'st wood  
 To slumber, reclined on the  
 covered floor,  
 To listen to Anio's precipitous  
 When the stillness of evening  
 deepened its roar ;  
 To range through the ten-  
 Paestum, to muse  
 In Pompeii, preserved by he-  
 in earth : [in the  
 On pictures to gaze, where the  
 And murmur sweet songs  
 ground of their birth !

The beauty of Florence, the  
 of Rome, [yield to  
 Could I leave them unseen,  
 With a hope (and no more  
 season to come,  
 Which ne'er may discha-  
 magnificent debt ?

fortunate region! whose great-  
 ss inurned,  
 to new life from its ashes and  
 st;  
 glorified fields! if in sadness I  
 ned  
 our infinite marvels, the sad-  
 ss was just.

sen ere the light-footed chamois  
 ires  
 lew-sprinkled grass to heights  
 irded with snow,  
 the mists that hang over the  
 d of my sires,  
 he climate of myrtles con-  
 ted I go.  
 ughts become bright like yon  
 ging of pines,  
 : steep's lofty verge: how it  
 cken'd the air!  
 icked from behind by the sun,  
 row shines  
 reads that seem part of his own  
 er hair.

the toil of the way with dear  
 nds we divide,  
 by the same zephyr our temples  
 fanned  
 rest in the cool orange-bower  
 e by side,  
 ing survives which few hearts  
 all withstand:  
 tep hath its value while home-  
 rd we move;—  
 when the girdle of England  
 pears!  
 oment in life is so conscious of  
 re,  
 : in the heart made more happy  
 'tears?

## ECHO UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken  
 from the cover?  
 Stern Gemmi listens to as full a cry,  
 As multitudinous a harmony,  
 Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos  
 over,  
 When, from the soft couch of her  
 sleeping lover,  
 Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the  
 mountain-dew  
 In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er  
 she flew,  
 Impetuous motion to the stars above her.  
 A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on  
 Through the bleak concave, wakes  
 this wondrous chime  
 Of æry voices locked in unison,—  
 Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn  
 and sublime!  
 So, from the body of one guilty deed,  
 A thousand ghostly fears, and haunt-  
 ing thoughts, proceed!

PROCESSIONS. SUGGESTED ON A SAB-  
 BATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF  
 CHAMOUNY.

To appease the gods; or public  
 thanks to yield;  
 Or to solicit knowledge of events,  
 Which in her breast futurity concealed;  
 And that the past might have its true  
 intents  
 Feelingly told by living monuments;  
 Mankind of yore were prompted to  
 devise  
 Rites such as yet Persepolis presents  
 Graven on her cankered walls,—  
 solemnities  
 That moved in long array before  
 admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state  
 Thick boughs of palm, and willows  
 from the brook,  
 Marched round the altar—to commemorate  
 How, when their course they through  
 the desert took,  
 Guided by signs which ne'er the sky  
 forsook,  
 They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;  
 Green boughs were borne, while for  
 the blast that shook  
 Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,  
 Shouts rise, and storms of sound from  
 lifted trumpets blow!

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove  
 Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing  
 wells,  
 The priests and damsels of Ammonian  
 Jove  
 Provoked responses with shrill canticles;  
 While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,  
 They round his altar bore the horned  
 god,  
 Old Cham, the solar deity, who dwells  
 Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,  
 When universal sea the mountains  
 overflowed.

Why speak of Roman pomps? the  
 haughty claims  
 Of chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;  
 The feast of Neptune—and the cereal  
 games,  
 With images, and crowns, and empty cars;  
 The dancing Salii—on the shields of  
 Mars  
 Smiting with fury; and a deeper dread  
 Scattered on all sides by the hideous  
 jars  
 Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head  
 Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted!

At length a spirit more sublime  
 soft  
 Appeared to govern Christian p  
 tries:  
 The cross, in calm procession,  
 aloft  
 Moved to the chant of sober lit.  
 Even such, this day, came wafted  
 the breeze  
 From a long train—in hooded  
 ments fair  
 Enwrought—and winding, to  
 Alpine trees  
 Spiry and dark, around their h  
 prayer  
 Below the icy bed of bright  
 tiere.

Still, in the vivid freshness of a  
 The pageant haunts me as  
 our eyes!  
 Still, with those white-robed sl  
 a living stream,  
 The glacier pillars join in  
 guise.\*  
 For the same service by my  
 ties:  
 Numbers exceeding credible as  
 Of number, pure and silent vot  
 Issuing or issued from a wintry  
 The impenetrable heart of that  
 mount!

---

\* This procession is a part of the  
 mental service performed once a m  
 the valley of Engelberg we had  
 fortune to be present at the *grand*  
 the virgin—but the procession on  
 though consisting of upwards of 100  
 assembled from all the branche  
 sequestered valley, was much les  
 (notwithstanding the sublimity of  
 rounding scenery): it wanted  
 simplicity of the other, and the accor  
 of the glacier columns, whose siste  
 blance to the *moving* figures gave  
 beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

too, who send so far a holy gleam  
 e they the church engird with  
 motion slow,  
 duct of that awful mountain seem,  
 ed from his vaults of everlasting  
 snow ;  
 irgin-lilies marshalled in bright row,  
 swans descending with the stealthy  
 tide,  
 elier sisterly resemblance show  
 the fair forms that in long order  
 glide, [aloft descried !  
 to the glacier band—those shapes

bling, I look upon the secret springs  
 at licentious craving in the mind  
 ct the God among eternal things,  
 ind, on apt suggestion, or unbind ;  
 marvel not that antique faith  
 inclined  
 rowd the world with metamorphosis,  
 chasafed in pity or in wrath assigned :  
 insolent temptations wouldst thou  
 miss,

these sights ; nor brood o'er  
 ble's dark abyss !

#### OSPECT. FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

n the burning west, the craggy  
 ape  
 roud Ararat ! and, thereupon,  
 rk, her melancholy voyage done !  
 rampant cloud mimics a lion's  
 hape ;  
 —combats a huge crocodile—  
 gape  
 den spear to swallow ! and that  
 rown  
 massy grove, so near yon blazing  
 own,  
 wo.

Stirs—and recedes—destruction to  
 escape !

Yet all is harmless as the Elysian shades  
 Where spirits dwell in undisturbed  
 repose,

Silently disappears, or quickly fades ;—  
 Meek nature's evening comment on  
 the shows

That for oblivion take their daily birth,  
 From all the fuming vanities of earth !

#### AFTER LANDING. THE VALLEY OF DOVER.—NOV. 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the  
 game

Which faction breeds ? the turmoil  
 where ? that passed

Through Europe, echoing from the  
 newsman's blast,

And filled our hearts with grief for  
 England's shame.

Peace greets us ;—rambling on with-  
 out an aim

We mark majestic herds of cattle free  
 To ruminate\* couched on the grassy lea,  
 And hear far-off the mellow horn  
 proclaim [sound

The season's harmless pastime. Ruder  
 Stirs not ; enrapt I gaze with strange  
 delight,

While consciousnesses, not to be dis-  
 owned,

Here only serve a feeling to invite  
 That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,  
 And makes this rural stillness more  
 profound.

Of this is a most grateful sight for an English-  
 man returning to his native land. ; Everywhere  
 one misses, in the cultivated grounds abroad,  
 the infuriating and disgusting accompaniment of  
 animals ranging and selecting their own food  
 at will. NOT SALABLE.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

The lamented youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being upset in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor G. was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Küssnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,  
Rude nature's pilgrims did we go,  
From the dread summit of the Queen\*  
Of mountains through a deep ravine,  
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells  
"Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mil-  
Free were the streams and green  
bowers:

As if, to rough assaults unknown,  
The genial spot had *ever* shown  
A countenance that as sweetly smil-  
The face of summer-hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease  
With pleasure dancing through the trees  
We journeyed; all we knew of care  
Our path that straggled here and there  
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze  
Of winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil  
Of three short days—but hush—no tale  
Calm is the grave, and calmer no  
Than that to which thy cares are so  
Thou victim of the stormy gale,  
Asleep on Zurich's shore!

Oh, Goddard! what art thou?—a ray  
A sunbeam followed by a shade!  
Nor more, for aught that time shall say  
The great, the experienced, at  
wise

Too much from this frail earth we  
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran rare  
Where, from a deep lake's night  
Forth slips, like an enfranchised  
A sea-green river, proud to lave  
With current swift and undefiled  
The towers of old Lucerne.

We parted upon solemn ground  
Far lifted towards the unfading  
But all our thoughts were *then*  
That gives to common pleasure  
And nothing in our hearts we  
That prompted even a sigh.

\* Mount Righi—Regina Montium.

sympathising powers of air,  
ye that post o'er seas and lands,  
moistened by Virginian dew,  
it untimely grave to strew,  
turf may never know the care  
dred human hands!

I by every gentle muse  
his Transatlantic home:  
a realised romance,  
opened on his eager glance;  
resent bliss!—what golden views!  
tores for years to come!

I lodged within no vigorous frame,  
il her daily tasks renewed,  
as the lark on sun-gilt wings  
noised—or as the wren that sings  
ly places to proclaim  
odest gratitude.

n is sadly-uttered praise;  
rds of truth's memorial vow  
et as morning fragrance shed  
owers' mid Goldau's\* ruins bred;  
ing's fondly-lingering rays,  
his silent brow.

ted youth! to thy cold clay  
equies the stranger paid;  
ety shall guard the stone  
hath not left the spot unknown  
the wild waves resigned their prey,  
at which marks thy bed.

hen thy mother weeps for thee,  
outh! a solitary mother;  
tribute from a casual friend  
unwelcome aid may lend,  
d the tender luxury,  
sing pang to smother.

\* of the villages desolated by the fall of  
the mountain Rossberg.

# ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE.†

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic  
shore,  
Ye furious waves! a patriotic son  
Of England—who in hope her coast  
had won,  
His project crowned, his pleasant  
travel o'er?  
Well—let him pace this noted beach  
once more,  
That gave the Roman his triumphal  
shells;  
That saw the Corsican his cap and  
bells  
Haughtily shake, a dreaming con-  
queror!  
Enough; my country's cliffs I can be-  
hold,  
And proudly think, beside the chafing  
sea,  
Of checked ambition, tyranny con-  
trolled,  
And folly cursed with endless  
memory:  
These local recollections ne'er can  
cloy;  
Such ground I from my very heart  
enjoy!

---

† Near the town of Boulogne, and over-  
hanging the beach, are the remains of a tower  
which bears the name of Caligula, who here  
terminated his western expedition, of which  
these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at  
no great distance from these ruins, Buonaparte,  
standing upon a mound of earth, harangued  
his "army of England," reminding them of  
the exploits of Cæsar, and pointing towards the  
white cliffs upon which their standards *were*  
*to float*. He recommended also a subscription  
to be raised among the soldiery to erect on  
that ground, in memory of the foundation of  
the "Legion of Honour," a column—which  
was not completed at the time we were  
there.



DESULTORY STANZAS, UPON RECEIVING  
THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE  
PRESS.

Is then the final page before me spread,  
Nor further outlet left to mind or  
heart?

Presumptuous book! too forward to  
be read—

How can I give thee license to depart?  
One tribute more;—unbidden feelings  
start

Forth from their coverts—slighted  
objects rise—

My spirit is the scene of such wild  
art

As on Parnassus rules, when lightning  
flies,

Visibly leading on the thunder's har-  
monies.

All that I saw returns upon my view,  
All that I heard comes back upon my  
ear,

All that I felt this moment doth  
renew;

And where the foot with no unmanly  
fear

Recoiled—and wings alone could  
travel—there

I move at ease, and meet contending  
themes

That press upon me, crossing the career  
Of recollections vivid as the dreams

Of midnight,—cities—plains—forests  
—and mighty streams.

Where mortal never breathed I dare  
to sit

Among the interior Alps, gigantic  
crew,

Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!  
—and yet

What are they but a wreck and residue,

Whose only business is to perish.  
To which sad course, these w  
sons of time

Labour their proper greatn  
subdue;

Speaking of death alone, ber  
clime

Where life and rapture flow in  
tude sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy  
Across thy long deep valley,  
Rhône!

Arch that *here* rests upon the gran  
Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frail  
Of secondary birth—the Jungfrau  
And, from that arch, down-loo  
the vale

The aspect I behold of every z  
A sea of foliage tossing with th  
Blithe autumn's purple crown, &  
ter's icy snail!

Far as St. Maurice, from yon  
forks,\*

Down the main avenue my si  
range:

And all its branchy vales, and  
lurks

Within them, church, and to  
hut, and grange,

For my enjoyment meet in  
strange;

Snows—torrents;—to the  
utmost bound,

Life, death, in amicable inter  
But list! the avalanche—the h

found

That follows, yet more awful t  
awful sound!

\* Les Fourches, the point at which  
chains of mountains part, that in  
Valais, which terminates at St. Maur

t the chamois suited to his place?  
 eagle worthy of her ancestry?  
 empires fall; but ne'er shall ye dis-  
 grace  
 noble birthright, ye that occupy  
 council-seats beneath the open sky,  
 armen's Mount,\* there judge of fit  
 and right,  
 nple democratic majesty:  
 breezes fanning your rough brows  
 —the night  
 purity of nature spread before  
 our sight!

this appropriate court, renowned  
 Lucerne  
 me to pace her honoured bridge †  
 hat cheers

men, one of the two capitals of the Can-  
 Underwalden; the spot here alluded to  
 to the town, and is called the Landen-  
 from the tyrant of that name, whose  
 formerly stood there. On the 1st of  
 y, 1308, the great day which the con-  
 ed heroes had chosen for the deliverance  
 country, all the castles of the governors  
 ken by force or stratagem; and the tyrants  
 lves conducted, with their creatures, to the  
 ss, after having witnessed the destruction  
 ir strongholds. From that time the  
 alergy has been the place where the legis-  
 of this division of the Canton assemble.  
 te, which is well described by Ebel, is  
 the most beautiful in Switzerland.

e bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and  
 at the sides, so that the passenger  
 : the same time the benefit of shade,  
 view of the magnificent country. The  
 s are attached to the rafters: those  
 Scripture history on the cathedral-  
 amount, according to my notes, to  
 Subjects from the Old Testament face  
 ssenger as he goes towards the Cathe-  
 and those from the New as he  
 s. The pictures on these bridges, as  
 s those in most other parts of Switzer-  
 are not to be spoken of as works of  
 but they are instruments admirably  
 ring the purpose for which they were  
 ed.

The patriot's heart with pictures rude  
 and stern,  
 An uncouth chronicle of glorious years.  
 Like portraiture, from loftier source,  
 endears  
 That work of kindred frame, which  
 spans the lake  
 Just at the point of issue, where it fears  
 The form and motion of a stream to  
 take;  
 Where it begins to stir, yet voiceless as  
 a snake.

Volumes of sound, from the cathedral  
 rolled,  
 This long-roofed vista penetrate—but  
 see,  
 One after one, its tablets, that unfold  
 The whole design of Scripture history;  
 From the first tasting of the fatal tree,  
 Till the bright star appeared in eastern  
 skies,  
 Announcing ONE was born mankind to  
 free;  
 His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;  
 Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all  
 eyes.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings  
 kill.

Long may these homely works devised  
 of old,

These simple efforts of Helvetian skill.  
 Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold  
 The state,—the country's destiny to  
 mould;

Turning, for them who pass, the  
 common dust

Of servile opportunity to gold;  
 Filling the soul with sentiments  
 august—

The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and  
 the just!

No more ;—time halts not in his noise-  
less march—

Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the  
liquid flood ;

Life slips from underneath us, like that  
arch

Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,  
Earth stretched below, heaven in our  
neighbourhood.

Go forth, my little book ! pursue thy  
way ;

Go forth, and please the gentle and the  
good ;

Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say  
That treasures, yet untouched, may  
grace some future lay.

---

TO ENTERPRISE.

**KEEP** for the young the impassioned  
smile

Shed from thy countenance, as I see  
thee stand

High on that chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,  
Aslender volume grasping in thy hand—  
(Perchance the pages that relate  
The various turns of Crusoe's fate).

Ah ! spare the exulting smile,

And drop thy pointing finger bright  
As the first flash of beacon-light ;

But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,  
Nor turn thy face away

From one who, in the evening of his  
day, [hymn !

To thee would offer no presumptuous

Bold spirit ! who art free to rove  
Among the starry courts of Jove,  
And oft in splendour dost appear  
Embodied to poetic eyes,  
While traversing this nether sphere,  
Where mortals call thee Enterprise.

Daughter of Hope ! her favour  
Whom she to young Ambition  
When hunter's arrow first defile  
The grove, and stained the t  
gore ;

Thee wingèd Fancy took, and  
On broad Euphrates' palmy sh  
And where the mightier waters  
From caves of Indian m  
hoar !

She wrapped thee in a j  
skin ;

And thou, thy favourite food t  
The flame-eyed eagle oft  
scare

From her rock-fortress in mid  
With infant shout,—and often  
Paired with the ostrich,  
plain ;

Or, tired with sport, woul  
asleep

Upon the couchant lion's mar  
With rolling years thy stre  
creased ;

And, far beyond thy native E.  
To thee, by varying titles kno  
As variously thy power was sh  
Did incense-bearing altars rise  
Which caught the blaze of sa  
From supplicants panting for t

What though this ancient ear  
No more by step of demi-god  
Mounting from glorious deed  
As thou from clime to clime  
Yet still, the bosom beating l  
And the hushed farewell of a  
Where no procrastinating gaz  
A last infirmity betrays,  
Prove that thy heaven-descer  
Shall ne'er submit to cold de  
By thy divinity impelled,  
The stripling seeks the tent

aspiring virgin kneels; and, pale  
 awe, receives the hallowed veil,  
 and tender heroine  
 led to severer discipline;  
 led by thee, the blooming boy  
 of the whistling shrouds a toy,  
 of the ocean's dismal breast  
 byground or a couch of rest;  
 the blank world of snow and ice,  
 to his dangers dost enchain  
 chamois-chaser, awed in vain  
 rasm or dizzy precipice;  
 hast thou not with triumph seen  
 soaring mortals glide between  
 rough the clouds, and brave the  
 bolder than Icarian flight? [light  
 they, in bells of crystal, dive  
 e winds and waters cease to strive,  
 io unholy visitings,  
 ng the monsters of the deep,  
 all the sad and precious things  
 h there in ghastly silence sleep;  
 dverse tides and currents headed,  
 breathless calms no longer dreaded,  
 ver-slackening voyage go  
 ght as an arrow from the bow;  
 slighting sails and scorning oars,  
 faith with Time on distant shores?  
 in our fearless reach are placed  
 secrets of the burning waste,—  
 tian tombs unlock their dead,  
 trembles at his fountain head;  
 I speak'st—and lo! the polar seas  
 osom their last mysteries.  
 oh! what transports, what sublime  
 reward,  
 from the world of mind, dost thou  
 prepare  
 philosophic sage—or high-souled  
 bard  
 for thy service trained in lonely  
 woods,

Hath fed on pageants floating through  
 the air, [floods;  
 Or calentured in depth of limpid  
 Nor grieves—though doomed, through  
 silent night, to bear  
 The domination of his glorious themes,  
 Or struggle in the net-work of thy  
 dreams!

If there be movements in the patriot's  
 soul, [worth,  
 From source still deeper, and of higher  
 'Tis thine the quickening impulse to  
 control, [forth;  
 And in due season send the mandate  
 Thy call a prostrate nation can restore,  
 When but a single mind resolves to  
 crouch no more.

Dread minister of wrath!  
 Who to their destined punishment dost  
 urge  
 The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of  
 hardened heart!  
 Not unassisted by the flattering stars,  
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path  
 When they in pomp depart,  
 With trampling horses and refulgent  
 cars— [surge;  
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny  
 Or cast, for lingering death, on un-  
 known strands;  
 Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands—  
 An army now, and now a living hill  
 That a brief while heaves with con-  
 vulsive throes—  
 Then all is still;  
 Or to forget their madness and their  
 woes, [snows!  
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless  
 Back flows the willing current of my  
 song: [dare,  
 If to provoke such doom the impious

Why should it daunt a blameless  
prayer?

—Bold goddess! range our youth  
among;

Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to  
beat

In hearts no longer young;

Still may a veteran few have pride

In thoughts whose sternness makes  
them sweet;

In fixed resolves by reason justified;

That to their object cleave like sleet

Whitening a pine-tree's northern side,

While fields are naked far and wide,

And withered leaves, from earth's cold  
breast

Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can  
find rest.

But if such homage thou disdain

As doth with mellowing years agree,

One rarely absent from thy train

More humble favours may obtain

For thy contented votary.

She who incites the frolic lambs

In presence of their heedless dams,

And to the solitary fawn

Vouchsafes her lessons—bounteous  
nymph

That wakes the breeze—the sparkling  
lymph

Doth hurry to the lawn;

She who inspires that strain of joyance  
holy

Which the sweet bird, misnamed the  
melancholy

Pours forth in shady groves, shall  
plead for me;

And vernal mornings opening  
With views of undefined delight  
And cheerful songs, and sun  
shine

On busy days, with thankful  
mine.

But thou, O goddess! in thy  
isle

(Freedom's impregnable redoubt  
The wide earth's storehouse  
about

With breakers roaring to the gale  
That stretch a thousand  
sails)

Quicken the slothful, and  
vile!—

Thy impulse is the life of fame  
Glad hope would almost cease

If torn from thy society;

And love, when worthiest of his

Is proud to walk the earth with

---

#### AFTER-THOUGHT.

Oh Life! without thy chequer  
Of right and wrong, of weal and  
Success and failure, could a grain  
For magnanimity be found;

For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, or  
Or whence could virtue flow?

Pain entered through a ghastly  
Nor while sin lasts must effort  
Heaven upon earth's an empty  
But, for the bowers of Eden lost  
Mercy has placed within our reach  
A portion of God's peace.

# ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

## PART I.

### OF THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION.

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies,  
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise  
Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

#### INTRODUCTION.

Accompanied with faithful pace  
From Duddon from its cloud-fed  
Spring,  
Loved with spirit ruled by his to  
ing  
Mountain-quiet and boon nature's  
race ;  
He essayed the nobler Stream to  
race  
Liberty, and smote the plausive  
tring  
The checked torrent, proudly  
triumphing,  
For herself a lasting resting-place ;  
Seek upon the heights of Time  
The source  
HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are  
bound  
Pastoral flowers, and laurels that  
Have crowned  
The unworthy brow of lawless  
force ;  
For delight of him who tracks its  
course,  
Ortial amaranth and palms abound.

#### CONJECTURES.

If there be prophets on whose spirits  
rest  
Past things, revealed like future, they  
can tell  
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred  
well  
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island  
blessed  
With its first bounty. Wandering  
through the west,  
Did holy Paul\* a while in Britain dwell,  
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,  
And with dread signs the nascent  
Stream invest ?  
Or He, whose bonds dropped off,  
whose prison doors  
Flew open, by an Angel's voice un-  
barred ?

\* Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury ; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.

Or some of humbler name, to these  
 wild shores  
 Storm-driven; who, having seen the  
 cup of woe  
 Pass from their Master, sojourned here  
 to guard  
 The precious Current they had taught  
 to flow?

---

## TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow  
 the sea-mew \*—white  
 As Menai's foam; and toward the  
 mystic ring  
 Where Augurs stand, the Future ques-  
 tioning  
 Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy  
 flight,  
 Portending ruin to each baleful rite  
 That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept  
 o'er  
 Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.  
 Haughty the Bard: can these meek  
 doctrines blight  
 His transports? wither his heroic  
 strains?  
 But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian  
 spear  
 A way first opened; and, with Roman  
 chains,  
 The tidings come of Jesus crucified;  
 They come—they spread—the weak,  
 the suffering, hear;  
 Receive the faith, and in the hope  
 abide.

---

\* This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

## DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met the  
 road,  
 Thou wretched Outcast, from  
 of fire  
 And food cut off by sacerdotal  
 From every sympathy that I  
 stowed!  
 Yet shall it claim our reverence  
 God,  
 Ancient of days! that to the  
 Sire,  
 These jealous Ministers of law  
 As to the one sole fount whence  
 flowed,  
 Justice, and order. Tre-  
 escaped,  
 As if with prescience of the  
 storm,  
 That intimation when the st  
 shaped;  
 And still, 'mid yon thick we  
 primal truth  
 Glimmers through many a sup  
 form  
 That fills the Soul with unavail

---

## UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us; see  
 are lost  
 On Snowdon's wilds, amid B  
 coves,  
 Or where the solitary shepherd  
 Along the plain of Sarum, by  
 Of Time and shadows of  
 crost;  
 And where the boatman of the  
 Isles  
 Slackens his course—to ma  
 holy piles

yet survive on bleak Iona's  
 coast.  
 these, nor monuments of eldest  
 age,  
 'Aliesin's unforgotten lays,  
 characters of Greek or Roman  
 age,  
 unquestionable Source have led;  
 h—if eyes, that sought the foun-  
 in-head  
 n, upon the growing Rill may  
 ize.

## PERSECUTION.

ET! for Diocletian's fiery sword  
 busy as the lightning; but  
 stinct  
 nalice ne'er to deadliest weapon  
 icked,

God's ethereal storehouses  
 ford:

t the Followers of the incarnate  
 ord

as;—some are smitten in the  
 ld—

pierced to the heart through the  
 effectual shield

ed home;—with pomp are others  
 red

eadful respite. Thus was Alban  
 ed,

id's first Martyr, whom no threats  
 ould shake;

ered victim, for his friend he died,  
 or the faith; nor shall his name

rsake  
 Rill, whose flowery platform seems

rise  
 ture decked for holiest sacrifice.\*

\* Bill at St. Alban's must have been an  
 of great interest to the imagination of  
 noble Boile, who thus describes it, with

## RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the  
 birds regain

Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim  
 Their nests, or chant a gratulating  
 hymn

To the blue ether and bespangled  
 plain;

Even so, in many a re-constructed  
 fane,

Have the survivors of this Storm re-  
 newed

Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:

And solemn ceremonials they ordain

To celebrate their great deliverance;

Most feelingly instructed 'mid their  
 fear—

That persecution, blind with rage  
 extreme,

May not the less, through Heaven's  
 mild countenance,

Even in her own despite, both feed and  
 cheer;

For all things are less dreadful than  
 they seem.

## TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm! for soul-subduing  
 vice,

Heart-killing luxury, on your steps  
 await.

a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in  
 that rude age, traces of which are frequent in  
 his works:—"Variis herbarum floribus depic-  
 tus imò usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil  
 repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum,  
 quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in  
 modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum  
 videlicet eum pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis  
 jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore  
 dicaretur."



Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,  
 And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,  
 Their radiance through the woods—  
     may yet suffice  
 To sap your hardy virtue, and abate  
 Your love of Him upon whose forehead  
     sate  
 The crown of thorns ; whose life-blood  
     flowed, the price  
 Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts  
 That Rome provides, less dreading  
     from her frown  
 Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,  
 Language, and letters ;—these, though  
     fondly viewed  
 As humanising graces, are but parts  
 And instruments of deadliest servitude !

---

DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be  
     scanned  
 Presumptuously) their roots both wide  
     and deep,  
 Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.  
 Lo ! Discord at the altar dares to stand  
 Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery  
     brand,  
 A cherished Priestess of the new-  
     baptized !  
 But chastisement shall follow peace  
     despised.  
 The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate  
     land  
 By Rome abandoned ; vain are suppliant  
     cries,  
 And prayers that would undo her forced  
     farewell ;

For she returns not.—Awed by  
     knell,  
 She casts the Britons upon  
     Allies,  
 Soon to become more dreaded  
 Than heartless misery called  
     repel.

---

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS A  
 THE BARBARIANS.

Rise !—they *have* risen : c  
     Aneurin ask  
 How they have scourged  
     perfidious friends :  
 The Spirit of Caractacus desc  
 Upon the Patriots, animates the  
 Amazement runs before the  
     casque  
 Of Arthur, bearing through tl  
     field  
 The virgin sculptured on his  
     shield :—  
 Stretched in the sunny light  
     bask  
 The Host that followed U  
     strode  
 O'er heaps of slain ; —from  
     wood and moss  
 Druids descend, auxiliars of  
 Bards, nursed on blue Pli  
     still abode,  
 Rush on the fight, to harps  
     swords,  
 And everlasting deeds to hur

---

SAXON CONQUEST

NOR wants the cause the p  
     aid  
 Of hallelujahs\* tost from hi

---

\* Alluding to the victory gain  
 manus.—See Bede.

stant victory. But Heaven's  
 igh will  
 s a second and a darker shade  
 gan night. Afflicted and dis-  
 ayed,  
 relics of the sword flee to the  
 ountains :  
 ched Land ! whose tears have  
 owed like fountains ;  
 arts and honours in the dust  
 e laid  
 n yet scarcely conscious of a care  
 ther monuments than those of  
 arth ;  
 as the fields and woods have  
 ven them birth,  
 ild their savage fortunes only  
 ere ;  
 it, if foss, and barrow, and the girth  
 g-drawn rampart, witness what  
 ey were.

---

ONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.\*

*oppression of the tumult—wrath  
 nd scorn—  
 ribulation --- and the gleaming  
 'ades—*  
 is the impetuous spirit that per-  
 ades  
 ong of Taliesin :—Ours shall  
 ourn

Ethelforth reached the convent of  
 he perceived the Monks, twelve hun-  
 number, offering prayers for the success  
 r countrymen : 'if they are praying  
 us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting  
 us ;' and he ordered them to be first  
 d : they were destroyed ; and, appalled  
 fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered,  
 fled from the field in dismay. Thus  
 ned by their leader, his army soon gave  
 nd Ethelforth obtained a decisive con-  
 Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his  
 and was demolished ; the noble

The *unarmed* Host who by their  
 prayers would turn  
 The sword from Bangor's walls, and  
 guard the store  
 Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,  
 And Christian monuments, that now  
 must burn  
 To senseless ashes. Mark ! how all  
 things swerve  
 From their known course, or vanish  
 like a dream ;  
 Another language spreads from coast  
 to coast ;  
 Only perchance some melancholy  
 Stream  
 And some indignant Hills old names  
 preserve,  
 When laws, and creeds, and people all  
 are lost !

---

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful  
 slaves,  
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the  
 pale  
 Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,  
 Where Tiber's stream the immortal  
 City laves :  
 ANGLI by name ; and not an ANGEL  
 waves

---

monastery was levelled to the ground ; its  
 library, which is mentioned as a large one, the  
 collection of ages, the repository of the most  
 precious monuments of the ancient Britons,  
 was consumed : half ruined walls, gates, and  
 rubbish were all that remained of the magnifi-  
 cent edifice."—See Turner's valuable history  
 of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which pre-  
 ceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable  
 event, suggests a most striking warning against  
 National and Religious prejudices.

His wing who could seem lovelier to  
 man's eye  
 Than they appear to holy Gregory ;  
 Who, having learnt that name, salva-  
 tion craves  
 For Them, and for their Land. The  
 earnest Sire,  
 His questions urging, feels, in slender  
 ties  
 Of chiming sound, commanding sym-  
 pathies ;  
 DE-IRIANS—he would save them from  
 God's IRE ;  
 Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall  
 sing  
 Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King!

---

GLAD TIDINGS.

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,  
 Blest be the unconscious shore on  
 which ye tread,  
 And blest the silver Cross, which ye,  
 instead  
 Of martial banner, in procession bear ;  
 The Cross preceding Him who floats  
 in air,  
 The pictured Saviour!—By Augustin  
 led,  
 They come—and onward travel without  
 dread,  
 Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful  
 prayer—  
 Sung for themselves, and those whom  
 they would free !  
 Rich conquest waits them :—the tem-  
 pestuous sea  
 Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and  
 high  
 And heeded not the voice of clashing  
 swords,

These good men humble to  
 bare words,  
 And calm with fear of God's d

---

PAULINUS.\*

BUT to remote Northumbri  
 Hall,  
 Where thoughtful Edwin, to  
 the school  
 Of sorrow, still maintains a  
 rule,  
*Who* comes with functions ap-  
 Mark him, of shoulders cur-  
 stature tall,  
 Black hair, and vivid eye, an  
 cheek,  
 His prominent feature like  
 beak ;  
 A Man whose aspect doth at c  
 And strike with reverenc  
 Monarch leans  
 Toward the pure truths this  
 propounds,  
 Repeatedly his own deep  
 sounds  
 With careful hesitation—ther  
 A synod of his Councillors ;—  
 And what a pensive Sage c  
 hear!

---

PERSUASION.

“ MAN's life is like a Sparro  
 King !  
 That—while at banquet  
 Chiefs you sit

---

\* The person of Paulinus is thus  
 Bede, from the memory of an ey  
 “ Longæ staturæ, paululum inc  
 capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adun  
 venerabilis simul et terribilis aspe

d near a blazing fire—is seen  
flit

om the wintry tempest. Fluttering,  
lid it enter ; there, on hasty wing,  
out, and passes on from cold to  
old ;

[behold  
ence it came we know not, nor  
er it goes. Even such, that  
insient Thing,

man Soul ; not utterly unknown  
in the Body lodged, her warm  
ode ;

om what world She came, what  
oe or weal

[shown ;  
departure waits, no tongue hath  
ystery if the Stranger can reveal,  
a welcome cordially bestowed !”\*

the original of this speech in Bede. —  
version of Edwin, as related by him,  
interesting—and the breaking up of  
encil accompanied with an event so  
and characteristic, that I am tempted  
t at length in a translation. “ ‘ Who,’  
d the King, when the Council was  
shall first desecrate the altars and the  
?’ ‘ I,’ answered the Chief Priest ;  
no more fit than myself, through the  
which the true God hath given me, to  
for the good example of others, what  
iness I worshipped ?’ Immediately,  
way vain superstition, he besought the  
grant him what the laws did not allow  
est, arms and a courser (equum emis-  
: which mounting, and furnished with  
and a lance, he proceeded to destroy  
ls. The crowd, seeing this, thought  
d—he, however, halted not, but, ap-  
g, he profaned the temple, casting  
it the lance which he had held in his  
nd, exulting in acknowledgment of  
ship of the true God, he ordered his  
ons to pull down the temple, with all  
asures. The place is shown where  
ols formerly stood, not far from York,  
source of the river Derwent, and is at  
called Gormund Gaham, ubi pontifex  
pirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit  
‘ ipse sacraverat aras.” The last ex-  
is a pleasing proof that the venerable  
of Wearmouth was familiar with the  
of Virgil.

## CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel  
Lore ;

The Council closed, the Priest in full  
career

Rides forth, an armèd man, and hurls  
a spear

To desecrate the Fane which heretofore  
He served in folly. Woden falls, and  
Thor

Is overturned ; the mace, in battle  
heaved

(So might they dream) till victory was  
achieved,

Drops, and the God himself is seen no  
more.

Temple and Altar sink, to hide their  
shame

Amid oblivious weeds. “ *O come to me,  
Ye heavy laden !*” such the inviting  
voice

Heard near fresh streams ;\* and thou-  
sands, who rejoice

In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity,  
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise  
claim.

## APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft  
doth lend

The Soul’s eternal interests to promote :  
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural  
lot ;

And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend  
For aught the wisest know or compre-  
hend ;

Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a  
note

\* The early propagators of Christianity were  
accustomed to preach near rivers, for the con-  
venience of baptism.

Of elevation; let their odours float  
 Around these Converts; and their  
     glories blend,  
 The midnight stars outshining, or the  
     blaze  
 Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that  
     golden cords  
 Of good works, mingling with the  
     visions, raise  
 The Soul to purer worlds: and *who* the  
     line  
 Shall draw, the limits of the power  
     define,  
 That even imperfect faith to man  
     affords?

---

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.\*

How beautiful your presence, how  
     benign,  
 Servants of God! who not a thought  
     will share  
 With the vain world; who, outwardly  
     as bare  
 As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign  
 That the firm soul is clothed with fruit  
     divine!  
 Such Priest, when service worthy of his  
     care  
 Has called him forth to breathe the  
     common air,  
 Might seem a saintly Image from its  
     shrine

---

\* Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—"Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gauderent ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexâ cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoris diligenter auditum præbebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.

Descended:—happy are the  
     meet  
 The Apparition; evil thou  
     stayed  
 At his approach, and low-bow  
     entreat  
 A benediction from his voice  
 Whence grace, through which  
     can understand,  
 And vows, that bind the will,  
     made.

---

OTHER INFLUENCES.

AH, when the Body, round  
     love we clung,  
 Is chilled by death, does mutu-  
     fail?  
 Is tender pity then of no avail  
 Are intercessions of the fervent  
 A waste of hope?—From this:  
     have sprung  
 Rites that console the Spirit  
     grief  
 Which ill can brook more rati-  
 Hence, prayers are shaped a  
     dirges sung  
 For Souls whose doom is fi-  
     way is smooth  
 For Power that travels with the  
     heart:  
 Confession ministers the pang  
 In him who at the ghost of  
     start.

Ye holy Men, so earnest in y  
 Of your own mighty instrument

---

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword rel  
     —at his side  
 A bead-roll, in his hand a clas

ff more harmless than a shep-  
 rd's crook,  
 ar-worn Chieftain quits the world  
 to hide  
 'n autumnal locks where Monks  
 ide  
 stered privacy. But not to dwell  
 repose he comes. Within his  
 ll,  
 the decaying trunk of human  
 ide,  
 orn, and eve, and midnight's  
 ent hour,  
 ntential cogitations cling;  
 y, round some ancient elm, they  
 ine  
 ly folds and strictures serpentine;  
 hile they strangle, a fair growth  
 ey bring  
 ompense—their own perennial  
 over.

## CONTINUED.

NXS that to some vacant hermi-  
 ge  
 it would rather turn—to some  
 y nook  
 d out of living rock, and near a  
 ook  
 l down a mountain-cove from  
 age to stage,  
 npering, for my sight, its bustling  
 ge  
 soft heaven of a translucent pool;  
 e creeping under sylvan arches  
 ol,  
 unt of shapes whose glorious  
 ppage  
 elevate my dreams. A beechen  
 owl,  
 le dish, my furniture should be;

Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the  
 hooting owl  
 My night-watch: nor should e'er the  
 crested fowl  
 From thorp or vill his matins sound  
 for me,  
 Tired of the world and all its industry.

## REPROOF.

BUT what if One, through grove or  
 flowery mead,  
 Indulging thus at will the creeping feet  
 Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet  
 Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede!  
 The saint, the scholar, from a circle  
 freed  
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat  
 Of learning, where thou heard'st the  
 billows beat  
 On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed  
 Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!  
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun  
 the debt  
 Imposed on human kind, must first  
 forget  
 Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use  
 Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,  
 The last dear service of thy passing  
 breath\*!

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND  
SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought  
 pains,  
 The people work like congregated bees;  
 Eager to build the quiet Fortresses  
 Where Piety, as they believe, obtains

\*He expired dictating the last words of a  
 translation of St. John's Gospel.

From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely  
 rains  
 Or needful sunshine; prosperous enter-  
 prise,  
 Justice and peace:—bold faith! yet  
 also rise  
 The sacred Structures for less doubtful  
 gains,  
 The Sensual think with reverence of  
 the palms  
 Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond  
 the grave;  
 If penance be redeemable, thence alms  
 Flow to the poor, and freedom to the  
 slave;  
 And if full oft the Sanctuary save  
 Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

---

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

NOT sedentary all: there are who roam  
 To scatter seeds of life on barbarous  
 shores;  
 Or quit with zealous step their knee-  
 worn floors  
 To seek the general mart of Christendom;  
 Whence they, like richly-laden mer-  
 chants, come  
 To their beloved cells:—or shall we say  
 That, like the Red-cross Knight, they  
 urge their way,  
 To lead in memorable triumph home  
 Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,  
 Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,  
 Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid  
 the sigh  
 That would lament her;—Memphis,  
 Tyre, are gone  
 With all their Arts,—but classic lore  
 glides on  
 By these Religious saved for all  
 posterity.

ALFRED.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monks  
 The pious ALFRED, King to  
 dear!  
 Lord of the harp and liberator  
 Mirror of Princes! Indigent I  
 Might range the starry eth-  
 eral crown  
 Equal to *his* deserts, who, like  
 Pours forth his bounty, like  
 doth cheer,  
 And awes like night with  
 tempered frown.  
 Ease from this noble miser  
 No moment steals; pain na-  
 his cares.\*  
 Though small his kingdom;  
 or gem,  
 Of Alfred boasts remote Jeru-  
 And Christian India, through  
 spread clime,  
 In sacred converse gifts w  
 shares.

---

HIS DESCENDANTS.

WHEN thy great soul was  
 mortal chains,  
 Darling of England! man  
 shower  
 Fell on thy tomb; but emul  
 Flowed in thy line through un-  
 veined.  
 The Race of Alfred covet gl  
 When dangers threaten, da  
 new!  
 Black tempests bursting, bla  
 view!  
 But manly sovereignty its ho

---

\*Through the whole of his life  
 subject to grievous maladies.

not sincere, the branches bold to  
 give  
 the fierce tempest, while, within  
 e round  
 air protection, gentle virtues  
 rive;  
 'mid some green plot of open  
 ound,  
 as the oak extends its dewy  
 om,  
 xstered hyacinths spread their  
 rple bloom.

---

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

by Ambition, who with subtlest  
 ill  
 s her means, the Enthusiast as a  
 pe  
 oar, and as a hypocrite can  
 op,  
 urn the instruments of good  
 ill,  
 ng the credulous people to his  
 ll.

DUNSTAN :—from its Benedictine  
 op  
 the master Mind, at whose fell  
 oop  
 chaste affections tremble to  
 llil  
 urposes. Behold, pre-signified,  
 ight of spiritual sway! his  
 oughts, his dreams,  
 n the supernatural world  
 ide :  
 int a throng of Followers, filled  
 ith pride  
 at they see of virtues pushed to  
 tremes,  
 eeries of talent misapplied.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl  
 obey!\*

Dissension, checking arms that would  
 restrain

The incessant Rovers of the northern  
 main,

Helps to restore and spread a Pagan  
 sway:

But Gospel-truth is potent to allay  
 Fierceness and rage; and soon the  
 cruel Dane

Feels, through the influence of her  
 gentle reign,

His native superstitions melt away.

Thus often, when thick gloom the east  
 o'ershrouds,

The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing,  
 doth appear

Silently to consume the heavy clouds;  
*How* no one can resolve; but every  
 eye

Around her sees, while air is hushed,  
 a clear

And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

---

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the  
 Mere,  
 From Monks in Ely chanting service  
 high,

While-as Canute the King is rowing by:  
 "My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty  
 King, "draw near,  
 That we the sweet song of the Monks  
 may hear!"

---

\* The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.—See Turner.



He listens (all past conquests and all  
schemes  
Of future vanishing like empty dreams)  
Heart-touched, and haply not without a  
tear.

The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is  
still,

While his free Barge skims the smooth  
flood along,

Gives to that rapture an accordant  
Rhyme.\*

O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest  
clime

And rudest age are subject to the  
thrill

Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

---

#### THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares  
The evanescence of the Saxon line.

Hark! 'tis the tolling Curfew!—the  
stars shine;

But of the lights that cherish household  
cares

And festive gladness, burns not one that  
dares

To twinkle after that dull stroke of  
thine,

Emblem and instrument, from Thames  
to Tyne,

Of force that daunts, and cunning that  
ensnares!

Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,  
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps  
and fires,

Touch not the tapers of the sacred  
quires;

Even so a thralldom, studious to expel

Old laws, and ancient cu-  
derange,

To Creed or Ritual bring  
change.

---

COLDLY we spake. The Sa-  
powered

By wrong triumphant throug-  
h excess,

From fields laid waste, from  
home devoured

By flames, look up to heaven  
redress

From God's eternal justice.

Though men be, there are  
can feel

For wounds that death alone  
to heal,

For penitent guilt, and innoc-  
And has a Champion risen  
try

His Country's virtue, for  
breathes no more;

Him in their hearts the people  
And far above the mine's me-  
ore

The least small pittance of  
they prize

Scooped from the sacred  
his dear relics lie.

---

#### THE COUNCIL OF CLER

"AND shall," the Pontiff  
fanciness flow

From Nazareth—source of  
piety,

From Bethlehem, from the  
Agony

And glorified Ascension? V

---

\* Which is still extant.

prayers and blessings we your  
 ath will sow ;  
 Moses hold our hands erect,  
 ll ye  
 chased far off by righteous  
 ctory  
 sons of Amalek, or laid them  
 w!"—  
 WILLETH IT," the whole assembly  
 y ;  
 which the enraptured multitude  
 ounds !  
 ouncil-roof and Clermont's towers  
 ply ;—  
 willeth it," from hill to hill  
 bounds,  
 n awe-stricken Countries far and  
 igh,  
 gh "Nature's hollow arch" that  
 oice resounds.\*

---

CRUSADES.

turbaned Race are poured in  
 ickenning swarms  
 the west ; though driven from  
 quitaine,  
 rescent glitters on the towers of  
 pain ;  
 oft Italia feels renewed alarms ;  
 scimitar, that yields not to the  
 harms  
 se, the narrow Bosphorus will  
 lisdain ;  
 ong (that crossed) would Grecian  
 ills detain  
 tents, and check the current of  
 heir arms.

Then blame not those who, by the  
 mightiest lever  
 Known to the moral world, Imagina-  
 tion,  
 Upheave, so seems it, from her natural  
 station  
 All Christendom :—they sweep along  
 (was never  
 So huge a host!)—to tear from the  
 Unbeliever  
 The precious Tomb, their haven of  
 salvation.

---

RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,  
 I mark thee, Richard ! urgent to  
 equip  
 Thy warlike person with the staff and  
 scrip ;  
 I watch thee sailing o'er the midland  
 brine ;  
 In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride  
 decline  
 Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her  
 lip,  
 And see love-emblems streaming from  
 thy ship,  
 As thence she holds her way to Pales-  
 tine.  
 My Song, a fearless homager, would  
 attend  
 Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves  
 the press  
 Of war, but duty summons her away  
 To tell—how, finding in the rash  
 distress  
 Of those Enthusiasts a subservient  
 friend,  
 To giddier heights hath clomb the  
 Papal sway.

---

the decision of this council was believed  
 instantly known in remote parts of

## AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns : proud Arbitress  
 of grace,  
 The Church, by mandate shadowing  
 forth the power  
 She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal  
 door,  
 Closes the gates of every sacred place.  
 Straight from the sun and tainted air's  
 embrace  
 All sacred things are covered : cheerful  
 morn  
 Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is  
 worn,  
 Nor is a face allowed to meet a  
 face  
 With natural smiles of greeting. Bells  
 are dumb ;  
 Ditches are graves — funereal rites  
 denied ;  
 And in the churchyard he must take  
 his bride  
 Who dares be wedded ! Fancies thickly  
 come  
 Into the pensive heart ill fortified,  
 And comfortless despairs the soul  
 benumb.

---

## PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we  
 pursue,  
 The gross materials of this world pre-  
 sent  
 A marvellous study of wild accident ;  
 Uncouth proximities of old and new ;  
 And bold transfigurations, more untrue  
 (As might be deemed) to disciplined  
 intent  
 Than aught the sky's fantastic element,  
 When most fantastic, offers to the view.

Saw we not Henry scourged a  
 Shrine ?

Lo ! John self-stripped of his  
 —crown,

Sceptre and mantle, sword  
 laid down

At a proud Legate's feet ! T  
 that line

Baronial halls the opprobrio  
 feel ;

And angry Ocean roars a vair

## SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er t  
 head,

To Cæsar's Successor the  
 spake ;

"Ere I absolve thee, stoop !  
 thy neck'

Levelled with earth this foot  
 may tread."

Then he, who to the altar t  
 led,

He, whose strong arm the Ori  
 not check,

He, who had held the Solda  
 beck,

Stooped, of all glory disinheri  
 And even the common di  
 man !—

Amazement strikes the crow  
 many turn

Their eyes away in sorrow  
 burn

With scorn, invoking a v  
 ban

From outraged Nature ; but the  
 most

In abject sympathy with power

## PAPAL DOMINION.

ESS to Peter's Chair the viewless  
 wind  
 come and ask permission when  
 to blow,  
 further empire would it have?  
 for now  
 mostly Domination, unconfined  
 that by dreaming Bards to Love  
 assigned,  
 there in sober truth—to raise the low,  
 plex the wise, the strong to over-  
 throw;

Through earth and heaven to bind and  
 to unbind!—  
 Resist—the thunder quails thee!—  
 crouch—rebuff  
 Shall be thy recompense! from land to  
 land  
 The ancient thrones of Christendom  
 are stuff  
 For occupation of a magic wand,  
 And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—  
 whether rough  
 Or smooth his front, our world is in his  
 hand!

## PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF  
CHARLES I.

v soon—alas! did Man, created  
 pure—  
 Angels guarded, deviate from the  
 line  
 scribed to duty:—woeful forfeiture  
 made by wilful breach of law  
 divine.  
 h like perverseness did the Church  
 abjure  
 dience to her Lord, and haste to  
 twine,  
 l Heaven-born flowers that shall for  
 aye endure,  
 ds on whose front the world had  
 fixed her sign.  
 Man,—if with thy trials thus it  
 ares,  
 od can smooth the way to evil  
 choice,  
 all rash censure be the mind kept  
 free;

He only judges right who weighs, com-  
 pares,  
 And, in the sternest sentence which his  
 voice  
 Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

FROM false assumption rose, and fondly  
 hailed  
 By superstition, spread the Papal power;  
 Yet do not deem the Autocracy pre-  
 vailed  
 Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.  
 She daunts, forth-thundering from her  
 spiritual tower  
 Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she  
 tames.  
 Justice and Peace through Her uphold  
 their claims;  
 And Chastity finds many a sheltering  
 bower.

Realm there is none that if controlled  
 or sway'd  
 By her commands partakes not, in  
 degree,  
 Of good, o'er manners arts and arms,  
 diffused:  
 Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,  
 Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused  
 By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

---

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

*"HERE Man more purely lives,\* less  
 oft doth fall,  
 More promptly rises, walks with stricter  
 heed,  
 More safely rests, dies happier, is freed  
 Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains  
 withal  
 A brighter crown."*—On yon Cistercian  
 wall  
*That confident assurance may be read;*  
 And, to like shelter, from the world  
 have fled  
 Increasing multitudes. The potent  
 call  
 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's  
 desires;  
 Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant  
 knee  
 Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,  
 A gentler life spreads round the holy  
 spires;  
 Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste  
 retires,  
 And aery harvests crown the fertile lea.

---

\* "Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius."—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills  
 ground,  
 His whole life long tills it, with  
 less toil  
 Of villain-service, passing with the  
 To each new Master, like a stee  
 hound,  
 Or like a rooted tree, or stone e  
 bound;  
 But mark how gladly, through  
 own domains,  
 The Monks relax or break these  
 chains;  
 While Mercy, uttering, through  
 voice, a sound  
 Echoed in Heaven, cries out,  
 Chiefs, abate  
 These legalized oppressions! Ma  
 whose name  
 And nature God disdained not; Ma  
 whose soul  
 Christ died for—cannot forfeit his  
 claim  
 To live and move exempt from  
 control  
 Which fellow-feeling doth not  
 gate!"

---

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faith  
 pen,  
 That many hooded Cenobites there  
 Who in their private cells have ye  
 care  
 Of public quiet; unambitious Men,  
 Counsellors for the world, of pierc  
 ken;  
 Whose fervent exhortations from afai  
 Move Princes to their duty, peace  
 war;  
 And oft-times in the most forbidding

solitude, with love of science  
 strong,  
 how patiently the yoke of thought they  
 bear!  
 how subtly glide its finest threads  
 along!  
 spirits that crowd the intellectual  
 sphere  
 with mazy boundaries, as the as-  
 tronomer  
 the orb and cycle girds the starry  
 throng.

---

OTHER BENEFITS.

AND, not in vain embodied to the  
 sight,  
 religion finds even in the stern  
 retreat  
 the feudal sway her own appropriate  
 seat;  
 from the collegiate pomps on Windsor's  
 height  
 down to the humbler altar, which the  
 Knight  
 and his Retainers of the embattled  
 hall  
 seek in domestic oratory small,  
 the prayer in stillness, or the chanted  
 rite;  
 and chiefly dear, when foes are planted  
 round,  
 to teach the intrepid guardians of  
 the place—  
 truly exposed to death, with famine  
 worn,  
 suffering under many a perilous  
 wound—  
 'till sad would be their durance, if  
 forlorn  
 offices dispensing heavenly grace!

CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times  
 prevail!  
 And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam  
 Pours on the surface of the turbid  
 Stream!  
 What heartfelt fragrance mingles with  
 the gale  
 That swells the bosom of our passing sail!  
 For where, but on *this* River's margin,  
 blow  
 Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the  
 brow  
 Of hardihood with wreaths that shall  
 not fail?—  
 Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the  
 world!  
 I see a matchless blazonry unfurled  
 Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;  
 And meekness tempering honourable  
 pride;  
 The lamb is crouching by the lion's side,  
 And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the  
 dove.

---

CRUSADERS.

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy  
 oars  
 Through these bright regions, casting  
 many a glance  
 Upon the dream-like issues—the  
 romance  
 Of many-coloured life that Fortune  
 pours  
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant  
 shores  
 Their labours end; or they return to lie,  
 The vow performed, in cross-legged  
 effigy,  
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel  
 floors.

Am I deceived? Or is their requiem  
 chanted  
 By voices never mute when Heaven  
 unties  
 Her inmost, softest, tenderest har-  
 monies;  
 Requiem which Earth takes up with  
 voice undaunted,  
 When she would tell how Brave, and  
 Good, and Wise,  
 For their high guerdon not in vain have  
 panted!

---

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's  
 crest  
 While from the Papal Unity there came,  
 What feebler means had failed to give,  
 one aim  
 Diffused thro' all the regions of the  
 West;  
 So does her Unity its power attest  
 By works of Art, that shed, on the out-  
 ward frame  
 Of worship, glory and grace, which who  
 shall blame  
 That ever looked to heaven for final rest?  
 Hail countless Temples! that so well  
 befit  
 Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take  
 Form spirit and character from holy  
 writ,  
 Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,  
 Pinions of high and higher sweep, and  
 make  
 The unconverted soul with awe submit.

---

WHERE long and deeply hath been  
 fixed the root  
 In the blest soil of gospel truth, the  
 Tree  
 (Blighted or scathed tho' many branches  
 be,

Put forth to wither, many a hop  
 shoot)  
 Can never cease to bear cele  
 fruit.  
 Witness the Church that oft-times, &  
 effect  
 Dear to the saints, strives earnestly  
 eject  
 Her bane, her vital energies recruit.  
 Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine  
 When such good work is doomed to  
 undone,  
 The conquests lost that were so har  
 won:—  
 All promises vouchsafed by Hea  
 will shine  
 In light confirmed while years th  
 course shall run,  
 Confirmed alike in progress and decli

---

#### TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH! for see, with dim associat  
 The tapers burn; the odorous incen  
 feeds  
 A greedy flame; the pompous an  
 proceeds;  
 The Priest bestows the appointed  
 secreation;  
 And, while the Host is raised, its  
 vation  
 An awe and supernatural he  
 breeds;  
 And all the people bow their he  
 like reeds  
 To a soft breeze, in lowly ad  
 tion.  
 This Valdo brooks not. On the ba  
 of Rhone  
 He taught, till persecution chased  
 thence,

adore the Invisible, and Him alone.  
 are his followers loth to seek  
 defence,  
 In woods and wilds, on Nature's  
 craggy throne,  
 In rites that trample upon soul and  
 sense.

## THE VAUDOIS.

whence came they who for the  
 Saviour Lord  
 were long borne witness as the Scrip-  
 tures teach?—  
 ere ere Valdo raised his voice to  
 preach  
 Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,  
 their fugitive Progenitors explored  
 alpine vales, in quest of safe retreats  
 ere that pure Church survives,  
 though summer heats  
 are a passage to the Roman sword,  
 as it dares to follow. Herbs self-  
 sown,  
 if fruitage gathered from the chestnut-  
 wood,  
 enrich the sufferers then; and mists,  
 that brood  
 chasms with new-fallen obstacles  
 bestrown,  
 protect them; and the eternal snow  
 that daunts  
 none, is God's good winter for their  
 haunts.

RAISED be the Rivers, from their  
 mountain springs  
 rushing to Freedom, "Plant thy ban-  
 ners here!"  
 harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,  
 and in our caverns smooth thy ruffled  
 wings!"

Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—  
 Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's  
 ear—  
 'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes  
 drear,  
 Their own creation. Such glad wel-  
 comings [rose  
 As Po was heard to give where Venice  
 Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth  
 divine  
 Who near his fountains sought obscure  
 repose, [shine,  
 Yet came prepared as glorious lights to  
 Should that be needed for their sacred  
 Charge; [at large!  
 Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were

## WALDENSES.

THOSE had given earliest notice, as the  
 lark  
 Springs from the ground the morn to  
 gratulate;  
 Or rather rose the day to antedate,  
 By striking out a solitary spark,  
 When all the world with midnight gloom  
 was dark.— [whom Hate  
 Then followed the Waldensian bands,  
 In vain endeavours to exterminate,  
 Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous  
 bark: \*

\* The list of foul names bestowed upon  
 those poor creatures is long and curious:—and,  
 as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious  
 appellations are drawn from circumstances  
 into which they were forced by their perse-  
 cutors, who even consolidated their miseries  
 into one reproachful term, calling them Patar-  
 enians, or Paturins, from *patis*, to suffer.

"Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the  
 pine  
 And green oak are their covert; as the gloom  
 Of night oft foils their enemy's design,  
 She calls them Riders on the flying broom;  
 Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become  
 One and the same through practices malign."



But they desist not;—and the sacred  
 fire,  
 Rekindled thus, from dens and savage  
 woods  
 Moves, handed on with never-ceasing  
 care,  
 Through courts, through camps, o'er  
 limitary floods;  
 Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely  
 share  
 Of the new Flame, not suffered to  
 expire.

---

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V.

“WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured  
 field  
 The lively beauty of the leopard  
 shows?  
 What flower in meadow-ground or  
 garden grows  
 That to the towering lily doth not  
 yield?  
 Let both meet only on thy royal  
 shield!  
 Go forth, great King! claim what thy  
 birth bestows;  
 Conquer the Gallic lily which thy  
 foes  
 Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to  
 wield,  
 And Heaven will crown the right.”—  
 The mitred Sire  
 Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul  
 address,  
 Ploughs her bold course across the  
 wondering seas;  
 For, sooth to say, ambition, in the  
 breast  
 Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,  
 But one that leaps to meet the fanning  
 breeze.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER

THUS is the storm abated by th  
 Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to  
 The Church, whose power hath  
 been checked,  
 Whose monstrous riches thre  
 So the shaft  
 Of victory mounts high, and b  
 quaffed  
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poic  
 Pride to be washed away by bitter  
 For deep as hell itself, the av  
 draught  
 Of civil slaughter. Yet, while te  
 power  
 Is by these shocks exhausted, s  
 truth  
 Maintains the else endangered  
 life;  
 Proceeds from infancy to lusty y  
 And, under cover of this woeful  
 Gathers unblighted strength from  
 to hour.

---

WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seiz  
 sudden fear,  
 And at her call is Wicliffe disin  
 Yea, his dry bones to ashes ar  
 sumed  
 And flung into the brook that t  
 near;  
 Forthwith that ancient Voice  
 Streams can hear  
 Thus speaks (that Voice which  
 upon the wind,  
 Though seldom heard by busy h  
 kind)—  
 “As thou these ashes, little Brook  
 bear

the Avon, Avon to the tide  
 Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
 main Ocean they, this deed  
 accurst  
 emblem yields to friends and  
 enemies  
 the bold Teacher's Doctrine,  
 sanctified  
 truth, shall spread, throughout the  
 world dispersed."

---

## RUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

DE to you, Prelates! rioting in  
 ease  
 cumbrous wealth—the shame of  
 your estate;  
 on whose progress dazzling trains  
 await  
 pompous horses; whom vain titles  
 please;  
 who will be served by others on their  
 knees,  
 will yourselves to God no service  
 pay;  
 lords who neither take nor point the  
 way  
 Heaven; for, either lost in  
 vanities  
 have no skill to teach, or if ye  
 know  
 I speak the word—"Alas! of  
 fearful things  
 the most fearful when the people's  
 eye  
 hath cleared from vain imagin-  
 ings;  
 taught the general voice to  
 prophesy  
 justice armed, and Pride to be laid  
 low,

## ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

AND what is Penance with her knotted  
 thong;  
 Mortification with the shirt of hair,  
 Wan cheek, and knees indurated with  
 prayer,  
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;  
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to  
 wrong  
 The pious, humble, useful Secular,  
 And rob the people of his daily care,  
 Scorning that world whose blindness  
 makes her strong?  
 Inversion strange! that, unto One who  
 lives  
 For self, and struggles with himself  
 alone,  
 The amplest share of heavenly favour  
 gives;  
 That to a Monk allots, both in the  
 esteem  
 Of God and man, place higher than to  
 him  
 Who on the good of others builds his  
 own!

---

## MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more,—round many a Convent's  
 blazing fire  
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;  
 There Venus sits disguised like a  
 Nun,—  
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance  
 of a Friar,  
 Pours out his choicest beverage high  
 and higher  
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but  
 run  
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath  
 won  
 An instant kiss of masterful desire—

To stay the precious waste. Through  
 every brain  
 The domination of the sprightly  
 juice  
 Spreads high conceits to madding  
 Fancy dear,  
 Till the arched roof, with resolute  
 abuse  
 Of its grave echoes, swells a choral  
 strain  
 Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KING-  
 DOM'S HERE!"

---

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission  
 may assuage,  
 No sacrifice avert, no power dis-  
 pute;  
 The tapers shall be quenched, the  
 belfries mute,  
 And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by  
 selfish rage,  
 The warbling wren shall find a leafy  
 cage;  
 The gadding bramble hang her purple  
 fruit;  
 And the green lizard and the gilded  
 newt  
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of  
 age.  
 The owl of evening and the woodland  
 fox  
 For their abode the shrines of Waltham  
 choose:  
 Proud Glastonbury can no more  
 refuse  
 To stoop her head before these  
 desperate shocks—  
 She whose high pomp displaced, as  
 story tells,  
 Arimathea's Joseph's wattled cells.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but  
 meek  
 Through saintly habit than from  
 due  
 To unrelenting mandates that pur-  
 With equal wrath the steps of st  
 and weak)  
 Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cl  
 Suffused with blushes of celestial  
 While through the Convent's ga  
 open view  
 Softly she glides, another hom  
 seek.  
 Not Iris, issuing from her cl  
 shrine,  
 An Apparition more divinely bright  
 Not more attractive to the da  
 sight  
 Those watery glories, on the ste  
 brine  
 Poured forth, while summer sun  
 distance shine,  
 And the green vales lie hushed in s  
 light!

---

CONTINUED.

YET many a Novice of the cloi  
 shade,  
 And many chained by vows, with e  
 glee  
 The warrant hail, exulting to be fre  
 Like ships before whose keels, full  
 embayed  
 In polar ice, propitious winds  
 made  
 Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,  
 Their liquid world, for bold discove  
 In all her quarters temptingly  
 played!

e guides the young; but when the  
 old must pass  
 threshold, whither shall they turn  
 to find  
 hospitality—the alms (alas!  
 ; may be needed) which that House  
 bestowed?  
 they, in faith and worship, train  
 the mind  
 keep this new and questionable  
 road?

---

## SAINTS.

o, must fly before a chasing hand,  
 ls and Saints, in every hamlet  
 mourned!  
 if the old idolatry be spurned,  
 ot your radiant Shapes desert the  
 and:  
 doration was not your demand,  
 nd heart proffered it—the servile  
 eart;  
 therefore are ye summoned to  
 epart,  
 el, and thou, St. George, whose  
 aming brand  
 ragon quelled; and valiant Mar-  
 ret  
 : rival sword a like Opponent slew:  
 pt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen  
 mony; and weeping Magdalene,  
 n the penitential desert met  
 sweet as those that over Eden  
 ew!

---

## THE VIRGIN.

ER! whose virgin bosom was  
 icrost  
 he least shade of thought to sin  
 lied;  
 ! above all women glorified,  
 nted nature's solitary boast;

Purer than foam on central ocean tost;  
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak  
 strewn  
 With fancied roses, than the un-  
 blemished moon  
 Before her wane begins on heaven's  
 blue coast;  
 Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I  
 ween,  
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee  
 might bend,  
 As to a visible Power, in which did  
 blend  
 All that was mixed and reconciled in  
 Thee  
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

---

## APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure  
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;  
 Age after age to the arch of Christendom  
 Aerial keystone haughtily secure;  
 Supremacy from heaven transmitted  
 pure,  
 As many hold; and, therefore, to the  
 tomb  
 Pass, some through fire—and by the  
 scaffold some—  
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending  
 More.  
 "Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit  
 Upon his throne;" unsoftened, undis-  
 mayed  
 By aught that mingled with the tragic  
 scene  
 Of pity or fear; and More's gay genius  
 played  
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,  
 Than the bare axe more luminous and  
 keen.

## IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone  
 From Sages justly honoured by man-  
 kind ;  
 But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,  
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous  
 groan  
 Issues for that dominion overthrown :  
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges,  
 blind  
 As his own worshippers : and Nile, re-  
 clined  
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell  
 moan  
 Renews. Through every forest, cave,  
 and den,  
 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath  
 sorrow past—  
 Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native  
 Waste,  
 Where once his airy helpers schemed  
 and planned .  
 'Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty  
 men,  
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

## REFLECTIONS.

GRANT that by this unsparing hurricane  
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn  
 away,  
 And goodly fruitage with the mother-  
 spray ;  
 'Twere madness—wished we, therefore,  
 to detain,  
 With hands stretched forth in mollified  
 disdain,  
 The “trumpery” that ascends in bare  
 display—  
 Bulls, pardons, relics, crows black,  
 white, and gray—  
 Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal  
 plain

Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And  
 not choice  
 But habit rules the unreflecting herd,  
 And airy bonds are hardest to dis-  
 ont  
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereign  
 transferred  
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a  
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown

## TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sac-  
 Book,  
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long  
 Assumes the accents of our nat-  
 tongue ;  
 And he who guides the plough, or wields  
 the crook,  
 With understanding spirit now may lo-  
 Upon her records, listen to her song,  
 And sift her laws—much wonder  
 that the wrong,  
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven can  
 calmly brook.  
 Transcendent Boon ! noblest of  
 earthly King  
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless  
 Under the weight of mortal wretch-  
 ness !  
 But passions spread like plagues,  
 thousands wild ,  
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering  
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled

## THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise?—  
 nothing less  
 Than that the Soul, freed from  
 bonds of Sense,  
 And to her God restored by evident  
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from  
 their recess,





WO.

"And, gently as he could, had told  
The end of that dire Tragedy,  
Which it had been his lot to see."

not there, and not in forms, her holiness ;—  
 Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense  
 guidance, ere a ceremonial fence  
 needful round men thirsting to transgress ;—  
 Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord  
 all, himself a Spirit, in the youth  
 Christian aspiration, deigned to fill  
 temples of their hearts who, with his word  
 formed, were resolute to do his will,  
 and worship him in spirit and in truth.

## EDWARD VI.

SWEET is the holiness of Youth"—so felt  
 ne-honoured Chaucer speaking through that Lay  
 which the Prioress beguiled the way,  
 and many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.  
 dost thou, loved Bard ! whose spirit often dwelt  
 the clear land of vision, but foreseen  
 ing child, and seraph, blended in the mien  
 pious Edward kneeling as he knelt  
 meek and simple infancy, what joy  
 universal Christendom had thrilled  
 heart ! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled  
 great Precursor, genuine morning Star)  
 lucid shafts of reason to employ,  
 cing the Papal darkness from afar !  
 wo.

## EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush  
 From various sources ; gently overflow  
 From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe  
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush ;  
 And some, coeval with the earliest blush  
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show  
 Their pearly lustre—coming but to go ;  
 And some break forth when others' sorrows crush  
 The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet  
 The noblest drops to admiration known,  
 To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—  
 Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet  
 The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven  
 To pen the mandates nature doth disown.

## REVIVAL OF POPERY.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule,  
 discrowned  
 By unrelenting Death. O People keen  
 For change, to whom the new looks always green !  
 Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground  
 Their Gods of wood and stone ; and,  
 at the sound  
 Of counter-proclamation, now are seen  
 (Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen !)  
 Lifting them up, the worship to con-found



Of the Most High. Again do they invoke  
 The Creature, to the Creature glory give;  
 Again with frankincense the altars smoke  
 Like those the Heathen served; and  
     mass is sung;  
 And prayer, man's rational prerogative,  
 Runs through blind channels of an  
     unknown tongue.

---

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is un-  
     rolled!  
 See Latimer and Ridley in the night  
 Of Faith stand coupled for a common  
     flight!  
 One (like those prophets whom God  
     sent of old)  
 Transfigured,\* from this kindling hath  
     foretold  
 A torch of inextinguishable light;  
 The Other gains a confidence as bold;  
 And thus they foil their enemy's despoite.

---

\* "M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bold upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. . . . Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man; wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out.'"—Fox's *Acts*, etc.

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

The penal instruments, the sho  
     crime,  
 Are glorified while this once-  
     pair  
 Of saintly Friends the "murt  
     chain partake,  
 Corded, and burning at the  
     stake:"  
 Earth never witnessed object mor  
     lime  
 In constancy, in fellowship more

---

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flameward his  
     braided hand  
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly  
 Of judgment such presumptuous  
     repeat!)  
 Amid the shuddering throng doth  
     mer stand;  
 Firm as the stake to which with  
     band  
 His frame is tied; firm from the  
     feet  
 To the bare head. The victo  
     complete;  
 The shrouded Body to the  
     command  
 Answers with more than Indian  
     tude,  
 Through all her nerves with finer  
     endued,  
 Till breath departs in blissful aspira  
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of  
     fire,  
 Behold the unalterable heart entire  
 Emblem of faith untouched, mirac  
     attestation! \*

---

\* For the belief in this fact, see the con  
 temporary Historians.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF  
THE REFORMATION.

glorious Martyrs, from your fields  
of light,  
mortal ken ! Inspire a perfect trust  
ile we look round) that Heaven's  
decrees are just :  
ch few can hold committed to a  
fight  
: shows, ev'n on its better side, the  
might  
roud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,  
clouds enveloped of polemic dust,  
h showers of blood seem rather to  
incite  
to allay. Anathemas are hurled  
: both sides ; veteran thunders  
(the brute test  
ith) are met by fulminations new—  
rean flags are caught at, and un-  
rled—  
ds strike at friends—the flying  
hall pursue—  
Victory sickens, ignorant where to  
est !

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

ERING, like birds escaped the  
owler's net,  
seek with timely flight a foreign  
rand ;  
rappy, re-assembled in a land  
ntless Luther freed, could they  
rget  
Country's woes. But scarcely  
ve they met,  
s in faith, and brothers in  
stress,  
pour forth their common thank-  
ness,  
e declines :—their union is beset

With speculative notions rashly sown,  
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of  
poisonous weeds ;  
Their forms are broken staves ; their  
passions, steeds  
That master them. How enviably  
blest  
Is he who can, by help of grace,  
enthroned  
The peace of God within his single  
breast !

ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen ! o'er many an  
envious bar  
Triumphant, snatched from many a  
treacherous wile !  
All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful  
Isle  
Hath blest, respiring from that dismal  
war  
Stilled by thy voice ! But quickly from  
afar  
Defiance breathes with more malignant  
aim ;  
And alien storms with home-bred fer-  
ments claim  
Portentous fellowship. Her silver  
car,  
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides  
slowly on ;  
Unhurt by violence, from menaced  
taint  
Emerging pure, and seemingly more  
bright :  
Ah ! wherefore yields it to a foul con-  
straint  
Black as the clouds its beams dispersed,  
while shone,  
By men and angels blest, the glorious  
light ?

## EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest  
 soil,  
 Light as a buoyant bark from wave to  
 wave,  
 Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL  
 gave  
 To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style  
 The gift exalting, and with playful  
 smile : \*  
 For thus equipped, and bearing on his  
 head  
 The Donor's farewell blessing, can he  
 dread  
 Tempest, or length of way, or weight of  
 toil ?—  
 More sweet than odours caught by him  
 who sails

---

\* "On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard.'" — See WALTON's *Life of Richard Hooker*.

Near spicy shores of Araby the bl  
 A thousand times more exquisi  
 sweet,  
 The freight of holy feeling whic  
 meet,  
 In thoughtful moments, wafted b  
 gales  
 From fields where good men wa  
 bowers wherein they rest.

## THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they  
 Spotless in life, and eloquent as wis  
 With what entire affection do they  
 Their Church reformed ! labouring  
 earnest care  
 To baffle all that may her stre  
 impair ;  
 That Church, the unperverted Gos  
 seat ;  
 In their afflictions a divine retreat  
 Source of their liveliest hope,  
 tenderest prayer !—  
 The truth exploring with an equal n  
 In doctrine and communion they  
 sought  
 Firmly between the two extreme  
 steer ;  
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary  
 To trace right courses for the stubl  
 blind,  
 And prophesy to ears that will not t

## DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to rever  
 soon defy  
 Their forefathers; lo! sects are form  
 and split  
 With morbid restlessness :—the ecst

ads wide ; though special mysteries  
 multiply,  
*Saints must govern* is their common  
 cry ;  
 so they labour, deeming Holy Writ  
 raced by aught that seems content  
 to sit  
 ath the roof of settled Modesty.  
 Romanist exults ; fresh hope he  
 draws  
 i the confusion, craftily incites  
 overweening, personates the mad—  
 apdisgust upon the worthier Cause :  
 rs the Throne ; the new-born  
 Church is sad,  
 very wave against her peace unites.

---

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

hath a hundred eyes that all agree  
 ague her beating heart ; and there  
 s one  
 idlest that ! ) which holds com-  
 munion  
 things that were not, yet were  
*want* to be.  
 t within its gloomy cavity  
 eye (which sees as if fulfilled and  
 one  
 s that might stop the motion of  
 ie sun)  
 Is the horrible catastrophe  
 assembled Senate unredeemed  
 subterraneous Treason's darkling  
 ower :  
 ess act of sorrow infinite !  
 than the product of that dismal  
 ght,  
 gushing, copious as a thunder-  
 ower,  
 ood of Huguenots through Paris  
 reamed.

## ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE  
 RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE Virgin-Mountain,\* wearing like a  
 Queen  
 A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,  
 Sheds ruin from her sides ; and men  
 below  
 Wonder that aught of aspect so serene  
 Can link with desolation. Smooth and  
 green,  
 And seeming, at a little distance,  
 slow,  
 The waters of the Rhine ; but on they  
 go  
 Fretting and whitening, keener and  
 more keen ;  
 Till madness seizes on the whole wide  
 Flood,  
 Turned to a fearful Thing whose  
 nostrils breathe  
 Blasts of tempestuous smoke—where-  
 with he tries  
 To hide himself, but only magnifies ;  
 And doth in more conspicuous torment  
 writhe,  
 Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

---

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er  
 we move,  
 To the mind's eye Religion doth pre-  
 sent ;  
 Now with her own deep quietness con-  
 tent ;  
 Then, like the mountain, thundering  
 from above

---

\* The Jung-Frau.

Against the ancient pine-trees of the  
 grove  
 And the Land's humblest comforts.  
 Now her mood  
 Recalls the transformation of the  
 flood,  
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain  
 reprove,  
 Earth cannot check. O terrible excess  
 Of headstrong will! Can this be  
 Piety?  
 No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped  
 her name;  
 And scourges England struggling to be  
 free:  
 Her peace destroyed! her hopes a  
 wilderness!  
 Her blessings cursed—her glory turned  
 to shame!

---

LAUD.\*

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to  
 spare,  
 An old weak Man for vengeance thrown  
 aside,  
 Laud, "in the painful art of dying"  
 tried  
 (Like a poor bird entangled in a  
 snare  
 Whose heart still flutters, though his  
 wings forbear

To stir in useless struggle) hath re  
 On hope that conscious inno  
 supplied,  
 And in his prison breathes celesti  
 Why tarries then thy chariot? W  
 fore stay,  
 O Death! the ensanguined yet t  
 phant wheels,  
 Which thou prepar'st, full ofte  
 convey  
 (What time a State with ma  
 faction reels)  
 The Saint or Patriot to the world  
 heals  
 All wounds, all perturbations  
 allay?

---

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! couldst thou venture, or  
 boldest string,  
 The faintest note to echo which  
 blast  
 Caught from the hand of Moses  
 passed  
 O'er Sinai's top, or from the Sheph  
 king,  
 Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to s  
 Of dread Jehovah; then should  
 and waste  
 Hear also of that name, and mercy  
 Off to the mountains, like a coverit

---

\* In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:

—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than the external public worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of the kingdom, might be preserved, and that with much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to service, had almost cast a damp upon the inward worship of God, which which live in the body, needs external helps, and little enough to keep it in any vigour."

which the Lord was weary. Weep,	Their suppliant hands ; but holy is the
oh ! weep,	feast
p with the good, beholding King	He keepeth ; like the firmament his
and Priest	ways :
vised by that stern God to whom	His statutes like the chambers of the
they raise	deep.

---

## PART III.

## FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

v the figure of a lovely Maid  
 d alone beneath a darksome tree,  
 se fondly-overhanging canopy  
 ff her brightness with a pleasing  
 shade.  
 Spirit was she ; *that* my heart  
 betrayed,  
 he was one I loved exceedingly ;  
 hile I gazed in tender reverie  
 as it sleep that with my Fancy  
 layed ? )  
 bright corporeal presence—form  
 nd face—  
 ining still distinct grew thin and  
 are,  
 sunny mist ;—at length the golden  
 air,  
 , limbs, and heavenly features,  
 eeping pace,  
 with the other in a lingering race  
 solution, melted into air.

---

## PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

ight, without a voice, that Vision  
 ake  
 to my Soul, and sadness which  
 ight seem  
 y dissevered from our present  
 me ;

Yet, my belovèd Country ! I partake  
 Of kindred agitations for thy sake ;  
 Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight  
 dream ;  
 Thy glory meets me with the earliest  
 beam  
 Of light, which tells that Morning is  
 awake.  
 If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,  
 Or but forbode destruction, I deplore  
 With filial love the sad vicissitude ;  
 If thou hast fallen, and righteous  
 Heaven restore  
 The prostrate, then my spring-time is  
 renewed,  
 And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

---

## CHARLES THE SECOND.

Who comes—with rapture greeted, and  
 caressed  
 With frantic love—his kingdom to  
 regain ?  
 Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in  
 vain  
 Received, and fostered in her iron  
 breast :  
 For all she taught of hardiest and of  
 best,

Or would have taught, by discipline of  
 pain  
 And long privation, now dissolves  
 again,  
 Or is remembered only to give zest  
 To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!  
 But for what gain? if England soon  
 must sink  
 Into a gulf which all distinction levels—  
 That bigotry may swallow the good  
 name,  
 And, with that draught, the life-blood :  
 misery, shame,  
 By Poets loathed; from which Historians  
 shrink !

---

## LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and  
 the wind  
 Charged with rich words poured out in  
 thought's defence ;  
 Whether the Church inspire that elo-  
 quence,  
 Or a Platonic Piety confined  
 To the sole temple of the inward  
 mind ;  
 And One there is who builds immortal  
 lays,  
 Though doomed to tread in solitary  
 ways,  
 Darkness before and danger's voice  
 behind ;  
 Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel  
 Sad thoughts ; for from above the starry  
 sphere  
 Come secrets, whispered nightly to his  
 ear ;  
 And the pure spirit of celestial light  
 Shines through his soul—"that he may  
 see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight."

## WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colours in the faïres  
 So fair as these. The feather, wh  
 the pen  
 Was shaped that traced the lives  
 these good men,  
 Dropped from an Angel's wing.  
 moistened eye  
 We read of faith and purest charity  
 In Statesman, Priest, and hu  
 Citizen:  
 Oh could we copy their mild vir  
 then  
 What joy to live, what blessedness  
 die!  
 Methinks their very names shine  
 and bright ;  
 Apart—like glow-worms on a sun  
 night ;  
 Or lonely tapers when from far  
 fling  
 A guiding ray ; or seen—like star  
 high,  
 Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
 Around meek Walton's heav  
 memory.

---

## CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise  
 Those Unconforming ; whom  
 rigorous day  
 Drives from their Cures, a voluntary  
 To poverty, and grief, and disrespe  
 And some to want—as if by tem  
 wrecked  
 On a wild coast ; how destitute!  
 They  
 Feel not that Conscience never  
 betray,  
 That peace of mind is Virtue's  
 effect.

eir altars they forego, their homes  
 they quit,  
 ds which they love, and paths they  
 daily trod,  
 } cast the future upon Provi-  
 dence;  
 men the dictate of whose inward  
 sense  
 weighs the world; whom self-  
 deceiving wit  
 es not from what they deem the  
 cause of God.

---

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH  
COVENANTERS.

EN Alpine Vales threw forth a  
 suppliant cry,  
 majesty of England interposed  
 the sword stopped; the bleeding  
 wounds were closed;  
 Faith preserved her ancient  
 purity.  
 little boots that precedent of  
 good,  
 ned or forgotten, Thou canst  
 testify,  
 England's shame, O Sister Realm!  
 from wood,  
 ntain, and moor, and crowded  
 street, where lie  
 headless martyrs of the Covenant,  
 by Compatriot-protestants that  
 draw  
 councils senseless as intolerant  
 warrant. Bodies fall by wild  
 sword-law;  
 who would force the Soul tilts with  
 straw  
 ist a Champion cased in adamant.

WO.

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands  
 sent,  
 Shatters the air, and troubles tower and  
 spire;  
 For Justice hath absolved the innocent,  
 And Tyranny is balked of her desire:  
 Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as  
 fire  
 Coursing a train of gunpowder—it  
 went,  
 And transport finds in every street a  
 vent,  
 Till the whole City rings like one vast  
 quire.  
 The Fathers urge the People to be still,  
 With outstretched hands and earnest  
 speech—in vain!  
 Yea, many, haply wont to entertain  
 Small reverence for the mitre's offices,  
 And to Religion's self no friendly  
 will,  
 A Prelate's blessing ask on bended  
 knees.

---

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under-current, strong to  
 draw  
 Millions of waves into itself, and  
 run,  
 From sea to sea, impervious to the  
 sun  
 And ploughing storm, the spirit of  
 Nassau  
 (Swerves not, how blest if by religious  
 awe  
 Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend  
 With the wide world's commotions)  
 from its end  
 Swerves not—diverted by a casual  
 law.

M 2



Had mortal action e'er a nobler  
scope?  
The Hero comes to liberate, not  
defy;  
And while he marches on with steadfast  
hope,  
Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!  
The vacillating Bondman of the  
Pope  
Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast  
eye.

---

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS  
LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er  
forget  
The sons who for thy civil rights have  
bled!  
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his  
head,  
And Russell's milder blood the scaffold  
wet;  
But these had fallen for profitless  
regret  
Had not thy holy Church her cham-  
pions bred,  
And claims from other worlds in-  
spirited  
The star of Liberty to rise. Nor  
yet  
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual  
things  
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or  
fear,  
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises sup-  
port,  
However hardly won or justly dear:  
What came from heaven to heaven by  
nature clings,  
And, if dissevered thence, its course is  
short.

SACHEVEREL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the  
Of a proud slavery met by tenets str  
In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true  
feigned,  
Spread through all ranks; and lo!  
Sentinel  
Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum  
Stands at the Bar, absolved by fe  
eyes  
Mingling their glances with grave  
teries  
Lavished on *Him*—that England  
rebel  
Against her ancient virtue. HIGH  
Low,  
Watchwords of Party, on all tongue  
rife;  
As if a Church, though sprung f  
heaven, must owe  
To opposites and fierce extremes  
life,—  
Not to the golden mean, and quiet  
Of truths that soften hatred, ten  
strife.

---

Down a swift Stream, thus far, a l  
design  
Have we pursued, with livelier sti  
heart  
Than his who sees, borne forward  
the Rhine,  
The living landscapes greet him,  
depart;  
Sees spires fast sinking—up again  
start!  
And strives the towers to number,  
recline  
O'er the dark steep, or on the hori  
line  
Striding with shattered crests his  
athwart.

have we hurried on with troubled  
 pleasure:  
 henceforth, as on the bosom of a  
 stream  
 it slackens, and spreads wide a  
 watery gleam,  
 nothing loth a lingering course to  
 measure,  
 gather up our thoughts, and mark  
 at leisure [theme.  
 widely spread the interests of our

## PECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.

### I.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

L worthy to be magnified are they  
 , with sad hearts, of friends and  
 country took  
 at farewell, their loved abodes  
 forsook,  
 hallowed ground in which their  
 fathers lay;  
 to the new-found World explored  
 their way,  
 so a Church, unforced, uncalled  
 to brook  
 all restraints, within some sheltering  
 took  
 Lord might worship and his word  
 obey  
 edom. Men they were who could  
 not bend;  
 Pilgrims, surely, as they took for  
 guide  
 by sovereign Conscience sancti-  
 fied;  
 while their Spirits from the woods  
 descend  
 a Galaxy that knows no end,  
 His glory who for Sinners died.

### II. CONTINUED.

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they  
 fled  
 To Wilds where both were utterly un-  
 known;  
 But not so them had Providence fore-  
 shown  
 What benefits are missed, what evils  
 bred,  
 In worship neither raised nor limited  
 Save by Self-will. Lo! from that  
 distant shore,  
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is  
 led  
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left  
 of yore,  
 Led by her own free choice. So Truth  
 and Love  
 By Conscience governed do their steps  
 retrace.—  
 Fathers! your Virtues, such the power  
 of grace,  
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus  
 approve.  
 Transcendent over time, unbound by  
 place,  
 Concord and Charity in circles move.

### III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic  
 light  
 Were they who, when their Country had  
 been freed,  
 Bowing with reverence to the ancient  
 creed,  
 Fixed on the frame of England's Church  
 their sight,  
 And strove in filial love to re-  
 unite

What force had severed. Thence they  
 fetched the seed  
 Of Christian unity, and won a meed  
 Of praise from Heaven. To thee, O  
 saintly WHITE,  
 Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,  
 Remotest lands and unborn times shall  
 turn,  
 Whether they would restore or build—  
 to Thee,  
 As one who rightly taught how zeal  
 should burn,  
 As one who drew from out Faith's  
 holiest urn  
 The purest stream of patient Energy.

---

BISHOPS and Priests, blessèd are ye, if  
 deep  
 (As yours above all offices is high)  
 Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;  
 Charged as ye are by Christ to feed  
 and keep  
 From wolves your portion of His chosen  
 sheep:  
 Labouring as ever in your Master's  
 sight,  
 Making your hardest task your best  
 delight,  
 What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall  
 reap!—  
 But in the solemn Office which ye  
 sought  
 And undertook premonished, if unsound  
 Your practice prove, faithless though  
 but in thought,  
 Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf  
 profound  
 Awaits you then, if they were rightly  
 taught  
 Who framed the Ordinance by your  
 lives disowned!

## PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent up  
 Is to the sky while we look up in  
 As to the deep fair ships which  
 they move  
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch  
 from afar;  
 As to the sandy desert fountains  
 With palm-groves shaded at  
 intervals,  
 Whose fruit around the sun  
 Native falls  
 Of roving tired or desultory war-  
 Such to this British Isle her cl  
 Fanes,  
 Each linked to each for kind  
 vices;  
 Her Spires, her Steeple-tower  
 glittering vanes  
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking  
 Where a few villagers on bendec  
 Find solace which a busy  
 disdains

---

## PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable b  
 And a refined rusticity, belong  
 To the neat mansion,\* where, hi  
 among,  
 The learned Pastor dwells, their  
 ful Lord.

---

\* Among the benefits arising, as Mr  
 ridge has well observed, from a  
 establishment of endowments corres  
 with the wealth of the country to  
 belongs, may be reckoned as emine  
 portant, the examples of civility and ref  
 which the clergy stationed at interv  
 to the whole people. The establishe  
 in many parts of England have long  
 they continue to be, the principal  
 against barbarism, and the link whic

ough meek and patient as a sheathèd  
 sword ;  
 ough pride's least lurking thought  
 appear a wrong  
 human kind; though peace be on  
 his tongue,  
 tleness in his heart—can earth  
 afford  
 a genuine state, pre-eminence so  
 free,  
 when, arrayed in Christ's authority,  
 from the pulpit lifts his awful  
 hand ;  
 jures, implores, and labours all he  
 can  
 re-subjecting to divine command  
 stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

## THE LITURGY.

if the intensities of hope and  
 fear  
 act us still, and passionate exercise  
 of thoughts, the way before us  
 lies  
 inct with signs, through which in  
 set career,

sequestered peasantry with the intellectual  
 cement of the age. Nor is it below the  
 y of the subject to observe, that their taste,  
 ing upon rural residences and scenery often  
 hes models which country gentlemen,  
 are more at liberty to follow the caprices  
 tion, might profit by. The precincts of  
 l residence must be treated by ecclesiastics  
 respect, both from prudence and necessity.  
 member being much pleased, some years  
 at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of  
 le, with a style of garden and architec-  
 which, if the place had belonged to a  
 layman, would no doubt have been  
 away. A parsonage-house generally  
 is not far from the church ; this proximity  
 es favourable restraints, and sometimes  
 sts an affecting union of the accommoda-

As through a zodiac, moves the ritual  
 year  
 Of England's Church; stupendous mys-  
 teries!  
 Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,  
 As he approaches them, with solemn  
 cheer.  
 Upon that circle traced from sacred  
 story  
 We only dare to cast a transient glance,  
 Trusting in hope that Others may  
 advance  
 With mind intent upon the King of  
 Glory,  
 From his mild advent till his counten-  
 ance  
 Shall dissipate the seas and mountains  
 hoary.

## BAPTISM.

DEAR be the Church that, watching  
 o'er the needs  
 Of Infancy, provides a timely shower  
 Whose virtue changes to a christian  
 Flower  
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of  
 weeds!—

tions and elegancies of life with the outward  
 signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure  
 I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the  
 residence of an old and much-valued friend in  
 Oxfordshire. The house and church stand  
 parallel to each other, at a small distance ; a  
 circular lawn or rather grass plot, spreads  
 between them; shrubs and trees curve from  
 each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not  
 hiding, the church. From the front of this  
 dwelling, no part of the burial-ground is seen ;  
 but as you wind by the side of the shrubs  
 towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye  
 catches a single, small, low, monumental  
 headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and  
 gently inclining towards the earth. Advance,  
 and the churchyard, populous and gay with  
 glittering tombstones, opens upon the view.

Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds  
 The ministration; while parental Love  
 Looks on, and Grace descendeth from  
 above  
 As the high service pledges now, now  
 pleads.  
 There, should vain thoughts outspread  
 their wings and fly  
 To meet the coming hours of festal  
 mirth,  
 The tombs—which hear and answer  
 that brief cry,  
 The Infant's notice of his second  
 birth—  
 Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy  
 With what man hopes from Heaven,  
 yet fears from Earth.

---

SPONSORS.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot  
 give  
 A holier name! then lightly do not  
 bear  
 Both names conjoined, but of thy  
 spiritual care  
 Be duly mindful: still more sensitive  
 Do Thou, in truth a second Mother,  
 strive  
 Against disheartening custom, that by  
 Thee  
 Watched, and with love and pious in-  
 dustry  
 Tended at need, the adopted Plant may  
 thrive  
 For everlasting bloom. Benign and  
 pure  
 This Ordinance, whether loss it would  
 supply,  
 Prevent omission, help deficiency,  
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.

Shame if the consecrated Vow  
 found  
 An idle form, the Word an en-  
 sound!

---

CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least, in  
 degree,  
 Around the Pastor, each in  
 wrought vest,  
 Each with a vernal posy at his bre-  
 We stood, a trembling, earnest (p-  
 pany!  
 With low soft murmur, like a di-  
 bee,  
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing  
 betrayed;  
 And some a bold unerring ar-  
 made:  
 How fluttered then thy anxious  
 for me,  
 Belovèd Mother! Thou whose h-  
 hand  
 Had bound the flowers I wore,  
 faithful tie:  
 Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible  
 mand  
 Her countenance, phantom-like,  
 reappear:  
 O lost too early for the frequent te-  
 And ill requited by this heartfelt si-

---

CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from  
 and dale,  
 With holiday delight on every brow  
 'Tis past away; far other thoughts  
 vail;  
 For they are taking the baptismal

on their conscious selves; their  
 own lips speak  
 e solemn promise. Strongest sinews  
 fail,  
 d many a blooming, many a lovely,  
 cheek  
 der the holy fear of God turns  
 pale;  
 ile on each head his lawn-robed  
 servant lays  
 apostolic hand, and with prayer  
 seals  
 e Covenant. The Omnipotent will  
 raise  
 air feeble Souls; and bear with *his*  
 regrets,  
 io, looking round the fair assem-  
 blage, feels  
 at ere the Sun goes down their  
 childhood sets.

---

## CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

aw a Mother's eye intensely bent  
 on a Maiden trembling as she  
 ' knelt;  
 and for whom the pious Mother  
 felt  
 ngs that we judge of by a light too  
 faint:  
 l, if ye may, some star-crowned  
 Muse, or Saint!  
 l what rushed in, from what she was  
 relieved—  
 n, when her Child the hallowing  
 touch received,  
 l such vibration through the Mother  
 went  
 at tears burst forth amain. Did  
 gleams appear?  
 ned a vision of that blissful place

Where dwells a Sister-child? And was  
 power given  
 Part of her lost One's glory back to trace  
 Even to this Rite? For thus *She* knelt,  
 and, ere  
 The summer-leaf had faded, passed to  
 Heaven.

---

## SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be  
 tied:  
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,  
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacra-  
 ment!  
 The Offspring, haply at the Parent's  
 side;  
 But not till They, with all that do abide  
 In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts  
 to laud  
 And magnify the glorious name of God,  
 Fountain of Grace, whose Son for  
 sinners died.  
 Ye, who have duly weighed the sum-  
 mons, pause  
 No longer: ye, whom to the saving rite  
 The Altar calls; come early under laws  
 That can secure for you a path of light  
 Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor  
 dread its weight)  
 Armour divine, and conquer in your  
 cause!

---

## THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

THE Vested Priest before the Altar  
 stands;  
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in  
 sight  
 Of God and chosen friends, your troth  
 to plight  
 With the symbolic ring, and willing  
 hands

Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the  
bands  
O Father!—to the Espoused thy blessing give,  
That mutually assisted they may live  
Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.  
So prays the Church, to consecrate a  
Vow  
“The which would endless matrimony  
make;”  
Union that shadows forth and doth  
partake  
A mystery potent human love to endow  
With heavenly, each more prized for the  
other's sake;  
Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid  
brow.

---

## THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

WOMAN! the Power who left His throne  
on high,  
And deigned to wear the robe of flesh  
we wear,  
The Power that thro' the straits of  
Infancy  
Did pass dependent on maternal care,  
His own humanity with Thee will share,  
Pleased with the thanks that in His  
People's eye  
Thou offerest up for safe Delivery  
From Childbirth's perilous throes. And  
should the Heir  
Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk in-  
clined  
To courses fit to make a mother rue  
That ever he was born, a glance of mind  
Cast upon this observance may renew  
A better will; and, in the imagined view  
Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may  
find.

## VISITATION OF THE SICK.

THE Sabbath bells renew the in-  
vitation;  
Glad music! yet there be that,  
with pain  
And sickness, listen where they  
have lain,  
In sadness listen. With maternal  
Inspired, the Church sends mini-  
sters to kneel  
Beside the afflicted; to sustain  
prayer,  
And soothe the heart confession  
laid bare—  
That pardon, from God's throne,  
set its seal  
On a true Penitent. When breath departs  
From one disburthened so, so comforted,  
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours  
hope  
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-  
bed  
Hence he will gain a firmer min-  
istry  
With a bad world, and foil the Tempt-  
ations.

---

## THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

SHUN not this Rite, neglected,  
abhorred,  
By some of unreflecting mind, as call-  
ing  
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous  
and appalling).  
Go thou and hear the threatenings  
of the Lord;  
Listening within his Temple see  
the sword  
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the  
offender's head,  
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be de-  
eply  
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.

70 aspects bears Truth needful for  
 salvation;  
 10 knows not *that?*—yet would this  
 delicate age  
 20 only on the Gospel's brighter  
 page:  
 light and dark duly our thoughts  
 employ;  
 shall the fearful words of Commina-  
 tion  
 30 ld timely fruit of peace and love and  
 joy.

---

## FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

kneeling Worshippers no earthly  
 floor  
 25 holier invitation than the deck  
 . storm-shattered Vessel saved from  
 Wreck  
 en all that Man could do availed  
 no more)  
 Him who raised the Tempest and  
 restrains:  
 py the crew who this have felt, and  
 pour  
 h for His mercy, as the Church  
 ordains,  
 nn thanksgiving. Nor will *they*  
 implore  
 ain who, for a rightful cause, give  
 breath  
 40 rds the Church prescribes aiding  
 the lip  
 the heart's sake, ere ship with  
 hostile ship  
 unters, armed for work of pain and  
 death.  
 liants! the God to whom your  
 cause ye trust  
 listen, and ye know that He is  
 just.

## FUNERAL SERVICE.

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal  
 and woe,  
 The Church extends her care to thought  
 and deed;  
 Nor quits the Body when the Soul is  
 freed,  
 The mortal weight cast off to be laid  
 low.  
 Blest Rite for him who hears in faith,  
 "I know  
 That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears  
 each word  
 That follows—striking on some kindred  
 chord  
 Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears  
 will flow.  
 Man is as grass that springeth up at  
 morn,  
 Grows green, and is cut down and  
 withereth  
 Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim  
 a sigh,  
 Its natural echo; but hope comes  
 reborn  
 At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O  
 Death,  
 Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where  
 is thy Victory?"

---

## RURAL CEREMONY.\*

CLOSING the sacred Book which long  
 has fed  
 Our meditations, give we to a day  
 Of annual joy one tributary lay;  
 This day, when, forth by rustic music led,

---

\*This is still continued in many churches in  
 Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of  
 July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with  
 fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-  
 bearing."



The village Children, while the sky is  
red  
With evening lights, advance in long  
array  
Through the still churchyard, each with  
garland gay,  
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the  
head

Of the proud Bearer. To the wide  
church-door,  
Charged with these offerings which  
their fathers bore  
For decoration in the Papal time,  
The innocent Procession softly  
moves:—  
The spirit of Laud is pleased in  
heaven's pure clime,  
And Hooker's voice the spectacle ap-  
proves!

---

REGRETS.

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had  
dared to leave  
Less scanty measure of those graceful  
rites  
And usages, whose due return invites  
A stir of mind too natural to  
deceive;  
Giving to Memory help when she would  
weave  
A crown for Hope!—I dread the  
boasted lights  
That all too often are but fiery  
blights,  
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we  
grieve.  
Go, seek, when Christmas snows dis-  
comfort bring,  
The counter Spirit found in some gay  
church

Green with fresh holly, every pe-  
rcher  
In which the linnet or the thrush  
sing,  
Merry and loud and safe from per-  
search,  
Strains offered only to the genial Sp-

---

MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolu-  
tion  
climb,  
And sink from high to low, along a  
Of awful notes, whose concord shall  
fail;  
A musical but melancholy chime,  
Which they can hear who meddle  
with crime,  
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care  
Truth fails not; but her outward  
that bear  
The longest date do melt like frosty  
That in the morning whitened hill  
plain  
And is no more; drop like the  
sublime  
Of yesterday, which royally did we  
His crown of weeds, but could not  
sustain  
Some casual shout that broke the  
air,  
Or the unimaginable touch of Tim-

---

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes! following my  
ward way,  
Untouched by due regret I mark  
your fall!  
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness  
Dispose to judgments temperate  
lay

our past selves in life's declining  
 day:  
 as, by discipline of Time made wise,  
 learn to tolerate the infirmities  
 of faults of others—gently as he may,  
 with our own the mild Instructor  
 deals,  
 teaching us to forget them or forgive.\*  
 Conversely curious, then, for hidden ill  
 should we break Time's charitable  
 seals?  
 ye were holy, ye are holy still;  
 your spirit freely let me drink, and  
 live.

---

## EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

while I speak, the sacred roofs of  
 France  
 shattered into dust; and self-exiled  
 altars threatened, levelled, or  
 defiled,  
 under the Ministers of God, as  
 chance  
 is a way for life, or consonance  
 with invites. More welcome to no  
 land  
 fugitives than to the British strand,  
 the priest and layman with the  
 vigilance  
 your compassion greet them. Creed  
 and test  
 sh before the unreserved embrace  
 catholic humanity:—distress  
 came,—and, while the moral  
 tempest roars  
 throughout the Country they have left,  
 our shores  
 to their Faith a fearless resting-  
 place.

---

\* This is borrowed from an affecting passage  
 in George Dyer's history of Cambridge.

## CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to Charity, secured  
 By THEM who blessed the soft and  
 happy gale  
 That landward urged the great De-  
 liverer's sail,  
 Till in the sunny bay his fleet was  
 moored!  
 Propitious hour! had we, like them,  
 endured  
 Sore stress of apprehension,\* with a  
 mind  
 Sickened by injuries, dreading worse  
 designed,  
 From month to month trembling and  
 unassured,  
 How had we then rejoiced! But we  
 have felt,  
 As a loved substance, their futurity:  
 Good, which they dared not hope for,  
 we have seen;  
 A State whose generous will through  
 earth is dealt;  
 A State—which, balancing herself  
 between  
 Licence and slavish order, dares be  
 free.

---

## NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the  
 Main,  
 And laurelled armies, not to be with-  
 stood—  
 What serve they? if, on transitory  
 good  
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,

---

\* See Burnet, who is unusually animated on  
 this subject; the east wind, so anxiously  
 expected and prayed for, was called the  
 "Protestant wind."

The State (ah, surely not preserved in  
vain!)  
Forbear to shape due channels which  
the Flood  
Of sacred truth may enter—till it  
brood  
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the  
Egyptian plain  
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the  
time  
Is conscious of her want; through  
England's bounds,  
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples  
rise!  
I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious  
chime  
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of  
all sounds  
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

---

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

BE this the chosen site; the virgin  
sod,  
Moistened from age to age by dewy  
eve,  
Shall disappear, and grateful earth  
receive  
The corner-stone from hands that build  
to God.  
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to  
the rod  
Of winter storms, yet budding cheer-  
fully;  
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,  
Shall long survive, to shelter the  
Abode  
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid  
this band  
Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and  
wove

May-garlands, there let the holy  
'stand  
For kneeling adoration;—while—  
Broods, visibly portrayed, the  
Dove,  
That shall protect from blasphem

---

CONTINUED.

MINE ear has rung, my spirit  
subdued,  
Sharing the strong emotion of the  
When each pale brow to dread hos-  
bowed  
While clouds of incense mo-  
veiled the rood,  
That glimmered like a pine tree  
viewed  
Through Alpine vapours. Such  
Our Church prepares not, trust  
the might  
Of simple 'truth with grace  
imbued;  
Yet will we not conceal the p  
Cross,  
Like men ashamed: the Sun w  
first smile  
Shall greet that symbol crowni  
low Pile:  
And the fresh air of incense-bre  
morn  
Shall wooingly embrace it; and  
moss  
Creep round its arms through ce

---

NEW CHURCHYARD.

THE encircling ground, in nat  
arrayed,  
Is now by solemn consecration g  
To social interests, and to fav  
Heaven;

} where the rugged colts their  
 gambols played,  
 } wild deer bounded through the  
 forest glade,  
 checked as when by merry Outlaw  
 driven,  
 || hymns of praise resound at morn  
 and even;  
 | soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's  
 spade  
 || wound the tender sod. Encinc-  
 ture small,  
 infinite its grasp of weal and woe!  
 es, fears, in never-ending ebb and  
 flow;—  
 spousal trembling, and the "dust  
 to dust,"  
 prayers, the contrite struggle, and  
 the trust [through all.  
 t to the Almighty Father looks

---

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

N your gates, ye everlasting Piles!  
 es of the spiritual Church which  
 God hath reared;  
 loth we quit the newly-hallowed  
 sward  
 humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous  
 aisles  
 meel, or thrid your intricate defiles,  
 down the nave to pace in motion  
 slow;  
 hing, with upward eye, the tall  
 tower grow  
 mount, at every step, with living  
 wiles  
 nct—to rouse the heart and lead  
 the will  
 bright ladder to the world above.  
 n your gates, ye Monuments of love

Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign  
hill!

Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose  
splendours cheer

Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

---

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,  
CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain  
 expense,  
 With ill-matched aims the Architect  
 who planned—  
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
 Of white-robed Scholars only—this  
 immense  
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence!  
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven  
 rejects the lore  
 Of nicely-calculated less or more;  
 So deemed the man who fashioned for  
 the sense  
 These lofty pillars, spread that branch-  
 ing roof  
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten  
 thousand cells,  
 Where light and shade repose, where  
 music dwells  
 Linger—  
 and wandering on as loth to  
 die;  
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness  
 yieldeth proof  
 That they were born for immortality.

---

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective! while from  
 our sight  
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows  
 hide  
 Their Portraits, their stone-work  
 glimmers, dyed

In the soft chequerings of a sleepy  
light.

Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,  
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves  
unseen,

Imbue your prison-bars with solemn  
sheen,

Shine on, until ye fade with coming  
Night!—

But, from the arms of silence—list!  
O list!

The music bursteth into second  
life;

The notes luxuriate, every stone is  
kissed

By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy  
strife;

Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before  
the eye

Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

---

CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable  
home

Who thus could build. Be mine, in  
hours of fear

Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge  
here;

Or through the aisles of Westminster to  
roam;

Where bubbles burst, and folly's  
dancing foam

Melts, if it cross the threshold; where  
the wreath

Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let  
my path

Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-  
like dome

Hath typified by reach of daring art

Infinity's embrace; whose g  
crest,

The silent Cross, among the sta  
spread

As now, when She hath also se  
breast

Filled with mementos, satiate  
part

Of grateful England's overflowing

---

EJACULATION.

GLORY to God! and to the Pow  
came

In filial duty, clothed with  
divine,

That made His human tab  
shine

Like Ocean burning with pu  
flame; \*

Or like the Alpine Mount, that t  
name

From roseate hues, far kenned a  
and even,

In hours of peace, or when the  
is driven

Along the nether region's  
frame!

Earth prompts—Heaven urges;  
seek the light,

Studios of that pure inter  
begun

When first our infant brows their  
won;

So, like the Mountain, may we  
more bright

From unimpeded commerce wi  
Sun,

At the approach of all-inv  
night.

## CONCLUSION.

sleeps the future, as a snake  
enrolled,  
within coil, at noon-tide? For the  
WORD  
s, if with unpresumptuous faith  
explored,  
r at whose touch the sluggard  
hall unfold  
lrowsy rings. Look forth!—that  
stream behold,  
T STREAM upon whose bosom we  
have passed

Floating at ease while nations have  
effaced  
Nations, and Death has gathered to his  
fold  
Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth,  
my Soul!  
(Nor in this vision be thou slow to  
trust)  
The living Waters, less and less by guilt  
Stained and polluted, brighten as they  
roll,  
Till they have reached the eternal  
City—built  
For the perfected Spirits of the just!

## THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

## THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

URING the Summer of 1807, the author visited, for the first time, the beautiful scenery that  
unds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the poem of the White Doe, founded upon a  
ion connected with the place, was composed at the close of the same year.

## DEDICATION.

rellished shed with clustering roses  
gay,  
, Mary! oft beside our blazing  
fire,  
n years of wedded life were as a  
day  
se current answers to the heart's  
desire,  
we together read in Spenser's lay,  
'Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,  
gentle Una, of celestial birth,  
seek her knight went wandering  
o'er the earth.

Ah, then, beloved! pleasing was the  
smart,  
And the tear precious in compassion  
shed  
For her, who, pierced by sorrow's  
thrilling dart,  
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;  
Meek as that emblem of her lowly  
heart  
The milk-white lamb which in a line  
she led,—  
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,  
Like the brave lion slain in her de-  
fence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery  
 shell  
 Attuned to words with sacred wisdom  
 fraught;  
 Free fancy prized each specious  
 miracle,  
 And all its finer inspiration caught;  
 Till, in the bosom of our rustic cell,  
 We by a lamentable change were  
 taught  
 That "bliss with mortal man may not  
 abide:"—  
 How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to  
 flow,  
 For us the voice of melody was mute.  
 But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary  
 snow,  
 And give the timid herbage leave to  
 shoot,  
 Heaven's breathing influence failed not  
 to bestow  
 A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,  
 Fair fruit of pleasure and serene con-  
 tent  
 From blossoms wild of fancies inno-  
 cent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to  
 hear  
 Once more of troubles wrought by  
 magic spell;  
 And griefs whose aery motion comes  
 not near  
 The pangs that tempt the spirit to  
 rebel;  
 Then, with mild Una in her sober  
 cheer,  
 High over hill and low adown the dell  
 Again we wandered, willing to partake  
 All that she suffered for her dear lord's  
 sake.

Then, too, this song of mine  
 more could please,  
 Where anguish, strange as dream  
 restless sleep,  
 Is tempered and allayed by sym-  
 phony  
 Aloft ascending, and descend-  
 ing  
 deep,  
 Even to the inferior kinds; y  
 forest trees  
 Protect from beating sunbeams,  
 the sweep  
 Of the sharp winds;—fair creatur  
 to whom Heaven  
 A calm and sinless life, with love,  
 given.

This tragic story cheered us: :  
 speaks  
 Of female patience winning fin  
 pose;  
 And of the recompense that consc  
 seeks  
 A bright, encouraging example st  
 Needful when o'er wide realms  
 tempest breaks,  
 Needful amid life's ordinary woes  
 Hence, not for them unfitted  
 would bless  
 A happy hour with holier happine

He serves the muses erringly and  
 Whose aim is pleasure light and  
 tive:  
 Oh, that my mind were equal to  
 The comprehensive mandate  
 they give—  
 Vain aspiration of an earnest will  
 Yet in this moral strain a power  
 live,  
 Beloved wife! such solace to imp  
 As it hath yielded to thy tender hu

Rydal Mount, Westmoreland,  
*April, 20, 1815.*

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,  
 motion of a muscle—this way or that—  
 done; and in the after-vacancy  
 wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:  
 suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,  
 has the nature of infinity. [seem  
 through that darkness (infinite though it  
 irremovable) gracious openings lie,  
 which the soul—with patient steps of thought  
 toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—  
 pass in hope, and, though from mortal  
 bonds  
 undelivered, rise with sure ascent  
 to the fountain-head of peace divine.”

They that deny a God, destroy man's  
 utility; for certainly man is of kinn to the  
 world by his body: and if he be not of kinn  
 to the world by his spirit, he is a base ignoble  
 creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity,  
 the raising of humane nature: for take an  
 example of a dog, and mark what a generosity  
 courage he will put on, when he finds  
 himself maintained by a man, who to him is  
 as good as a God, or *melior natura*. Which  
 age is manifestly such, as that creature  
 lacks out that confidence of a better nature  
 which his own could never attain. So man,  
 when he resteth and assureth himself upon  
 the protection and favour, gathereth a  
 confidence and faith which human nature in itself  
 cannot obtain.”—LORD BACON.

## CANTO I.

At Bolton's old monastic tower  
 bells ring loud with gladsome power;  
 sun shines bright; the fields are gay  
 and people in their best array  
 to the toll and doublet, hood and scarf,  
 along the banks of crystal Wharf,  
 though the vale retired and lowly,  
 responding to that summons holy.  
 Far up among the moorlands, see  
 the sprinklings of blithe company!  
 Herds and of shepherd grooms,  
 down the steep hills force their  
 way,  
 driving cattle through the budded brooms,  
 or no path, what care they?  
 thus in joyous mood they hie  
 to Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there?—Full fifty  
 years

That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,  
 Too harshly hath been doomed to taste  
 The bitterness of wrong and waste:  
 Its courts are ravaged; but the tower  
 Is standing with a voice of power,  
 That ancient voice which wont to call  
 To mass or some high festival;  
 And in the shattered fabric's heart  
 Remaineth one protected part;  
 A chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,  
 Closely embowered and trimly drest;  
 And thither young and old repair,  
 This Sabbath-day for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills;—anon  
 Look again, and they all are gone;  
 The cluster round the porch, and the folk  
 Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak.  
 And scarcely have they disappeared  
 Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:—  
 With one consent the people rejoice,  
 Filling the church with a lofty voice!  
 They sing a service which they feel:  
 For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal,  
 Of a pure faith the vernal prime—  
 In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,  
 And all is hushed, without and within;  
 For though the priest, more tranquilly,  
 Recites the holy liturgy,  
 The only voice which you can hear  
 Is the river murmuring near.  
 When soft!—the dusky trees between,  
 And down the path through the open  
 green,  
 Where is no living thing to be seen;  
 And through yon gateway, where is found,  
 Beneath the arch with ivy bound,  
 Free entrance to the church-yard  
 ground;



Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,  
 Comes gliding in serene and slow,  
 Soft and silent as a dream,  
 A solitary doe!  
 White she is as lily or June,  
 And beauteous as the silver moon  
 When out of sight the clouds are  
     driven,  
 And she is left alone in heaven ;  
 Or like a ship some gentle day  
 In sunshine sailing far away,  
 A glittering ship, that hath the plain  
 Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead !  
 Lie quiet in your church-yard bed !  
 Ye living, tend your holy cares ;  
 Ye multitude, pursue your prayers ;  
 And blame not me if my heart and sight  
 Are occupied with one delight !  
 'Tis a work for Sabbath hours  
 If I with this bright creature go,  
 Whether she be of forest bowers,  
 From the bowers of earth below ;  
 Or a spirit, for one day given,  
 A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes  
 Wait upon her as she ranges  
 Round and through this pile of state,  
 Overthrown and desolate !  
 Now a step or two her way  
 Leads through space of open day,  
 Where the enamoured sunny light  
 Brightens her that was so bright ;  
 Now doth a delicate shadow fall,  
 Falls upon her like a breath,  
 From some lofty arch or wall,  
 As she passes underneath :  
 Now some gloomy nook partakes  
 Of the glory that she makes,—  
 High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell  
 With perfect cunning framed as well

Of stone, and ivy, and the spread  
 Of the elder's bushy head ;  
 Some jealous and forbidding cell,  
 That doth the living stars repel,  
 And where no flower hath leave  
     dwell.

The presence of this wandering  
 Fills many a damp obscure recess  
 With lustre of a saintly show ;  
 And, re-appearing, she no less  
 Sheds on the flowers that round  
 A more than sunny liveliness.  
 But say, among these holy places,  
 Which thus assiduously she paces,  
 Comes she with a votary's task,  
 Rite to perform, or boon to ask ?  
 Fair pilgrim ! harbours she a sense  
 Of sorrow, or of reverence ?  
 Can she be grieved for quire or shr  
 Crushed as if by wrath divine ?  
 For what survives of house where G  
 Was worshipped, or where man abo  
 For old magnificence undone ;  
 Or for the gentler work begun  
 By nature, softening and concealing  
 And busy with a hand of healing,  
 Mourns she for lordly chamber's he  
 That to the sapling ash gives birth ;  
 For dormitory's length laid bare  
 Where the wild rose blossoms fair ;  
 Or altar, whence the cross was rent,  
 Now rich with mossy ornament ?  
 She sees a warrior carved in stone,  
 Among the thick weeds, stretched al  
 A warrior, with his shield of pride  
 Cleaving humbly to his side,  
 And hands in resignation prest,  
 Palm to palm, on his tranquil brea  
 As little she regards the sight,  
 As a common creature might :  
 If she be doomed to inward care  
 Or service, it must lie elsewhere

hers are eyes serenely bright,  
 and on she moves—with pace how  
 light?  
 spares to stoop her head, and  
 taste  
 dewy turf with flowers bestrown;  
 thus she fares, until at last  
 the ridge of a grassy grave  
 quietness she lays her down;  
 as a weary wave  
 dies, when the summer breeze hath  
 died,  
 in an anchored vessel's side;  
 and so, without distress, doth she  
 down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,  
 a lingering motion bound,  
 the crystal stream now flowing  
 in its softest summer sound:  
 the balmy minutes pass,  
 while this radiant creature lies  
 stretched upon the dewy grass,  
 sleepily with downcast eyes.  
 Now again the people raise  
 a lowly cheer a voice of praise;  
 the last, the parting song;  
 from the temple forth they  
 throng—  
 and quickly spread themselves  
 abroad—  
 while each pursues his several road.  
 Some, a variegated band,  
 middle-aged, and old, and  
 young,  
 little children by the hand  
 in their leading mothers hung,  
 a mute obeisance gladly paid,  
 and towards the spot, where, full in  
 view,  
 the white doe, to her service  
 true,  
 Sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;  
 Which two spears' length of level  
 ground  
 Did from all other graves divide:  
 As if in some respect of pride;  
 Or melancholy's sickly mood,  
 Still shy of human neighbourhood;  
 Or guilt, that humbly would express  
 A penitential loneliness.

"Look, there she is, my child!  
 draw near;  
 She fears not, wherefore should we  
 fear?  
 She means no harm;"—but still the  
 boy,  
 To whom the words were softly said,  
 Hung back, and smiled and blushed  
 for joy,  
 A shame-faced blush of glowing red!  
 Again the mother whispered low,  
 "Now you have seen the famous doe;  
 From Rylstone she hath found her  
 way  
 Over the hills this Sabbath-day;  
 Her work, what'er it be, is done,  
 And she will depart when we are gone;  
 Thus doth she keep from year to  
 year,  
 Her Sabbath morning, foul or fair."

Bright was the creature—as in dreams  
 The boy had seen her—yea, more  
 bright;  
 But is she truly what she seems?  
 He asks with insecure delight,  
 Asks of himself—and doubts—and  
 still  
 The doubt returns against his will:  
 Though he, and all the standers-by,  
 Could tell a tragic history  
 Of facts divulged, wherein appear  
 Substantial motive, reason clear,

Why thus the milk-white doe is found  
 Couchant beside that lonely mound;  
 And why she duly loves to pace  
 The circuit of this hallowed place.  
 Nor to the child's inquiring mind  
 Is such perplexity confined:  
 For, spite of sober truth, that sees  
 A world of fixed remembrances  
 Which to this mystery belong,  
 If, undeceived, my skill can trace,  
 The characters of every face,  
 'There lack not strange delusion here,  
 Conjecture vague, and idle fear,  
 And superstitious fancies strong,  
 Which do the gentle creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported sire,  
 (Who in his boyhood often fed  
 Full cheerily on convent-bread,  
 And heard old tales by the convent-  
     fire,  
 And to his grave will go with  
     scars,  
 Relics of long and distant wars)  
 That old man—studious to expound  
 The spectacle—is mounting high  
 To days of dim antiquity;  
 When Lady Aäliza mourned  
 Her son, and felt in her despair,  
 The pang of unavailing prayer;  
 Her son in Wharf's abysses drowned,  
 The noble boy of Egremound.  
 From which affliction, when the grace  
 Of God had in her heart found  
     place,  
 A pious structure, fair to see,  
 Rose up—this stately priory!  
 The lady's work, — but now laid  
     low;  
 To the grief of her soul that doth  
     come and go  
 In the beautiful form of this innocent  
     doe:

Which, though seemingly doome  
     its breast to sustain  
 A softened remembrance of sorrow  
     pain,  
 Is spotless, and holy, and gentle,  
     bright;  
 And glides o'er the earth like an a  
     of light.

Pass, pass who will, yon ch  
     door;  
 And, through the chink in the  
     tured floor  
 Look down, and see a griesly sight  
 A vault where the bodies are b  
     upright!  
 There, face by face and hand  
     hand,  
 The Claphams and Maulev  
     stand;  
 And, in his place, among son  
     sire,  
 Is John de Clapham, that f  
     esquire,  
 A valiant man, and a name of dree  
 In the ruthless wars of the White  
     Red;  
 Who dragged Earl Pembroke  
     Banbury church,  
 And smote off his head on the st  
     of the porch!  
 Look down among them, if you da  
 Oft does the White Doe loiter the  
 Prying into the darksome rent;  
 Nor can it be with good intent;—  
 So thinks that dame of haughty a  
 Who hath a page her book to hol  
 And, wears a frontlet edged  
     gold.  
 Harsh thoughts with her high p  
     agree—  
 Who counts among her ancestry  
 Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously

That slender youth, a scholar pale,  
 From Oxford come to his native vale,  
 Who also hath his own conceit :  
 He thinks he, the gracious fairy,  
 Who loved the Shepherd-lord to  
 Meet  
 His wanderings solitary :  
 And notes she in his hearing sang,  
 Song of nature's hidden powers ;  
 That whistled like the wind, and rang  
 Along the rocks and holly bowers.  
 As said that she all shapes could  
 Wear ;  
 And oftentimes before him stood,  
 Amid the trees of some thick wood,  
 The semblance of a lady fair ;  
 And taught him signs, and showed  
 Him sights,  
 Craven's dens, on Cumbrian  
 Heights ;  
 When under cloud of fear he lay,  
 The shepherd clad in homely gray,  
 Who left him at his later day.  
 And hence, when he, with spear and  
 Shield  
 Came full of years to Flodden field,  
 His eye could see the hidden spring,  
 How the current was to flow ;  
 The fatal end of Scotland's king,  
 And all that hopeless overthrow.  
 And not in wars did he delight,  
 As Clifford wished for worthier  
 Might :  
 And in broad pomp, or courtly state :  
 His own thoughts did elevate,—  
 That happy in the shy recess  
 The garden's lowly quietness.  
 His choice of studious friends had he  
 Bolton's dear fraternity ;  
 And standing on this old church tower,  
 Many a calm propitious hour,  
 Used, with him, the starry sky ;  
 And in their cells, with him did pry

For other lore,—by keen desire  
 Urged to close toil with chemic fire :  
 In quest belike of transmutations  
 Rich as the mine's most bright creations.  
 But they and their good works are  
 Fled—  
 And all is now disquieted—  
 And peace is none, for living or dead !

Ah, pensive scholar, think not so,  
 But look again at the radiant doe !  
 What quiet watch she seems to keep,  
 Alone, beside that grassy heap !  
 Why mention other thoughts unmeet  
 For vision so composed and sweet ?  
 While stand the people in a ring,  
 Gazing, doubting, questioning ;  
 Yea, many overcome in spite  
 Of recollections clear and bright ;  
 Which yet do unto some impart  
 An undisturbed repose of heart,  
 And all the assembly own a law  
 Of orderly respect and awe ;  
 But see—they vanish, one by one.  
 And last, the doe herself is gone.

Harp ! we have been full long be-  
 guiled  
 By vague thoughts, lured by fancies  
 wild ;  
 To which, with no reluctant strings,  
 Thou hast attuned thy murmurings ;  
 And now before this pile we stand  
 In solitude, and utter peace ;  
 But, harp ! thy murmurs may not  
 cease—  
 A spirit, with his angelic wings,  
 In soft and breeze-like visitings,  
 Has touched thee, and a spirit's hand :  
 A voice is with us—a command  
 To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,  
 A tale of tears, a mortal story.

## CANTO II.

THE harp in lowliness obeyed ;  
 And first we sang of the green-wood  
     shade,  
 And a solitary maid ;  
 Beginning, where the song must end,  
 With her, and with her sylvan friend ;  
 The friend who stood before her sight,  
 Her only unextinguished light ;  
 Her last companion in a dearth  
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For she it was—this maid, who  
     wrought  
 Meekly, with foreboding thought,  
 In vermeil colours and in gold  
 An unblest work ; which, standing by,  
 Her father did with joy behold,—  
 Exulting in its imagery ;  
 A banner, fashioned to fulfil  
 Too perfectly his headstrong will :  
 For on this banner had her hand  
 Embroidered (such her sire's command)  
 The sacred cross ; and figured there  
 The five dear wounds our Lord did  
     bear ;  
 Full soon to be uplifted high,  
 And float in rueful company !

It was the time when England's  
     queen  
 Twelve years had reigned, a sovereign  
     dread ;  
 Nor yet the restless crown had been  
 Disturbed upon her virgin head ;  
 But now the inly-working north  
 Was ripe to send its thousands forth,  
 A potent vassalage, to fight  
 In Percy's and in Neville's right,  
 Two earls fast leagued in discontent,  
 Who gave their wishes open vent ;  
 And boldly urged a general plea,  
 The rites of ancient piety

To be triumphantly restored,  
 By the stern justice of the sworn  
 And that same banner, on  
     breast  
 The blameless lady had express  
 Memorials chosen to give life  
 And sunshine to a dangerous str  
 That banner, waiting for the ca  
 Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came,—and Francis Norton  
 “ O father ! rise not in this fray—  
 The hairs are white upon your !  
 Dear father, hear me when I sa  
 It is for you too late a day !  
 Bethink you of your own good r  
 A just and gracious queen have  
 A pure religion, and the claim  
 Of peace on our humanity.  
 'Tis meet that I endure your sc  
 I am your son, your eldest born  
 But not for lordship or for land,  
 My father, do I clasp your kne  
 The banner touch not, sta  
     hand,—  
 This multitude of men disband,  
 And live at home in blameless  
 For these my brethren's sake, f  
 And, most of all, for Emily !”

Tumultuous noises filled the  
 And scarcely could the father h  
 That name—pronounced with  
     fall,  
 The name of his only daughter  
 As on the banner which stood r  
 He glanced a look of holy pride  
 And his moist eyes were glorifie  
 Then did he seize the staff, and  
 “ Thou, Richard, bear'st thy  
     name,  
 Keep thou this ensign till the d  
 When I of thee require the sam

place be on my better hand ;—  
 and seven as true as thou, I see, '  
 will cleave to this good cause and  
 me."  
 spake, and eight brave sons  
 straightway  
 followed him, a gallant band !

Thus, with hissons, when forth he came  
 the sight was hailed with loud acclaim  
 and din of arms and minstrelsy,  
 on all his warlike tenantry,  
 horsed and harnessed with him to  
 ride ;  
 the voice to which the hills replied !

But Francis, in the vacant hall,  
 stood silent under dreary weight,—  
 a phantasm, in which roof and wall  
 shook—tottered—swam before his  
 sight ;  
 a phantasm like a dream of night !  
 he was overwhelmed, and desolate,  
 found his way to a postern-gate ;  
 when he waked, his languid eye  
 on the calm and silent sky ;  
 he gazed about him breathing sweet,  
 the earth's green grass beneath his  
 feet ;  
 did he fail ere long to hear  
 the sound of military cheer,  
 it—but it reached that sheltered  
 spot ;  
 he heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance  
 which he had grasped unknowingly,—  
 he blindly grasped in that strong  
 trance,  
 the dimness of heart agony ;  
 there stood he, cleansed from the  
 despair  
 sorrow of his fruitless prayer.

The past he calmly hath reviewed :  
 But where will be the fortitude  
 Of this brave man, when he shall see  
 That form beneath the spreading tree,  
 And know that it is Emily ?

He saw her where in open view  
 She sate beneath the spreading yew,—  
 Her head upon her lap, concealing  
 In solitude her bitter feeling ;  
 " Might ever son *command* a sire,  
 The act were justified to-day."  
 This to himself—and to the maid,  
 Whom now he had approached, he  
 said,  
 " Gone are they,—they have their  
 desire,  
 And I with thee one hour will  
 stay,  
 To give thee comfort if I may."

She heard, but looked not up, nor  
 spake ;  
 And sorrow moved him to partake  
 Her silence ; then his thoughts turned  
 round,  
 And fervent words a passage found.

" Gone are they, bravely, though  
 misled ;  
 With a dear father at their head !  
 The sons obey a natural lord ;  
 The father had given solemn word  
 To noble Percy,—and a force,  
 Still stronger, bends him to his course.  
 This said, our tears to-day may fall  
 As at an innocent funeral.  
 In deep and awful channel runs  
 This sympathy of sire and sons  
 Untried our brothers have been loved  
 With heart by simple nature moved ;  
 And now their faithfulness is proved ;

For faithful we must call them, bearing  
That soul of conscientious daring.  
There were they all in circle—there  
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,  
John with a sword that will not fail,  
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,  
And those bright twins were side by  
side ;

And there by fresh hopes beautified,  
Stood he, whose arm yet lacks the  
power

Of man, our youngest, fairest flower !  
I, by the right of eldest born,  
And in a second father's place,  
Presumed to grapple with their scorn,  
And meet their pity face to face ;  
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,  
I to my father knelt and prayed,  
And one, the pensive Marmaduke,  
Methought, was yielding inwardly,  
And would have laid his purpose by,  
But for a glance of his father's eye,  
Which I myself could scarcely brook.

“Then, be we, each, and all, forgiven !  
Thou, chiefly thou, my sister dear,  
Whose pangs are registered in heaven.  
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,  
And smiles, that dared to take their  
place

Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,  
As that unhallowed banner grew  
Beneath a loving old man's view.  
Thy part is done—thy painful part ;  
Be thou then satisfied in heart !  
A further, though far easier, task  
Than thine hath been, my duties ask ;  
With theirs my efforts cannot blend,  
I cannot for such cause contend ;  
Their aims I utterly forswear ;  
But I in body will be there.

Unarmed and naked will I go,  
Be at their side, come weal or woe :

On kind occasions I may wait,  
See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.  
Bare breast I take and an  
hand.”\*

Therewith he threw away the la  
Which he had grasped in that  
trance,

Spurned it—like something that  
stand

Between him and the pure inter  
Of love on which his soul was b

“For thee, for thee, is left th  
Of trial past without offence  
To God or man ;—such innoce  
Such consolation, and the exce  
Of an unmerited distress ;  
In that thy very strength must li  
O sister, I could prophesy !  
The time is come that rings the  
Of all we loved, and loved so v  
Hope nothing, if I thus may s  
To thee a woman, and thence v  
Hope nothing, I repeat ; for w  
Are doomed to perish utterly :  
’Tis meet that thou with me d  
The thought while I am by thy  
Acknowledging a grace in this  
A comfort in the dark abyss :  
But look not for me when I an  
And be no farther wrought up  
Farewell all wishes, all debate,  
All prayers for this cause, or fo  
Weep, if that aid thee ; but de  
Upon no help of outward frien  
Espouse thy doom at once, an  
To fortitude without reprieve.  
For we must fall, both we and  
This mansion and these  
bowers,

---

\* See the old ballad,—“The Ris  
North.”



W.O.  
'A curious child . . . applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell.'





alks, pools, and arbours, homestead,  
hall,  
r fate is theirs, will reach them all ;  
he young horse must forsake his  
manger,

nd learn to glory in a stranger ;  
he hawk forget his perch—the hound  
parted from his ancient ground :  
he blast will sweep us all away,  
he desolation, one decay !  
nd even this creature !” which words  
saying

pointed to a lovely doe,  
few steps distant, feeding, straying,  
air creature, and more white than  
snow !

Even she will to her peaceful  
woods

turn, and to her murmuring floods,  
nd be in heart and soul the same  
e was before she hither came,—  
e she had learned to love us all,  
erself beloved in Rylstone-hall.

it thou, my sister, doomed to be  
he last leaf on a blasted tree ;  
not in vain we breathed the  
breath

gether of a purer faith—  
hand in hand we have been led,  
nd thou, (oh, happy thought this  
day !)

ot seldom foremost in the way—  
on one thought our minds have fed,  
nd we have in one meaning read—  
when at home our private weal  
ath suffered from the shock of zeal,  
gether we have learned to prize  
rbearance and self-sacrifice—

we like combatants have fared,  
nd for this issue been prepared—  
thou art beautiful, and youth  
nd thought endue thee with all  
truth—  
wo.

Be strong ;— be worthy of the grace  
Of God, and fill thy destined place :  
A soul, by force of sorrows high,  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed humanity !”

He ended,—or she heard no more :  
He led her from the yew-tree shade,  
And at the mansion’s silent door,  
He kissed the consecrated maid ;  
And down the valley then pursued,  
Alone, the armed multitude

## CANTO III.

Now joy for you who from the  
towers

Of Brancepeth look in doubt and  
fear,

Telling melancholy hours !

Proclaim it, let your masters hear  
That Norton with his band is near !  
The watchmen from their station high  
Pronounced the word,—and the earls  
descry

Well-pleased, the armed company  
Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair  
Gone forth to greet him on the plain—  
“ This meeting, noble lords ! looks fair,  
I bring with me a goodly train ;  
Their hearts are with you :—hill and  
dale

Have helped us :—Ure we crossed,  
and Swale.

And horse and harness followed—  
see

The best part of their yeomanry !  
Stand forth, my sons !—these eight  
are mine,

Whom to this service I commend ;  
Which way soe’er our fate incline,

These will be faithful to the end ;  
They are my all"—voice failed him  
here,

"My all save one, a daughter dear !  
Whom I have left, love's mildest birth,  
The meekest child on this blessed earth,  
I had—but these are by my side,  
These eight, and this is a day of pride !  
The time is ripe—with festive din  
Lo ! how the people are flocking in,—  
Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand  
When snow lies heavy upon the land."

He spake bare truth ; for far and near  
From every side came noisy swarms  
Of peasants in their homely gear ;  
And, mixed with these to Brancepeth  
came

Grave gentry of estate and name,  
And captains known for worth in arms :  
And prayed the earls in self-defence  
To rise, and prove their innocence.—  
"Rise, noble earls, put forth your might  
For holy Church, and the people's right !"

The Norton fixed, at this demand,  
His eye upon Northumberland,  
And said, "The minds of men will  
own

No loyal rest while England's crown  
Remains without an heir, the bait  
Of strife and factions desperate ;  
Who, paying deadly hate in kind  
Through all things else, in this can find  
A mutual hope, a common mind ;  
And plot, and pant to overwhelm  
All ancient honour in the realm.  
Brave earls ! to whose heroic veins  
Our noblest blood is given in trust,  
To you a suffering state complains,  
And ye must raise her from the dust.  
With wishes of still bolder scope  
On you we look, with dearest hope,

Even for our altars,—for the prize  
In heaven, of life that never dies ;  
For the old and holy Church we mourn  
And must in joy to her return.

Behold!"—and from his son whose star  
Was on his right, from that guard  
hand

He took the banner, and unfurled  
The precious folds—"behold," said  
"The ransom of a sinful world ;  
Let this your preservation be,—  
The wounds of hands and feet and side  
And the sacred cross on which Jesus  
died !

This bring I from an ancient heart  
These records wrought in pledge of love  
By hands of no ignoble birth,  
A maid o'er whom the blessed Dove  
Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood  
While she the holy work pursued."  
"Uplift the standard !" was the cry  
From all the listeners that stood round  
"Plant it,—by this we live or die"—  
The Norton ceased not for that sound  
But said, "The prayer which ye have  
heard

Much injured earls ! by these preferred  
Is offered to the saints, the sigh  
Of tens of thousands, secretly."—  
"Uplift it !" cried once more the  
band,

And then a thoughtful pause ensued  
"Uplift it !" said Northumberland—  
Whereat, from all the multitude,  
Who saw the banner reared on high  
In all its dread emblazonry,  
A voice of uttermost joy brake out :  
The transport was rolled down the  
river of Were,  
And Durham, the time-honoured  
ham, did hear,  
And the towers of Saint Cuthbert  
stirred by the shout !

Now was the North in arms :—they  
shine

warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,  
Percy's voice ; and Neville sees  
his followers gathering in from Tees.  
From Were, and all the little rills—  
concealed among the forked hills—  
seven hundred knights, retainers all  
of Neville, at their master's call  
had sate together in Raby hall !  
With strength that earldom held of  
yore ;

or wanted at this time rich store  
of well-appointed chivalry.  
At both the sleepy lance to wield,  
and greet the old paternal shield,  
they heard the summons ;—and,  
furthermore,

warriors and foot of each degree,  
bound by pledge of fealty,  
appeared, with free and open hate  
novelties in Church and State ;  
night, burgher, yeoman, and esquire ;  
and Romish priest, in priest's attire.  
And thus, in arms, a zealous band  
proceeding under joint command,  
to Durham first their course they bear ;  
and in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat  
sing mass, and tore the Book of  
Prayer,—

and trod the Bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth  
and free,

They mustered their host at Wether-  
by,

all sixteen thousand, fair to see ;”\*

the choicest warriors of the North !

at none for beauty and for worth

like those eight sons—who, in a ring,  
ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)

Each with a lance, erect and tall,  
A falchion, and a buckler small,  
Stood by their sire, on Clifford-moor,  
To guard the standard which he bore.  
On foot they girt their father round ;  
And so will keep the appointed ground  
Where'er their march : no steed will he  
Henceforth bestride ;—triumphantly  
He stands upon the grassy sod,  
Trusting himself to the earth, and  
God.

Rare sight to embolden and inspire !  
Proud was the field of sons and sire,  
Of him the most ; and sooth to say,  
No shape of man in all the array  
So graced the sunshine of that day.  
The monumental pomp of age  
Was with this goodly personage ;  
A stature undepressed in size,  
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,  
In open victory o'er the weight  
Of seventy years, to loftier height ;  
Magnific limbs of withered state,—  
A face to fear and venerate,—  
Eyes dark and strong, and on his head  
Bright locks of silver hair, thick-spread.  
Which a brown morion half-concealed,  
Light as a hunter's of the field ;  
And thus, with girdle round his waist,  
Whereon the banner-staff might rest  
At need, he stood, advancing high  
The glittering, floating pageantry.

Who sees him ?—thousands see, and  
one

With unparticipated gaze ;  
Who, 'mong those thousands, friend  
And treads in solitary ways. [hath none,  
He, following wheresoe'er he might,  
Hath watched the banner from afar,  
As shepherds watch a lonely star,  
Or mariners the distant light [night.  
That guides them through a stormy

\* From the old ballad.

And now upon a chosen plot  
 Of rising ground, yon heathy spot !  
 He takes alone his far-off stand, [hand.  
 With breast unmailed, unweaponed  
 Bold is his aspect ; but his eye  
 Is pregnant with anxiety,  
 While, like a tutelary power, [hour ;  
 He there stands fixed, from hour to  
 Yet sometimes in more humble guise,  
 Upon the turf-clad height he lies ;  
 Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask  
 In sunshine were his only task,  
 Or by his mantle's help to find  
 A shelter from the nipping wind :  
 And thus, with short oblivion blest,  
 His weary spirits gather rest.  
 Again he lifts his eyes ; and lo !  
 The pageant glancing to and fro ;  
 And hope is wakened by the sight,  
 He thence may learn, ere fall of night,  
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the chieftains bent ;  
 But what avails the bold intent ?  
 A royal army is gone forth  
 To quell the rising of the North ;  
 They march with Dudley at their head,  
 And, in seven days' space, will to York  
 be led !

Can such a mighty host be raised  
 Thus suddenly, and brought so near ?  
 The earls upon each other gazed,  
 And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear ;  
 For, with a high and valiant name,  
 He bore a heart of timid frame,  
 And bold if both had been, yet they  
 "Against so many may not stay." \*  
 Back therefore will they hie to seize  
 A stronghold on the banks of Tees ;  
 There wait a favourable hour,  
 Until Lord Dacre with his power

From Naworth come; and Howard's;  
 Be with them ; openly displayed.

While through the host, from m  
 to man,  
 A rumour of this purpose ran,  
 The standard trusting to the care  
 Of him who heretofore did bear  
 That charge, impatient Norton sough  
 The chieftains to unfold his thought,  
 And thus abruptly spake,—“ We yiel  
 (And can it be?) an unfought field !  
 How oft has strength, the strength  
 Heaven,  
 To few triumphantly been given !  
 Still do our very children boast  
 Of mitred Thurston, what a host  
 He conquered !—Saw we not the pla  
 (And flying shall behold again)  
 Where faith was proved ?—while  
 battle moved  
 The standard 'on the sacred wain  
 That bore it, compassed round by  
 bold  
 Fraternity of barons old ; [stor  
 And with those gray-haired champic  
 Under the saintly ensigns three,  
 The infant heir of Mowbray's blood  
 All confident of victory !  
 Shall Percy blush, then, for his nam  
 Must Westmoreland be asked w  
 shame, [k  
 Whose were the numbers, where  
 In that other day of Neville's Cross  
 When the Prior of Durham with h  
 hand  
 Raised, as the vision gave command  
 Saint Cuthbert's relic—far and near  
 Kenned on the point of a lofty spea  
 While the monks prayed in maid  
 bower  
 To God descending in his power.

\* From the old ballad.

ss would not at our need be due  
 us, who war against the untrue ;—  
 e delegates of heaven we rise,  
 nvoked the impious to chastise ;  
 , we the sanctities of old  
 ould re-establish and uphold.”  
 warned—his zeal the chiefs con-  
 founded,  
 t word was given—and the trumpet  
 sounded ;  
 ck through the melancholy host  
 nt Norton, and resumed his post.  
 s ! thought he, and have I borne  
 is banner, raised with joyful pride,  
 is hope of all posterity,  
 those dread symbols sanctified ;  
 us to become at once the scorn  
 babbling winds as they go by,  
 pot of shame to the sun's bright eye,  
 the light clouds a mockery !  
 ven these poor eight of mine would  
 stem ;”  
 lf to himself, and half to them  
 spake, “ would stem, or quell a force  
 times their number, man and horse ;  
 is by their own unaided might,  
 hout their father in their sight,  
 hout the cause for which they fight ;  
 ause, which on a needful day  
 ould breed us thousands brave as  
 they.”  
 speaking he his reverend head  
 sed towards that imagery once more :  
 : the familiar prospect shed  
 spondency unfelt before :  
 hock of intimations vain,  
 may, and superstitious pain,  
 l on him, with the sudden thought  
 her by whom the work was wrought :  
 , wherefore was her countenance bright  
 th love divine and gentle light ?  
 : would not, could not, disobey,  
 t her faith leaned another way.

Ill tears she wept.—I saw them fall,  
 I overheard her as she spake  
 Sad words to that mute animal,  
 The White Doe in the hawthorn  
 brake ;  
 She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,  
 This cross in tears :—by her, and one  
 Unworthier far, we are undone—  
 Her recreant brother—he prevailed  
 Over that tender spirit—assailed  
 Too oft alas ! by her whose head  
 In the cold grave hath long been laid,  
 She first, in reason's dawn beguiled  
 Her docile, unsuspecting child :  
 Far back—far back my mind must go  
 To reach the well-spring of this woe !  
 While thus he brooded, music sweet  
 Of border tunes was played to cheer  
 The footsteps of a quick retreat ;  
 But Norton lingered in the rear : [last  
 Stung with sharp thoughts—and ere the  
 From his distracted brain was cast,  
 Before his father, Francis stood,  
 And spake in firm and earnest mood.

“ Though here I bend a suppliant knee  
 In reverence, and unarmed, I bear  
 In your indignant thoughts my share ;  
 Am grieved this backward march to see  
 So careless and disorderly. [lead,  
 I scorn your chiefs—men who would  
 And yet want courage at their need :  
 Then look at them with open eyes !  
 Deserve they further sacrifice ?—  
 If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose  
 In open field their gathering foes,  
 (And fast, from this decisive day,  
 Yon multitude must melt away ;)  
 If now I ask a grace not claimed  
 While ground was left for hope ; un-  
 Be an endeavour that can do [blamed  
 No injury to them or you.



heir darksome boughs on either side,  
 open moonlight doth she lie :  
 appy as others of her kind,  
 bat, far from human neighbourhood,  
 ange unrestricted as the wind,  
 hrough park or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated maid  
 merging from a cedar shade  
 open moonshine, where the doe  
 neath the cypress-spire is laid ;  
 ke a patch of April snow,  
 pon a bed of herbage green,  
 ngering in a woody glade,  
 r behind a rocky screen ;  
 mely relic ! which, if seen  
 y the shepherd, is passed by  
 ith an inattentive eye.  
 or more regard doth she bestow  
 pon the uncomplaining doe ! [day  
 ow couched at ease, though oft this  
 ot unperplexed nor free from pain,  
 hen she had tried, and tried in vain,  
 pproaching in her gentle way,  
 o win some look of love, or gain  
 ourage to sport or play ;  
 tempts which still the heart-sick maid  
 ejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed ;—the breeze  
 me fraught with kindly sympathies :  
 she approached yon rustic shed  
 ung with late-flowering woodbine,  
 spread  
 ong the walls and overhead ;  
 e fragrance of the breathing flowers  
 rived a memory of those hours  
 en here, in this remote alcove,  
 hile from the pendant woodbine came  
 e odours, sweet as if the same)  
 ondly-anxious mother strove  
 teach her salutary fears  
 d mysteries above her years.

Yes, she is soothed :—an image faint—  
 And yet not faint—a presence bright  
 Returns to her ;—that blessed saint  
 Who with mild looks and language mild  
 Instructed here her darling child,  
 While yet a prattler on the knee,  
 To worship in simplicity  
 The invisible God, and take for guide  
 The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the vision, and the sense  
 Of that beguiling influence !  
 “ But oh ! thou angel from above,  
 Mute spirit of maternal love,  
 That stood'st before my eyes more clear  
 Than ghosts are fabled to appear  
 Sent upon embassies of fear ;  
 As thou thy presence hast to me  
 Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry,  
 Descend on Francis ; nor forbear  
 To greet him with a voice, and say ;—  
 ‘ If hope be a rejected stay,  
 Do thou, my Christian son, beware  
 Of that most lamentable snare,  
 The self-reliance of despair ! ’ ”

Then from within the embowered  
 retreat  
 Where she had found a grateful seat  
 Perturbed she issues.—She will go ;  
 Herself will follow to the war,  
 And clasp her father's knees ;—ah, no !  
 She meets the insuperable bar,  
 The injunction by her brother laid ;  
 His parting charge—but ill obeyed !  
 That interdicted all debate,  
 All prayer for this cause or for that ;  
 All efforts that would turn aside  
 The headstrong current of their fate :  
*Her duty is to stand and wait ;*  
 In resignation to abide  
 The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE  
 O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.



—She feels it, and her pangs are checked.

But now, as silently she paced  
The turf, and thought by thought was chased,

Came one who, with sedate respect,  
Approached, and, greeting her, thus spake ;

“An old man’s privilege I take ;  
Dark is the time—a woeful day !  
Dear daughter of affliction, say  
How can I serve you ? point the way.”

“Rights have you, and may well be bold :

You with my father have grown old  
In friendship—strive—for his sake go—  
Turn from us all the coming woe :  
This would I beg ; but on my mind  
A passive stillness is enjoined.  
On you, if room for mortal aid  
Be left, is no restriction laid ;  
You not forbidden to recline  
With hope upon the Will divine.”

“Hope,” said the old man, “must abide

With all of us, whate’er betide.  
In Craven’s wilds is many a den,  
To shelter persecuted men :  
Far under ground is many a cave,  
Where they might lie as in the grave,  
Until this storm hath ceased to rave ;  
Or let them cross the river Tweed,  
And be at once from peril freed !”

“Ah tempt me not !” she faintly sighed ;

“I will not counsel nor exhort,—  
With my condition satisfied ;  
But you, at least, may make report  
Of what befalls ;—be this your task—  
This may be done ;—’tis all I ask !”

She, spake—and from the lady’s sight

The sire, unconscious of his age,  
Departed promptly as a page  
Bound on some errand of delight.  
The noble Francis—wise as brave,  
Thought he, may want not skill  
save :

With hopes in tenderness concealed,  
Unarmed he followed to the field.  
Him will I seek ! the insurgent power  
Are now besieging Barnard’s towers,  
“Grant that the moon which shir  
this night  
May guide them in a prudent flight !

But quick the turns of chance a change,  
And knowledge has a narrow range ;  
Whence idle fears, and needless pain  
And wishes blind, and efforts vain—  
The moon may shine, but can  
be

Their guide in flight—already she  
Hath witnessed their captivity.  
She saw the desperate assault  
Upon that hostile castle made ;—  
But dark and dismal is the vault  
Where Norton and his sons  
laid !

Disastrous issue ! He had said  
“This night yon faithless towers m  
yield,

Or we for ever quit the field.  
Neville is utterly dismayed,  
For promise fails of Howard’s aid ;  
And Dacre to our call replies  
That *he* is unprepared to rise.  
My heart is sick ; this weary pause  
Must needs be fatal to our cause.  
The breach is open—on the wall,  
This night, the banner shall  
planted !

was done:—his sons were with him  
—all;—

hey belt him round with hearts undaunted;

nd others follow;—sire and son

ap down into the court—"Tis won"—

hey shout aloud—but Heaven decreed

hat with their joyful shout should close

he triumph of a desperate deed

hich struck with terror friends and  
foes!

he friend shrinks back—the foe recoils

rom Norton and his filial band;

ut they, now caught within the toils,

gainst a thousand cannot stand:—

he foe from numbers courage drew,

nd overpowered that gallant few.

A rescue for the standard!" cried

he father from within the walls;

it, see, the sacred standard falls!—

onfusion through the camp spread  
wide:

me fled—and some their fears detained:

it ere the moon had sunk to rest

her pale chambers of the west,

that rash levy nought remained.

## CANTO V.

IGH on a point of rugged ground,

mong the wastes of Rylstone Fell,

bove the loftiest ridge or mound

here foresters or shepherds dwell,

edifice of warlike frame

ands single (Norton Tower its name);

fronts all quarters, and looks round

er path and road, and plain and

dell,

ark moor, and gleam of pool and

stream,

pon a prospect without bound.

WO.

The summit of this bold ascent,

Though bleak and bare, and seldom free

As Pendle-hill or Pennygent

From wind, or frost, or vapours wet;

Had often heard the sound of glee

When there the youthful Nortons met,

To practise games and archery:

How proud and happy they! the crowd

Of lookers-on how pleased and proud!

And from the scorching noon-tide sun,

From showers, or when the prize was

won,

They to the tower withdrew, and  
there

Would mirth run round, with generous  
fare;

And the stern old lord of Rylstone-  
hall,

Was happiest, proudest, of them all!

But now, his child, with anguish  
pale,

Upon the height walks to and fro;

'Tis well that she hath heard the  
tale,

Received the bitterness of woe:

For she *had* hoped, had hoped and  
feared,

Such rights did feeble nature claim;

And oft her steps had hither steered,

Though not unconscious of self-blame;

For she her brother's charge revered,

His farewell words; and by the same,

Yea, by her brother's very name,

Had, in her solitude, been cheered

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood  
(That gray-haired man of gentle  
blood,

Who with her father had grown old

In friendship, rival hunters they,

And fellow-warriors in their day);

To Rylstone he the tidings brought;  
Then on this height the maid had sought;  
And, gently as he could, had told  
The end of that dire tragedy,  
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the lady turned: "You said  
That Francis lives, *he* is not dead?"

"Your noble brother hath been spared,  
To take his life they have not dared.  
On him and on his high endeavour  
The light of praise shall shine for ever!  
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain  
His solitary course maintain;  
Not vainly struggled in the might  
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;  
He was their comfort to the last,  
Their joy till every pang was past.

"I witnessed when to York they came—  
What, lady, if their feet were tied!  
They might deserve a good man's blame;  
But, marks of infamy and shame,  
These were their triumph, these their  
pride.

Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd  
Deep feeling that found utterance loud,  
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,  
'A prisoner once, but now set free!  
'Tis well, for he the worst defied  
Through force of natural piety;  
He rose not in this quarrel, he  
For concord's sake and England's good,  
Suit to his brothers often made  
With tears, and of his father prayed—  
And when he had in vain withstood  
Their purpose—then did he divide,  
He parted from them; but at their side  
Now walks in unanimity—  
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,  
While to the prison they are borne,  
Peace, peace to all indignity!"

"And so in prison were they laid—  
Oh, hear me, hear me, gentle maid,  
For I am come with power to bless,  
By scattering gleams, through your di-  
tress,

Of a redeeming happiness.  
Me did a reverent pity move  
And privilege of ancient love;  
And, in your service making bold—  
Entrance I gained to that strong-hold

"Your father gave me cordial greet-  
ing;  
But to his purposes, that burned  
Within him, instantly returned—  
He was commanding and entreating,  
And said, 'We need not stop, I  
son!  
Thoughts press, and time is hurry-  
ing on'—

And so to Francis he renewed  
His words more calmly thus pursued

"'Might this our enterprise be  
sped,  
Change wide and deep the land had  
A renovation from the dead,  
A spring-tide of immortal green:  
The darksome altars would have bla-  
Like stars when clouds are rolled aw-  
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,  
Once more the rood had been uprai-  
To spread its arms, and stand for a  
Then, then, had I survived to see  
New life in Bolton Priory;  
The voice restored, the eye of truth  
Re-opened that inspired my youth:  
To see her in her pomp arrayed;  
This banner (for such vow I made,  
Should on the consecrated breast  
Of that same temple, have found  
I would myself have hung it high,  
Fit offering of glad victory!"

“A shadow of such thought remains

To cheer this sad and pensive time ;  
A solemn fancy yet sustains  
One feeble being—bids me climb  
Even to the last—one effort more  
To attest my faith, if not restore.

“‘Hear then,’ said he, ‘while I impart,

My son, the last wish of my heart.  
The banner strive thou to regain ;  
And, if the endeavour prove not vain,  
Bear it—to whom if not to thee  
Shall I this lonely thought consign?—  
Bear it to Bolton Priory,  
And lay it on Saint Mary’s shrine,—  
To wither in the sun and breeze  
Mid those decaying sanctities.  
There let at least the gift be laid,  
The testimony there displayed ;  
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,  
But for lost faith and Christ’s dear name,  
I helmeted a brow though white,  
And took a place in all men’s sight ;  
Yea, offered up this noble brood,  
This fair unrivalled brotherhood,  
And turned away from thee, my son !  
And left—but be the rest unsaid,  
The name untouched, the tear unshed.—  
My wish is known, and I have done :  
Now promise, grant this one request,  
This dying prayer, and be thou blest !”

“Then Francis answered—‘Trust thy son,  
For, with God’s will, it shall be done!’—

“The pledge obtained, the solemn word

Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,  
And officers appeared in state  
To lead the prisoners to their fate.

They rose, oh ! wherefore should I fear  
To tell, or, lady, you to hear ?

They rose—embraces none were given—  
They stood like trees when earth and heaven

Are calm ; they knew each other’s worth,

And reverently the band went forth :  
They met, when they had reached the door,

One with profane and harsh intent  
Placed there—that he might go before

And, with that rueful banner borne

Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,

Conduct them to their punishment ;

So cruel Sussex, unrestrained

By human feeling, had ordained.

The unhappy banner Francis saw,

And, with a look of calm command

Inspiring universal awe,

He took it from the soldier’s hand ;

And all the people that stood round

Confirmed the deed in peace profound.

High transport did the father shed

Upon his son—and they were led,

Led on, and yielded up their breath,

Together died, a happy death !

But Francis, soon as he had braved

That insult, and the banner saved,

Athwart the unresisting tide

Of the spectators occupied

In admiration or dismay,

Bore instantly his charge away.”

These things, which thus had in the sight

And hearing passed of him who stood  
With Emily, on the watch-tower height,

In Rylstone’s woeful neighbourhood,

He told ; and oftentimes with voice

Of power to comfort or rejoice ;

For deepest sorrows that aspire,

Go high, no transport ever higher.

"Yes—God is rich in mercy," said  
 The old man to the silent maid,  
 "Yet, lady! shines, through this black  
     night,  
 One star of aspect heavenly bright ;  
 Your brother lives—he lives—is come  
 Perhaps already to his home ;  
 Then let us leave this dreary place."  
 She yielded, and with gentle pace,  
 Though without one uplifted look,  
 To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

## CANTO VI.

WHY comes not Francis?—Joyful cheer,  
 He fled—and in his flight could hear  
 The death-sounds of the minster-bell ;  
 That sullen stroke pronounced farewell  
 To Marmaduke, cut off from pity !  
 To Ambrose that ! and then a knell  
 For him, the sweet half-opened flower !  
 For all—all dying in one hour !  
 Why comes not Francis? Thoughts  
     of love

Should bear him to his sister dear  
 With the fleet motion of a dove ;  
 Yea, like a heavenly messenger,  
 Of speediest wing, should he appear.  
 Why comes he not?—for westward fast  
 Along the plain of York he past ;  
 Reckless of what impels or leads,  
 Unchecked he hurries on ;—nor heeds  
 The sorrow through the villages ;  
 Spread by triumphant cruelties  
 Of vengeful military force,  
 And punishment without remorse.  
 He marked not, heard not as he fled ;  
 All but the suffering heart was dead  
 For him, abandoned to blank awe,  
 To vacancy, and horror strong ;  
 And the first object which he saw,  
 With conscious sight, as he swept  
     along,—

It was the banner in his hand !  
 He felt, and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed  
 What hath he done? what promise made  
 Oh, weak, weak moment ! to w  
     end

Can such a vain oblation tend,  
 And he the bearer?—Can he go  
 Carrying this instrument of woe,  
 And find, find anywhere, a right  
 To excuse him in his country's sight  
 No, will not all men deem the change  
 A downward course, perverse &  
     strange?

Here is it,—but how, when ? must s  
 The unoffending Emily,  
 Again this piteous object see?

Such conflict long did he maintain  
 Nor liberty nor rest could gain ;  
 His own life into danger brought  
 By this sad burden, even that thoug  
 Exciting self-suspicion strong,  
 Swayed the brave man to his wrong  
 And how, unless it were the sense  
 Of all-disposing Providence,  
 Its will unquestionably shown,  
 How has the banner clung so fast  
 To a palsied, and unconscious hand  
 Clung to the hand to which it passe  
 Without impediment? And why  
 But that Heaven's purpose might  
     known

Doth now no hindrance meet his e  
 No intervention, to withstand  
 Fulfilment of a father's prayer  
 Breathed to a son forgiven, and ble  
 When all resentments were at rest,  
 And life in death laid the heart bare  
 Then, like a sceptre sweeping by,  
 Rushed through his mind the proph

utter desolation, made  
 To Emily in the yew-tree shade :  
 He sighed, submitting will and power,  
 To the stern embrace of that grasping  
 hour.

'No choice is left, the deed is mine—  
 Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,  
 And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,  
 Will lay the relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will  
 He went, and traversed plain and hill;  
 And up the vale of Wharf his way  
 Pursued ;—and, at the dawn of day,  
 Attained a summit whence his eyes  
 Could see the tower of Bolton rise.  
 There Francis for a moment's space  
 Made halt—but hark ! a noise behind  
 Of horsemen at an eager pace !  
 He heard, and with misgiving mind.  
 'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the  
 band !

They come, by cruel Sussex sent ;  
 Who, when the Nortons from the hand  
 Of death had drunk their punishment,  
 Bethought him, angry and ashamed,  
 How Francis with the banner claimed  
 As his own charge, had disappeared,  
 By all the standers-by revered.  
 His whole bold carriage (which had  
 quelled

Thus far the opposer, and repelled  
 All censure, enterprise so bright  
 That even bad men had vainly striven  
 Against that overcoming light)  
 Was then reviewed, and prompt word  
 given,

That to what place soever fled  
 He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the  
 height  
 Where Francis stood in open sight.

They hem him round—"Behold the  
 proof,"

They cried, "the ensign in his hand !  
 He did not arm, he walked aloof !  
 For why?—to save his father's land :—  
 Worst traitor of them all is he,  
 A traitor dark and cowardly!"

"I am no traitor," Francis said,  
 "Though this unhappy freight I bear ;  
 And must not part with. But beware ;—  
 Err not, by hasty zeal misled,  
 Nor do a suffering spirit wrong,  
 Whose self-reproaches are too strong!"  
 At this he from the beaten road  
 Retreated towards a brake of thorn,  
 That like a place of vantage showed ;  
 And there stood bravely, though for-  
 lorn.

In self-defence with warlike brow  
 He stood,—nor weaponless was now ;  
 He from a soldier's hand had snatched  
 A spear,—and, so protected, watched  
 The assailants, turning round and  
 round : [wound  
 But from behind with treacherous  
 A spearman brought him to the ground.  
 The guardian lance, as Francis fell,  
 Dropped from him ; but his other hand  
 The banner clenched ; till, from out  
 the band,

One, the most eager for the prize,  
 Rushed in ; and—while, O grief to tell !  
 A glimmering sense still left, with eyes  
 Unclosed the noble Francis lay—  
 Seized it, as hunters seize their prey ;  
 But not before the warm life-blood  
 Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,  
 The wounds the brodered banner  
 showed,

Thy fatal work, O maiden, innocent as  
 good !

Proudly the horsemen bore away  
 The standard ; and where Francis lay  
 There was he left alone, unwept,  
 And for two days unnoticed slept.  
 For at that time bewildering fear  
 Possessed the country, far and near ;  
 But, on the third day, passing by  
 One of the Norton tenantry  
 Espied the uncovered corse ; the man  
 Shrunk as he recognised the face ;  
 And to the nearest homesteads ran,  
 And called the people to the place.  
 How desolate is Rylstone-hall !  
 This was the instant thought of all ;  
 And if the lonely lady there  
 Should be ; to her they cannot bear  
 This weight of anguish and despair.  
 So, when upon sad thoughts had prest  
 Thoughtssadderstill, they deemed it best  
 That, if the priest should yield assent  
 And no one hinder their intent,  
 Then, they, for Christian pity's sake,  
 In holy ground a grave would make ;  
 And straightway buried he should be  
 In the church-yard of the priory.

Apart, some little space, was made  
 The grave where Francis must be laid.  
 In no confusion or neglect  
 This did they,—but in pure respect  
 That he was born of gentle blood ;  
 And that there was no neighbourhood  
 Of kindred for him in that ground ;  
 So to the church-yard they are bound,  
 Bearing the body on a bier  
 And psalms they sing—a holy sound  
 That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,  
 And is again disquieted ;  
 She must behold !—so many gone,  
 Where is the solitary one ?

And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped  
 she,  
 To seek her brother forth she went,  
 And tremblingly her course she bent  
 Toward Bolton's ruined priory.  
 She comes, and in the vale hath heard  
 The funeral dirge ;—she sees the knots  
 Of people, sees them in one spot—  
 And darting like a wounded bird  
 She reached the grave, and with her  
 breast  
 Upon the ground received the rest,—  
 The consummation, the whole ruth  
 And sorrow of this final truth !

## CANTO VII.

THOU spirit, whose angelic hand  
 Was to the harp a strong command,  
 Called the submissive strings to wake  
 In glory for this maiden's sake,  
 Say, spirit ! whither hath she fled  
 To hide her poor afflicted head ?  
 What mighty forest in its gloom  
 Enfolds her ?—is a rifted tomb  
 Within the wilderness her seat ?  
 Some island which the wild waves  
 beat,  
 Is that the sufferer's last retreat ?  
 Or some aspiring rock that shrouds  
 Its perilous front in mists and clouds  
 High-climbing rock—low sunless dale—  
 Sea—desert—what do these avail ?  
 Oh, take her anguish and her fears  
 Into a deep recess of years !

'Tis done ;—despoil and desolate  
 tion  
 O'er Rylstone's fair domain hath  
 blown ;  
 Pools, terraces, and walks are sown  
 With weeds, the bowers are over-  
 thrown,

have given way to slow mutation,  
 While, in their ancient habitation  
 The Norton name hath been unknown.  
 The lordly mansion of its pride  
 Stripped; the ravage hath spread wide  
 Through park and field, a perishing  
 That mocks the gladness of the spring!  
 And with this silent gloom agreeing  
 Appears a joyless human being,  
 Of aspect such as if the waste  
 Were under her dominion placed:  
 Upon a primrose bank, her throne  
 Of quietness, she sits alone;  
 Among the ruins of a wood,  
 Meanwhile a covert bright and green,  
 And where full many a brave tree stood;  
 That used to spread its boughs, and  
 Ring  
 With the sweet bird's carolling,  
 Behold her, like a virgin queen,  
 Neglecting in imperial state  
 These outward images, of fate,  
 And carrying inward a serene  
 And perfect sway, through many a  
 Thought  
 Of chance and change, that hath been  
 Brought  
 To the subjection of a holy,  
 Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!  
 The like authority, with grace  
 Of awfulness, is in her face,—  
 Where hath she fixed it; yet it seems  
 To overshadow by no native right  
 That face, which cannot lose the  
 Gleams,  
 Lose utterly the tender gleams  
 Of gentleness and meek delight,  
 And loving-kindness ever bright:  
 Such is her sovereign mien;—her dress  
 A vest, with woollen cincture tied,  
 A hood of mountain-wool undyed)  
 So homely,—fashioned to express  
 A wandering pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and  
 far,  
 Beneath the light of sun and star;  
 Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,  
 Driven forward like a withered leaf,  
 Yea, like a ship at random blown  
 To distant places and unknown.  
 But now she dares to seek a haven  
 Among her native wilds of Craven;  
 Hath seen again her father's roof,  
 And put her fortitude to proof;  
 The mighty sorrow hath been borne,  
 And she is thoroughly forlorn:  
 Her soul doth in itself stand fast,  
 Sustained by memory of the past  
 And strength of reason; held above  
 The infirmities of mortal love;  
 Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,  
 And awfully impenetrable.

And so, beneath a mouldered tree,  
 A self-surviving leafless oak,  
 By unregarded age from stroke  
 Of ravage saved—sate Emily.  
 There did she rest, with head reclined,  
 Herself most like a stately flower,  
 (Such have I seen) whom chance of  
 birth  
 Hath separated from its kind,  
 To live and die in a shady bower,  
 Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant  
 thunder,  
 A troop of deer came sweeping by;  
 And, suddenly, behold a wonder!  
 For one, among those rushing deer,  
 A single one in mid career  
 Hath stopped, and fixed her large full  
 eye  
 Upon the Lady Emily,  
 A doe most beautiful, clear-white,  
 A radiant creature, silver-bright!



Thus checked, a little while it  
 stayed ;  
 A little thoughtful pause it made ;  
 And then advanced with stealth-like  
 pace,  
 Drew softly near her—and more near,  
 Looked round—but saw no cause for  
 fear ;  
 So to her feet the creature came,  
 And laid its head upon her knee,  
 And looked into the lady's face,  
 A look of pure benignity,  
 And fond unclouded memory ;  
 It is, thought Emily, the same,  
 The very doe of other years !  
 The pleading look the lady viewed,  
 And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,  
 She melted into tears—  
 A flood of tears, that flowed apace  
 Upon the happy creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest ! O pair !  
 Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen  
 care,  
 This was for you a precious greeting,—  
 And may it prove a fruitful meeting.  
 Joined are they, and the sylvan doe  
 Can she depart ? can she forego  
 The lady, once her playful peer,  
 And now her sainted mistress dear ?  
 And will not Emily receive  
 This lovely chronicler of things  
 Long past, delights and sorrowings ?  
 Lone sufferer ! will not she believe  
 The promise in that speaking face,  
 And welcome, as a gift of grace,  
 The saddest thought the creature brings ?

That day, the first of a reunion  
 Which was to teem with high com-  
 munion,  
 That day of balmy April weather,  
 They tarried in the wood together.

And when, ere fall of evening dew,  
 She from her sylvan haunt withdrew  
 The white doe tracked with faint  
 pace  
 The lady to her dwelling-place ;  
 That nook where, on paternal ground  
 A habitation she had found,  
 The master of whose humble board  
 Once owned her father for his lord ;  
 A hut, by tufted trees defended,  
 Where Rylstone brook with Wharfedale  
 blended.

When Emily by morning light  
 Went forth, the doe stood there  
 sight.  
 She shrank :—with one frail shock  
 pain,  
 Received and followed by a prayer,  
 She saw the creature once again ;  
 Shun will she not, she feels, will bear  
 But, wheresoever she looked round,  
 All now was trouble-haunted ground  
 And therefore now she deems it good  
 Once more this restless neighbour  
 To leave.—Unwooed, yet unforbidden  
 The white doe followed up the vale  
 Up to another cottage—hidden  
 In the deep fork of Amerdale ;  
 And there may Emily restore  
 Herself, in spots unseen before.  
 Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,  
 By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side  
 Haunts of a strengthening amity  
 That calmed her, cheered, and re-  
 fied ?  
 For she hath ventured now to read  
 Of time, and place, and thought,  
 deed,  
 Endless history that lies  
 In her silent follower's eyes !  
 Who with a power like human reason  
 Discerns the favourable season,

to approach or to retire,—  
looks conceiving her desire,  
look, deportment, voice, or mien,  
ary to the heart within.

too passionately wreathed  
ms, or over-deeply breathed,  
d quick or slowly, every mood  
degree was understood ;  
well may their accord be true,  
indliest intercourse ensue.

urely 'twas a gentle rousing  
she by sudden glimpse espied  
white doe on the mountain  
owsing,

he meadow wandered wide !  
leased, when down the straggler  
unk

her, on some sunny bank !  
soothed, when in thick bower  
closed,

like a nested pair reposed !  
ision ! when it crossed the maid  
some rocky cavern laid,

ark cave's portal gliding by,  
as whitest cloud on high,  
ag through the azure sky.

now is left for pain or fear ?  
presence, dearer and more dear,  
they, side by side, were straying,

he shepherd's pipe was playing,  
ow a very gladness yield  
pring to the dewy field,

with a deeper peace endued  
ur of moonlight solitude.

her companion, in such frame  
d, to Rylstone back she came ;  
ranging through the wasted

oves,  
ed the memory of old loves,  
urbed and undistrest,

soul which now was blest

With a soft spring-day of holy,  
Mild, and grateful, melancholy :  
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,  
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylstone  
played  
Their Sabbath music—"God us ayde !"  
That was the sound they seemed to  
speak ;

Inscriptive legend, which I ween  
May on those holy bells be seen,  
That legend, and her grandsire's  
name ;

And oftentimes the lady meek  
Had in her childhood read the same,  
Words which she slighted at that day ;  
But now, when such sad change was  
wrought,

And of that lonely name she thought,  
The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,  
While she sate listening in the shade,  
With vocal music, "God us ayde ;"  
And all the hills were glad to bear  
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she reason's firmest power ;  
But with the white doe at her side  
Up would she climb to Norton tower,  
And thence look round her far and  
wide ;

Her fate there measuring—all is stilled,—  
The weak one hath subdued her  
heart ;

Behold the prophecy fulfilled,  
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part !  
But here her brother's words have  
failed ;

Here hath a milder doom prevailed ;  
That she, of him and all bereft,  
Hath yet this faithful partner left ;  
This one associate that disproves  
His words, remains for her, and loves.

If tears are shed, they do not fall  
 For loss of him, for one or all;  
 Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she  
     weep,  
 Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep;  
 A few tears down her cheek descend  
 For this her last and living friend.

Bless, tender hearts, their mutual lot,  
 And bless for both this savage spot!  
 Which Emily doth sacred hold  
 For reasons dear and manifold—  
 Here hath she, here before her sight,  
 Close to the summit of this height,  
 The grassy rock-encircled pound  
 In which the creature first was found  
 So beautiful the timid thrall,  
 (A spotless youngling white as foam,)  
 Her youngest brother brought it home,  
 The youngest, then a lusty boy,  
 Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall  
 With heart brimful of pride and joy!

But most to Bolton's sacred pile,  
 On favouring nights, she loved to go:  
 There ranged through cloister, court,  
     and aisle,  
 Attended by the soft-paced doe;  
 Nor feared she in the still moonshine  
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;  
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed  
 Where Francis slept in his last abode.  
 For that she came; there oft she  
     sate  
 Forlorn, but not disconsolate:  
 And, when she from the abyss returned  
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor  
     mourned;  
 Was happy that she lived to greet  
 Her mute companion as it lay  
 In love and pity at her feet;  
 How happy in its turn to meet

The recognition! the mild glance  
 Beamed from that gracious countenance  
 Communication, like the ray  
 Of a new morning, to the nature  
 And prospects of the inferior creature

A mortal song we sing, by power  
 Encouraged of celestial power;  
 Power which the viewless spirit shares  
 By whom we were first visited;  
 Whose voice we heard, whose  
     and wings

Swept like a breeze the conscious strain  
 When, left in solitude, erewhile  
 We stood before this ruined pile,  
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams  
 Sang in this presence kindred themes  
 Distress and desolation spread  
 Through human hearts, and pleasures  
     dead,—

Dead—but to live again on earth,  
 A second and yet nobler birth;  
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high  
 The re-ascent in sanctity!  
 From fair to fairer; day by day  
 A more divine and loftier way!  
 Even such this blessed pilgrim trod  
 By sorrow lifted towards her God  
 Uplifted to the purest sky  
 Of undisturbed mortality.  
 Her own thoughts loved she;  
     could bend

A dear look to her lowly friend,—  
 There stopped;—her thirst was satisfied  
 With what this innocent spring  
     plied—

Her sanction inwardly she bore,  
 And stood apart from human care  
 But to the world returned no more  
 Although with no unwilling mind  
 Help did she give at need, and join  
 The Wharfedale peasants in  
     prayers.

thus faintly, faintly tied  
 she was set free, and died.  
 exalted Emily,  
 the blasted family,  
 the God from whom it came!  
 one church her mortal frame  
 ed, by her mother's side.

glorious sunset!—and a ray  
 —the twilight of this day;  
 air creature whom the fields  
 and whom the forest shields;  
 ring filled a holy place,  
 in her degree, Heaven's  
 e;  
 rs a memory and a mind  
 ir above the law of kind;  
 g the spots with lonely cheer  
 er dear mistress once held dear:  
 ost what Emily loved most—  
 closure of this church-yard  
 ind;  
 nders like a gliding ghost,  
 ry Sabbath here is found;  
 ith the people when the bells

Are heard among the moorland dells,  
 Finds entrance through yon arch, where  
 Lies open on the Sabbath-day; [way  
 Here walks amid the mournful waste  
 Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,  
 And floors encumbered with rich show  
 Of fret-work imagery laid low;  
 Paces softly, or makes halt,  
 By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,  
 By plate of monumental brass  
 Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,  
 And sculptured forms of warriors brave;  
 But chiefly by that single grave,  
 That one sequestered hillock green,  
 The pensive visitant is seen.  
 Where doth the gentle creature lie  
 With those adversities unmoved;  
 Calm spectacle, by earth and sky  
 In their benignity approved!  
 And aye, methinks, this hoary pile,  
 Subdued by outrage and decay,  
 Looks down upon her with a smile,  
 A gracious smile, that seems to say,  
 "Thou, thou art not a child of time,  
 But daughter of the eternal prime!"

## SELECTIONS FROM CHAUCER MODERNISED.

### THE Prioress' TALE.

all up him who left half told  
 the story of Cambuscan bold."

following poem no further deviation  
 original has been made than was  
 for the fluent reading and instant  
 ding of the author; so much, how-  
 he language altered since Chaucer's  
 ecially in pronunciation, that much  
 removed, and its place supplied with  
 incongruity as possible. The ancient  
 been retained in a few conjunctions,  
 d *alway*, from a conviction that such  
 s of antiquity would be admitted, by  
 f taste, to have a graceful accordance  
 subject. The fierce bigotry of the

prioress forms a fine background for her tender-  
 hearted sympathies with the mother and child;  
 and the mode in which the story is told amply  
 atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

"O LORD, our Lord! how wondrously,"  
 (quoth she) [spread abroad!  
 "Thy name in this large world is  
 For not alone by men of dignity [laud;  
 Thy worship is performed and precious  
 But by the mouths of children, gracious  
 God! [they lie  
 Thy goodness is set forth; they when  
 Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

"Wherefore in praise, the worthiest  
that I may,

Jesu! of thee, and the white lily-flower  
Which did thee bear, and is a maid for  
aye,

To tell a story I will use my power;  
Not that I may increase her honour's  
dower,

For she herself is honour, and the root  
Of goodness, next her Son our soul's  
best boot.

"O mother maid! O maid and mother  
free!

O bush unburnt! burning in Moses'  
sight!

That down didst ravish from the Deity,  
Through humbleness, the Spirit that  
did alight

Upon thy heart, whence, through that  
glory's might,

Conceived was the Father's sapience,  
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

"Lady, thy goodness, thy magnificence,  
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,  
Surpass all science and all utterance;  
For sometimes, lady! ere men pray to  
thee

Thou goest before in thy benignity,  
The light to us vouchsafing of thy  
prayer,

To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

"My knowledge is so weak, O blissful  
queen!

To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,  
That I the weight of it may not sus-  
tain;

But as a child of twelve months old or  
less,

That laboreth his language to  
express,

Even so fare I; and therefore  
pray,

Guide thou my song which I  
shall say.

"There was in Asia, in a migh-  
'Mong Christian folk, a street  
Jews might be;

Assigned to them and given to  
their own

By a great lord, for gain and u-  
Hateful to Christ and to His  
pany;

And through this street who li-  
ride and wend;

Free was it, and unbarred  
end.

"A little school of Christian  
stood

Down at the farther end, in  
there were

A nest of children come of  
blood,

That learned in that school fi-  
to year

Such sort of doctrine as m-  
there,

That is to say, to sing and read  
As little children in their child-

"Among these children was a  
son,

A little scholar, scarcely sev-  
old,

Who day by day unto this sch-  
gone,

And eke, when he the im-  
behold

Of Jesu's mother, as he had b-  
This child was wont to knee-

and say  
*Ave Marie*, as he goeth by the

widow thus her little son hath  
 yght  
 issful lady, Jesu's mother  
 r,  
 ship aye, and he forgot it

ple infant hath a ready ear.  
 s the holiness of youth: and  
 ce,  
 to mind this matter when I  
 y,  
 cholas in my presence standeth  
 'so young to Christ did rever-  
 e.

ittle child, while in the school  
 sate  
 mer conning with an earnest  
 eer,  
 ilst the rest their anthem book  
 eat  
*ma Redemptoris* did he hear;  
 he durst he drew him near and  
 ar,  
 arkened to the words and to  
 e note,  
 first verse he learned it all by  
 te.

Latin knew he nothing what it  
 id,  
 too tender was of age to know;  
 his comrade he repaired, and  
 ayed  
 he the meaning of this song  
 ould show,  
 nto him declare why men sing  
 ;  
 ftentimes, that he might be at  
 ise,  
 child did him beseech on his  
 are knees.

"His schoolfellow, who elder was than  
 he,

Answered him thus:—'This song, I  
 have heard say,  
 Was fashioned for our blissful lady free;  
 Her to salute, and also her to pray  
 To be our help upon our dying day.  
 If there is more in this, I know it not;  
 Song do I learn,—small grammar I  
 have got.'

"And is this song fashioned in rever-  
 ence

Of Jesu's mother?' said this Innocent,  
 'Now, certès, I will use my diligence  
 To con it all ere Christmas-tide be  
 spent;  
 Although I for my primer shall be  
 shent,  
 And shall be beaten three times in an  
 hour,  
 Our lady I will praise with all my  
 power.'

"His schoolfellow, whom he had so  
 besought,  
 As they went homeward taught him  
 privily;  
 And then he sang it well and fearlessly,  
 From word to word according to the  
 note:

Twice in a day it passèd through his  
 throat;  
 Homeward and schoolward whensoever  
 he went,  
 On Jesu's mother fixed was his intent.

"Through all the Jewry (this before  
 said I,)

This little child, as he came to and  
 fro,  
 Full merrily then would he sing and  
 cry,

*O Alma Redemptoris!* high and low :  
 The sweetness of Christ's mother  
     piercèd so  
 His heart, that her to praise, to her to  
     pray,  
 He cannot stop his singing by the way.

"The serpent, Satan, our first foe, that  
     hath  
 His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, up-  
     swelled—"O woe,  
 O Hebrew people!' said he 'in his  
     wrath,  
 'Is it an honest thing? Shall this be  
     so?  
 That such a boy where'er he lists shall go  
 In your despite, and sing his hymns  
     and saws,  
 Which is against the reverence of our  
     laws!"

"From that day forward have the Jews  
     conspired  
 Out of the world this innocent to chase ;  
 And to this end a homicide they hired,  
 That in an alley had a privy place,  
 And, as the child 'gan to the school to  
     pace,  
 This cruel Jew him seized, and held  
     him fast  
 And cut his throat, and in a pit him  
     cast.

"I say that him into a pit they threw,  
 A loathsome pit, whence noisome  
     scents exhale ;  
 O cursed folk ! away, ye Herods new !  
 What may your ill intentions you avail ?  
 Murder will out ; certès it will not fail ;  
 Know, that the honour of high God  
     may spread,  
 The blood cries out on your accursèd  
     deed.

"O martyr 'stablished in virgin  
 Now may'st thou sing for aye  
     the throne,  
 Following the Lamb celestial  
     she,  
 "Of which the great Evangelist  
     John,  
 In Patmos wrote, who saith  
     that go  
 Before the Lamb singing conti  
 That never fleshly woman th  
     know.

"Now this poor widow waiteth  
     night  
 After her little child, and h  
     not ;  
 For which, by earliest glin  
     morning light  
 With face all pale with dread a  
     thought  
 She at the school and elsewh  
     hath sought,  
 Until thus far she learned, that  
     been  
 In the Jews' street, and there  
     was seen.

"With mother's pity in her b  
     closed  
 She goeth as she were half ou  
     mind,  
 To every place wherein she b  
     posed  
 By likelihood her little  
     find ;  
 And ever on Christ's mother m  
     kind  
 She cried, till to the Jewry  
     brought,  
 And him among the accursèd  
     sought.

asketh, and she piteously doth  
 pray  
 every Jew that dwelleth in that place  
 all her if her child had passed that  
 way;  
 all said nay; but Jesu of his  
 grace  
 to her thought, that in a little  
 space  
 for her son in that same spot did  
 cry  
 he was cast into a pit hard by.

hou great God that dost perform  
 thy laud  
 ouths of innocents, lo! here thy  
 might;  
 gem of chastity, this emerald,  
 eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,  
 e, where with mangled throat he  
 lay upright,  
*Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing  
 ud, that with his voice the place  
 did ring.

e Christian folk that through the  
 Jewry went  
 e to the spot in wonder at the  
 thing;  
 hastily they for the provost sent;  
 ediate he came not tarrying,  
 praiseth Christ that is our  
 heavenly king,  
 eke his mother, honour of mankind:  
 ch done, he bade that they the  
 Jews should bind.

is child with piteous lamentation  
 then  
 taken up, singing his song alway;  
 with procession great and pomp  
 of men  
 the next abbey him they bare away;

His mother swooning by the body lay:  
 And scarcely could the people that  
 were near  
 Remove this second Rachel from the  
 bier.

"Torment and shameful death to every  
 one  
 This provost doth for those bad Jews  
 prepare  
 That of this murder wist, and that  
 anon:  
 Such wickedness his judgments can-  
 not spare;  
 Who will do evil, evil shall he bear;  
 Them therefore with wild horses did  
 he draw,  
 And after that he hung them by the  
 law.

"Upon his bier this innocent doth lie  
 Before the altar while the mass doth  
 last:  
 The abbot with his convent's company  
 Then sped themselves to bury him full  
 fast;  
 And, when they holy water on him  
 cast,  
 Yet spake this child when sprinkled  
 was the water,  
 And sang, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater!*

"This abbot, for he was a holy man,  
 As all monks are, or surely ought to  
 be,  
 In supplication to the child began;  
 Thus saying, 'O dear child! I summon  
 thee  
 In virtue of the holy Trinity,  
 Tell me the cause why thou dost sing  
 this hymn,  
 Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth  
 seem.'



" 'My throat is cut unto the bone, I  
     'trow,'  
 Said this young child, 'and by the law  
     of kind  
 I should have died, yea, many hours  
     ago;  
 But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye  
     find,  
 Will that his glory last, and be in  
     mind;  
 And, for the worship of his mother  
     dear,  
 Yet may I sing, *O Alma!* loud and  
     clear.

" 'This well of mercy Jesu's mother  
     sweet  
 After my knowledge I have loved  
     always,  
 And in the hour when I my death did  
     meet  
 To me she came, and thus to me did  
     say,  
 'Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,'  
 As ye have heard; and soon as I had  
     sung  
 Methought she laid a grain upon my  
     tongue.

" 'Wherefore I sing, nor can from song  
     refrain,  
 In honour of that blissful maiden free,  
 Till from my tongue off taken is the  
     grain;  
 And after that thus said she unto  
     me,  
 'My little child, then will I come for  
     thee  
 Soon as the grain from off thy tongue  
     they take,  
 Be not dismayed, I will not thee for-  
     sake!'

"This holy monk, this abbot-  
     mean I,  
 Touched then his tongue, and  
     away the grain;  
 And he gave up the ghost full  
     fully;  
 And, when the abbot had this wo  
     seen,  
 His salt tears trickled down  
     showers of rain,  
 And on his face he dropped upon  
     ground,  
 And still he lay as if he had  
     bound.

"Eke the whole convent on the  
     ment lay,  
 Weeping and praising Jesu's m  
     dear;  
 And after that they rose, and  
     their way  
 And lifted up this martyr from the  
 And in a tomb of precious m  
     clear  
 Enclosed his uncorrupted  
     sweet.—  
 Where'er he be, God grant us hi  
     meet!

"Young Hew of Lincoln! in like  
     laid low  
 By cursed Jews—thing well and w  
     known,  
 For it was done a little  
     ago—  
 Pray also thou for us, while her  
     tarry,  
 Weak sinful folk, that God with  
     ing eye,  
 In mercy would his mercy multip  
 On us, for reverence of his m  
     Mary!."

CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.  
 God of Love—*ah, benedicite!*  
 mighty and how great a Lord  
 he!  
 of low hearts can make high, of  
 igh  
 n make low, and unto death bring  
 igh;  
 hard hearts he can make them  
 ind and free.

n a little time, as hath been  
 ound,  
 n make sick folk whole and fresh  
 nd sound;  
 who are whole in body and in  
 mind,  
 n make sick,—bind can he and  
 unbind  
 at he will have bound, or have  
 inbound.

ell his might my wit may not  
 uffe;  
 sh men he can make them out of  
 ise;—  
 e may do all that he will devise;  
 e livers he can make abate their  
 rice,  
 proud hearts can make tremble in  
 t trice.

ief, the whole of what he will, he  
 nay;  
 ist him dare not any wight say  
 nay;  
 umber or afflict whome'er he  
 will,  
 ladden or to grieve, he hath like  
 skill;  
 most his might he sheds on the  
 eve of May.

For every true heart, gentle heart and  
 free,  
 That with him is, or thinketh so  
 to be,  
 Now against May shall have some  
 stirring—whether  
 To joy, or be it to some mourning;  
 never  
 At other time, methinks, in like  
 degree.

For now when they may hear the small  
 birds' song,  
 And see the budding leaves the branches  
 throng,  
 This unto their remembrance doth  
 bring  
 All kinds of pleasure mix'd with  
 sorrowing;  
 And longing of sweet thoughts that ever  
 long.

And of that longing heaviness doth  
 come,  
 Whence oft great sickness grows of  
 heart and home;  
 Sick are they all for lack of their  
 desire;  
 And thus in May their hearts are set on  
 fire,  
 So that they burn forth in great martyr-  
 dom.

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what  
 though now  
 Old am I, and to genial pleasure  
 slow;  
 Yet have I felt of sickness through the  
 May,  
 Both hot and cold, and heart-aches  
 every day,—  
 How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep  
 Through all this May that I have little  
     sleep;  
 And also 'tis not likely unto me,  
 That any living heart should sleepy be  
 In which Love's dart its fiery point  
     doth steep.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,  
 I of a token thought which Lovers  
     heed;  
 How among them it was a common  
     tale,  
 That it was good to hear the  
     Nightingale,  
 Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be uttered.

And then I thought anon as it was day,  
 I gladly would go somewhere to essay  
 If I perchance a Nightingale might  
     hear,  
 For yet had I heard none, of all that  
     year,  
 And it was then the third night of the  
     May.

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,  
 No longer would I in my bed abide,  
 But straightway to a wood that was  
     hard by,  
 Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly,  
 And held the pathway down by a  
     brook-side;

Till to a lawn I came all white and  
     green,  
 I in so fair a one had never been.  
 The ground was green, with daisy  
     powdered over;  
 Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty  
     cover,  
 All green and white; and nothing else  
     was seen.

There sate I down among the fair  
     flowers,  
 And saw the birds come tripping to  
     their bowers,  
 Where they had rested them all night  
     and they,  
 Who were so joyful at the light of day  
 Began to honour May with all their  
     powers.

Well did they know that service all  
     rode,  
 And there was many and many a low  
     note,  
 Some, singing loud, as if they  
     complained;  
 Some with their notes another man  
     feigned; [th  
 And some did sing all out with the

They pruned themselves, and nipped  
     themselves right gay,  
 Dancing and leaping light upon  
     spray;  
 And ever two and two together were  
 The same as they had chosen for  
     year,  
 Upon Saint Valentine's returning day

Meanwhile the stream, whose banks  
     sate upon,  
 Was making such a noise as it ran  
 Accordant to the sweet Birds' harmonies  
 Methought that it was the best melody  
 Which ever to man's ear a passage

And for delight, but how I never  
 I in a slumber and a swoon was caught  
 Not all asleep and yet not wholly  
     wholly;  
 And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird and man  
 Broke silence, or I heard him in my  
     thought.

at was right upon a tree fast  
 who was then ill satisfied  
 t I?  
 od, quoth I, that died upon the  
 od,  
 hee and thy base throat, keep  
 that's good,  
 le joy have I now of thy cry.

; I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan  
 ide,  
 next bush that was me fast  
 side,  
 d the lusty Nightingale so  
 ig,  
 er clear voice made a loud  
 ting,  
 g thorough all the green wood  
 de.

od sweet Nightingale! for my  
 art's cheer,  
 hast thou stayed a little while  
 o long;  
 e have had the sorry Cuckoo  
 re,  
 e hath been before thee with  
 r song;  
 ght on her! she hath done me  
 ong.

ar you now a wondrous thing, I  
 ay;  
 ng as in that swooning-fit I  
 y,  
 ight I wist right well what these  
 rds meant,  
 ad good knowing both of their  
 tent,  
 f their speech, and all that they  
 ould say.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing  
 spake:—  
 Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or  
 brake,  
 And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell  
 here;  
 For every wight eschews thy song to  
 hear,  
 Such uncouth singing verily dost thou  
 make.

What! quoth she then, what is't that  
 ails thee now?  
 It seems to me I sing as well as  
 thou;  
 For mine's a song that is both true and  
 plain,—  
 Although I cannot quaver so in  
 vain  
 As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not  
 how.

All men may understanding have of  
 me,  
 But, Nightingale, so may they not of  
 thee;  
 For thou hast many a foolish and  
 quaint cry:—  
 Thou say'st OSEE, OSEE, then how  
 may I  
 Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this  
 may be?

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not  
 what it is?  
 Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,  
 Then mean I, that I should be wonder-  
 ous fain  
 That shamefully they one and all were  
 slain,  
 Whoever against Love mean aught  
 amiss.

And also would I that they all were  
 dead,  
 Who do not think in love their life to  
 lead;  
 For who is loth the God of Love to  
 obey,  
 Is only fit to die, I dare well say,  
 And for that cause OSEE I cry; take  
 heed!

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint  
 law,  
 That all must love or die; but I with-  
 draw,  
 And take my leave of all such  
 company,  
 For mine intent it neither is to  
 die,  
 Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to  
 draw.

For lovers, of all folk that be  
 alive,  
 The most disquiet have and least do  
 thrive;  
 Most feeling have of sorrow, woe and  
 care,  
 And the least welfare cometh to their  
 share;  
 What need is there against the truth to  
 strive?

What! quoth she, thou art all out of  
 thy mind,  
 That in thy churlishness a cause canst  
 find  
 To speak of Love's true Servants in this  
 mood;  
 For in this world no service is so  
 good  
 To every wight that gentle is of  
 kind.

For thereof comes all goodness and  
 worth;  
 All gentleness and honour thence  
 forth;  
 Thence worship comes, content  
 true heart's pleasure,  
 And full-assured trust, joy and  
 measure,  
 And jollity, fresh cheerfulness,  
 mirth;

And bounty, lowliness, and court  
 And seemliness, and faithful  
 pany,  
 And dread of shame that will re-  
 amiss;  
 For he that faithfully Love's  
 vant is,  
 Rather than be disgraced, would  
 to die.

And that the very truth  
 which I  
 Now say—in such belief I'll live  
 die;  
 And Cuckoo, do thou so, take  
 advice.  
 Then, quoth she, let me never know  
 bliss,  
 If with that counsel I do  
 comply.

Good Nightingale! thou speakest  
 drous fair,  
 Yet for all that, the truth is found  
 where;  
 For Love in young folk is but  
 wis;  
 And Love in old folk a  
 dotage is;  
 Who most it useth, him 'twixt  
 impair.

ereof come all contraries to glad-  
ness;  
if sickness comes, and over-  
whelming sadness,  
if and jealousy, despite, debate,  
dishour, shame, envy importunate,  
disorder, anger, mischief, poverty, and  
sadness.

if this aye an office of despair,  
the thing is therein which is not  
fair;  
if so gets of love a little bliss,  
it will alway stay with him, I wis  
if full soon go with an old man's  
cur.

Therefore, Nightingale! do thou  
reprieve nigh,  
assist me well, in spite of thy quaint  
play,  
if time from thy mate thou be, or far,  
it be as others that forsaken are;  
thalt thou raise a clamour as do I.

Quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill  
be seen!  
God of Love afflict thee with all  
pen,  
thou art worse than mad a thousand  
fold;  
any a one hath virtues manifold,  
had been nought, if Love had  
ever been.

Evermore his servants Love  
commendeth,  
he from every blemish them  
defendeth;  
he maketh them to burn, as in a fire,  
with alty, and worshipful desire,  
when it likes him, joy enough  
them sendeth.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be  
still,  
For Love no reason hath but his own  
will;—  
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and  
joy;  
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,  
He lets them perish through that  
grievous ill.

With such a master would I never  
be;\*  
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not  
see,  
And knows not when he hurts and  
when he heals;  
Within this court full seldom Truth  
avails,  
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

Then of the Nightingale did I take  
note,  
How from her inmost heart a sigh she  
brought,  
And said, Alas! that ever I was  
born,  
Not one word have I now, I am so  
forlorn,—  
And with that word, she into tears  
burst out.

Alas, alas! my very heart will  
break,  
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird  
thus speak  
Of Love, and of his holy services;  
Now, God of Love! thou help me in  
some wise,  
That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may  
wreak.

---

\* From a manuscript in the Bodleian.

And so methought I started up anon,  
 And to the brook I ran and got a stone,  
 Which at the Cuckoo hardily I cast,  
 And he for dread did fly away full fast;  
 And glad, in sooth, was I when he was  
 gone.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and  
 aye,  
 Kept crying, "Farewell! — farewell,  
 Popinjay!"

As if in scornful mockery of me;  
 And on I hunted him from tree to tree,  
 Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

Then straightway came the Nightingale  
 to me,

And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I  
 thank thee,

That thou wert near to rescue me; and  
 now,

Unto the God of Love I make a vow,  
 That all this May I will thy songstress  
 be.

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she  
 said,

By this mishap no longer be dismayed,  
 Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere  
 thou heard'st me;

Yet if I live it shall amended be,  
 When next May comes, if I am not  
 afraid.

And one thing will I counsel thee also,  
 The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his  
 Love's saw;

All that she said is an outrageous lie.  
 Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto,  
 quoth I,

For Love, and it hath done me mighty  
 woe.

Yea, hath it? use, quoth she,  
 ' medicine;

This May-time, every day before  
 dine,

Go look on the fresh daisy; then  
 Although for pain thou may'st be  
 to die,

Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt  
 and pine.

And mind always that thou be  
 and true,

And I will sing one song, of many  
 For love of thee, as loud as I may  
 And then did she begin this sor  
 high,

"Beshrew all them that are in  
 untrue."

And soon as she had sung it to th  
 Now farewell, quoth she, for I  
 must wend;

And, God of Love, that can right  
 and may,

Send unto thee as mickle joy thi  
 As ever he to Lover yet did send

Thus takes the Nightingale her  
 me;

I pray to God with her always to  
 And joy of love to send her ever  
 And shield us from the Cuck  
 her lore,

For there is not so false a bird as

Forth then she flew, the gentle  
 ingale,

To all the Birds that lodged with  
 dale,

And gathered each and all in  
 place; [fi

And them besought to hear he  
 And thus it was that she began t

Cuckoo—'tis not well that I should  
 de  
 he and I did each the other  
 ide,  
 ithout ceasing, since it was day-  
 ht;  
 ow I pray you all to do me  
 ght  
 false Bird whom Love can not  
 ide.

ake one Bird, and full assent  
 gave;  
 latter asketh counsel good as  
 ave,  
 rds we are—all here together  
 ought;  
 good sooth, the Cuckoo here is  
 t;  
 erefore we a Parliament will  
 ve.

ereat shall the Eagle be our  
 rd,  
 her Peers whose names are on  
 ord;  
 mons to the Cuckoo shall be  
 nt,  
 dgment there be given; or that  
 ent  
 we finally shall make accord.

ll this shall be done, without a  
 y,  
 morrow after Saint Valentine's  
 y,  
 a maple that is well beseen,  
 the chamber-window of the  
 ueen,  
 odstock, on the meadow green  
 id gay.

She thanked them; and then her leave  
 she took,  
 And flew into a hawthorn by that  
 brook;  
 And there she sate and sung—upon  
 that tree—  
 "For term of life Love shall have hold  
 of me"—  
 So loudly, that I with that song awoke.

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I  
 know,  
 For beauty thou hast none, nor elo-  
 quence,  
 Who did on thee the hardness bestow  
 To appear before my Lady? but a  
 sense  
 Thou surely hast of her benevolence,  
 Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth  
 give;  
 For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness,  
 To show to her some pleasant meanings  
 writ  
 In winning words, since through her  
 gentleness,  
 Thee she accepts as for her service fit!  
 Oh! it repents me I have neither wit  
 Nor leisure unto thee more worth to  
 give;  
 For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,  
 Though I be far from her I reverence,  
 To think upon my truth and steadfast-  
 ness,  
 And to abridge my sorrow's violence,  
 Caused by the wish, as knows your  
 sapience,  
 She of her liking proof to me would give;  
 For of all good she is the best alive.



## L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladness!  
 ness!

Luna by night, with heavenly influence  
 Illumined! root of beauty and goodness,

Write, and allay by your beneficence,  
 My sighs breathed forth in silence,—  
 comfort give!

Since of all good you are the best  
 alive.

## EXPLICIT.

## TROILUS AND CRESIDA.

NEXT morning Troilus began to  
 clear

His eyes from sleep, at the first break  
 of day,

And unto Pandarus, his own Brother  
 dear,

For love of God, full piteously did  
 say,

We must the Palace see of Cresida;

For since we yet may have no other  
 feast,

Let us behold her Palace at the least!

And therewithal to cover his intent

A cause he found into the Town to  
 go,

And they right forth to Cresid's Palace  
 went;

But, Lord, this simple Troilus was  
 woe,

Him thought his sorrowful heart would  
 break in two;

For when he saw her doors fast bolted  
 all,

Well nigh for sorrow down he 'gan to  
 fall.

Therewith when this true Lover  
 ' behold,

How shut was every window of  
 place,

Like frost he thought his heart was  
 cold;

For which, with changèd, pale,  
 deadly face,

Without word uttered, forth he 'gan  
 pace;

And on his purpose bent so fast to  
 That no wight his continuance espy

Then said he thus,—O Palace des  
 O house of houses, once so richly,  
 O Palace empty and disconsolate  
 Thou lamp of which extinguished  
 light;

O Palace whilom day that now art  
 Thou ought'st to fall and I to  
 since she

Is gone who held us both in sover-

O, of all houses once the crownèd  
 Palace illumined with the sun of  
 O ring of which the ruby now is  
 O cause of woe, that cause has  
 bliss:

Yet, since I may no better, would  
 Thy cold doors; but I dare not  
 rout;

Farewell, thou shrine of which thou  
 is out!

Therewith he cast on Pandarus:  
 With changèd face, and piteously  
 hold;

And when he might his time arise  
 Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he  
 Both his new sorrow and his joys  
 So piteously, and with so deadly  
 That every wight might on his son

from the spot he rideth up and  
own,  
everything to his remembrance  
as he rode by places of the  
own  
he had felt such perfect pleasure  
nce.  
under saw I mine own Lady  
ance,  
that Temple she with her bright  
yes,  
my dear, first bound me captive-  
ise.

yonder with joy-smitten heart  
ave I  
my own Cresid's laugh; and  
nce at play  
ider saw her eke full bliss-  
illy;  
yonder once she unto me 'gan  
ty—  
ny sweet Troilus, love me well, I  
ray!  
there so graciously did me  
ehold,  
hers unto the death my heart I  
old.

at the corner of that self-same  
ouse  
I my most beloved Lady  
ear,  
manly, with voice melodious  
g so well, so goodly, and so  
lear,  
in my soul methinks I yet do  
ear  
blissful sound; and in that very  
lace  
Lady first me took unto her  
face.  
wo.

O blissful God of Love! then thus he  
cried,  
When I the process have in memory,  
How thou hast wearied me on every  
side,  
Men thence a book might make, a  
history;  
What need to seek a conquest over  
me,  
Since I am wholly at thy will? what  
joy  
Hast thou thy own liege subjects to  
destroy?

Dread Lord! so fearful when provoked,  
thine ire  
Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain  
and grief;  
Now mercy, Lord! thou know'st well I  
desire  
Thy grace above all pleasures first and  
chief;  
And live and die I will in thy  
belief;  
For which I ask for guerdon but one  
boon,  
That Cresida again thou send me  
soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to  
return,  
As thou dost mine with longing her to  
see,  
Then know I well that she would not  
sojourn.  
Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not  
be  
Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of  
thee,  
As Juno was unto the Theban blood,  
From whence to Thebes came griefs in  
multitude.

And after this he to the gate did  
go

Whence Cresid rode, as if in haste she  
was;

And up and down there went, and to  
and fro,

And to himself full oft he said,  
alas!

From hence my hope and solace forth  
did pass.

O would the blissful God now for his  
joy,

I might her see again coming to  
Troy!

And up to yonder hill was I her  
guide;

Alas, and there I took of her my  
leave;

Yonder I saw her to her Father  
ride,

For very grief of which my heart shall  
cleave;—

And hither home I came when it was  
eve;

And here I dwell an outcast from all  
joy,

And shall, unless I see her soon in  
Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,  
That he was blighted, pale, and waxen  
less

Than he was wont; and that in whispers  
soft

Men said, what may it be, can no one  
guess

Why Troilus hath all this heaviness?  
All which he of himself conceited  
wholly

Out of his weakness and his melan-  
choly.

Another time he took into  
head,

That every wight, who in the way pa-  
by,

Had of him ruth, and fancied that  
said,

I am right sorry Troilus will die:  
And thus a day or two

wearily;  
As ye have heard; such life 'gan

lead  
As one that standeth betwixt hope

dread.

For which it pleased him in his  
to show

The occasion of his woe, as be-  
might;

And made a fitting song, of word  
few,

Somewhat his woeful heart to  
more light;

And when he was removed fro  
men's sight,

With a soft voice, he of his  
dear,

That absent was, 'gan sing as ye  
hear.

O star, of which I lost have a  
light,

With a sore heart well ought  
bewail,

That ever dark in torment, nig-  
night,

Toward my death with wind I ste-  
sail;

For which upon the tenth night I  
fail

With thy bright beams to guide  
one hour,

My ship and me Charybdis will

as he this song had thus sung  
ough  
again into his sorrows old;  
ery night, as was his wont to

stood the bright moon to be-  
d;  
his trouble to the moon he  
d,  
d: I wis, when thou art horn'd  
w,  
be glad if all the world be true.

ms were old as now upon that  
orrow,  
hence did journey my bright  
dy dear,  
use is of my torment and my  
row;  
ich, oh, gentle Luna, bright and  
ar,  
e of God, run fast above thy  
ere;  
en thy horns begin once more  
spring,  
all she come, that with her bliss  
y bring.

ay is more, and longer every  
ght  
they were wont to be—for he  
ught so;  
at the sun did take his course  
t right,  
nger way than he was wont  
go;  
id, I am in constant dread I  
w,  
hæton his son is yet alive,  
o fond father's car amiss to  
ive.

Upon the walls fast also would he  
walk,  
To the end that he the Grecian host  
might see;  
And ever thus he to himself would  
talk:—  
Lo! yonder is my own bright Lady  
free;  
Or yonder is it that the tents must  
be;  
And thence does come this air which is  
so sweet,  
That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

And certainly this wind, that more and  
more  
By moments thus increaseth in my  
face,  
Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and  
sore;  
I prove it thus; for in no other  
space  
Of all this town, save only in this  
place,  
Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like  
pain;  
It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain?

A weary while in pain he tosseth  
thus,  
Till fully passed and gone was the ninth  
night;  
And ever at his side stood Pandarus,  
Who busily made use of all his  
might  
To comfort him, and make his heart  
more light;  
Giving him always hope, that she the  
morrow  
Of the tenth day will come, and end  
his sorrow.

# THE RIVER DUDDON.

## A SERIES OF SONNETS.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumbria and Lancashire; and, serving as a boundary to the two last counties, for the space of twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of

#### TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.)

THE minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,  
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze  
Nor check the music of the strings;  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened?—till was paid  
Respect to every inmate's claim;  
The greeting given, the music played,  
In honour of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O brother! I revere the choice  
That took thee from thy native hills;  
And it is given thee to rejoice:  
Though public care full often tills  
(Heaven only witness of the toil)  
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,  
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;  
And seen on other faces shine  
A true revival of the light,  
Which nature, and these rustic powers,  
In simple childhood, spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds,  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door  
That guards the lowliest of the poor,

How touching, when, at midnight, sweet  
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
To hear—and sink again to sleep!  
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,  
By blazing fire, the still suspense  
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise  
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er:  
And some unbidden tears that rise  
For names once heard, and heard no more  
Tears brightened by the serenade  
For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,  
With ambient streams more pure and  
Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight  
Is to my heart of hearts endeared,  
The ground where we were born and

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,  
Where they survive, of wholesome law  
Remnants of love whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room withdraws;  
Hail, usages of pristine mould,  
And ye, that guard them, mountains!

Bear with me, brother! quench the thirst  
That slights this passion, or condemns  
If thee fond fancy ever brought  
From the proud margin of the Thames  
And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
To humbler streams, and greener bow

Yes, they can make, who fail to find  
Short leisure even in busiest days;  
Moments, to cast a look behind,  
And profit by those kindly rays  
That through the clouds do sometimes  
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din  
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
A pleased attention I may win  
To agitations less severe,  
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

## I.

living Latian shades—if yet they  
 throw  
 eful coolness round that crystal  
 ring,  
 Asia, prattling as when long  
 ago  
 abine bard was moved her praise  
 to sing;  
 ss of flowers that in perennial  
 low  
 l the moist marge of Persian  
 untains cling;  
 ss of Alpine torrents thundering  
 gh ice-built arches radiant as  
 eaven's bow;  
 k the birthplace of a native  
 ream.  
 ail, ye mountains! hail, thou  
 morning light!  
 to breathe at large on this clear  
 eight  
 toil in needless sleep from  
 dream to dream:  
 flow the verse, pure, vigorous,  
 ree, and bright,  
 Duddon, long-loved Duddon is  
 my theme!

## II.

D of the clouds! remote from  
 every taint  
 rdid industry thy lot is cast;  
 e are the honours of the lofty  
 waste;  
 seldom, when with heat the  
 valleys faint,  
 hand-maid frost with spangled  
 tissue quaint  
 cradle decks; to chant thy birth  
 thou hast  
 meaner poet than the whistling  
 blast,

And desolation is thy patron-saint!  
 She guards thee, ruthless power! who  
 would not spare  
 Those mighty forests, once the bison's  
 screen,  
 Where stalked the huge deer to his  
 shaggy lair\*  
 Through paths and alleys roofed with  
 darkest green,  
 Thousands of years before the silent air  
 Was pierced by whizzing shaft of  
 hunter keen!

## III.

How shall I paint thee?—Be this  
 naked stone  
 My seat while I give way to such in-  
 tent;  
 Pleased could my verse, a speaking  
 monument,  
 Make to the eyes of men thy features  
 known.  
 But as of all those tripping lambs not  
 one  
 Outruns his fellows, so hath nature  
 lent  
 To thy beginning naught that doth  
 present  
 Peculiar ground for hope to build  
 upon.  
 To dignify the spot that gives thee  
 birth,  
 No sign of hoar antiquity's esteem  
 Appears, and none of modern fortune's  
 care;  
 Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed  
 a gleam  
 Of brilliant moss, instinct with fresh-  
 ness rare;  
 Prompt offering to thy foster-mother  
 earth!

\* The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

## IV.

TAKE, cradled nursing of the mountain, take  
 This parting glance, no negligent adieu !  
 A Protean change seems wrought while  
   I pursue  
 The curves, a loosely-scattered chain  
   doth make ;  
 Or rather thou appear'st a glistening  
   snake,  
 Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,  
 Thridding with sinuous lapse the  
   rushes, through  
 Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny  
   brake.  
 Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted rill  
 Robed instantly in garb of snow-white  
   foam ;  
 And laughing dares the adventurer,  
   who hath clomb  
 So high, a rival purpose to fulfil ;  
 Else let the dastard backward wend,  
   and roam,  
 Seeking less bold achievement, where  
   he will !

## V.

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze  
   that played  
 With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful  
   sound  
 Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy  
   mound,  
 Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to  
   upbraid  
 The sun in heaven !—but now, to form  
   a shade  
 For thee, green alders have together  
   wound  
 Their foliage ; ashes flung their arms  
   around ;  
 And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.

And thou hast also tempted he  
   rise,  
 'Mid sheltering pines, this cottage  
   and gray ;  
 Whose ruddy children, by the mo  
   eyes  
 Carelessly watched, sport through  
   summer day,  
 Thy pleased associates :—light as  
   less May  
 On infant bosoms lonely nature li

## VI.

## FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced  
   social trees  
 It lacked not old remains of ha  
   bowers,  
 Where small birds warbled to  
   paramours ;  
 And, earlier still, was heard the  
   of bees ;  
 I saw them ply their harmles  
   beries,  
 And caught the fragrance whi  
   sundry flowers,  
 Fed by the stream with soft pe  
   showers,  
 Plenteously yielded to the  
   breeze.  
 There bloomed the strawberry  
   wilderness ;  
 The trembling eyebright show  
   sapphire blue,  
 The thyme her purple, like the  
   of even ;  
 And, if the breath of some  
   caress  
 Invited, forth they peeped so  
   view,  
 All kinds alike seemed favou  
   Heaven.

## VII.

ANGE me, some god, into that  
breathing rose!"  
love-sick stripling fancifully sighs,  
envied flower, beholding, as it  
lies  
aura's breast, in exquisite repose;  
e would pass into her bird, that  
throws  
darts of song from out its wiry  
cage;  
ptured,—could he for himself en-  
gage  
thousandth part of what the  
nymph bestows,  
what the little careless innocent  
aciously receives. Too daring  
choice!  
e are whose calmer mind it would  
content  
be an uncultured floweret of the  
glen,  
ess of plough and scythe; or  
darkling wren,  
tunes on Duddon's banks her  
slender voice.

## VIII.

T aspect bore the man who roved  
or fled,  
of his tribe, to this dark dell—  
who first  
this pellucid current slaked his  
thirst?  
t hopes came with him? what  
designs were spread  
g his path? His unprotected bed  
t dreams encompassed? Was the  
intruder nursed  
ideous usages, and rites accursed,  
thinned the living and disturbed  
the dead?

No voice replies;—both air and earth  
are mute;

And thou, blue streamlet, murmuring  
yield'st no more

Than a soft record that whatever  
fruit

Of ignorance thou mightst witness  
heretofore,

Thy function was to heal and to re-  
store,

To soothe and cleanse, not madden  
and pollute!

## IX.

## THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling rill insensibly is  
grown

Into a brook of loud and stately  
march,

Crossed ever and anon by plank or  
arch;

And, for like use, lo! what might  
seem a zone

Chosen for ornament: stone matched  
with stone

In studied symmetry, with inter-  
space

For the clear waters to pursue their  
race

Without restraint.—How swiftly have  
they flown,

Succeeding—still succeeding! Here  
the child

Puts, when the high-swoln flood runs  
fierce and wild,

His budding courage to the proof;—  
and here

Declining manhood learns to note the  
sly

And sure encroachments of infirmity,  
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end  
how near!



## X.

## THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOT so that pair whose youthful spirits  
 dance  
 With prompt emotion, urging them to  
 pass;  
 A sweet confusion checks the shep-  
 herd-lass;  
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood  
 askance,—  
 To stop ashamed—too timid to  
 advance;  
 She ventures once again—another  
 pause!  
 His outstretched hand he tauntingly  
 withdraws—  
 She sues for help with piteous utterance!  
 Chidden she chides again; the thrill-  
 ing touch  
 Both feel when he renews the wished-  
 for aid:  
 Ah! if their fluttering hearts should  
 stir too much,  
 Should beat too strongly, both may be  
 betrayed.  
 The frolic loves who, from yon high  
 rock, see  
 The struggle, clap their wings for  
 victory!

## XI.

## THE FAËRY CHASM.

No fiction was it of the antique age;  
 A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,  
 Is of the very footmarks unbereft  
 Which tiny elves impressed; on that  
 smooth stage  
 Dancing with all their brilliant  
 equipage  
 In secret revels—haply after theft  
 Of some sweet babe, flower stolen,  
 and coarse weed left  
 For the distracted mother to assuage

Her grief with, as she might!—  
 'where, oh! where  
 Is traceable a vestige of the notes  
 That ruled those dances, wild  
 character?  
 Deep underground?—Or in the upper  
 On the shrill wind of midnight  
 where floats  
 O'er twilight fields the autumnal  
 samer?

## XII.

## HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

ON, loitering muse—the swift st  
 chides us—on!  
 Albeit his deep-worn channel  
 immure  
 Objects immense portrayed in mimic  
 Wild shapes for many a strange  
 parison!  
 Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon  
 Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses  
 Bright liquid, mansions, fashion  
 endure  
 When the broad oak drops, a lifeless  
 skeleton,  
 And the solidities of mortal pride  
 Palace and tower, are crumbled into  
 The bard who walks with Duddon  
 his guide,  
 Shall find such toys of fancy thickly  
 Turn from the sight, enamoured  
 —we must;  
 And, if thou canst, leave them with  
 regret!

## XIII.

## OPEN PROSPECT.

HAIL to the fields—with dew  
 sprinkled o'er,  
 And one small hamlet, under a  
 hill,  
 Clustering with barn and byre  
 spouting mill!

nce suffices ;—should we wish for  
 nore,  
 June would scorn us : but when  
 leak winds roar  
 ugh the stiff lance-like shoots of  
 pollard ash,  
 i swell of sound ! loud as the  
 gusts that lash  
 natted forests of Ontario's shore  
 wasteful steel unsmitten, then  
 would I  
 into port,—and, reckless of the  
 gale,  
 less of angry Duddon sweeping  
 y,  
 e the warm hearth exalts the  
 mantling ale,  
 h with the generous household  
 heartily  
 l the merry pranks of Donnerdale !

## XIV.

OUNTAIN stream ! the shepherd  
 and his cot  
 privileged inmates of deep solitude ;  
 would the nicest anchorite ex-  
 clude  
 eld or two of brighter green, or  
 plot  
 tillage-ground, that seemeth like  
 a spot  
 stationary sunshine :—thou hast  
 viewed  
 se only, Duddon ! with their paths  
 renewed  
 its and starts, yet this contents thee  
 not.  
 e hath some awful spirit impelled  
 to leave,  
 rly to desert, the haunts of  
 men,  
 ugh simple thy companions  
 and few ;  
 wo.

And through this wilderness a passage  
 cleave  
 Attended but by thy own voice, save  
 when  
 The clouds and fowls of the air thy  
 way pursue !

## XV.

FROM this deep chasm—where quiver-  
 ing sunbeams play  
 Upon its loftiest crags—mine eyes be-  
 hold  
 A gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and  
 cold ;  
 A concave free from shrubs and  
 mosses gray ;  
 In semblance fresh, as if, with dire  
 affray,  
 Some statue, placed amid these  
 regions old  
 For tutelary service, thence had rolled,  
 Startling the flight of timid yesterday !  
 Was it by mortals sculptured ?—weary  
 slaves  
 Of slow endeavour ! or abruptly cast  
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring  
 blast  
 Tempestuously let loose from central  
 caves ?  
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,  
 Then, when o'er highest hills the  
 deluge pass'd ?

## XVI.

## AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long  
 beguile  
 Of plague the fancy, mid the sculp-  
 tured shows  
 Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko  
 flows ;  
 There would the Indian answer with  
 a smile

Aimed at the white man's ignorance,  
 the while  
 Of the Great Waters telling how they  
 rose,  
 Covered the plains, and, wandering  
 where they chose,  
 Mounted through every intricate de-  
 file,  
 Triumphant.—Inundation wide and  
 deep,  
 O'er which his fathers urged, to ridge  
 and steep  
 Else unapproachable, their buoyant  
 way;  
 And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded  
 side,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of  
 chase or prey;  
 Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved,  
 or, deified !\*

## XVII.

## RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon  
 blasted yew,  
 Perched on whose top the Danish  
 raven croaks;  
 Aloft, the imperial bird of Rome in-  
 vokes  
 Departed ages, shedding where he  
 flew  
 Loose fragments of wild wailing, that  
 bestrew  
 The clouds, and thrill the chambers  
 of the rocks,  
 And into silence hush the timorous  
 flocks,  
 That, calmly couching while the  
 nightly dew  
 Moistened each fleece, beneath the  
 twinkling stars

Slept amid that lone camp on  
 knot's height,  
 Whose guardians bent the knee  
 Jove and Mars:  
 Or, near that mystic round of  
 frame  
 Tardily sinking by its proper weight  
 Deep into patient earth, from  
 smooth breast it came !

## XVIII.

## SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED religion, "mother of form  
 fear,"  
 Dread arbitress of mutable  
 spect.  
 New rites ordaining, when the old  
 wrecked,  
 Or cease to please the fickle  
 shipper;  
 Mother of love ! (that name best  
 thee here)  
 Mother of love ! for this deep  
 protect  
 Truth's holy lamp, pure source  
 bright effect,  
 Gifted to purge the vapoury at-  
 sphere  
 That seeks to stifle it;—as in  
 days  
 When this low pile a gospel tale  
 knew,  
 Whose good works formed an ever  
 retinue:  
 A pastor such as Chaucer's verse  
 trays;  
 Such as the Heaven-taught sk  
 Herbert drew;  
 And tender Goldsmith crowned  
 deathless praise !

---

\* See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

## XIX.

## TRIBUTARY STREAM.

frame hath often trembled with  
 delight  
 hope presented some far-distant  
 good,  
 seemed from Heaven descend-  
 ing, like the flood  
 in pure waters, from their æry  
 height  
 ying with lordly Duddon to  
 unite;  
 'mid a world of images imprest  
 the calm depth of his transparent  
 breast,  
 ears to cherish most that torrent  
 white,  
 fairest, softest, liveliest of them  
 all!  
 seldom hath ear listened to a  
 tune  
 so lulling than the busy hum of  
 noon,  
 nor by that voice—whose murmur  
 musical  
 pounces to the thirsty fields a  
 boon  
 dry and fresh, till showers again  
 shall fall.

## XX.

## THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

old inventive poets, had they  
 seen,  
 rather felt, the entrancement that  
 detains  
 waters, Duddon! 'mid these  
 flowery plains,  
 still repose, the liquid lapse  
 serene,  
 transferred to bowers imperishably  
 green,

Had beautified Elysium! But these  
 chains  
 Will soon be broken;—a rough course  
 remains,  
 Rough as the past; where thou, of  
 placid mien,  
 Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,  
 And countenanced like a soft cerulean  
 sky,  
 Shalt change thy temper; and, with  
 many a shock  
 Given and received in mutual jeopardy,  
 Dance like a Bacchanal, from rock to  
 rock,  
 Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and  
 high!

## XXI.

WHENCE that low voice?—A whisper  
 from the heart,  
 That told of days long past, when here  
 I roved  
 With friends and kindred tenderly be-  
 loved;  
 Some who had early mandates to  
 depart,  
 Yet are allowed to steal my path  
 athwart  
 By Duddon's side; once more do we  
 unite,  
 Once more beneath the kind earth's  
 tranquil light;  
 And smothered joys into new being  
 start.  
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall  
 Of time, breaks forth triumphant  
 Memory;  
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light  
 and free  
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and  
 fall  
 On gales that breathe too gently to recall  
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

## XXII.

## TRADITION.

A LOVE-LORN maid, at some far-distant  
time,  
Came to this hidden pool, whose  
depths surpass  
In crystal clearness Dian's looking-  
glass;  
And, gazing, saw that rose, which  
from the prime  
Derives its name, reflected as the  
chime  
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet  
sound:  
The starry treasure from the blue  
profound  
She longed to ravish;—shall she  
plunge, or climb  
The humid precipice, and seize the  
guest  
Of April, smiling high in upper air?  
Desperate alternative! what fiend  
could dare  
To prompt the thought?—Upon the  
steep rock's breast  
The lonely primrose yet renews its  
bloom,  
Untouched memento of her hapless  
doom!

## XXIII.

## SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avaunt!—partake we  
their blithe cheer  
Who gathered in betimes the unshorn  
flock  
To wash the fleece, where haply bands  
of rock,  
Checking the stream, make a pool  
smooth and clear  
As this we look on. Distant mountains  
hear,

Hear and repeat, the turmoil of  
unites  
Clamour of boys with innocent despi  
Of barking dogs, and bleatings fr  
strange fear.  
And what if Duddon's spotless fl  
receive  
Unwelcome mixtures as the unco  
noise  
Thickens, the pastoral river will for  
Such wrong; nor need *we* blame  
licensed joys,  
Though false to nature's c  
equipoise:  
Frank are the sports, the stains  
fugitive.

## XXIV.

## THE RESTING-PLACE.

MID-NOON is past;—upon the s  
mead  
No zephyr breathes, no clou  
shadow throws:  
If we advance unstrengthened t  
pose,  
Farewell the solace of the fra  
reed!  
This nook, with woodbine hun  
straggling weed,  
Tempting recess as ever pilgrim  
Half grot, half arbour, proffe  
enclose  
Body and mind from moles  
freed,  
In narrow compass—narrow as i  
Or if the fancy, too industrious  
Be loth that we should breathe  
exempt  
From new incitements friendly  
task,  
Here wants not stealthy prospe  
may tempt  
Loose idless to forego her wily!

## XXV.

HINKS 'twere no unprecedented  
 feat  
 Had some benignant minister of air  
 and encircle with a cloudy chair,  
 one for whom my heart shall  
 ever beat

tenderest love;—or, if a safer  
 seat  
 than his downy wings be furnished,  
 there

had lodge her, and the cherished  
 burden bear

hill and valley to this dim retreat!  
 In ways my steps have trod; too  
 rough and long

her companionship; here dwells  
 soft ease:

sweets that she partakes not  
 some distaste

yes, and lurking consciousness of  
 wrong;

wish the flowers; the waters seem  
 to waste

for vocal charm; their sparklings  
 cease to please.

## XXVI.

URN, content! for fondly I pur-  
 sued,

when a child, the streams—un-  
 heard, unseen;

through tangled woods, impending  
 rocks between;

free as air, with flying inquest  
 viewed

sullen reservoirs whence their  
 bold brood,

as the morning, fretful, boi-  
 sterous, keen,

as the salt-sea billows, white  
 and green,

Poured down the hills, a choral multi-  
 tude!

Nor have I tracked their course for  
 scanty gains;

They taught me random cares and  
 truant joys,

That shield from mischief and pre-  
 serve from stains

Vague minds, while men are growing  
 out of boys;

Maturer fancy owes to their rough  
 noise

Impetuous thoughts that brook not  
 servile reins.

## XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless  
 heap,

Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,  
 Is that embattled house, whose massy  
 keep

Flung from yon cliff a shadow large  
 and cold.—

There dwelt the gay, the bountiful,  
 the bold,

Till nightly lamentations, like the  
 sweep

Of winds—though winds were silent,  
 struck a deep

And lasting terror through that ancient  
 hold.

Its line of warriors fled;—they shrunk  
 when tried

By ghostly power:—but Time's un-  
 sparing hand

Hath plucked such foes, like weeds,  
 from out the land;

And now, if men with men in peace  
 abide,

All other strength the weakest may  
 withstand,

All worse assaults may safely be de-  
 fied.

## XXVIII.

## JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-  
opprest,  
Crowded together under rustling trees,  
Brushed by the current of the water-  
breeze;  
And for *their* sakes, and love of all  
that rest,  
On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering  
nest;  
For all the startled scaly tribes that slink  
Into his coverts, and each fearless link  
Of dancing insects forged upon his  
breast;  
For these, and hopes and recollections  
worn  
Close to the vital seat of human clay;  
Glad meetings,—tender partings—that  
upstay  
The drooping mind of absence, by  
vows sworn  
In his pure presence near the trysting  
thorn;  
I thanked the leader of my onward  
way.

## XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to  
lance,  
Horse charging horse, 'mid these re-  
tired domains;  
Tells that their turf drank purple from  
the veins  
Of heroes fallen, or struggling to  
advance,  
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance  
Of victory, that struck through heart  
and reins,  
Even to the inmost seat of mortal  
pains,  
And lightened o'er the pallid counte-  
nance.

Yet, to the loyal and the brave  
lie  
In the blank earth, neglected and  
lorn,  
The passing winds memorial  
pay;  
The torrents chant their prai-  
singing scorn  
Of power usurped with procla-  
high,  
And glad acknowledgment of  
sway.

## XXX.

WHO swerves from innocence  
makes divorce  
Of that serene companion—  
name,  
Recovers not his loss; but wail  
shame,  
With doubt, with fear, and hap-  
remorse.  
And oft-times he, who, yielding  
force  
Of chance temptation, ere his  
end,  
From chosen comrade turns, a  
ful friend,  
In vain shall rue the broken  
course.  
Not so with such as loosely w  
chain  
That binds them, pleasant ri-  
thy side:—  
Through the rough copse wh  
with hasty stride,  
I choose to saunter o'er the  
plain,  
Sure, when the separation ha-  
tried,  
That we, who part in love, sh  
again.

## XXXI.

Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's  
 eye  
 elcome as a star, that doth  
 present  
 ining forehead through the peace-  
 ful rent  
 black cloud diffused o'er half the  
 sky:  
 s a fruitful palm-tree towering  
 nigh  
 the parched waste beside an  
 Arab's tent;  
 he Indian tree whose branches,  
 downward bent,  
 root again, a boundless canopy.  
 sweet were leisure! could it yield  
 no more  
 'mid that wave-washed church-  
 yard to recline,  
 pastoral graves extracting  
 thoughts divine;  
 ere to pace, and mark the sum-  
 mits hoar  
 distant moon-lit mountains faintly  
 shine,  
 aed by the unseen river's gentle  
 roar.

## XXXII.

hurled precipitous from steep to  
 steep;  
 ering no more 'mid flower-  
 enamelled lands  
 blooming thickets; nor by rocky  
 bands  
 d;—but in radiant progress toward  
 the deep  
 re mightiest rivers into powerless  
 sleep  
 and forget their nature;—*now*  
 expands

Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat  
 sands  
 Gliding in silence with unfettered  
 sweep!  
 Beneath an ampler sky a region  
 wide  
 Is opened round him:—hamlets,  
 towers, and towns,  
 And blue-topped hills, behold him  
 from afar;  
 In stately mien to sovereign Thames  
 allied  
 Spreading his bosom under Kentish  
 downs,  
 With commerce freighted, or trium-  
 phant war.

## XXXIII.

## CONCLUSION.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the  
 gale;  
 Upon the wave no haughty pendants  
 cast  
 A crimson splendour; lowly is the  
 mast  
 That rises here, and humbly spread  
 the sail;  
 While, less disturbed than in the  
 narrow vale  
 Through which with strange vicissi-  
 tudes he passed,  
 The wanderer seeks that receptacle  
 vast  
 Where all his unambitious functions  
 fail.  
 And may thy poet, cloud-born stream!  
 be free,  
 The sweets of earth contentedly re-  
 signed,  
 And each tumultuous working left be-  
 hind



At seemly distance, to advance like thee,  
 Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm  
 of mind  
 And soul, to mingle with eternity!

XXXIV.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

I THOUGHT of thee, my partner and  
 my guide,  
 As being past away. Vain sym-  
 pathies!  
 For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my  
 eyes,  
 I see what was, and is, and will  
 abide;  
 Still glides the stream, and shall for  
 ever glide;

The form remains, the function  
 dies;  
 While we, the brave, the mighty,  
 the wise,  
 We men, who in our morn of y  
 defied  
 The elements, must vanish;—b  
 so!  
 Enough, if something from our h  
 have power  
 To live, and act, and serve the fu  
 hour;  
 And if, as toward the silent tomb  
 go,  
 Through love, through hope, and fa  
 transcendent dower,  
 We feel that we are greater than  
 know.

## SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

I.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

March, 1832.

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite de-  
 layed;  
 And in the Senate some there were  
 who doffed  
 The last of their humanity, and  
 scoffed [mayed  
 At providential judgments, undis-  
 By their own daring. But the people  
 prayed [grew soft  
 As with one voice; their flinty heart

With penitential sorrow, and aloft  
 Their spirit mounted, crying, 'us  
 aid!'  
 Oh that with aspirations more  
 tense,  
 Chastised by self-abasement more  
 found,  
 This people, once so happy, s  
 nowned  
 For liberty, would seek from  
 defence  
 Against far heavier ill, the pestile  
 Of revolution, impiously unbound

## II.

Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,  
hood and Treachery, in close  
council met,

under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,  
frost of England's pride will  
soon be thawed;

led the open brow that overawed  
schemes; the faith and honour,  
never yet

us with hope encountered, be  
upset;—

once I burst my bands, and cry,  
applaud!"

she whispered, "The Bill is  
carrying out!"

heard, and, starting up, the  
Brood of Night

ped hands, and shook with glee  
their matted locks;

owers and Places that abhor the  
light

d in the transport, echoed back  
their shout,

ah for —, hugging his Ballot-  
Box!

## III.

Statesman he, whose Mind's  
unselfish will

es him at ease among grand  
thoughts: whose eye

that, apart from magnanimity,  
lorn exists not; nor the humbler  
skill

rudence, disentangling good and  
ill

patient care. What though  
assaults run high,

daunt not him who holds his  
ministry,

olute, at all hazards, to fulfil

Its duties;—prompt to move, but  
firm to wait,—

Knowing, things rashly sought are  
rarely found:

That, for the functions of an ancient  
State—

Strong by her charters, free because  
imbound,

Servant of Providence, not slave of  
Fate—

Perilous is sweeping change, all chance  
unsound.

## IV.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT  
HISTORIES AND NOTICES OF THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PORTENTOUS change when History  
can appear

As the cool Advocate of foul device;  
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer

At consciences perplexed with scruples  
nice!

They who bewail not must abhor the  
sneer

Born of Conceit, Power's blind  
Idolater;

Or haply sprung from vaunting  
Cowardice

Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.

Hath it not long been said the wrath  
of Man

Works not the righteousness of God?  
Oh bend,

Bend, ye Perverse! to judgments from  
on High,

Laws that lay under Heaven's per-  
petual ban

All principles of action that transcend  
The sacred limits of humanity.

## V.

## CONTINUED.

Who ponders national events shall find  
 An awful balancing of loss and gain,  
 Joy based on sorrow, good with ill  
     combined, [pain  
 And proud deliverance issuing out of  
 And direful throes; as if the All-ruling  
     Mind,  
 With whose perfection it consists to  
     ordain  
 Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurri-  
     cane,  
 Dealt in like sort with feeble human  
     kind  
 By laws immutable. But woe for  
     him  
 Who thus deceived shall lend an eager  
     hand  
 To social havoc. Is not Conscience  
     ours,  
 And Truth, whose eye guilt only can  
     make dim;  
 And Will, whose office, by divine com-  
     mand,  
 Is to control and check disordered  
     Powers!

## VI.

## CONCLUDED.

LONG-FAVOURED England! be not thou  
     misled  
 By monstrous theories of alien growth,  
 Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing  
     wroth,  
 Self-smitten till thy garments reek  
     dyed red  
 With thy own blood, which tears in  
     torrents shed

Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere  
     troth  
 Be plighted, not to ease but su-  
     sloth,  
 Or wan despair—the ghost of f-  
     hope fled  
 Into a shameful grave. Among  
     youth,  
 My Country! if such warning be  
     dear,  
 Then shall a Veteran's heart  
     thrilled with joy,  
 One who would gather from ete-  
     truth,  
 For time and season, rules that  
     to cheer—  
 Not scourge, to save the Peop-  
     not destroy.

## VII.

MEN of the Western World! in F-  
     dark book  
 Whence these opprobrious leave  
     dire portent?  
 Think ye your British Ancestors  
     sook  
 Their native Land, for outrage  
     vident;  
 From unsubmissive necks the l-  
     shook  
 To give, in their Descendants,  
     vent  
 And wider range to passions  
     bulent,  
 To mutual tyranny, a deadlier loc-  
 Nay, said a voice, soft as the  
     wind's breath,  
 Dive through the stormy surfa-  
     the flood  
 To the great current flowing  
     neath;

the countless springs of silent  
 od;  
 all the truth be better under-  
 stood,  
 y grieved Spirit brighten strong  
 faith.

---

USED AFTER READING A NEWS-  
 PAPER OF THE DAY.

LE! your chains are severing  
 link by link;  
 all the Rich be levelled down—  
 the Poor  
 them half way." Vain boast! for  
 these, the more  
 thus would rise, must low and  
 ever sink  
 repentance stung, they fear to  
 sink;  
 all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few  
 quick turns each other to undo.  
 mix the poison, they themselves  
 must drink.  
 st thyself, vain Country! cease  
 cry  
 ledge will save me from the  
 threatened woe."  
 than other rash ones more thou  
 now,  
 presumptuous wing as far would fly  
 thy knowledge as they dared to go  
 wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

---

VIII.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

undefiled by luxury or sloth,  
 self-denial, manners grave and  
 staid,  
 is equal, laws with cheerfulness  
 obeyed,

Words that require no sanction from  
 an oath,  
 And simple honesty a common  
 growth—  
 This high repute, with bounteous  
 Nature's aid,  
 Won confidence, now ruthlessly be-  
 trayed  
 At will, your power the measure of  
 your truth!—  
 All who revere the memory of Penn  
 Grieve for the land on whose wild  
 woods his name  
 Was fondly grafted with a virtuous  
 aim,  
 Renounced, abandoned by degenerate  
 Men  
 For state-dishonour black as ever  
 came  
 To upper air from Mammon's loath-  
 some den.

---

IX.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE  
 LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.

I.

AH, why deceive ourselves! by no  
 mere fit  
 Of sudden passion roused shall men  
 attain  
 True freedom where for ages they  
 have lain  
 Bound in a dark abominable pit,  
 With life's best sinews more and more  
 unknit,  
 Here, there, a banded few who loathe  
 the Chain  
 May rise to break it: effort worse than  
 vain  
 For thee, O great Italian nation, split

Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy  
 scope  
 Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights  
 approve  
 To thy own conscience gradually re-  
 newed;  
 Learn to make Time the father of  
 wise Hope;  
 Then trust thy cause to the arm of  
 Fortitude,  
 The light of Knowledge, and the  
 warmth of Love.

## X.

## CONTINUED.

## II.

HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined,  
 to lean  
 On Patience coupled with such slow  
 endeavour  
 That long-lived servitude must last for  
 ever. [between  
 Perish the grovelling few, who, prest  
 Wrongs and the terror of redress,  
 would wean  
 Millions from glorious aims. Our  
 chains to sever  
 Let us break forth in tempest now or  
 never!— [golden mean  
 What, is there then no space for  
 And gradual progress?—Twilight  
 leads to day,  
 And, even within the burning zones of  
 earth,  
 The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate  
 ray; [gives birth:  
 The softest breeze to fairest flowers  
 Think not that Prudence dwells in  
 dark abodes,  
 She scans the future with the eye of  
 gods.

## XI.

## CONCLUDED.

## III.

As leaves are to the tree wh  
 they grow  
 And wither, every human gener  
 Is to the Being of a mighty natic  
 Locked in our world's er  
 through weal and woe;  
 Thought that should teach the  
 to forego  
 Rash schemes, to abjure all  
 agitation,  
 And seek through noiseless pai  
 moderation  
 The unblemished good they o  
 bestow.  
 Alas! with most who weigh fut  
 Against time present, passion  
 the scales:  
 Hence equal ignorance of both  
 And nations sink; or, strugg  
 be free,  
 Are doomed to flounder  
 wounded whales  
 Tossed on the bosom of a stor

## XII.

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is t  
 come of Old,  
 Of dear Old England? Th  
 she is dead,  
 Dead to the very name?  
 tion fed  
 On empty air! That name  
 its hold  
 In the true filial bosom's inn  
 For ever.—The Spirit of Alfr  
 head  
 Of all who for her rights  
 toil'd and bled,

that this prophecy is not too  
ld.  
how! shall she submit in will  
d deed  
rdless Boys—an imitative race,  
*rum pecus* of a Gallic breed?  
father! if thou *must* thy steps  
race,  
ere at least meek Innocency  
tells;  
oes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

XIII.

or the wrongs to universal ken  
exposed, woe that unshrouded  
s;  
eek the Sufferer in his darkest  
en,

Whether conducted to the spot by  
sighs  
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the  
wren  
Taught him concealment) hidden from  
all eyes  
In silence and the awful modesties  
Of sorrow,—feel for all, as brother  
Men:  
Rest not in hope Want's icy chain to  
thaw  
By casual boons and formal charities;  
Learn to be just, just through impar-  
tial law:  
Far as ye may, erect and equalise;  
And, what ye cannot reach by statute,  
draw  
Each from his fountain of self-sacri-  
fice!

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

IN SERIES.

I.

INSTED BY THE VIEW OF LAN-  
TER CASTLE (ON THE ROAD FROM  
SOUTH).

Spot—at once unfolding sight so  
air

and land, with yon gray towers  
at still

p as if to lord it over air—

soothe in human breasts the  
rise of ill,

arm it out of memory; yea,  
ight fill

heart with joy and gratitude to  
lod

For all His bounties upon man be-  
stowed:

Why bears it then the name of "Weep-  
ing Hill?"

Thousands, as toward yon old Lan-  
castrian Towers,

A prison's crown, along this way they  
past

For lingering durance or quick death  
with shame,

From this bare eminence thereon have  
cast

Their first look—blinded as tears fell  
in showers

Shed on their chains; and hence that  
doleful name.

## II.

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law  
 For worst offenders: though the heart  
     will heave  
 With indignation, deeply moved we  
     grieve,  
 In after thought, for Him who stood in  
     awe  
 Neither of God nor man, and only saw,  
 Lost wretch, a horrible device  
     enthroned  
 On proud temptations, till the victim  
     groaned  
 Under the steel his hand had dared to  
     draw.  
 But O, restrain compassion, if its  
     course,  
 As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside  
 Judgments and aims and acts whose  
     higher source  
 Is sympathy with the unforewarned,  
     who died  
 Blameless—with them that shuddered  
     o'er his grave,  
 And all who from the law firm safety  
     crave.

## III.

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons  
     to die  
 Who had betrayed their country. The  
     stern word  
 Afforded (may it through all time  
     afford)  
 A theme for praise and admiration  
     high.  
 Upon the surface of humanity  
 He rested not; its depths his mind  
     explored;  
 He felt; but his parental bosom's lord  
 Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.

And some, we know, when they  
     ful act  
 A single human life have  
     taken,  
 Pass sentence on themselves,  
     the fact,  
 And, to atone for it, with s  
     shaken  
 Kneel at the feet of Justice,  
     faith  
 Broken with all mankind, solici

## IV.

Is *Death*, when evil against g  
     fought  
 With such fell mastery that a r  
     dare  
 By deeds the blackest purpos  
     bare—  
 Is *Death*, for one to that c  
     brought,  
 For him, or any one, the th  
     ought  
 To be *most* dreaded? Lawgi  
     ware,  
 Lest, capital pains remitting  
     spare  
 The murderer, ye, by sanctio  
     thought  
 Seemingly given, debase the  
     mind;  
 Tempt the vague will tried :  
     to disown,  
 Nor only palpable restra  
     bind,  
 But upon Honour's head di  
     crown,  
 Whose absolute rule permit  
     withstand  
 In the weak love of life his  
     mand.

## V.

to the object specially designed,  
 e'er momentous in itself it be,  
 to promote or curb depravity,  
 a wise Legislator's view confined.  
 Spirit, when most severe, is oft  
 most kind;  
 Authority in earth depends  
 Love and Fear, their several  
 powers he blends,  
 ing with awe the one Paternal mind.  
 ight by processes in show  
 humane,  
 feels how far the act would  
 derogate  
 even the humblest functions of  
 the State;  
 a self-shorn of Majesty, ordain  
 never more shall hang upon her  
 breath  
 last alternative of Life or Death.

## VI.

brood of conscience—Spectres!  
 that frequent  
 'bad Man's restless walk, and  
 haunt his bed—  
 is in your aspect, yet beneficent  
 as hovering Angels when they  
 spread  
 wings to guard the unconscious  
 Innocent—  
 be the Statutes of the land to  
 share  
 city that could not but impair  
 power to punish crime, and so  
 prevent.  
 ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like  
 about  
 adage on all tongues, "Murder  
 will out,"

How shall your ancient warnings work  
 for good  
 In the full might they hitherto have  
 shown,  
 If for deliberate shedder of man's blood  
 Survive not Judgment that requires his  
 own?

## VII.

BEFORE the world had past her time of  
 youth,  
 While polity and discipline were weak,  
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for  
 tooth, [daybreak,  
 Came forth—a light, though but as of  
 Strong as could then be borne. A  
 Master meek  
 Proscribed the spirit fostered by that  
 rule, [school,  
 Patience his law, long-suffering his  
 And love the end, which all through  
 peace must seek.  
 But lamentably do they err who strain  
 His mandates, given rash impulse to  
 controul [the soul,  
 And keep vindictive thirstings from  
 So far that, if consistent in their  
 scheme, [pain,  
 They must forbid the State to inflict a  
 Making of social order a mere dream.

## VIII.

FIT retribution, by the moral code  
 Determined, lies beyond the State's  
 embrace,  
 Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case  
 She plants well-measured terrors in the  
 road  
 Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and  
 broad,



And, the main fear once doomed to  
banishment,  
Far oftener then, bad ushering worse  
event,  
Blood would be spilt that in his dark  
abode  
Crime might lie better hid. And,  
should the change  
Take from the horror due to a foul  
deed,  
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,  
And, guilt escaping, passion then  
might plead  
In angry spirits for her old free  
range,  
And the "wild justice of revenge"  
prevail.

## IX.

THOUGH to give timely warning and  
deter  
Is one great aim of penalty, extend  
Thy mental vision further and ascend  
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou  
err.  
What is a State? The wise behold in  
her  
A creature born of time, that keeps  
one eye  
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,  
To which her judgments reverently  
defer.  
Speaking through Law's dispassionate  
voice, the State  
Endues her conscience with external  
life  
And being, to preclude or quell the  
strife  
Of individual will, to elevate  
The grovelling mind, the erring to  
recall,  
And fortify the moral sense of all.

## X.

OUR bodily life, some plead, that  
the shrine  
Of an immortal spirit, is a gift  
So sacred, so informed with  
divine,  
That no tribunal, though most wise  
sift  
Deed and intent, should turn the De  
adrift  
Into that world where penitential te  
May not avail, nor prayer have  
God's ear  
A voice—that world whose veil  
hand can lift  
For earthly sight. "Eternity  
Time,"  
They urge, "have interwoven cl  
and rights  
Not to be jeopardised through fo  
crime:  
The sentence rule by mercy's be  
born lights."  
Even so: but measuring not by  
sense  
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligen

## XI.

AH, think how one compelled f  
to abide  
Locked in a dungeon needs m  
the heart  
Out of his own humanity, and p  
With every hope that mutual car  
vide;  
And, should a less unnatural  
confide  
In life-long exile on a savage cc  
Soon the relapsing penitent maj  
Of yet more heinous guilt, with  
pride.

the thoughtful Mercy, Mercy, sage  
and pure,  
visions the forfeiture that Law de-  
mands,  
ing the final issue in *His* hands  
se goodness knows no change,  
whose love is sure,  
sees, foresees; who cannot judge  
amiss,  
wafts at will the contrite soul to  
bliss.

## XII.

the Condemned alone within his  
cell,  
prostrate at some moment when  
remorse  
gs to the quick, and, with resistless  
force,  
ults the pride she strove in vain to  
quell.  
n mark him, him who could so  
long rebel,  
crime confessed, a kneeling Peni-  
tent  
re the Altar, where the Sacra-  
ment  
ens his heart, till from his eyes  
outwell  
rs of salvation. Welcome death!  
while Heaven  
s in this change exceedingly re-  
joice;  
e yet the solemn heed the State  
hath given  
s him to meet the last Tribunal's  
voice  
ith, which fresh offences, were he  
cast  
old temptations, might for ever  
blast.

## XIII.

## CONCLUSION.

YES, though He well may tremble at  
the sound  
Of his own voice, who from the judg-  
ment-seat  
Sends the pale convict to his last  
retreat  
In death; though Listeners shudder all  
around,  
They know the dread requital's source  
profound;  
Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—  
(Would that it were!) the sacrifice  
unmeet  
For Christian Faith. But hopeful  
signs abound.  
The social rights of man breathe purer  
air;  
Religion deepens her preventive  
care;  
Then, moved by needless fear of past  
abuse,  
Strike not from Law's firm hand that  
awful rod,  
But leave it thence to drop for lack of  
use:  
Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty  
God!

## XIV.

## APOLOGY.

THE formal World relaxes her cold  
chain  
For One who speaks in numbers;  
ampler scope  
His utterance finds; and, conscious of  
the gain,  
Imagination works with bolder hope  
The cause of grateful reason to sus-  
tain;

And, serving Truth, the heart more  
strongly beats  
Against all barriers which his labour  
meets  
In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.  
Enough;—before us lay a painful road,  
And guidance have I sought in  
duteous love

From Wisdom's heavenly Fath  
Hence hath flowed  
Patience, with trust that, whatsoe  
the way [m  
Each takes in this high matter, all n  
Cheered with the prospect of  
brighter day.  
1840.

## SONNETS AND STANZAS.

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy  
affect  
The clouds, and wheel around the  
mountain tops  
Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she  
drops  
Well pleased to skim the plain with  
wild flowers deckt,  
Or muse in solemn grove whose shades  
protect  
The lingering dew—there steals along,  
or stops,  
Watching the least small bird that  
round her hops,  
Or creeping worm, with sensitive re-  
spect.  
Her functions are they therefore less  
divine,  
Her thoughts less deep, or void of  
grave intent  
Her simplest fancies? Should that  
fear be thine,  
Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present  
One offering, kneel before her modest  
shrine,  
With brow in penitential sorrow  
bent!

A *POET*!—He hath put his hear  
school,  
Nor dares to move unpropped u  
the staff  
Which Art hath lodged within  
hand—must laugh  
By precept only, and shed tears  
rule.  
Thy Art be Nature; the live cur  
quaff,  
And let the groveller sip his stag  
pool,  
In fear that else, when Critics g  
and cool  
Have killed him, Scorn should  
his epitaph.  
How does the Meadow-flower  
bloom unfold?  
Because the lovely little flow  
free  
Down to its root, and, in that free  
bold;  
And so the grandeur of the F  
tree  
Comes not by casting in a fi  
mould,  
But from its *own* divine vitality.

most alluring clouds that mount  
 the sky  
 to a troubled element their forms,  
 hues to sunset. If with raptured  
 eye  
 watch their splendour, shall we  
 covet storms,  
 wish the Lord of day his slow  
 decline  
 and hasten, that such pomp may  
 float on high?  
 And, already they forget to shine,  
 live—and leave to him who gazed  
 a sigh,  
 worth to thank each moment for its  
 boon  
 more delight, come whencesoe'er it  
 may,  
 let us seek,—to steadfast things  
 attune  
 expectations: leaving to the gay  
 volatile their love of transient  
 powers, [ours.  
 house that cannot pass away be

A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF  
 LLINGTON UPON THE FIELD OF  
 WATERLOO, BY HAYDON.

Art's bold privilege Warrior and  
 War-horse stand  
 ground yet strewn with their last  
 battle's wreck;  
 the Steed glory while his Master's  
 hand  
 fixed for ages on his conscious  
 neck;  
 by the Chieftain's look, though at  
 his side  
 lies that day's treasured sword, how  
 firm a check  
 given to triumph and all human  
 pride!

Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a  
 shadowy speck  
 In his calm presence! Him the mighty  
 deed  
 Elates not, brought far nearer the  
 grave's rest,  
 As shows that time-worn face, for he  
 such seed [of fame  
 Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit  
 In Heaven; hence no one blushes for  
 thy name,  
 Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts,  
 divinely blest!

HARK! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, un-  
 deprest,  
 By twilight premature of cloud and  
 rain;  
 Nor does that roaring wind deaden his  
 strain  
 Who carols thinking of his Love and  
 nest, [blest.  
 And seems, as more incited, still more  
 Thanks; thou hast snapped a fireside  
 Prisoner's chain,  
 Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted  
 brain,  
 And in a moment charmed my cares to  
 rest.  
 Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front  
 the blast [wilt.  
 That we may sing together, if thou  
 So loud, so clear, my Partner through  
 life's day,  
 Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not  
 love-built  
 Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons  
 past  
 Thrilled by loose snatches of the social  
 Lay.

*Rydal Mount, 1838.*

'Tis he whose yester-evening's high  
 disdain  
 Beat back the roaring storm—but how  
 subdued  
 His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!  
 Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee  
 restrain?  
 Or, like the nightingale, her joyous  
 vein  
 Pleased to renounce, does this dear  
 Thrush attune  
 His voice to suit the temper of yon  
 Moon?  
 Doubly depressed, setting, and in her  
 wane?  
 Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster  
 prove  
 (The balance trembling between night  
 and morn  
 No longer) with what ecstasy upborne  
 He can pour forth his spirit. In  
 heaven above,  
 And earth below, they best can serve  
 true gladness  
 Who meet most feelingly the calls of  
 sadness.

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A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY, 1838.

FAILING impartial measure to dispense  
 To every suitor, Equity is lame;  
 And social justice, stript of reverence  
 For natural rights, a mockery and a  
 shame;  
 Law but a servile dupe of false pre-  
 tence,  
 If, guarding grossest things from com-  
 mon claim,  
 Now and for ever, She, to works that  
 came  
 From mind and spirit, grudge a short-  
 lived fence.

"What! lengthened privilege, a lin-  
 tie  
 For *Books!*" Yes, heartless Ones,  
 be it proved  
 That 'tis a fault in us to have li-  
 and loved  
 Like others, with like temporal ho-  
 to die;  
 No public harm that Genius from  
 course  
 Be turned; and streams of truth d-  
 up even at their source.

---

AT DOVER.

FROM the Pier's head, musing,  
 with increase  
 Of wonder, I have watched this  
 side Town,  
 Under the white cliff's battlem-  
 crown,  
 Hushed to a depth of more than  
 bath peace:  
 The streets and quays are thro-  
 but why disown  
 Their natural utterance: whence  
 strange release  
 From social noise—silence else  
 unknown?—  
 A spirit whispered, "Let all w-  
 cease: [s  
 Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs  
 Thy sense from pressure of life's  
 mon din;  
 As the dread Voice that speak-  
 out the sea  
 Of God's eternal Word, the V-  
 Time  
 Doth deaden, shocks of tumult,  
 of crime,  
 The shouts of folly, and the gr-  
 sin."

## SONNETS AND STANZAS.

ENT on gathering wool from hedge  
 and brake,  
 busy Little-ones rejoice that soon  
 poor old Dame will bless them for  
 the boon:  
 at is their glee while flake they  
 add to flake  
 h rival earnestness; far other strife  
 an will hereafter move them, if  
 they make  
 time their idol, give their day of life  
 pleasure snatched for reckless  
 pleasure's sake.  
 n pomp and show allay one heart-  
 born grief?  
 ns which the World inflicts can she  
 requite?  
 or an interval however brief;  
 silent thoughts that search for  
 steadfast light,  
 from her depths, and Duty in her  
 night, [relief.  
 Faith—these only yield secure

### TO THE PLANET VENUS.

n its approximation (as an evening star)  
 to the earth, Jan., 1838.  
 T strong allurements draws, what  
 spirit guides  
 a, Vesper! brightening still, as if  
 the nearer  
 u com'st to man's abode the spot  
 grew dearer [hides  
 it after night? True is it Nature  
 treasures less and less. Man now  
 presides  
 power where once he trembled in  
 his weakness;  
 nce advances with gigantic strides;  
 are we aught enriched in love and  
 meekness?

Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of  
 pure and wise,  
 More than in humbler times graced  
 human story;  
 That makes our hearts more apt to  
 sympathise  
 With heaven, our souls more fit for  
 future glory,  
 When earth shall vanish from our  
 closing eyes,  
 Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

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So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,  
 Would that the little Flowers were  
 born to live,  
 Conscious of half the pleasure which  
 they give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were  
 known [thrown  
 The beauty of its star-shaped shadow,  
 On the smooth surface of this naked  
 stone!

And what if hence a bold desire should  
 mount [account  
 High as the Sun, that he could take  
 Of all that issues from his glorious  
 fount!

So might he ken how by his sovereign  
 aid [made;  
 These delicate companionships are  
 And how he rules the pomp of light  
 and shade;

And were the Sister-power that shines  
 by night  
 So privileged, what a countenance of  
 delight  
 Would through the clouds break forth  
 on human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye	All vain desires, all lawless wish quelled,
On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,	Be Thou to love and praise alike pelled,
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy.	Whatever boon is granted or withheld

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## POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION

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### EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"WHY, William, on that old gray stone,  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away?

"Where are your books?—that light  
bequeathed  
To beings else forlorn and blind!  
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed  
From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your mother earth,  
As if she for no purpose bore you;  
As if you were her first-born birth,  
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
To me my good friend Matthew spake,  
And thus I made reply—

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;  
We cannot bid the ear be still;  
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
Against, or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty su  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking?

"Then ask not wherefore, here, alo  
Conversing as I may,  
I sit upon this old gray stone,  
And dream my time away."

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### THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE, ON THE SAME  
SUBJECT.

Up! up! my friend, and quit  
books;  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up! up! my friend, and clear your  
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's he  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields  
spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless stri  
Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

ark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
 O, is no mean preacher:  
 forth into the light of things,  
 ture be your teacher.

as a world of ready wealth,  
 inds and hearts to bless—  
 neous wisdom breathed by health,  
 breathed by cheerfulness.

npulse from a vernal wood  
 ach you more of man,  
 ral evil and of good,  
 ill the sages can.

is the lore which nature brings;  
 eddling intellect  
 apes the beauteous forms of things  
 rder to dissect.

h of science and of art;  
 up those barren leaves;  
 forth, and bring with you a heart  
 atches and receives.

### RITTEN IN GERMANY.

#### E OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

reader must be apprised, that the stoves  
 h Germany generally have the im-  
 of a galloping horse upon them, this  
 urt of the Brunswick Arms.

GUE on your languages, German  
 nd Norse!  
 e have the song of the kettle;  
 he tongs and the poker, instead  
 f that horse,  
 gallops away with such fury and  
 orce  
 his dreary dull plate of black  
 etal.

See that fly,—a disconsolate creature!  
 perhaps  
 A child of the field or the grove;  
 And, sorrow for him! the dull treach-  
 erous heat

Has seduced the poor fool from his  
 winter retreat,  
 And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains  
 Which this comfortless oven environ!  
 He cannot find out in what track he  
 must crawl,  
 Now back to the tiles, then in search  
 of the wall,  
 And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a  
 traveller bemazed;  
 The best of his skill he has tried;  
 His feelers, methinks, I can see him  
 put forth  
 To the east and the west, to the south  
 and the north;  
 But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg,  
 and thigh;  
 His eyesight and hearing are lost;  
 Between life and death his blood  
 freezes and thaws;  
 And his two pretty pinions of blue  
 dusky gauze  
 Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him  
 —while I [my love;  
 Can draw warmth from the cheek of  
 As blest and as glad in this desolate  
 gloom,  
 As if green summer grass were the  
 floor of my room,  
 And woodbines were hanging above.



Yet, God is my witness, thou small  
 helpless thing!  
 Thy life I would gladly sustain  
 Till summer come up from the south,  
 and with crowds  
 Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst  
 sound through the clouds,  
 And back to the forests again!

### CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy warrior? Who is  
 he  
 That every man in arms should wish  
 to be?  
 It is the generous spirit, who, when  
 brought  
 Among the tasks of real life, hath  
 wrought  
 Upon the plan that pleased his  
 boyish thought:  
 Whose high endeavours are an inward  
 light  
 That makes the path before him al-  
 ways bright:  
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
 What knowledge can perform, is  
 diligent to learn;  
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not  
 there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime  
 care;  
 Who, doomed to go in company with  
 pain,  
 And fear, and bloodshed, miserable  
 train!  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
 In face of these doth exercise a  
 power  
 Which is our human nature's highest  
 dower;

Controls them and subdues,  
 mutes, bereaves,  
 Of their bad influence, and their  
 receives;  
 By objects, which might force the  
 to abate  
 Her feeling, rendered more  
 passionate;  
 Is placable—because occasions  
 So often that demand such sacrific  
 More skilful in self-knowledge,  
 more pure,  
 As tempted more; more able  
 dure,  
 As more exposed to suffering and  
 tress;  
 Thence, also, more alive to tend  
 'Tis he whose law is reason; who  
 pends  
 Upon that law as on the  
 friends;  
 Whence, in a state where man  
 tempted still  
 To evil for a guard against wor  
 And what in quality or act is t  
 Doth seldom on a right foot  
 rest,  
 He labours good on good to  
 To virtue every triumph  
 knows;  
 Who, if he rise to station of ex  
 Rises by open means; and then  
 stand  
 On honourable terms, or else  
 And in himself possess his own  
 Who comprehends his trust  
 the same  
 Keeps faithful with a single  
 aim;  
 And therefore does not stoop  
 in wait  
 For wealth, or honours, or fa  
 state;



*Photo. by G. W. Wilson & Co., Ltd.*  
WO.

**“There’s not a nook within this solemn Pass,  
But were an apt confessional.”**



they must follow ; on whose  
 lead must fall,  
 showers of manna, if they come  
 t all :

e powers shed round him in the  
 ommon strife,

ld concerns of ordinary life,  
 stant influence, a peculiar grace ;

ho, if he be called upon to face  
 awful moment to which Heaven  
 as joined

issues, good or bad for human  
 ind,

ppy as a lover ; and attired  
 sudden brightness, like a man in-  
 pired ;

through the heat of conflict,  
 eeps the law

lmness made, and sees what he  
 oresaw ;

an unexpected call succeed,  
 when it will, is equal to the need :  
 ho though thus edued as with a  
 ense

aculty for storm and turbulence,  
 a soul whose master-bias leans  
 omefelt pleasures and to gentle  
 scenes ;

images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
 t his heart ; and such fidelity  
 his darling passion to approve ;  
 brave for this, that he hath much  
 o love :—

finally, the man, who, lifted high,  
 picuous object in a nation's eye,  
 ft unthought-of in obscurity,—  
 , with a toward or untoward lot,  
 perous or adverse, to his wish or  
 not,

s, in the many games of life, that  
 one

re what he most doth value must  
 be won :

70,

Whom neither shape of danger can  
 dismay,

Nor thought of tender happiness be-  
 tray ;

Who, not content that former worth  
 stand fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the  
 last,

From well to better, daily self-surpast :  
 Who, whether praise of him must  
 walk the earth

For ever, and to noble deeds give  
 birth,

Or he must fall, to sleep without his  
 fame,

And leave a dead unprofitable name,  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his  
 cause ;

And, while the mortal mist is gather-  
 ing, draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's  
 applause :

This is the happy warrior ; this is he  
 That every man in arms should wish  
 to be.

#### A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statist in the van  
 Of public conflicts trained and bred ?  
 First learn to love one living man ;  
 Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou ?—draw not nigh ;  
 Go, carry to some fitter place  
 The keenness of that practised eye,  
 The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer ?  
 A rosy man, right plump to see ?  
 Approach ; yet, doctor, not too near ;  
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,  
A soldier, and no man of chaff?  
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,  
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,  
Philosopher! a fingering slave,  
One that would peep and botanise  
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,  
That he below may rest in peace,  
That ever-dwindling soul, away!

A moralist perchance appears;  
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor  
sod:

And he has neither eyes nor ears;  
Himself his world, and his own God:

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can  
cling  
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;  
A reasoning self-sufficing thing,  
An intellectual all-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the  
latch;  
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;  
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he, with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth  
Of hill and valley he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart,  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his  
heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land;  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

Come hither in thy hour of strength  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave  
Here stretch thy body at full length  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

## TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND (AN AGRICULTURIST).

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING  
TOGETHER IN HIS PLEASURE-GROVE.

SPADE! with which Wilkinson  
tilled his lands,  
And shaped these pleasant walls  
Emont's side,  
Thou art a tool of honour in  
hands;  
I press thee, through the yielding  
with pride.

Rare master has it been thy  
know;  
Long hast thou served a man to  
true;  
Whose life combines the best of  
and low,  
The labouring many and the resting

With meekness, ardour, quietness  
 secure,  
 Industry of body and of mind ;  
 Elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
 Nature is ;—too pure to be refined.

Thou often hast thou heard the poet  
 sing  
 Concord with his river murmuring  
 by ;  
 In some silent field, while timid spring  
 yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Thou shalt inherit thee when death has  
 laid  
 In the darksome cell thine own  
 dear lord ?  
 That man will have a trophy, humble  
 spade !  
 Thy nobler than a conqueror's sword !

Thou be one that feels, with skill to  
 part  
 The praise from true, or greater from  
 the less,  
 He will be welcome to his hand and  
 heart,  
 A monument of peaceful happiness !

Thou wilt not dread with thee a toilsome  
 day, [mate !  
 He his loved servant, his inspiring  
 When thou art past service, worn  
 away, [fate.  
 Dull oblivious nook shall hide thy

Thy thrift thy uselessness will never  
 scorn ;  
*Thy heirloom* in his cottage wilt thou  
 be :—  
 That will he hang thee up, well pleased  
 to adorn  
 A rustic chimney with the last of thee !

## TO MY SISTER.

WRITTEN AT A SMALL DISTANCE FROM  
 MY HOUSE, AND SENT BY MY LITTLE  
 BOY.

It is the first mild day of March :  
 Each minute sweeter than before,  
 The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
 That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,  
 Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
 To the bare trees and mountains bare,  
 And grass in the green field.

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)  
 Now that our morning meal is done,  
 Make haste, your morning task resign ;  
 Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you ; and pray  
 Put on with speed your woodland dress ;  
 And bring no book : for this one day  
 We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate  
 Our living calendar :  
 We from to-day, my friend, will date  
 The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,  
 From heart to heart is stealing,  
 From earth to man, from man to earth  
 It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more  
 Than years of toiling reason :  
 Our minds shall drink at every pore  
 The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,  
 Which they shall long obey :  
 We for the year to come may take  
 Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
We'll frame the measure of our  
souls :  
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my sister ! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland  
dress ;  
And bring no book : for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

---

### TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR  
TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE  
COUNTRY.

DEAR child of nature, let them rail !  
There is a nest in a green dale,  
A harbour and a hold,  
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt  
see  
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be  
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,  
And treading among flowers of joy,  
Which at no season fade,  
Thou, while thy babes around thee  
cling,  
Shalt show us how divine a thing  
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not  
die,  
Nor leave thee when gray-hairs are  
nigh,  
A melancholy slave ;  
But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

### LINES

\* WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleas-  
ant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link  
The human soul that through me  
And much it grieved my heart to  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts in that g-  
bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and ple-  
Their thoughts I cannot measure  
But the least motion which they n-  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out thei-  
To catch the breezy air ;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sen-  
If such be nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man ?

---

### SIMON LEE, THE OLD HU- MAN,

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH H-  
CONCERNED.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,  
An old man dwells, a little man,  
'Tis said he once was tall.

Five-and-thirty years he lived  
 A merry huntsman ;  
 Still the centre of his cheek  
 As a ripe cherry.

Man like him the horn could  
 Sound,  
 Hill and valley rang with glee  
 An echo bandied, round and round,  
 Halloo of Simon Lee.  
 Those proud days, he little cared  
 Husbandry or tillage ;  
 Whither tasks did Simon rouse  
 Sleepers of the village.

All the country could outrun,  
 Would leave both man and horse be-  
 hind ;

Often, ere the chase was done,  
 Reeled and was stone-blind.

Still there's something in the  
 World  
 Which his heart rejoices ;  
 When the chiming hounds are out,  
 Dearly loves their voices !

Oh the heavy change !—bereft  
 Health, strength, friends, and kindred,  
 See !

Simon to the world is left  
 In varied poverty.

His master's dead,—and no one now  
 Sits in the Hall of Ivor ;  
 His dogs, and horses, all are dead ;  
 He is the sole survivor.

He is lean and he is sick,  
 His body, dwindled and awry,  
 His upon ankles swoln and thick ;  
 His legs are thin and dry.  
 All that he has, an only one,  
 His wife, an aged woman,  
 Sits with him, near the waterfall,  
 In the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
 Not twenty paces from the door,  
 A scrap of land they have, but they  
 Are poorest of the poor.  
 This scrap of land he from the heath  
 Enclosed when he was stronger ;  
 But what to them avails the land  
 Which he can till no longer ?

Often, working by her husband's side,  
 Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;  
 For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
 Is stouter of the two.  
 And, though you with your utmost skill  
 From labour could not wean them,  
 'Tis little, very little—all  
 That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store,  
 As he to you will tell,  
 For still, the more he works, the more  
 Do his weak ankles swell.  
 My gentle reader, I perceive  
 How patiently you've waited,  
 And now I fear that you expect  
 Some tale will be related.

O reader ! had you in your mind  
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
 O gentle reader ! you would find  
 A tale in everything.  
 What more I have to say is short,  
 And you must kindly take it :  
 It is no tale ; but, should you think,  
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see  
 This old man doing all he could  
 To unearth the root of an old tree,  
 A stump of rotten wood.  
 The mattock tottered in his hand ;  
 So vain was his endeavour,  
 That at the root of the old tree  
 He might have worked for ever.



"You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,  
Give me your tool," to him I said ;  
And at the word right gladly he  
Received my proffered aid.  
I struck, and with a single blow  
The tangled root I severed,  
At which the poor old man so long  
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
And thanks and praises seemed to  
run

So fast out of his heart, I thought  
They never would have done.  
I've heard of hearts unkind, kind  
deeds

With coldness still returning,  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning.

---

### INCIDENT

#### CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

ON his morning rounds the master  
Goes to learn how all things fare ;  
Searches pasture after pasture,  
Sheep and cattle eyes with care ;  
And for silence or for talk,  
He hath comrades in his walk ;  
Four dogs, each pair of different  
breed,  
Distinguished two for scent, and two  
for speed.

See a hare before him started !  
Off they fly in earnest chase ;  
Every dog is eager-hearted,  
All the four are in the race :  
And the hare whom they pursue,  
Knows from instinct what to do ;  
Her hope is near : no turn she makes ;  
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted  
Thinly by a one night's frost ;  
But the nimble hare hath trusted  
To the ice, and safely crost ;  
She hath crost, and without heed  
All are following at full speed,  
When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,  
Breaks—and the greyhound, Dart,  
over-head !

Better fate have Prince and Swallow  
See them cleaving to the sport !  
Music has no heart to follow,  
Little Music, she stops short.  
She hath neither wish nor heart,  
Hers is now another part :  
A loving creature she, and brave !  
And fondly strives her struggling fit  
to save.

From the brink her paws she stretch  
Very hands as you would say !  
And afflicting moans she fetches,  
As he breaks the ice away.  
For herself she hath no fears,—  
Him alone she sees and hears,—  
Makes efforts with complainings ;  
gives o'er  
Until her fellow sinks to re-apppear  
more.

---

### TRIBUTE

#### TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME

LIE here, without a record  
worth,  
Beneath a covering of the cold  
earth !  
It is not from unwillingness to  
Or want of love, that here no stone  
raise ;

e thou deserv'st; but *this* man  
 gives to man,  
 her, to brother, *this* is all we can.  
 they to whom thy virtues made  
 thee dear  
 I find thee through all changes of  
 the year:  
 ; oak points out thy grave; the  
 silent tree  
 gladly stand a monument of thee.  
  
 e grieved for thee, and wished thy  
 end were past;  
 willingly have laid thee here at  
 last:  
 thou hadst lived, till everything  
 that cheers  
 thee had yielded to the weight of  
 years;  
 reme old age had wasted thee  
 away;  
 I left thee but a glimmering of the  
 day;  
 ; ears were deaf; and feeble were  
 thy knees,  
 "w thee stagger in the summer  
 breeze,  
 weak to stand against its sportive  
 breath,  
 ready for the gentlest stroke of  
 death.  
 me, and we were glad; yet tears  
 were shed;  
 man and woman wept when thou  
 wert dead;  
 only for a thousand thoughts that  
 were,  
 household thoughts, in which thou  
 hadst thy share;  
 for some precious boons vouch-  
 safed to thee,  
 nd scarcely any where in like  
 degree!

For love, that comes wherever life and  
 sense  
 Are given by God, in thee was most  
 intense;  
 A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,  
 A tender sympathy, which did thee  
 bind  
 Not only to us men, but to thy kind:  
 Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we  
 saw  
 A soul of love, love's intellectual  
 law:—  
 Hence, if we wept, it was not done in  
 shame;  
 Our tears from passion and from  
 reason came,  
 And, therefore, shalt thou be an  
 honoured name!

---

### MATTHEW.

In the school of ——— is a tablet, on which  
 are inscribed, in gilt letters, the names of  
 the several persons who have been school-  
 masters there since the foundation of the  
 school, with the time at which they entered  
 upon and quitted their office. Opposite to one  
 of those names the author wrote the following  
 lines:—

If nature, for a favourite child  
 In thee hath tempered so her clay  
 That every hour thy heart runs wild,  
 Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines; and then review  
 This tablet, that thus humbly rears  
 In such diversity of hue  
 Its history of two hundred years.

When through this little wreck of fame,  
 Cipher and syllable! thine eye  
 Has travelled down to Matthew's name,  
 Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,  
Then be it neither checked nor stayed :  
For Matthew a request I make  
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,  
Is silent as a standing pool :  
Far from the chimney's merry roar,  
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were  
    sighs  
Of one tired out with fun and madness ;  
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes  
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup  
Of still and serious thought went round,  
It seemed as if he drank it up—  
He felt with spirit so profound.

Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !  
Thou happy soul ! and can it be  
That these two words of glittering gold  
Are all that must remain of thee ?

### THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

WE walked along, while bright and red  
Uprose the morning sun :  
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and  
    said,  
" The will of God be done ! "

A village schoolmaster was he,  
With hair of glittering gray ;  
As blithe a man as you could see  
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
And by the steaming rills,  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills.

" Our work," said I, " was well begun  
Then, from thy breast what thought  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh has brought ? "

A second time did Matthew stop ;  
And fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made reply :

" Yon cloud with that long purple  
Brings fresh into my mind  
A day like this which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

" And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colours, and no other,  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

" With rod and line I sued the spoor  
Which that sweet season gave, [st  
And, to the church-yard come, stop  
Beside my daughter's grave.

" Nine summers had she scarcely st  
The pride of all the vale ;  
And then she sang ;—she would have l  
A very nightingale.

" Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;  
And yet I loved her more,  
For so it seemed, than till that day  
I e'er had loved before.

" And turning from her grave, I me  
Beside the churchyard yew,  
A blooming girl, whose hair was v  
With points of morning dew.

" A basket on her head she bare ;  
Her brow was smooth and white :  
To see a child so very fair,  
It was a pure delight !

o fountain from its rocky cave  
 tripped with foot so free ;  
 seemed as happy as a wave  
 it dances on the sea.

ere came from me a sigh of pain  
 ich I could ill confine ;  
 oked at her, and looked again :  
 I did not wish her mine."

threw is in his grave, yet now,  
 hinks, I see him startl,  
 at that moment, with a bough  
 wilding in his hand.

## THE FOUNTAIN.

### A CONVERSATION.

talked with open heart, and tongue  
 ectionate and true,  
 air of friends, though I was young,  
 d Matthew seventy-two.

lay beneath a spreading oak,  
 ide a mossy seat ;  
 d from the turf a fountain broke,  
 d gurgled at our feet.

low Matthew !" said I, " let us match  
 his water's pleasant tune  
 some old Border song, or catch,  
 t suits a summer's noon ;

of the church clock and the chimes  
 here beneath the shade,  
 it half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
 ich you last April made !"

ilence Matthew lay, and eyed,  
 e spring beneath the tree ;  
 I thus the dear old man replied,  
 e gray-haired man of glee :  
 wo,

" No check, no stay, this streamlet  
 How merrily it goes !      \* [fears ;  
 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
 And flow as now it flows.

" And here, on this delightful day,  
 I cannot choose but think  
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
 Beside this fountain's brink.

" My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
 My heart is idly stirred,  
 For the same sound is in my ears  
 Which in those days I heard.

" Thus fares it still in our decay :  
 And yet the wiser mind  
 Mourns less for what age takes away  
 Than what it leaves behind.

" The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
 The lark above the hill,  
 Let loose their carols when they please,  
 Are quiet when they will.

" With nature never do *they* wage  
 A foolish strife ; they see  
 A happy youth, and their old age  
 Is beautiful and free :

" But we are pressed by heavy laws ;  
 And often glad no more,  
 We wear a face of joy, because  
 We have been glad of yore.

" If there be one who need bemoan  
 His kindred laid in earth,  
 The household hearts that were his own,  
 It is the man of mirth.

" My days, my friend, are almost gone,  
 My life has been approved,  
 And many love me ; but by none  
 Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains!  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains,

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead  
I'll be a son to thee!"  
At this he grasped my hand, and said,  
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;  
And down the smooth descent  
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;  
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
He sang those witty rhymes  
About the crazy old church clock,  
And the bewildered chimes.

---

IF thou indeed derive thy light from  
Heaven, [born light,  
Then, to the measure of that heaven-  
Shine, poet! in thy place, and be content:—  
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,  
And they that from the zenith dart  
their beams, [earth,  
(Visible though they be to half the  
Though half a sphere be conscious of  
their brightness)

Are yet of no diviner origin, [burns,  
No purer essence, than the one that  
Like an untended watch-fire, on the  
ridge [which seem  
Of some dark mountain; or than those  
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter  
lamps, [trees;  
Among the branches of the leafless  
All are the undying offspring of one sire:  
Then, to the measure of the light  
vouchsafed, [tent.  
Shine, poet! in thy place, and be con-

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF

OF MACPHERSON'S "OSSIAN"

ORT have I caught upon a fitful breeze  
Fragments of far-off melodies,  
With ear not coveting the whole.  
A part so charmed the pensive soul  
While a dark storm before my sight  
Was yielding, on a mountain height  
Loose vapours have I watched, t  
won

Prismatic colours from the sun;  
Nor felt a wish that heaven would  
show

The image of its perfect bow.  
What need, then, of these finished  
strains?

Away with counterfeit remains!  
An abbey in its lone recess,  
A temple of the wilderness,  
Wrecks though they be, announce  
feeling

The majesty of honest dealing.  
Spirit of Ossian! if imbound  
In language thou mayst yet be found  
If aught (intrusted to the pen,  
Or floating on the tongues of men,  
Albeit shattered and impaired)  
Subsist thy dignity to guard,  
In concert with memorial claim  
Of old gray stone, and high-born name  
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave  
Where moans the blast or beats  
wave,

Let truth, stern arbitress of all  
Interpret that original,  
And for presumptuous wrongs atone  
Authentic words be given, or none!

Time is not blind;—yet he, who speaks  
Pyramid pointing to the stars,  
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite  
On all that marked the primal flight

poetic ecstasy  
 he land of mystery.  
 ngue is able to rehearse  
 measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;  
 us, stationed with his lyre  
 me among the Elysian quire,  
 the dwellers upon earth,  
 as a lark ere morning's birth.  
 rieve for these, though passed away  
 usic, and extinct the lay?  
 thousands, by severer doom,  
 arly to the silent tomb

sunk, at nature's call; or strayed  
 hope and promise, self-betrayed;  
 arland withering on their brows;  
 with remorse for broken vows;  
 —else how might they rejoice?  
 lendless, by their own sad choice.

ards of mightier grasp! on you  
 y call, the chosen few,  
 ast not off the acknowledged  
 ide,  
 ltered not, nor turned aside;  
 lofty genius could survive  
 on, under sorrow thrive;  
 m the fiery muse revered  
 mbol of a snow-white beard,  
 ed with meditative tears  
 ed from the lenient cloud of  
 ars.

ers in soul! though distant  
 es  
 ed you, nursed in various climes,  
 n the orb of life had waned,  
 itude of love retained;  
 while in you each sad regret  
 esponding hope was met,  
 red among human kind,  
 oices for the passing wind;  
 ng sunbeams, loth to stop,  
 smiling on the last hill top!

Such to the tender-hearted maid  
 Even ere her joys begin to fade;  
 Such, haply, to the rugged chief  
 By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;  
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,  
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,  
 The Son of Fingal; such was blind  
 Mæonides of ampler mind;  
 Such Milton, to the fountain head  
 Of glory by Urania led!

---

### VERNAL ODE.

"Rerum natura tota est nusquam magis  
 quam in minimis."—PLIN. *Nat. Hist.*

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,  
 When all the fields with freshest green  
 were dight,

Appeared, in presence of the spiritual  
 eye

That aids or supersedes our grosser  
 sight,

The form and rich habiliments of  
 one

Whose countenance bore resemblance  
 to the sun,

When it reveals, in evening majesty,  
 Features half lost amid their own pure  
 light.

Poised, like a weary cloud, in middle  
 air

He hung,—then floated with angelic  
 ease

(Softening that bright effulgence by  
 degrees)

Till he had reached a summit sharp  
 and bare,

Where oft the venturous heifer drinks  
 the noontide breeze.

Upon the apex of that lofty cone  
 Alighted, there the stranger stood  
 alone;

Fair as a gorgeous fabric of the East  
Suddenly raised by some enchanter's  
power, [old tower  
Where nothing was; and firm as some  
Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest  
Waves high, embellished by a gleam-  
ing shower!

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings  
Rested a golden harp;—he touched  
the strings ;

And, after prelude of unearthly sound  
Poured through the echoing hills around  
He sang—

G

"No wintry desolations,  
Scorching blight, or noxious dew,  
Affect my native habitations ;  
Buried in glory, far beyond the scope  
Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope  
Imaged, though faintly, in the hue  
Profound of night's ethereal blue ;  
And in the aspect of each radiant orb ;—  
Some fixed, some wandering with no  
timid curb ; [eye,  
But wandering star and fixed, to mortal  
Blended in absolute serenity,  
And free from semblance of decline ;  
Fresh as if evening brought their natal  
hour ; [power,  
Her darkness splendour gave her silence  
To testify of love and grace divine.

"What if those bright fires  
 Shine subject to decay,  
 Sons haply of extinguished sires, [away  
 Themselves to lose their light, or pass  
 Like clouds before the wind,  
 Be thanks poured out to Him whose  
     hand bestows,  
 Nightly, on human kind  
 That vision of endurance and repose.  
 And though to every draught of vital  
     breath

Renewed throughout the bounds  
earth or ocean,

The melancholy gates of death  
Respond with sympathetic motion;  
Though all that feeds on nether air,  
Howe'er magnificent or fair,  
Grows but to perish, and entrust  
Its ruins to their kindred dust;  
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care  
Her procreant vigils nature keeps  
Amid the unfathomable deeps;  
And saves the peopled fields of earth  
From dread of emptiness or dearth.  
Thus, in their stations, lifting to  
the sky

The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty  
The shadow-casting race of trees surmounting  
Thus, in the train of spring, arrive  
Sweet flowers ;—what living eye  
viewed

Their myriads?—endlessly renewed  
 Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray  
 Where'er the subtle waters stray;  
 Wherever sportive zephyrs bend  
 Their course or genial showers descend  
 Mortals, rejoice! the very angels quail  
 Their mansions unsusceptible of chill  
 Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,  
 And through your sweet vicissitudes  
 range!"

Oh, nursed at happy distance from  
cares [n

Of a too-anxious world, mild pass  
That, to the sparkling crown U  
wears,

And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath  
Prefer'st a garland culled from pe-  
heath. [ing

Or blooming thicket moist with  
Was such bright spectacle vouch  
to me?

Was it granted to the simple ear  
 thy contented votary  
 ch melody to hear!  
 rather suits it, side by side with  
 thee,  
 apped in a fit of pleasing indolence,  
 ile thy tired lute hangs on the haw-  
 thorn tree,  
 lie and listen, till o'er-drowsèd  
 sense  
 ks, hardly conscious of the influ-  
 ence,  
 the soft murmur of the vagrant  
 bee.  
 slender sound! yet hoary time  
 th to the *soul* exalt it with the  
 chime  
 all his years;—a company  
 ages coming, ages gone;  
 tions from before them sweeping,  
 gions in destruction steeping,)  
 every awful note in unison  
 h that faint utterance, which  
 tells  
 treasure sucked from buds and  
 bells,  
 the pure keeping of those waxen  
 cells;  
 ere she, a statist prudent to confer  
 on the common weal; a warrior  
 bold,—  
 dant all over with unburnished  
 gold,  
 d armed with living spear for mor-  
 tal fight;  
 A cunning forager  
 at spreads no waste;—a social  
 builder; one  
 whom all busy offices unite  
 h all fine functions that afford de-  
 light,  
 e through the winter storm in quiet  
 dwells!

And is she brought within the  
 power  
 Of vision? — o'er this tempting  
 flower  
 Hovering until the petals stay  
 Her flight, and take its voice  
 away!—  
 Observe each wing—a tiny van!—  
 The structure of her laden thigh,  
 How fragile!—yet of ancestry  
 Mysteriously remote and high,  
 High as the imperial front of man,  
 The roseate bloom on woman's  
 cheek;  
 The soaring eagle's curvèd beak;  
 The white plumes of the floating  
 swan;  
 Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's  
 mane  
 Ere shaken by that mood of stern  
 disdain  
 At which the desert trembles.—Hum-  
 ming bee!  
 Thy sting was needless then, per-  
 chance unknown;  
 The seeds of malice were not sown;  
 All creatures met in peace, from fierce-  
 ness free,  
 And no pride blended with their dig-  
 nity.  
 Tears had not broken from their  
 source;  
 Nor anguish strayed from her Tar-  
 tarian den;  
 The golden years maintained a course  
 Not undiversified, though smooth and  
 even;  
 We were not mocked with glimpse and  
 shadow, then  
 Bright seraphs mixed familiarly with  
 men;  
 And earth and stars composed a uni-  
 versal heaven!



## ODE TO LYCORIS.

MAY, 1817.

AN age hath been when earth was proud  
Of lustre too intense  
To be sustained ; and mortals bowed  
The front in self-defence.

Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,  
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed  
While on the wing the urchin played,  
Could fearlessly approach the shade?

Enough for one soft vernal day,  
If I, a bard of ebbing time,  
And nurtured in a fickle clime,  
May haunt this horned bay ;  
Whose amorous water multiplies  
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes ;  
And smooths her liquid breast—to show  
These swan-like specks of mountain  
snow,

White as the pair that slid along the  
plains

Of heaven, when Venus held the reins !

In youth we love the darksome lawn  
Brushed by the owlet's wing ;  
Then, twilight is preferred to dawn,  
And autumn to the spring.  
Sad fancies do we then affect,  
In luxury of disrespect  
To our own prodigal excess  
Of too familiar happiness.  
Lycoris (if such name befit  
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign !)  
When nature marks the year's decline,  
Be ours to welcome it ;  
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs  
Before the path of milder suns,  
Pleased while the sylvan world displays  
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze ;  
Pleased when the sullen winds resound  
the knell  
Of the resplendent miracle.

But something whispers to my heart  
That, as we downward tend,  
Lycoris ! life requires an *art*  
To which our souls must bend ;  
A skill—to balance and supply ;  
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,  
As soon it must, a sense to sip,  
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.  
Then welcome, above all, the guest  
Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and  
sea,

Seem to recall the Deity  
Of youth into the breast :  
May pensive autumn ne'er present  
A claim to her disparagement !  
While blossoms and the budding spring  
Inspire us in our own decay ;  
Still, as we nearer draw to life's distant  
goal,  
Be hopeful spring the favourite of thy  
soul !

## TO THE SAME.

ENOUGH of climbing toil !—Ambition  
treads  
Here, as 'mid busier scenes, grows  
steep and rough,  
Or slippery even to peril ! and each  
step,  
As we for most uncertain recompense  
Mount toward the empire of the fickle  
clouds,  
Each weary step, dwarfing the world  
below,  
Induces, for its old familiar sights,  
Unacceptable feelings of contempt  
With wonder mixed—that man could  
e'er be tied,  
In anxious bondage to such nice art  
And formal fellowship of petty things  
Oh ! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies  
life,

king a truth and beauty of her own :  
 d moss-grown alleys, circumscribing  
 shades,  
 d gurgling rills, assist her in the  
 work  
 re efficaciously than realms out-  
 spread,  
 in a map, before the adventurer's  
 gaze—  
 can and earth contending for re-  
 gard.

The umbrageous woods are left—  
 how far beneath !  
 lo ! where darkness seems to guard  
 the mouth  
 yon wild cave, whose jagged brows  
 are fringed  
 h flaccid threads of ivy, in the still  
 d sultry air, depending motionless.  
 cool the space within, and not un-  
 cheered  
 whoso enters shall ere long per-  
 ceive)  
 stealthy influx of the timid day  
 gling with night, such twilight to  
 compose  
 Numa loved ; when, in the Egerian  
 grot,  
 n the sage nymph appearing at his  
 wish,  
 gained whate'er a regal mind might  
 ask,  
 need, of counsel breathed through  
 lips divine.

ong as the heat shall rage, let that  
 dim cave  
 tect us, there deciphering as we  
 may  
 vian records ; or the sighs of earth  
 preting ; or counting for old time  
 minutes, by reiterated drops,

Audible tears, from some invisible  
 source  
 That deepens upon fancy—more and  
 more  
 Drawn toward the centre whence  
 those sighs creep forth  
 To awe the lightness of humanity.  
 Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,  
 There let me see thee sink into a mood  
 Of gentler thought, protracted till  
 thine eye  
 Be calm as water when the winds are  
 gone,  
 And no one can tell whither. Dearest  
 friend !  
 We too have known such happy hours  
 together,  
 That, were power granted to replace  
 them (fetched  
 From out the pensive shadows where  
 they lie)  
 In the first warmth of their original  
 sunshine,  
 Loth should I be to use it : passing  
 sweet  
 Are the domains of tender memory !

---

### F I D E L I T Y.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,  
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;  
 He halts and searches with his eyes  
 Among the scattered rocks :  
 And now at distance can discern  
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
 And instantly a dog is seen,  
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;  
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;  
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
 Unusual in its cry :

Nor is there any one in sight  
 All round, in hollow or on height ;  
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;  
 What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
 That keeps, till June, December's snow ;  
 A lofty precipice in front,  
 A silent tarn\* below !  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public road or dwelling,  
 Pathway, or cultivated land ;  
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;  
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
 In symphony austere ;  
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
 And mists that spread the flying  
     shroud ;  
 And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past ;  
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
 The shepherd stood : then makes his  
     way

O'er rocks and stones, following the dog  
 As quickly as he may ;  
 Not far had gone before he found  
 A human skeleton on the ground ;  
 The appalled discoverer with a sigh  
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
 The man had fallen, that place of  
     fear !

At length upon the shepherd's mind  
 It breaks, and all is clear :

---

\* A tarn is a *small* mere or lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

He instantly recalled the name,  
 And who he was, and whence  
     came ;  
 Remembered, too, the very day  
 On which the traveller passed this

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
 This lamentable tale I tell !  
 A lasting monument of words  
 This wonder merits well.  
 The dog, which still was hovering  
     nigh,  
 Repeating the same timid cry,  
 This dog had been through the  
     months' space  
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the  
 When this ill-fated traveller died,  
 The dog had watched about the spot  
 Or by his master's side :  
 How nourished here through such a  
     time

He knows who gave that love sublime  
 And gave that strength of feeling  
 Above all human estimate.

#### TO THE LADY FLEMING ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE ERECTION OF A CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

BLEST is this isle—our native land  
 Where battlement and moated gate  
 Are objects only for the hand  
 Of hoary time to decorate :  
 Where shady hamlet, town that breeds  
 Its busy smoke in social wreaths,  
 No rampart's stern defence requires  
 Nought but the heaven-directed spire  
 And steeple tower (with pealing bell  
 Far heard)—our only citadels.

ady! from a noble line  
chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore  
e spear, yet gave to works divine  
ounteous help in days of yore,  
records mouldering in the dell  
nightshade\* haply yet may tell)  
e kindred aspirations moved  
build, within a vale beloved,  
him upon whose high behests  
peace depends, all safety rests.

s fondly will the woods embrace  
s daughter of thy pious care,  
ing her front with modest grace  
make a fair recess more fair ;  
l to exalt the passing hour ;  
soothe it with a healing power  
wn from the sacrifice fulfilled,  
re this rugged soil was tilled,  
uman habitation rose  
interrupt the deep repose !

l may the villagers rejoice !  
heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,  
be a hindrance to the voice  
t would unite in prayer and praise ;  
e duly shall wild-wandering youth  
give the curb of sacred truth,  
l tottering age, bent earthward, hear  
promise, with uplifted ear !  
all shall welcome the new ray  
arted to their Sabbath-day.

deem the poet's hope misplaced,  
fancy cheated—that can see  
ade upon the future cast,  
me's pathetic sanctity ;  
hear the monitory clock  
d o'er the lake with gentle shock

lekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade  
which stands St. Mary's Abbey, in Low  
ss.

At evening, when the ground beneath  
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death ;  
Where happy generations lie,  
Here tutored for eternity.

Lives there a man whose sole delights  
Are trivial pomp and city noise,  
Hardening a heart that loathes or  
slights

What every natural heart enjoys ?  
Who never caught a noon-tide dream  
From murmur of a running stream ;  
Could strip, for aught the prospect  
yields

To him, their verdure from the fields ;  
And take the radiance from the  
clouds

In which the sun his setting shrouds.

A soul so pitiably forlorn,  
If such do on this earth abide,  
May season apathy with scorn,  
May turn indifference to pride,  
And still be not unblest—compared  
With him who grovels, self-debarred  
From all that lies within the scope  
Of holy faith and Christian hope ;  
Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast  
False fires, that others may be lost.

Alas ! that such perverted zeal  
Should spread on Britain's favoured  
ground ?

That public order, private weal,  
Should e'er have felt or feared a  
wound

From champions of the desperate law  
Which from their own blind hearts  
they draw ;

Who tempt their reason to deny  
God, whom their passions dare defy,  
And boast that *they alone* are free  
Who reach this dire extremity !

But turn we from these "bold bad"  
men ;

The way, mild lady ! that hath led  
Down to their "dark opprobrious den,"  
Is all too rough for thee to tread.  
Softly as morning vapours glide  
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,  
Should move the tenor of *his* song  
Who means to charity no wrong ;  
Whose offering gladly would accord  
With this day's work in thought and word.

Heaven prosper it ! may peace and love,  
And hope, and consolation fall,  
Through its meek influence from above,  
And penetrate the hearts of all ;  
All who, around the hallowed fane,  
Shall sojourn in this fair domain ;  
Grateful to thee, while service pure,  
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,  
For opportunity bestowed  
To kneel together, and adore their God !

#### ON THE SAME OCCASION.

"Oh ! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may  
The help which slackening piety requires ;  
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray  
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires."

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known ; nor, that the degree of deviation from due east, often noticeable in the ancient ones, was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon, at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

WHEN in the antique age of bow and  
spear  
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,  
Came ministers of peace, intent to rear  
The mother church in yon sequestered  
vale ;

Then, to her patron saint a previous  
rite  
Resounded with deep swell and solemn  
close,  
Through unremitting vigils of the  
night,  
Till from his couch the wished-for saint  
arose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine  
command,  
They who had waited for that sign  
trace  
Their work's foundation, gave with  
careful hand,  
To the high altar its determined place  
Mindful of Him who in the Orient  
born  
There lived, and on the cross his life  
resigned,  
And who, from out the regions of the  
morn,  
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge  
mankind.

So taught *their* creed ;—nor failed  
eastern sky,  
'Mid these more awful feelings, to  
fuse  
The sweet and natural hopes that  
not die  
Long as the sun his gladsome course  
renews.

For us hath such prelusive  
ceased ;  
Yet still we plant, like men of old  
days,  
Our Christian altar faithful to the  
east,  
Whence the tall window drinks  
morning rays ;

obvious emblem giving to the eye  
 seek devotion, which erewhile it  
 ave,  
 symbol of the day-spring from on  
 igh,  
 phant o'er the darkness of the  
 rave.

### THE FORCE OF PRAYER; \*

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

(A TRADITION.)

**It is good for a bootless bene?"**  
 these dark words begins my tale;  
 their meaning is, Whence can  
 comfort spring  
 prayer is of no avail?

**It is good for a bootless bene?"**  
 Falconer to the lady said;  
 she made answer, "Endless  
 sorrow!"

He knew that her son was dead.

He saw it by the falconer's words,  
 from the look of the falconer's  
 eye;

from the love which was in her  
 soul

For youthful Romilly.

Romilly through Barden woods  
 going high and low;  
 holds a greyhound in a leash,  
 slip upon buck or doe.

A pair have reached that fearful  
 basin.

tempting to bestride!

Wharf is there pent in,  
 rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called The Strid,  
 A name which it took of yore:  
 A thousand years hath it borne that  
 name,  
 And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,  
 And what may now forbid  
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
 Shall bound across The Strid?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he  
 That the river was strong, and the  
 rocks were steep?  
 But the greyhound in the leash hung  
 back,  
 And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
 And strangled by a merciless force;  
 For never more was young Romilly seen  
 Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,  
 And long, unspeaking sorrow:  
 Wharf shall be to pitying hearts  
 A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,  
 A solace she might borrow  
 From death, and from the passion of  
 death;—  
 Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day  
 Which was to be to-morrow:  
 Her hope was a further-looking hope,  
 And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,  
 And proudly did its branches wave;  
 And the root of this delightful tree  
 Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
 And her first words were, "Let there  
     be  
 In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
 A stately priory!"

The stately priory was reared ;  
 And Wharf, as he moved along,  
 To matins joined a mournful voice,  
 Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness  
 That looked not for relief !  
 But slowly did her succour come,  
 And a patience to her grief.

Oh ! there is never sorrow of heart  
 That shall lack a timely end,  
 If but to God we turn, and ask  
 Of Him to be our Friend !

### A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION ;

OR, CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE  
 SEA-SHORE.

THE Danish conqueror, on his royal  
 chair, [eignty,  
 Mustering a face of haughty sover-  
 To aid a covert purpose, cried—"Oh, ye  
 Approaching waters of the deep, that  
 share  
 With this green isle my fortunes, come  
 not where  
 Your master's throne is set!"—Deaf  
 was the sea ;  
 Her waves rolled on, respecting his  
 decree [air.  
 Less than they heed a breath of wanton

Then Canute, rising from the inva-  
     throne,  
 Said to his servile courtiers, "Poor  
     reach, [sv  
 The undisguised extent, of m  
 He only is a king, and he alone  
 Deserves the name (this truth  
     billows preach)  
 Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth,  
     heaven obey."

This just reproof the prosperous  
 Drew, from the influx of the main,  
 For some whose rugged not  
     mouths would strain  
 At oriental flattery ;  
 And Canute (truth more worthy t  
     known)  
 From that time forth did for his b  
     disown  
 The ostentatious symbol of a crow  
 Esteeming earthly royalty  
 Contemptible and vain.

Now hear what one of elder day  
 Rich theme of England's for  
     praise,  
 Her darling Alfred, might  
     spoken ;  
 To cheer the remnant of his host  
 When he was driven from coa  
     coast, [unbr  
 Distressed and harassed, but with

"My faithful followers, lo ! the  
     is spent ;  
 That rose, and steadily advanced  
 The shores and channels, wo  
     nature's will  
 Among the mazy streams that  
     ward went,  
 And in the sluggish pools where  
     are pent ;

now, his task performed, the flood  
 stands still  
 he green base of many an inland  
 hill,  
 lacid beauty and sublime content!  
 the repose that sage and hero  
 find;  
 measured rest the sedulous and  
 good  
 plumbler name; whose souls do,  
 like the flood  
 ocean, press right on; or gently  
 wind,  
 her to be diverted nor withstood,  
 they reach the bounds by Heaven  
 assigned."

---

*LITTLE onward lend thy guiding  
 hand  
 these dark steps, a little further  
 on!"*

trick of memory to my voice  
 hath brought  
 mournful iteration? For though  
 Time  
 conqueror, crowns the conquered,  
 on this brow  
 resting his favourite silver diadem,  
 he, nor minister of his—intent  
 run before him, hath enrolled me  
 yet,  
 though not unmenaced, among those  
 who lean  
 on a living staff, with borrowed  
 sight.  
 my Antigone, beloved child!  
 would that day come—but hark! the  
 birds salute  
 cheerful dawn, brightening for me  
 the east;  
 me, thy natural leader, once again  
 patient to conduct thee, not as erst

A tottering infant, with compliant  
 stoop  
 From flower to flower supported; but  
 to curb  
 Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding  
 o'er the lawn,  
 Along the loose rocks, or the slippery  
 verge  
 Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons  
 Come forth; and, while the morning  
 air is yet  
 Transparent as the soul of innocent  
 youth,  
 Let me, thy happy guide, now point  
 thy way,  
 And now precede thee, winding to and  
 fro,  
 Till we by perseverance gain the top  
 Of some smooth ridge, whose brink  
 precipitous  
 Kindles intense desire for powers with-  
 held  
 From this corporeal frame; whereon  
 who stands,  
 Is seized with strong incitement to  
 push forth  
 His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge  
 —dread thought!  
 For pastime plunge—into the "abrupt  
 abyss,"  
 Where ravens spread their plumy vans,  
 at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I  
 conduct  
 Through woods and spacious forests,  
 —to behold  
 There, how the original of human art,  
 Heaven-prompted nature, measures  
 and erects  
 Her temples, fearless for the stately  
 work,



Though waves to every breeze its high-  
 arched roof,  
 And storms the pillars rock. But we  
 such schools  
 Of reverential awe will chiefly seek  
 In the still summer noon, while beams  
 of light,  
 Reposing here, and in the aisles be-  
 yond  
 Traceably gliding through the dusk,  
 recall  
 To mind the living presences of  
 nuns ;  
 A gentle, pensive, white-robed sister-  
 hood,  
 Whose saintly radiance mitigates the  
 gloom  
 Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they  
 serve,  
 To Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,  
 espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic  
 lore,  
 To these glad eyes from bondage  
 freed, again  
 Lie open ; and the book of Holy  
 Writ,  
 Again unfolded, passage clear shall  
 yield  
 To heights more glorious still, and into  
 shades  
 More awful, where advancing hand in  
 hand  
 We may be taught, O darling of my  
 care !  
 To calm the affections, elevate the  
 soul,  
 And consecrate our lives to truth and  
 love.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fi  
 Are hung, as if with golden shields  
 Bright trophies of the sun !  
 Like a fair sister of the sky,  
 Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,  
 The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,  
 Albeit uninspired by love,  
 By love untaught to ring,  
 May well afford to mortal ear  
 An impulse more profoundly dear  
 Than music of the spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat  
 Proceeds, from some uneasy seat  
 In nature's struggling frame,  
 Some region of impatient life ;  
 And jealousy, and quivering strife,  
 Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy ;—while I hear  
 These vespers of another year,  
 This hymn of thanks and praise.  
 My spirit seems to mount above  
 The anxieties of human love,  
 And earth's precarious days.

But list !—though winter storms be  
 Unchecked is that soft harmony :  
 There lives who can provide  
 For all his creatures ; and in Him,  
 Even like the radiant seraphim,  
 These choristers confide.

---

UPON THE SAME OCCASIO  
 DEPARTING summer hath assumed  
 An aspect tenderly illumed,  
 The gentlest look of spring ;  
 That calls from yonder leafy shade  
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,  
 A timely carolling.

faint and hesitating trill,  
 ch tribute as to winter chill  
 e lonely redbreast pays!  
 ear, loud, and lively is the din,  
 om social warblers gathering in  
 eir harvest of sweet lays.

r doth the example fail to cheer  
 , conscious that my leaf is sere,  
 d yellow on the bough:—  
 ll, rosy garlands, from my head!  
 myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed  
 und a younger brow!

t will I temperately rejoice:  
 de is the range, and free the choice  
 undiscordant themes;  
 ich, haply, kindred souls may prize  
 t less than vernal ecstasies,  
 d passion's feverish dreams.

r deathless powers to verse belong,  
 d they like demi-goals are strong  
 whom the muses smile;  
 t some their function have disclaimed,  
 st pleased with what is aptliest  
 framed  
 enervate and defile.

t such the initiatory strains  
 mitted to the silent plains  
 Britain's earliest dawn:  
 embled the groves, the stars grew  
 pale,  
 ile all-too-daringly the veil  
 nature was withdrawn!

r such the spirit-stirring note  
 en the live chords Alcæus smote,  
 lamed by sense of wrong;  
 e! woe to tyrants! from the lyre  
 ke threateningly, in sparkles dire  
 fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page  
 By winged love inscribed, to assuage  
 The pangs of vain pursuit;  
 Love listening while the Lesbian maid  
 With finest touch of passion swayed  
 Her own Æolian lute.

O ye who patiently explore  
 The wreck of Herculean lore,  
 What rapture! could ye seize  
 Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
 One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
 Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth  
 Of poesy; a bursting forth  
 Of genius from the dust:  
 What Horace gloried to behold,  
 What Maro loved, shall we enfold?  
 Can haughty time be just!

---

### THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

WHERE towers are crushed, and unfor-  
 bidden weeds  
 O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;  
 And temples, doomed to milder  
 change, unfold  
 A new magnificence that vies with old;  
 Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood  
 A votive column, spared by fire and  
 flood;—  
 And, though the passions of man's fret-  
 ful race  
 Have never ceased to eddy round its  
 base,  
 Not injured more by touch of meddling  
 hands  
 Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,  
 Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save  
 From death the memory of the good  
 and brave.

Historic figures round the shaft embost  
Ascend, with lineaments in air not  
lost :

Still as he turns, the charmed spectator  
sees

Group winding after group with dream-  
like ease ;

Triumphs in sunbright gratitude dis-  
played,

Or softly stealing into modest shade.

So, pleased with purple clusters to en-  
twine

Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring  
vine ;

The woodbine so, with spiral grace,  
and breathes

Wide-spreading odours from her  
flowery wreaths.

Borne by the muse from rills in  
shepherds' ears

Murmuring but one smooth story for  
all years,

I gladly commune with the mind and  
heart

Of him who thus survives by classic art,

His actions witness, venerate his mien,

And study Trajan as by Pliny seen ;

Behold how fought the chief whose  
conquering sword

Stretched far as earth might own a  
single lord ;

In the delight of moral prudence  
schooled,

How feelingly at home the sovereign  
ruled ;

Best of the good—in pagan faith allied  
To more than man by virtue deified.

Memorial pillar ! 'mid the wrecks of  
time

Preserve thy charge with confidence  
sublime—

The exultations, poms, and cares  
Rome,

Whence half the breathing world  
ceived its doom ;

Things that recoil from language ; t  
if shown

By apter pencil, from the light  
flown.

A pontiff, Trajan *here* the gods  
plores,

*There* greets an embassy from Inc  
shores ;

Lo ! he harangues his cohorts—t  
the storm

Of battle meets him in authe  
form !

Unharnessed, naked, troops of M  
ish horse

Sweep to the charge ; more high,  
Dacian force,

To hoof and finger mailed ;—yet, l  
or low,

None bleed, and none lie prostrate  
the foe ;

In every Roman, through all turn  
fate,

Is Roman dignity inviolate ;

Spirit in him pre-eminent ; who g  
Supports, adorns, and over all

sides ;

Distinguished only by inherent sta  
From honoured instruments that r

him wait ;

Rise as he may, his grandeur s  
the test

Of outward symbol, nor will deig  
rest

On aught by which another is  
prest.

Alas ! that one thus disciplined c  
toil

To enslave whole nations on  
native soil ;

emulous of Macedonian fame,  
 At, when his age was measured with  
 his aim,  
 drooped, 'mid else unclouded vic-  
 tories,  
 I turned his eagles back with deep-  
 drawn sighs ;  
 weakness of the great ! Oh, folly  
 of the wise !

Where now the haughty empire that  
 was spread  
 In such fond hope ? her very speech  
 is dead ;  
 glorious art the power of time  
 defies,  
 I Trajan still, through various en-  
 terprise,  
 Unt, in this fine illusion, toward  
 the skies :  
 I are we present with the imperial  
 chief,  
 I cease to gaze upon the bold relief  
 I Rome, to silent marble unconfined,  
 Comes with all her years a vision of  
 the mind.

## DION

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

VE, and fitted to embrace,  
 e'er he turned, a swan-like grace  
 lightness without pretence,  
 to unfold a still magnificence,  
 princely Dion, in the power  
 beauty of his happier hour.  
 What pure homage *then* did wait  
 lion's virtues, while the lunar beam  
 lato's genius, from its lofty sphere,  
 ound him in the grove of Academe,  
 ning their ink-balls to his feet.

That he, not too elate  
 With self-sufficing solitude,  
 But with majestic lowliness endued,  
 Might in the universal bosom reign,  
 And from affectionate observance gain  
 Help, under every change of adverse  
 fate.

Five thousand warriors—Oh, the rap-  
 turous day !

Each crowned with flowers and armed  
 with spear and shield,  
 Or ruder weapon which their course  
 might yield,

To Syracuse advance in bright array.  
 Who leads them on ?—The anxious  
 people see

Long-exiled Dion marching at their  
 head,

He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,  
 And in a white, far-beaming, corslet  
 clad !

Pure transport undisturbed by doubt  
 or fear

The gazers feel ; and rushing to the  
 plain,

Salute those strangers as a holy train  
 Or blest procession (to the immortals  
 dear)

That brought their precious liberty  
 again.

Lo ! when the gates are entered, on  
 each hand,

Down the long street, rich goblets filled  
 with wine

In seemly order stand,  
 On tables set, as if for rites divine ;—  
 And, as the great deliverer marches by,  
 He looks on festal ground with fruits  
 bestrown ;

And flowers are on his person thrown

Nor doth the general voice abstain  
 from prayer,  
 Invoking Dion's tutelary care,  
 As if a very Deity he were !

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica ! and  
 mourn

Iliuss, bending o'er thy classic urn !  
 Mourn, and lament for him whose  
 spirit dreads

Your once-sweet memory, studious  
 walks and shades !

For him who to divinity aspired,  
 Not on the breath of popular applause,  
 But through dependence on the sacred  
 laws

Framed in the schools where wisdom  
 dwelt retired,

Intent to trace the ideal path of right  
 (More fair than heaven's broad cause-  
 way paved with stars)

Which Dion learned to measure with  
 sublime delight ;

But he hath overleaped the eternal  
 bars ;

And, following guides whose craft holds  
 no consent

With aught that breathes the ethereal  
 element,

Hath stained the robes of civil power  
 with blood,

Unjustly shed, though for the public  
 good.

Whence doubts that came too late, and  
 wishes vain,

Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain ;  
 And oft his cogitations sink as low

As, through the abysses of a joyless  
 heart, [go ;

The heaviest plummet of despair can  
 But whence that sudden check ? that

fearful start !

.He hears an uncouth sound—  
 Anon his lifted eyes

Saw at a long-drawn gallery's du  
 bound

A shape of more than mortal size  
 And hideous aspect, stalking ro  
 and round ;

A woman's garb the phantom w  
 And fiercely swept the ma  
 floor,—

Like Auster whirling to and fro  
 His force on Caspian foam to

Or Boreas when he scours the snow  
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,  
 Or when aloft on Mænalus he stop  
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree t

So, but from toil less sign of p  
 reaping

The sullen spectre to her pur  
 bowed,

Sweeping, vehemently sweepin  
 No pause admitted, no design avoi  
 "Avaunt, inexplicable guests !—ava  
 Exclaimed the chieftain—"Let  
 rather see

'The coronal that coiling vipers ma  
 The torch that flames with ma  
 lurid flake,

And the long train of doleful page  
 Which they behold, whom ven  
 furies haunt :

Who, while they struggle from  
 scourge to flee,

Move where the blasted soil is  
 unworn,

And, in their anguish, bear what  
 minds have borne !"

But shapes that come not at an ea  
 call

Will not depart when mortal v  
 bid :

of the visionary eye whose lid  
 raised, remains aghast and will  
 not fall !  
 words, thought he, that servile im-  
 plement  
 ; a mystical intent !  
 minister would brush away  
 pots that to my soul adhere ;  
 would she labour night and day,  
 will not, cannot disappear ;  
 cease angry perturbations,—and that  
 look  
 which no philosophy can brook !

ed chief ; there are whose hopes  
 re built  
 the ruins of thy glorious name ;  
 through the portal of one  
 moment's guilt,  
 e thee with their deadly aim !  
 tchless perfidy ! portentous lust  
 monstrous crime ?—that horror-  
 striking blade,  
 n in defiance of the gods, hath  
 aid  
 noble Syracusan low in dust !  
 der the walls—the marble city  
 wept—

sylvan places heaved a pensive  
 sigh ;  
 n calm peace the appointed victim  
 slept,  
 e had fallen in magnanimity ;  
 irit too capacious to require  
 destiny her course should change ;  
 too just  
 is own native greatness to desire  
 wretched boon, days lengthened  
 by mistrust.  
 vere the hopeless troubles, that  
 involved.

Released from life and cares of  
 princely state,  
 He left this moral grafted on his  
 fate—  
 “Him only pleasure leads, and peace  
 attends,  
 Him, only him, the shield of Jove  
 defends,  
 Whose means are fair and spotless  
 as his ends.”

---

### MEMORY.

A PEN—to register ; a key—  
 That winds through secret wards ;  
 Are well assigned to memory  
 By allegoric bards.

As aptly, also, might be given  
 A pencil to her hand ;  
 That, softening objects, sometimes even  
 Outstrips the heart's demand ;

That smooths foregone distress, the lines  
 Of lingering care subdues,  
 Long-vanished happiness refines,  
 And clothes in brighter hues.

Yet, like a tool of fancy, works  
 Those spectres to dilate  
 That startle conscience, as she lurks  
 Within her lonely seat.

Oh, that our lives, which flee so fast,  
 In purity were such,  
 That not an image of the past  
 Should fear that pencil's touch !

Retirement then might hourly look  
 Upon a soothing scene,  
 Age steal to his allotted nook,

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,  
In frosty moonlight glistening ;  
Or mountain rivers, where they creep  
Along a channel smooth and deep,  
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

---

### ODE TO DUTY.

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more ed  
perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere  
possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."

STERN daughter of the voice of God !  
O Duty ! if that name thou love,  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove ;  
Thou who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe ;  
From vain temptations dost set free ;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail  
humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth ;  
Glad hearts ! without reproach or  
blot ;  
Who do thy work, and know it not :  
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread  
Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
Yet seek thy firm support, according  
to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust  
And oft, when in my heart was he  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to st  
But thee I now would serve  
strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul  
Or strong compunction in me wrought  
I supplicate for thy control ;  
But in the quietness of thought :  
Me this unchartered freedom tires  
I feel the weight of chance-desires  
My hopes no more must change  
name,  
I long for a repose that ever i  
same.

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant garb  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face :  
Flowers laugh before thee on  
beds ;  
And fragrance in thy footing tread  
Thou dost preserve the stars  
wrong ;  
And the most ancient heavens, th  
thee, are fresh and strong

To humbler functions, awful power  
I call thee : I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour  
Oh, let my weakness have an end  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
The confidence of reason give ;  
And in the light of truth thy boon  
let me live !

## A CHARACTER.

ARVEL how Nature could ever find  
space [human face :  
so many strange contrasts in one  
re's thought and no thought, and  
there's paleness and bloom  
bustle and sluggishness, pleasure  
and gloom.

re's weakness, and strength both  
redundant and vain ; [pain  
h strength as, if ever affliction and  
ld pierce through a temper that's  
soft to disease,  
ld be rational peace—a philoso-  
pher's ease.

re's indifference, alike when he fails  
or succeeds,  
attention full ten times as much as  
there needs ;  
le where there's no envy, there's so  
much of joy ; [and coy.  
d mildness, and spirit both forward

re's freedom, and sometimes a  
diffident stare  
shame scarcely seeming to know  
that she's there,  
re's virtue, the title it surely may  
claim,  
wants heaven knows what to be  
worthy the name.

s picture from nature may seem to  
depart,  
the Man would at once run away  
with your heart ;  
d I for five centuries right gladly  
would be  
h an odd such a kind happy  
creature as he.

## ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest  
attribute,  
And written words the glory of his  
hand ;  
Then followed Printing with enlarged  
command  
For thought — dominion vast and  
absolute  
For spreading truth, and making love  
expand.  
Now prose and verse sunk into dis-  
repute [suit  
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can  
The taste of this once-intellectual Land.  
A backward movement surely have we  
here,  
From manhood—back to childhood ;  
for the age—  
Back towards caverned life's first rude  
career.  
Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page !  
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and  
ear  
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a  
lower stage !

## A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Lo ! where the Moon along the sky  
Sails with her happy destiny ;  
Oft is she hid from mortal eye  
Or dimly seen,  
But when the clouds asunder fly  
How bright her mien !  
Far different we—a froward race,  
Thousands though rich in Fortune's  
grace  
With cherished sullenness of pace  
Their way pursue,  
Ingrates who wear a smileless face  
The whole year through.



If kindred humours e'er would make  
 My spirit droop for drooping's sake,  
 From Fancy following in thy wake,  
     Bright ship of heaven !  
 A counter impulse let me take  
     And be forgiven.

---

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF  
 THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

WHO rashly strove thy Image to  
 portray ?

Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air ;  
 How could he think of the live crea-  
     ture—gay

With a divinity of colours, drest  
 In all her brightness, from the dancing  
     crest

Far as the last gleam of the filmy  
     train

Extended and extending to sustain  
 The motions that it graces—and for-  
     bear

To drop his pencil ! Flowers of every  
     clime

Depicted on these pages smile at  
     time ;

And gorgeous insects copied with nice  
     care

Are here, and likenesses of many a  
     shell

Tossed ashore by restless waves,  
 Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from  
     caves

Where sea-nymphs might be proud to  
     dwell :

But whose rash hand (again I ask)  
     could dare,

'Mid casual tokens and promise  
     • shows,  
 To circumscribe this Shape in  
     repose ;

Could imitate for indolent survey,  
 Perhaps for touch profane,  
 Plumes that might catch, but c  
     keep, a stain ;

And, with cloud-streaks lightest  
     loftiest, share

The sun's first greeting, his last  
     well ray !

Resplendent Wanderer ! fol  
     with glad eyes

Where'er her course ; mysterious  
 To whom, by wondering Fancy's  
 Eastern Islanders have given

A holy name—the Bird of Heav  
 And even a title higher still,

The Bird of God ! whose blessed  
 She seems performing as she flies

Over the earth and through the s  
 In never-wearied search of Parad

Region that crowns her beauty w  
     name

She bears for us—for us how ble  
 How happy at all seasons, cou'  
     aim

Uphold our Spirits urged to k  
 On wings that fear no glance of  
     pure sight,

No tempest from his breath  
     promised rest

Seeking with indefatigable quest  
 Above a world that deems itself  
     wise

When most enslaved by gross re

# YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS,

POSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

IN TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1834.

## YARROW REVISITED.

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a  
passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other  
nds, visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under  
guidance, immediately before his departure  
Abbotsford, for Naples.]

gallant Youth, who may have  
gained,

He seeks, a "Winsome Marrow,"

But an Infant in the lap

When first I looked on Yarrow ;

He more, by Newark's Castle-gate

Long left without a Warder, [Thee,

stood, looked, listened, and with

Great Minstrel of the Border !

His thoughts ruled wide on that sweet

His dignity installing [day,

Gentle bosoms, while sere leaves

Were on the bough, or falling ;

The breezes played, and sunshine

The forest to embolden ; [gleamed—

Darkened the fiery hues, and shot

Transparence through the golden.

His busy thoughts the Stream flowed on

In foamy agitation ;

He slept in many a crystal pool

For quiet contemplation :

He public and no private care

The freeborn mind entralling,

He made a day of happy hours,

For happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of  
youth,

With freaks of graceful folly,—

Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,

Her Night not melancholy,

Past, present, future, all appeared

In harmony united, [far,

Like guests that meet, and some from

By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods

And down the meadow ranging,

Did meet us with unaltered face,

Though we were changed and

changing ;

If, *then*, some natural shadows spread

Our inward prospect over,

The soul's deep valley was not slow

Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,

And her divine employment ! [Sons

The blameless Muse, who trains her

For hope and calm enjoyment ;

Albeit sickness lingering yet

Has o'er their pillow brooded ;

And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite

Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT ! compelled to change

Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot

For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes ;

And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot

For mild Sorento's breezy waves ;  
 May classic Fancy, linking  
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
 Preserve thy heart from sinking !

O ! while they minister to thee,  
 Each vying with the other,  
 May Health return to Mellow Age,  
 With Strength, her venturous  
 brother ;  
 And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
 Renowned in song and story,  
 With unimagined beauty shine,  
 Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,  
 By tales of love and sorrow,  
 Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
 Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;  
 And streams unknown, hills yet un-  
 seen,  
 Wherever they invite thee,  
 At parent Nature's grateful call,  
 With gladness must requite Thee

A gracious welcome shall be thine,  
 Such looks of love and honour  
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
 When first I gazed upon her ;  
 Beheld what I had feared to see,  
 Unwilling to surrender  
 Dreams treasured up from early days,  
 The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all  
 That mortals do or suffer,  
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
 Memorial tribute offer ?  
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self ?  
 Her features, could they win us,  
 Unhelped by the poetic voice  
 That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localised Romance  
 Plays false with our affections  
 Unsanctifies our tears—made spo  
 For fanciful dejections :  
 Ah, no ! the visions of the past  
 Sustain the heart in feeling  
 Life as she is—our changeful Life  
 With friends and kindred dealing

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts  
 day  
 In Yarrow's groves were centre  
 Who through the silent portal are  
 Of mouldering Newark enter'd,  
 And clomb the winding stair that  
 Too timidly was mounted  
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last)  
 Ere he his Tale recounted !

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream  
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
 Well pleased that future Bards shall  
 chant  
 For simple hearts thy beauty,  
 To dream-light dear while yet un-  
 Dear to the common sunshine,  
 And dearer still, as now I feel,  
 To memory's shadowy moonshi

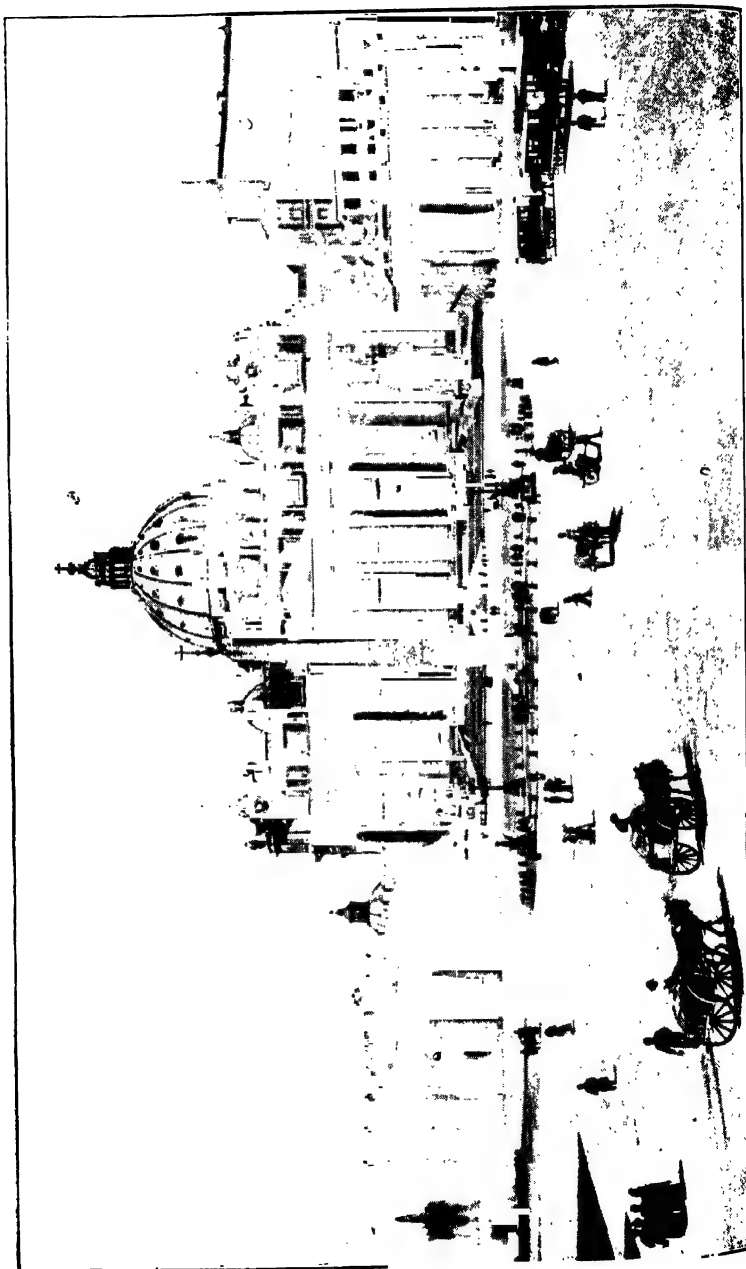
## SONNETS.

## I.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR W.  
 SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD  
 NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or we  
 rain,  
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic  
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's  
 height :  
 Spirits of Power, assembled  
 complain





"Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome."

or kindred Power departing from  
 their sight;  
 hile Tweed, best pleased in chanting  
 a blithe strain,  
 ddens his voice again, and yet again.  
 ft up your hearts, ye Mourners! for  
 the might

the whole world's good wishes with  
 him goes;  
 ssings and prayers in nobler retinue  
 an sceptred King or laurelled Con-  
 queror knows,  
 llow this wondrous Potentate. Be  
 true,  
 winds of ocean, and the midland  
 sea,  
 fting your Charge to soft Parthen-  
 ope!

## II.

PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH  
OF SCOTLAND.

or fenced by man, part by a rugged  
 steep  
 at curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-  
 yard lies;  
 e Hare's best couching-place for  
 fearless sleep;  
 ich moonlit Elves, far seen by  
 credulous eyes,  
 er in dance. Of Church, or Sab-  
 bath ties, [creep  
 vestige now remains; yet thither  
 eft Ones, and in lowly anguish  
 weep  
 ir prayers out to the wind and  
 naked skies.  
 ud tomb is none; but rudely-  
 'sculptured knights,  
 humble choice of plain old times,  
 are seen  
 el with earth, among the hillocks.  
 green:  
 wo.

Union not sad, when sunny daybreak  
 smites  
 The spangled turf, and neighbouring  
 thickets ring  
 With *jubilant* from the choirs of  
 spring!

## III.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE  
SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing  
 hills,  
 Among the happiest-looking Homes of  
 men [glen,  
 Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep  
 On airy upland, and by forest rills,  
 And o'er wide plains cheered by the  
 lark that trills  
 His sky-born warblings; does aught  
 meet your ken

More fit to animate the Poet's pen,  
 Aught that more surely by its aspect  
 fills [Abode  
 Pure minds with sinless envy, than the  
 Of the good Priest: who, faithful  
 through all hours  
 To his high charge, and truly serving  
 God,  
 Has yet a heart and hand for trees  
 and flowers,  
 Enjoys the walks his Predecessors  
 trod,  
 Nor covets lineal rights in lands and  
 towers.

## IV.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING  
A STORM.

THE wind is now thy organist;—a  
 clank  
 (We know not whence) ministers for  
 a bell  
 To mark some change of service. As  
 the swell

Of music reached its height, and even  
 when sank  
 The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a  
 blank  
 Of silence, how it thrilled thy sump-  
 tuous roof,  
 Pillars, and arches—not in vain time-  
 proof,  
 Though Christian rites be wanting!  
 From what bank  
 Came those live herbs? by what hand  
 were they sown  
 Where dew falls not, where rain-drops  
 seem unknown?  
 Yet in the Temple they a friendly  
 niche  
 Share with their sculptured fellows,  
 that, green-grown,  
 Copy their beauty more and more,  
 and preach,  
 Though mute, of all things blending  
 into one.

## v.

## THE TROSSACHS.

THERE's not a nook within this solemn  
 Pass,  
 But were an apt confessional for One  
 Taught by his summer spent, his  
 autumn gone,  
 That Life is but a tale of morning  
 grass  
 Withered at eve. From scenes of art  
 which chase  
 That thought away, turn, and with  
 watchful eyes  
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more  
 clear than glass  
 Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice  
 happy quest,  
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
 (October's workmanship to rival May)

The pensive warbler of the m  
 breast  
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-ta  
 lay,  
 Lulling the year, with all its care  
 rest.

## vi.

THE Pibroch's note, discountenar  
 or mute;  
 The Roman kilt, degraded to a to  
 Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt b  
 The target mouldering like ungath  
 fruit;  
 The smoking steam-boat eager in  
 suit,  
 As eagerly pursued; the umb  
 spread  
 To weather-fend the Celtic herds  
 head—  
 All speak of manners withering to  
 root,  
 And of old honours, too, and pass  
 high:  
 Then may we ask, though pleased  
 thought should range  
 Among the conquests of civility,  
 Survives imagination—to the chang  
 Superior? Help to virtue does  
 give?  
 If not, O Mortals, better cease to l

## vii.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOC  
 ETIVE.

THIS Land of Rainbows, spann  
 glens whose walls,  
 Rock-built, are hung with rain  
 coloured mists,  
 Of far-stretched meres, whose  
 flood never rests,  
 Of tuneful caves and playful w  
 falls, [cres  
 Of mountains varying momentarily t

roud be this Land! whose poorest  
 huts are halls  
 There Fancy entertains becoming  
 guests; [calls.  
 While native song the heroic Past re-  
 thus, in the net of her own wishes  
 caught, [must hide  
 The Muse exclaimed; but Story now  
 her trophies, Fancy crouch;—the  
 course of pride  
 has been diverted, other lessons  
 taught, [head  
 That make the Patriot-spirit bow her  
 There the all-conquering Roman  
 feared to tread.

## VIII.

## EAGLES.

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE, IN THE  
 BAY OF OBAN.

ISHONOURED Rock and Ruin! that,  
 by law [barred  
 tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove em-  
 like a lone criminal whose life is  
 spared.

exed is he, and screams aloud. The  
 last I saw [with awe  
 as on the wing; stooping, he struck  
 lan, bird, and beast; then, with a  
 consort paired,

rom a bold headland, their loved  
 aery's guard,  
 low high above Atlantic waves, to  
 draw [sun.

ight from the fountain of the setting  
 ach was this Prisoner once; and,  
 when his plumes

The sea-blast ruffles as the storm  
 comes on, [sumes

hen, for a moment, he, in spirit, re-  
 lis rank 'mong freeborn creatures that  
 live free,

lis power, his beauty, and his majesty.

## IX.

## IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion,  
 throw

Thy veil, in mercy, o'er the records  
 hung

Round strath and mountain, stamped  
 by the ancient tongue

On rock and ruin darkening as we  
 go,—

Spots where a word, ghost-like, sur-  
 vives to show

What crimes from hate, or desperate  
 love, have sprung;

From honour misconceived, or fancied  
 wrong,

What feuds, not quenched but fed by  
 mutual woe:

Yet, though a wild vindictive Race,  
 untamed

By civil arts and labours of the pen,  
 Could gentleness be scorned by those  
 fierce Men,

Who, to spread wide the reverence  
 they claimed

For patriarchal occupations, named  
 Yon towering peaks, "Shepherds of  
 Etive Glen?" \*

## X.

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian  
 crook,

And all that Greece and Italy have  
 sung

Of Swains reposing myrtle groves  
 among!

Ours couch on naked rocks, will cross  
 a brook

Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast  
 a look

\* In Gaelic, *Buachaill Eite*.



This way or that, or give it even a  
 thought [be brought  
 More than by smoothest pathway may  
 Into a vacant mind. Can written  
 book  
 Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy  
 Mountaineer!  
 And guide the Bard, ambitious to be  
 one  
 Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,  
 On cloud-sequestered heights, that see  
 and hear  
 To what dread Powers He delegates  
 his part [heavens, alone.  
 On earth, who works in the heaven of

## XI.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED  
 MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-  
 PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the  
 Grave, in strains  
 Thoughtful and sad, the "Narrow  
 House." No style  
 Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile  
 Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where  
 he detains  
 The sleeping dust, stern Death: how  
 reconcile  
 With truth, or with each other, decked  
 Remains [Pile,  
 Of a once warm Abode, and that *new*  
 For the departed, built with curious  
 pains  
 And mausolean pomp? Yet here they  
 stand [bowers,  
 Together,—'mid trim walks and artful  
 To be looked down upon by ancient  
 hills, [demand  
 That, for the living and the dead,  
 And prompt a harmony of genuine  
 powers, [stills.  
 Concord that elevates the mind, and

## XII.

"REST AND BE THANKFUL,  
 AT THE HEAD OF GLENCOE,  
 DOUBLING and doubling with labor  
 walk,  
 Who, that has gained at length  
 wished-for Height,  
 This brief this simple way-side call  
 slight,  
 And rests not thankful? Who  
 cheered by talk  
 With some loved Friend, or by  
 unseen Hawk  
 Whistling to clouds and sky-  
 streams, that shine  
 At the sun's outbreak, as with  
 divine,  
 Ere they descend to nourish root  
 stalk  
 Of valley flowers. Nor, while  
 limbs repose,  
 Will we forget that, as the Fowl  
 keep  
 Absolute stillness, poised aloft in a  
 And Fishes front, unmoved, the  
 rent's sweep,—  
 So may the Soul, through powers  
 Faith bestows,  
 Win rest, and ease, and peace,  
 bliss that Angels share.

## XIII.

HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck  
 earth-built Cot,  
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing wh  
 and how it may,  
 Shines in the greeting of the S  
 first ray  
 Like wreaths of vapour without  
 or blot.  
 The limpid mountain rill avoi  
 not;

d why shouldst thou? If rightly  
trained and bred,  
manity is humble,—finds no spot  
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse  
to tread.

he walls are cracked, sunk is the  
flowery roof,  
addressed the pathway leading to the  
door;

it love, as Nature loves, the lonely  
Poor;

arch, for their worth, some gentle  
heart wrong-proof,

weak, patient, kind, and, were its trials  
fewer,

like less happy.—Stand no more  
aloof!

## XIV.

## THE BROWNIE.

Upon a small island not far from the head  
Loch Lomond are some remains of an  
ancient building, which was for several years  
abode of a solitary Individual, one of the  
survivors of the Clan of Macfarlane, once  
powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along  
the shore opposite this island in the year 1814,  
the Author learned these particulars, and that  
a person then living there had acquired the  
reputation of "*The Brownie*." The following  
Sonnet is a sequel to the Brownie's Cell, p.  
[.]

How disappeared he?" Ask the  
newt and toad;

Ask of his fellow men, and they will  
tell

How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;  
Here he, unpropp'd, and by the  
gathering flood

Years hemm'd round, had dwelt,  
Prepared to try

Evil's worst extremities, and die  
With no one near save the omnipresent  
God.

Verily so to live was an awful  
choice—

A choice that wears the aspect of a  
doom;

But in the mould of mercy all is  
cast

For Souls familiar with the eternal  
Voice;

And this forgotten Taper to the last  
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful  
gloom.

## XV.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING  
STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

THOUGH joy attend thee orient at the  
birth

Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit  
most

To watch thy course when Day-light,  
fled from earth,

In the gray sky hath left his lingering  
ghost,

Perplexed as if between a splendour  
lost

And splendour slowly mustering. Since  
the Sun,

The absolute, the world-absorbing  
One,

Relinquished half his empire to the  
host

Emboldened by thy guidance, holy  
Star,

Holy as princely, who that looks on  
thee

Touching, as now, in thy humility  
'The mountain borders of this seat of  
care,

Can question that thy countenance is  
bright,

Celestial Power, as much with love as  
light?

## XVI.

## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

(PASSED UNSEEN, ON ACCOUNT OF  
STORMY WEATHER.)

IMMURED in Bothwell's Towers, at  
times the Brave

(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.

Once on those steeps *I* roamed at  
large, and have [sight ;

In mind the landscape, as if still in  
The river glides, the woods before me  
wave ; [crave

The why repine that now in vain *I*  
Needless renewal of an old delight.

Better to thank a dear and long-past  
day

For joy its sunny hours were free to  
give

Than blame the present, that our wish  
hath crost.

Memory, like Sleep, hath powers  
which dreams obey,

Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not  
fugitive :

How little that she cherishes is lost !

## XVII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN  
AT HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood  
And fresh with rivers, well did it  
become

The Ducal Owner, in his Palace-home  
To naturalise this tawny Lion brood ;  
Children of Art, that claim strange  
brotherhood,

Couched in their Den, *with* those that  
roam at large

Over the burning wilderness, and  
charge

The wind with terror while they roar  
for food.

Satiate are *these* ; and stilled to eye  
ear ;

Hence, while we gaze, a more endu  
fear ;

Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would  
Daunt him—if his Companions, *I*  
bedrowsed

Outstretched and listless, were  
hunger roused :

Man placed him here, and God,  
knows, can save.

## XVIII.

## THE AVON.

(A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN.)

AVON—a precious, an immortal nar  
Yet is it one that other Rivu  
bear

Like this unheard-of, and their ch  
nels wear

Like this contented, though unkno  
to Fame :

For great and sacred is the mod  
claim

Of streams to Nature's love, where  
they flow ;

And ne'er did genius slight them,  
they go,

Tree, flower, and green herb, feedi  
without blame.

But Praise can waste her voice on w  
of tears,

Anguish, and death : full oft wh  
innocent blood

Has mixed its current with the lim  
flood,

Her heaven-offending trophies Gl  
rears ;

Never for like distinction may  
good

Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, w  
unpleased ears !

## XIX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN 'EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST:

The forest huge of ancient Caledon  
but a name, no more is Inglewood,  
at swept from hill to hill, from  
flood to flood :

her last thorn the nightly Moon  
has shone ;

still, though inappropriate Wild  
be none,

for parks spread wide where Adam  
Bell might deign

Oh Clym o' the Clough, were they  
alive again,

kill for merry feast their venison.

He wants the holy Abbot's gliding  
Shade

Church with monumental wreck  
bestrown ;

of feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost un-  
laid,

Oh still his Castle, though a Skele-  
ton,

that he may watch by night, and  
lessons con [that fade.

Power that perishes, and Rights

## XX.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

There stood an Oak, that long had  
borne affixed [art,

his huge trunk, or, with more subtle  
long its withering topmost branches

mixed,  
palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,

from the dog Hercules pursued—his  
part

Oh desperately sustaining, till at last  
he sank and died, the life-veins of

the chased [smart.  
chaser bursting here with one dire

Mutual the Victory, mutual the De-  
feat!

High was the trophy hung with pitiless  
pride ;

Say, rather, with that generous sym-  
pathy

That wants not, even in rudest breasts,  
a seat ;

And, for this feeling's sake, let no one  
chide

Verse that would guard thy memory,  
*Hart's-horn Tree!*

## XXI.

COUNTESS' PILLAR.

[On the roadside between Penrith and  
Appleby, there stands a pillar with the follow-  
ing inscription :—

" This pillar was erected, in the year 1656,  
by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, etc.,  
for a memorial of her last parting with her  
pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager  
of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April, 1616; in  
memory whereof she hath left an annuity of  
4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish  
of Brougham, every 2nd day of April for ever,  
upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus  
Deo!*" ]

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the  
end of time

May this bright flower of Charity dis-  
play

Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed  
day ;

Flower than the loveliest of the vernal  
prime

Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's  
purest clime!

" Charity never faileth : " on that creed,  
More than on written testament or  
deed,

The pious Lady built with hope sub-  
lime.

Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for  
ever!*

"*Laus Deo.*" Many a Stranger passing by  
 Has with that parting mixed a filial  
 sigh,  
 Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour;  
 And, fastening on those lines an eye  
 tear-glazed,  
 Has ended, though no Clerk, with  
 "God be praised!"

## XXII.

## ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we cull,  
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious  
 Rome,

Unless they chasten fancies that presume

Too high, or idle agitations lull!

Of the world's flatteries if the brain be  
 full,

To have no seat for thought were  
 better doom,

Like this old helmet, or the eyeless  
 skull

[plume.

Of him who gloried in its nodding  
 Heaven out of view, our wishes what  
 are they?

Our fond regrets, tenacious in their  
 grasp?

The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay?

Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;

Obsolete lamps, whose light no time  
 recalls;

Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

## APOLOGY,

FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS.

No more: the end is sudden and  
 abrupt,

[sign

Abrupt—as without preconceived de-

Was the beginning, yet the se  
 . Lays

Have moved in order, to each  
 bound

By a continuous and acknowle  
 tie

Though unapparent, like those Sh  
 distinct

That yet survive ensculptured on  
 walls

Of Palaces, or Temples, 'mid  
 wreck

Of famed Persepolis; each follo  
 each,

As might beseem a stately embass  
 In set array; these bearing in  
 hands

Ensign of civil power, weapon of v  
 Or gift, to be presented at the Thr

Of the Great King; and others, as  
 go

In priestly vest, with holy offer  
 charged,

Or leading victims drest for sacrific  
 Nor will the Power we serve,  
 sacred Power,

The Spirit of humanity, disdain  
 A ministration, humble but sincere

That from a threshold loved by e  
 Muse

Its impulse took—that sorrow-stric  
 Whence, as a current from its foun

head,  
 Our thoughts have issued, and our

ings flowed,  
 Receiving, willingly or not, f

strength  
 From kindred sources; while are

us sighed  
 (Life's three first seasons having pa

away)  
 Leaf-scattering winds, and hoar

sprinklings fell,

retaste of winter, on the moorland  
 heights;  
 and every day brought with it tidings  
 new  
 rash change, ominous for the  
 public weal.  
 Hence, if dejection has too oft en-  
 croached  
 on that sweet and tender melan-  
 choly  
 which may itself be cherished and  
 caressed  
 more than enough, a fault so natural,  
 even with the young, the hopeful, or  
 the gay, [in vain.  
 prompt forgiveness will not sue

## THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

so Tradition faith be due,  
 echoes from old verse speak true,  
 the meek Saint, Columba, bore  
 tidings to Iona's shore,  
 common light of nature blessed  
 a mountain region of the west,  
 and where gentle manners ruled  
 men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
 it raised, for centuries, a bar  
 serious to the tide of war;  
 peaceful Arts did entrance gain  
 ere haughty Force had striven in  
 vain;  
 'mid the works of skilful hands,  
 wanderers brought from foreign  
 lands  
 various climes, was not unknown  
 a clasp that fixed the Roman  
 Gown;  
 Fibula, whose shape, I ween,  
 in the Highland Broach is seen,  
 a silver Broach of massy frame,  
 on at the breast of some grave  
 Dame  
 wo.

On road or path, or at the door  
 Of fern-thatched Hut on heathy  
 moor:

But delicate of yore its mould,  
 And the material finest gold;  
 As might beseem the fairest Fair,  
 Whether she graced a royal chair,  
 Or shed, within a vaulted Hall,  
 No fancied lustre on the wall  
 Where shields of mighty Heroes hung,  
 While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic Age expired—it slept  
 Deep in its tomb:—the bramble crept  
 O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod  
 Grew on the floors his Sons had trod:  
 Malvina! where art thou? Their state  
 The noblest-born must abdicate,  
 The fairest, while with fire and sword,  
 Come Spoilers—horde impelling horde,  
 Must walk the sorrowing mountains,  
 drest

By ruder hands in homelier vest.  
 Yet still the female bosom lent,  
 And loved to borrow, ornament;  
 Still was its inner world a place  
 Reached by the dews of heavenly  
 grace;  
 Still pity to this last retreat  
 Clove fondly; to his favourite seat  
 Love wound his way by soft approach,  
 Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage  
 Yet fiercer, in a darker age;  
 And feuds, where, clan encountering  
 clan,

The weaker perished to a man;  
 For maid and mother, when despair  
 Might else have triumphed, baffling  
 prayer,  
 One small possession lacked not power,  
 Provided in a calmer hour,

To meet such need as might befall—  
 Roof, raiment, bread, or burial :  
 For woman, even of tears bereft,  
 The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go,  
 Their arts, their customs, ebb and  
 flow ;

Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers  
 away,

And feeble, of themselves, decay ;  
 What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,  
 In which the castle once took pride !  
 Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,  
 If saved at all, are saved by stealth.

Lo ! ships, from seas by nature barred,  
 Mount along ways by man prepared ;  
 And in far-stretching vales, whose  
 streams

Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.  
 Lo ! busy towns spring up, on coasts  
 Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts ;  
 Soon, like a lingering star forlorn  
 Among the novelties of morn,  
 While young delights on old encroach,  
 Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless  
 bed,

Like vapours, years have rolled and  
 spread

And this poor verse, and worthier lays,  
 Shall yield no light of love or praise,  
 Then, by the spade, or cleaving  
 plough,

Or torrent from the mountain's brow,  
 Or whirlwind, reckless what his might  
 Entombs, or forces into light,  
 Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,  
 That oft befriends Antiquity,  
 And clears Oblivion from reproach,  
 May render back the Highland  
 Broach.

## THE EGYPTIAN MAID;

OR,

### THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY.

[For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the romance of Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add, that the bust of the goddess appearing out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once in the collection of the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.]

WHILE Merlin paced the Co-  
 sands,

Forth-looking toward the Rock  
 Scilly,

The pleased Enchanter was aware  
 Of a bright Ship that seemed  
 hanging in air,

Yet was she work of mortal hands  
 And took from men her name—  
 WATER LILY.

Such was the wind, that land  
 blew ;

And, as the Moon, o'er some  
 hill ascendant,

Grows from a little edge of light  
 To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright  
 Became, as nearer to the Coast  
 drew,

More glorious, with spread sail  
 streaming pendant.

Upon this wingèd Shape so fair  
 Sage Merlin gazed with admiration  
 Her lineaments, thought he, sur-  
 Aught that was ever shown in  
 glass ;

Was ever built with patient care  
 Or, at a touch, produced by hap-  
 transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose  
 skill  
 blames the degenerate grasp of  
 modern science,  
 brave Merlin (and belike the more  
 for practising occult and perilous  
 lore)  
 Was subject to a freakish will  
 That sapped good thoughts, or scared  
 them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast  
 An altered look upon the advancing  
 Stranger  
 Whom he had hailed with joy, and  
 cried,  
 'My Art shall help to tame her  
 pride—'  
 Anon the breeze became a blast,  
 And the waves rose, and sky portended  
 danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign  
 Traced on the beach, his work the  
 Sorcerer urges;  
 The clouds in blacker clouds are  
 lost,  
 Like spiteful Fiends that vanish,  
 crossed  
 By Fiends of aspect more malign;  
 And the winds roused the Deep with  
 fiercer scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore  
 Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant  
 Galley;  
 Supreme in loveliness and grace  
 Of motion, whether in the embrace  
 Of trusty anchorage, or scudding  
 o'er  
 The main flood roughened into hill  
 and valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves  
 Her sides, the Wizard's craft con-  
 founding;  
 Like something out of Ocean  
 sprung  
 To be for ever fresh and young,  
 Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge  
 waves  
 Top-gallant high, rebounding and re-  
 bounding!

But Ocean under magic heaves,  
 And cannot spare the Thing he  
 cherished:  
 Ah! what avails that She was fair,  
 Luminous, blithe, and debonair?  
 The storm has stripped her of her  
 leaves;  
 The Lily floats no longer!—She hath  
 perished.

Grieve for her,—She deserves no  
 less;  
 So like, yet so unlike, a living  
 Creature!  
 No heart had she, no busy brain;  
 Though loved, she could not love,  
 again;  
 Though pitied, *feel* her own dis-  
 tress;  
 Nor aught that troubles us, the fools  
 of Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing  
 tears;  
 So richly was this Galley laden;  
 A fairer than ~~the~~ *Herself* she bore,  
 And, in her struggles, cast ashore;  
 A lovely One, who nothing hears  
 Of wind or wave—a meek and guile-  
 less Maiden.



Into a cave had Merlin fled  
 From mischief, caused by spells  
 himself had muttered ;  
 And, while repentant all too late,  
 In moody posture there he sate,  
 He heard a voice, and saw, with  
 half-raised head,  
 A Visitant by whom these words were  
 uttered :

“ On Christian service this frail Bark  
 Sailed ” (hear me, Merlin !) “ under  
 high protection,  
 Though on her prow a sign of  
 heathen power  
 Was carved—a Goddess with a Lily  
 flower,  
 The old Egyptian’s emblematic  
 mark  
 Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

“ Her course was for the British  
 strand,  
 Her freight it was a Damsel peer-  
 less ;  
 God reigns above, and Spirits  
 strong  
 May gather to avenge this wrong  
 Done to the Princess, and her  
 Land  
 Which she in duty left, sad but not  
 cheerless.

“ And to Caerleon’s loftiest tower  
 Soon will the Knights of Arthur’s  
 Table  
 A cry of lamentation send ;  
 And all will weep who there attend,  
 To grace that Stranger’s bridal hour,  
 For whom the sea was made unnavi-  
 gable.

“ Shame ! should a Child of Ro-  
 ‘ Line  
 Die through the blindness of  
 malice : ”  
 Thus to the Necromancer spake  
 Nina, the Lady of the Lake,  
 A gentle Sorceress, and benign,  
 Who ne’er embittered any good ma-  
 chalice.

“ What boots,” continued she, “  
 mourn ?  
 To expiate thy sin endeavour !  
 From the bleak isle where she  
 laid,  
 Fetched by our art, the Egypt  
 Maid  
 May yet to Arthur’s court be born  
 Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ev-

“ My pearly Boat, a shining Light,  
 That brought me down that sun-  
 river,  
 Will bear me on from wave to wave  
 And back with her to this sea-cave  
 Then Merlin ! for a rapid flight  
 Through air to thee my charge will  
 deliver.

“ The very swiftest of thy Cars  
 Must, when my part is done,  
 ready ;  
 Meanwhile, for further guidance  
 look  
 Into thy own prophetic book ;  
 And, if that fail, consult the Stars  
 To learn thy course ; farewell !  
 prompt and steady.”

This scarcely spoken, she again  
 Was seated in her gleaming Shallop  
 That, o’er the yet-distempered Deep

Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,  
Or like a steed, without a rein,  
Raged o'er the wilderness in sportive  
gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach  
That Isle without a house or haven ;  
Landing, she found not what she  
sought,  
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught  
But a carved Lotus cast upon the  
beach  
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble  
graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while !  
For gently each from each retreating  
With backward curve, the leaves  
revealed  
The bosom half, and half concealed,  
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile  
On Nina as she passed, with hopeful  
greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,  
Of tortured hope and purpose  
shaken ;  
Following the margin of a bay,  
She spied the lonely Cast-away,  
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,  
With closed eyes,—of breath and  
bloom forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, em-  
braced,  
With tenderness and mild emotion,  
The Damsel, in that trance em-  
bound ;  
And, while she raised her from the  
ground,  
And in the pearly shallop placed,  
Deep fell upon the air, and stilled the  
ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs  
Of music opened, and there came a  
blending  
Of fragrance, underived from earth,  
With gleams that owed not to the  
Sun their birth,  
And that soft rustling of invisible  
wings  
Which Angels make, on works of love  
descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice  
Than if the Goddess of the Flower  
had spoken :  
"Thou hast achieved, fair Dame!  
what none  
Less pure in spirit could have  
done ;  
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice !  
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, suc-  
cess betoken."

So cheered she left that Island  
bleak,  
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster ;  
And, as they traversed the smooth  
brine,  
The self-illuminated Brigantine  
Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan  
cheek  
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when  
they came  
To the dim cavern, whence the  
river  
Issued into the salt-sea flood,  
Merlin, as fixed in thought he  
stood,  
Was thus accosted by the Dame :  
"Behold to thee my Charge I now  
deliver.

"But where attends thy chariot—  
where?"

Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden,  
So have I done; as trusty as thy  
barge

My vehicle shall prove—O precious  
Charge!

If this be sleep, how soft! if death,  
how fair!

Much have my books disclosed, but  
the end is hidden."

He spake, and gliding into view  
Forth from the grotto's dimmest  
chamber

Came two mute Swans, whose  
plumes of dusky white

Changed, as the pair approached the  
light

Drawing an ebon car, their hue  
(Like clouds of sunset) into lucid  
amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift  
The Princess, passive to all changes:

The car received her; then up-went  
Into the ethereal element

The Birds with progress smooth and  
swift

As thought, when through bright  
regions memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,  
Instructs the Swans their way to  
measure;

And soon Caerle's towers ap-  
peared,

And notes of minstrelsy were heard  
From rich pavilions spreading wide,  
For some high day of long-expected  
pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both King  
and Dames

Ere on firm ground the car alight  
Eftsoons astonishment was past,

For in that face they saw the last  
Last lingering look of clay,

tanies

All pride, by which all happiness  
blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty King,  
Lords,

Away with feast and tilt and  
ney!

Ye saw, throughout this R  
House,

Ye heard, a rocking marvellous  
Of turrets, and a clash of swords

Self-shaken, as I closed my  
journey.

"Lo! by a destiny well known  
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow  
This is the wished-for Bride,  
Maid

Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed  
Where she by shipwreck had  
thrown;

Ill sight! but grief may vanish ere  
morrow."

"Though vast thy power, thy  
are weak,"

Exclaimed the King, "a most  
hateful;

Dutiful Child! her lot how hard  
Is this her piety's reward?

Those watery locks, that blooming  
cheek!

O winds without remorse! O shores  
grateful!

"Rich robes are fretted by the  
moth;  
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of  
thunder;  
Will that, or deeper thoughts,  
abate  
A Father's sorrow for her fate?  
He will repent him of his troth;  
; brain will burn, his stout heart  
split asunder.

Alas! and I have caused this woe;  
For, when my prowess from invading  
Neighbours  
Had freed his Realm, he plighted  
word  
That he would turn to Christ our  
Lord,  
And his dear Daughter on a Knight  
bestow  
Whom I should choose for love and  
matchless labours.

"Her birth was heathen, but a  
fence  
Of holy Angels round her hovered;  
A Lady added to my court  
So fair, of such divine report  
And worship, seemed a recompense  
For fifty kingdoms by my sword re-  
covered.

"Ask not for whom, O champions  
true!  
She was reserved by me her life's  
betrayed;  
She who was meant to be a bride  
Is now a corse; then put aside  
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with  
observance due  
Christian rites, in Christian ground  
to lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not  
close  
Upon her yet, earth hide her  
beauty;  
Not froward to thy sovereign will  
Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill  
Wafted her hither, interpose  
To check this pious haste of erring  
duty.

"My books command me to lay bare  
The secret thou art bent on keep-  
ing;  
Here must a high attest be given,  
*What* Bridegroom was for her or-  
dained by Heaven;  
And in my glass significants there  
are  
Of things that may to gladness turn  
this weeping.

"For this, approaching, One by  
One,  
Thy Knights must touch the cold  
hand of the Virgin;  
So, for the favoured One, the Flower  
may bloom  
Once more; but, if unchangeable  
her doom,  
If life departed be for ever gone,  
Some blest assurance, from this cloud  
emerging,

"May teach him to bewail his loss;  
Not with a grief that, like a vapour,  
rises  
And melts; but grief devout that  
shall endure  
And a perpetual growth secure  
Of purposes which no false thought  
shall cross  
A harvest of high hopes and noble  
enterprises."

"So be it," said the King;—"anon,  
Here, where the Princess lies, begin  
the trial;  
Knights each in order as ye stand  
Step forth."—To touch the pallid  
hand  
Sir Agravaire advanced; no sign he  
won  
From Heaven or Earth;—Sir Kaye  
had like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;  
Even for Sir Percival was no dis-  
closure;  
Though he, devoutest of all Cham-  
pions, ere  
He reached that ebon car, the bier  
Whereon diffused like snow the  
Damsel lay,  
Full thrice had crossed himself in  
meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)  
How in still air the balance trem-  
bled;  
The wishes, peradventure the de-  
spites  
That overcame some not ungenerous  
Knights;  
And all the thoughts that lengthened  
out a span  
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus  
assembled.

What patient confidence was here!  
And there how many bosoms panted!  
While drawing toward the Car Sir  
Gawaine, mailed  
For tournament, his beaver vailed,  
And softly touched; but, to his  
princely cheer  
And high expectancy, no sign was  
granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp  
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands  
a brother,  
Came to the proof, nor grieve  
that there ensued  
No change;—the fair Izonda  
had wooed  
With love too true, a love  
pangs too sharp,  
From hope too distant, not to dream  
another.

Not so Sir Launcelot;—from  
Heaven's grace  
A sign he craved, tired slave of  
contrition;  
The royal Guinever looked passive  
When his touch failed.—Next came  
Sir Galahad;  
He paused, and stood entranced  
by that still face  
Whose features he had seen in  
tide vision.

For late, as near a murmuring  
stream  
He rested 'mid an arbour green  
Nina, the good Enchantress, shed  
A light around his mossy bed;  
And, at her call, a waking dream  
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian  
Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired friend  
he bowed,  
And stood, far-kenned by mantle  
furred with ermine,  
As o'er the insensate Body hung  
The enrapt, the beautiful,  
young,  
Belief sank deep into the crowd  
That he the solemn issue would  
terminate.

or deem it strange; the Youth  
 had worn  
 that very mantle on a day of glory,  
 the day when he achieved that  
 matchless feat,  
 the marvel of the PÉRILOUS SEAT,  
 Which whosoe'er approached of  
 strength was shorn,  
 though King or Knight the most re-  
 nowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand,  
 and lo! those Birds, far-famed  
 through Love's dominions,  
 the Swans, in triumph clap their  
 wings; [rings,  
 and their necks play, involved in  
 like sinless snakes in Eden's happy  
 land;—  
 "She is she," cried the Knight;—  
 again they clapped their pinions.

Mine was she—mine she is,  
 though dead,  
 and to her name my soul shall  
 cleave in sorrow;"

Hereat, a tender twilight streak  
 of colour dawned upon the Damsel's  
 cheek;  
 and her lips, quickening with un-  
 certain red,  
 and from each other a faint  
 warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,  
 if love emboldened, hope with  
 dread entwining,  
 then, to the mouth, relenting  
 Death  
 allowed a soft and flower-like  
 breath,  
 recursor to a timid sigh, [ing.  
 lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shin-

In silence did King Arthur gaze  
 Upon the signs that pass away or  
 tarry;  
 In silence watched the gentle strife  
 Of Nature leading back to life;  
 Then eased his Soul at length by  
 praise  
 Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—  
 the blissful Mary.

Then said he, "Take her to thy  
 heart [giveth,  
 Sir Galahad! a treasure that God  
 Bound by indissoluble ties to thee  
 Through mortal change and im-  
 mortality; [art  
 Be happy and unenvied, thou who  
 A goodly Knight that hath no Peer  
 that liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;  
 And sage tradition still rehearses  
 The pomp the glory of that hour  
 When toward the Altar from her  
 bower  
 King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,  
 And Angels carolled these far-echoed  
 verses:—

Who shrinks not from alliance  
 Of evil with good Powers,  
 To God proclaims defiance,  
 And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted  
 From the Land of Nile did go;  
 Alas! the bright Ship floated,  
 An idol at her Prow.

By magic domination,  
 The Heaven-permitted vent  
 Of purblind mortal passion,  
 Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower, the Form within it,  
What served they in her need?  
Her port she could not win it,  
Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,  
And she was seen no more;  
But gently, gently blame her,  
She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,  
And kept to him her faith,  
Till sense in death was darkened,  
Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow  
Kept watch, a viewless band;  
And, billow favouring billow,  
She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,  
Your faith in Him approve  
Who from frail earth can call you,  
To bowers of endless love!

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### ODE,

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

WHILE from the purpling east departs  
The Star that led the dawn,  
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,  
For May is on the lawn.  
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,  
Foreran the expected Power,  
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush  
and tree,  
Shakes off that pearl shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway  
Tempers the year's extremes;  
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,  
Like morning's dewy gleams;

While mellow warble, sprightly  
The tremulous heart excite;  
And hums the balmy air to still  
The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when Ye  
and Maids  
At peep of dawn would rise,  
And wander forth, in forest glades  
Thy birth to solemnize.  
Though mute the song—to grace  
rite  
Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight  
Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wing  
In love's disport employ;  
Warmed by thy influence, creep  
Things  
Awake to silent joy:  
Queen art thou still for each  
Plant  
Where the slim wild Deer roves;  
And served in depths where Fish  
haunt  
Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing Peak, and track  
Heath,  
Instinctive homage pay;  
Nor wants the dim-lit Cave a wreath  
To honour Thee, sweet May!  
Where Cities fanned by thy brisk  
Behold a smokeless sky,  
Their puniest Flower-pot-nursling  
dares  
To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,  
The Pole, from which thy name  
Hath not departed, stands forlorn  
Of song and dance and game,

om the village-green a vow  
sires to thee address,  
ver peace is on the brow,  
love within the breast.

That, when a thousand years are told,  
Should praise thee, genial Power!  
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
And winter's dreariest hour.

where Love nestles thou canst  
ach  
soul to love the more ;  
also shall thy lessons reach  
t never loved before.  
is the haughty One of pride,  
bashful freed from fear,  
e rising, like the ocean-tide,  
flows the joyous year.

Earth, Sea, thy presence feel—nor less  
If yon ethereal blue  
With its soft smile the truth express,  
The Heavens have felt it too.  
The inmost heart of man if glad  
Partakes a livelier cheer ;  
And eyes that cannot but be sad  
Let fall a brightened tear.

, feeble lyre ! weak words, refuse  
e service to prolong !  
m exulting Thrush the Muse  
trusts the imperfect song ;  
oice shall chant, in accents clear,  
roughout the live-long day,  
he first silver Star appear,  
e sovereignty of May.

Since thy return, through days and  
weeks  
Of hope that grew by stealth,  
How many wan and faded cheeks  
Have kindled into health !  
The Old, by thee revived, have said,  
" Another year is ours ;"  
And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,  
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

# TO MAY.

GH many suns have risen and  
et  
ce thou, blithe May, wert born,  
Bards, who hailed thee, may  
orget .  
y gifts, thy beauty scorn ;  
are who to a birthday strain  
nine not harp and voice,  
vermore throughout thy reign  
grateful and rejoice !

Who tripping lisps a merry song  
Amid his playful peers ?  
The tender Infant who was long  
A prisoner of fond fears ;  
But now, when every sharp-edged blast  
Is quiet in its sheath,  
His Mother leaves him free to taste  
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

ious odours ! music sweet,  
o sweet to pass away !  
r a deathless song to meet  
e soul's desire—a lay

Thy help is with the Weed that creeps  
Along the humblest ground ;  
No Cliff so bare but on its steeps  
Thy favours may be found ;  
But most on some peculiar nook  
That our own hands have drest,  
Thou and thy train are proud to  
look,  
And seem to love it best.



And yet how pleased we wander forth  
 When May is whispering, "Come!  
 Choose from the bowers of virgin earth  
 The happiest for your home;  
 Heaven's bounteous love through me  
 is spread

From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,  
 Drops on the mouldering turret's head,  
 And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs  
 For lilies that must fade,  
 Or "the rathe primrose as it dies  
 Forsaken" in the shade!  
 Vernal fruitions and desires  
 Are linked in endless chase;  
 While, as one kindly growth retires,  
 Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast  
 known  
 Mishap by worm and blight;  
 If expectations newly blown  
 Have perished in thy sight;  
 If loves and joys, while up they sprung,  
 Were caught as in a snare;  
 Such is the lot of all the young,  
 However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not  
 check  
 Are patient of thy rule;  
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,  
 Loitering in glassy pool:  
 By thee, thee only, could be sent  
 Such gentle Mists as glide,  
 Curling with unconfirmed intent,  
 On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil  
 Through which yon House of God  
 Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep  
 By few but shepherds trod! [dale

And lowly Huts, near beaten ways  
 'No sooner stand attired  
 In thy fresh wreaths, than thy  
 praise  
 Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,  
 Permit not for one hour  
 A blossom from thy crown to dro  
 Nor add to it a flower!  
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
 Of self-restraining art,  
 This modest charin of not too mu  
 Part seen, imagined part!

#### INSCRIPTION.

THE massy Ways, carried across  
 Heights  
 By Roman Perseverance, are  
 stroyed,  
 Or hidden underground, like sle  
 worms.  
 How venture then to hope that  
 will spare  
 This humble Walk? Yet on  
 mountain's side  
 A Poet's hand first shaped it; and  
 steps  
 Of that same Bard, repeated to  
 fro  
 At morn, at noon, and under m  
 light skies,  
 Through the vicissitudes of m  
 year,  
 Forbade the weeds to creep o  
 gray line.  
 No longer, scattering to the hee  
 winds  
 The vocal raptures of fresh poe  
 Shall he frequent these prec  
 locked no more

nest converse with beloved Friends,  
 will he gather stores of ready bliss,  
 on the beds and borders of a garden  
 the flowers are gathered! But, if  
 Power may spring  
 of a farewell yearning favoured more  
 than kindred wishes mated suitably  
 in vain regrets, the Exile would consign  
 Walk, his loved possession, to the care  
 of those pure Minds that reverence  
 the Muse.

### INSCRIPTION.

INTENDED FOR A STONE IN THE  
 GROUNDS OF RYDAL MOUNT.  
 These fair Vales hath many a Tree  
 : Wordsworth's suit been spared ;  
 from the Builder's hand this Stone,  
 some rude beauty of its own,  
 as rescued by the Bard :  
 it rest ;—and time will come  
 when here the tender-hearted  
 heave a gentle sigh for him,  
 : one of the departed.

### TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.  
 Thy service is true service while it  
 lasts ; [scorn not one ;  
 'humblest Friends, bright Creature!  
 Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 protects the lingering dew-drop from  
 the Sun.

### INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

Bruges town is many a street  
 hence busy life hath fled ;  
 there, without hurry, noiseless feet,  
 the grass-grown pavement tread.  
 we heard we, halting in the shade  
 sung from a Convent-tower,  
 that tuneful prelude made  
 a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,  
 Was fit for some gay throng ;  
 Though from the same grim turret fell  
 The shadow and the song.  
 When silent were both voice and chords  
 The strain seemed doubly dear,  
 Yet sad as sweet, for *English* words  
 Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve ;  
 And pinnacle and spire  
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,  
 Clothed with innocuous fire ;  
 But where we stood, the setting sun  
 Showed little of his state ;  
 And, if the glory reached the Nun,  
 'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,  
 Nor pity idly born,  
 If even a passing Stranger sighs  
 For them who do not mourn.  
 Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,  
 Captive, whoe'er thou be !  
 Oh ! what is beauty, what is love,  
 And opening life to thee ?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,  
 A feeling sanctified  
 By one soft trickling tear that stole  
 From the Maiden at my side ;  
 Less tribute could she pay than this,  
 Borne gaily o'er the sea,  
 Fresh from the beauty and the bliss  
 Of English liberty ?

### A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST.  
 GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.)

GENIUS of Raphael ! if thy wings  
 Might bear thee to this glen,  
 With faithful memory left of things  
 To pencil dear and pen,

Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring  
Rhine,  
And all his majesty,  
A studious forehead to incline  
O'er this poor family.

The Mother—her thou must have  
seen,

In spirit, ere she came  
To dwell these rifted rocks between,  
Or found on earth a name ;  
An image, too, of that sweet Boy,  
Thy inspirations give :  
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,  
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,  
How beautiful his eyes,  
That blend the nature of the star  
With that of summer skies !  
I speak as if of sense beguiled ;  
Uncounted months are gone,  
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,  
That exquisite St. John.

I see the dark brown curls, the brow,  
The smooth transparent skin,  
Refined, as with intent to show,  
The holiness within ;  
The grace of parting Infancy  
By blushes yet untamed ;  
Age faithful to the mother's knee,  
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet  
As flowers, stand side by side ;  
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat  
The Christian of his pride :  
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured  
Upon them not forlorn,  
Though of a lineage once abhorred,  
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite  
Of poverty and wrong,  
Doth here preserve a living light,  
From Hebrew fountains sprung  
That gives this ragged group to call  
Around the dell a gleam  
Of Palestine, of glory past,  
And proud Jerusalem !

### DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENT

“Not to the earth confined,  
Ascend to heaven.”

WHERE will they stop, those breath  
Powers,  
The Spirits of the new-born flower  
They wander with the breeze, they  
Where'er the streams a passage find  
Up from their native ground they  
In mute aerial harmonies ;  
From humble violet modest thyme  
Exhaled, the essential odours climb  
As if no space below the sky  
Their subtle flight could satisfy :  
Heaven will not tax our thoughts  
pride  
If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindest of  
showers,  
The spirit-quickeners of the flowers  
That with moist virtue softly clear  
The buds, and freshens the  
leaves,  
The Birds pour forth their souls into  
Of rapture from a thousand throats  
Here checked by too impetuous  
While there the music runs to waste  
With bounty more and more enlarged  
Till the whole air is overcharged  
Give ear, O Man ! to their appeal  
And thirst for no inferior zeal,  
Thou, who canst *think*, as well as

fount from the earth; aspire!  
aspire!  
leads the town's cathedral choir,  
strains that from their solemn  
height

to attain a loftier flight:  
while incense from the altar breathes  
its fragrance in embodied wreaths;  
flung from swinging censer,  
shrouds

the taper lights, and curls in clouds  
around angelic Forms, the still  
oration of the painter's skill,  
that on the service wait concealed  
the moment, and the next revealed.

Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,  
and for no transient ecstasies!  
that else can mean the visual plea  
still or moving imagery?

reiterated summons loud,  
wasted on the attendant crowd,  
wholly lost upon the throng  
trying the busy streets along?

alas! the sanctities combined  
art to unsensualise the mind,  
gay and languish; or, as creeds  
and humours change, are spurned like  
weeds:

priests are from their altars  
thrust,

temples are levelled with the dust:  
solemn rites, and awful forms,

under amid fanatic storms;  
evermore, through years renewed  
undisturbed vicissitude

seasons balancing their flight  
the swift wings of day and night,  
and Nature keeps a heavenly door  
open for the scattered Poor.

the flower-breathed incense to the  
skies

lifted in mute harmonies;

And ground fresh cloven by the plough  
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;  
Where birds and brooks from leafy  
dells

Chime forth unwearied canticles,  
And vapours magnify and spread  
The glory of the sun's bright head;  
Still constant in her worship, still  
Conforming to the eternal Will,  
Whether men sow or reap the fields,  
Divine monition Nature yields;  
That not by bread alone we live,  
Or what a hand of flesh can give;  
That every day should leave some  
part

Free for a sabbath of the heart;  
So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

## THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

[The subject of the following poem is from the *Orlandus* of the Author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby; and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time.]

1.

You have heard "a Spanish Lady  
How she wooed an English  
Man;"\*

Hear now of a fair Armenian,  
Daughter of the proud Soldan;  
How she loved a Christian Slave, and  
told her pain  
By word, look, deed, with hope that  
he might love again.

\* See in Percy's *Reliques*, that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love;" from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted.

## II.

"Pluck that rose, it moves my  
liking,"  
Said she, lifting up her veil;  
"Pluck it for me, gentle Gardener,  
Ere it wither and grow pale."  
"Princess fair, I till the ground, but  
may not take  
From twig or bed an humbler flower,  
even for your sake."

## III.

"Grieved am I, submissive Christian!  
To behold thy captive state;  
Women, in your land, may pity  
(May they not?) the unfortunate."  
"Yes, kind Lady! otherwise Man  
could not bear  
Life, which to every one that breathes  
is full of care."

## IV.

"Worse than idle is compassion  
If it end in tears and sighs;  
Thee from bondage would I rescue  
And from vile indignities;  
Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in  
high degree,  
Look up—and help a hand that longs  
to set thee free."

## V.

"Lady, dread the wish, nor venture  
In such peril to engage;  
Think how it would stir against  
you  
Your most loving Father's rage:  
Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked  
with shame,  
Should troubles overflow on her from  
whom it came."

## VI.

"Generous Frank! the just in effort  
Are of inward peace secure;  
Hardships for the brave  
countered,  
Even the feeblest may endure  
If Almighty Grace through me  
chains unbind,  
My Father for slave's work may set  
slave in mind."

## VII.

"Princess, at this burst of goodness  
My long-frozen heart grows  
warm!"  
"Yet you make all courage fruitful  
Me to save from chance of harm  
Leading such Companion I that gild  
Dome,  
Yon Minarets, would gladly leave  
his worst home."

## VIII.

"Feeling tunes your voice,  
Princess!  
And your brow is free from sorrow  
Else these words would come  
mockery,  
Sharper than the pointed thorn  
"Whence the undeserved mistrust  
Too wide apart  
Our faith hath been,—O would  
eyes could see the heart!"

## IX.

"Tempt me not, I pray; my door  
These base implements to wield  
Rusty Lance, I ne'er shall gild  
thee,  
Ne'er assoil my cobwebbed shield  
Never see my native land, nor climb  
towers,  
Nor Her who thinking of me  
counts widowed hours."

X.

Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;  
 Wedded? If you *can*, say no!—  
 Blessed is and be your Consort;  
 Hopes I cherished let them  
 go!  
 Maid's privilege would leave my  
 purpose free,  
 Without another link to my felicity."

XI.

Wedded love with loyal Christians,  
 Lady, is a mystery rare;  
 Body, heart, and soul in union,  
 Make one being of a pair."  
 Unble love in me would look for  
 no return,  
 As a guiding star that cheers but  
 cannot burn."

XII.

Gracious Allah! by such title  
 Do I dare to thank the God,  
 Him who thus exalts thy spirit,  
 Flower of an unchristian sod!  
 Hast thou put off wings which thou  
 in heaven dost wear?  
 Hast I have I seen, and heard, or  
 dreamt? where am I? where?"

XIII.

Here broke off the dangerous con-  
 verse:  
 Less impassioned words might  
 tell  
 How the pair escaped together,  
 Tears not wanting, nor a knell  
 Sorrow in her heart while through  
 her Father's door,  
 From her narrow world, she passed  
 for evermore.

XIV.

But affections higher, holier,  
 Urged her steps; she shrunk from  
 trust  
 In a sensual creed that trampled  
 Woman's birthright into dust.  
 Little be the wonder then, the blame  
 be none,  
 If she, a timid Maid, hath put such  
 boldness on.

XV.

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge;  
 In those old romantic days  
 Mighty were the soul's command-  
 ments  
 To support, restrain, or raise.  
 Foes might hang upon their path,  
 snakes rustle near,  
 But nothing from their inward selves  
 had they to fear.

XVI.

Thought infirm ne'er came between  
 them,  
 Whether printing desert sands  
 With accordant steps, or gathering  
 Forest-fruit with social hands;  
 Or whispering like two reeds that in  
 the cold moonbeam  
 Bend with the breeze their heads, be-  
 side a crystal stream.

XVII.

On a friendly deck reposing  
 They at length for Venice steer;  
 There, when they had closed their  
 voyage,  
 One, who daily on the Pier  
 Watched for tidings from the East.  
 beheld his Lord,  
 Fell down and clasped his knees for  
 joy, not uttering word.

## XVIII.

Mutual was the sudden transport ;  
 Breathless questions followed fast,  
 Years contracting to a moment,  
 Each word greedier than the last ;  
 " Hie thee to the Countess, Friend !  
     return with speed,  
 And of this Stranger speak by whom  
     her Lord was freed.

## XIX.

" Say that I, who might have languished,  
     Drooped and pined till life was spent,  
 Now before the gates of Stolberg  
     My Deliverer would present  
 For a crowning recompence, the  
     precious grace  
 Of her who in my heart still holds her  
     ancient place.

## XX.

" Make it known that my Companion  
     Is of royal Eastern blood,  
 Thirsting after all perfection,  
     Innocent, and meek, and good,  
 Though with misbelievers bred ; but  
     that dark night  
 Will Holy Church disperse by beams  
     of Gospel Light."

## XXI.

Swiftly went that gray-haired Servant,  
 Soon returned a trusty Page  
 Charged with greetings, benedic-  
     tions,  
 Thanks and praises, each a gage  
 For a sunny thought to cheer the  
     Stranger's way,  
 Her virtuous scruples to remove, her  
     fears allay.

## XXII.

And how blest the Reunited,  
     While beneath their castle-wall  
 Runs a deafening noise of welcom  
     Blest, though every tear  
     falls  
 Doth in its silence of past so  
     tell,  
 And makes a meeting seem most  
     dear farewell.

## XXIII.

Through a haze of human nature  
     Glorified by heavenly light,  
 Looked the beautiful Deliverer  
     On that overpowering sight,  
 While across her virgin cheek  
     blushes strayed,  
 For every tender sacrifice her  
     had made.

## XXIV.

On the ground the weeping C  
     tess  
 Knelt, and kissed the Stran  
     hand ;  
 Act of soul-devoted homage,  
     Pledge of an eternal band :  
 Nor did aught of future days that  
     belie,  
 Which, with a generous shout,  
     crowd did ratify.

## XXV.

Constant to the fair Armenian,  
     Gentle pleasures round  
     moved,  
 Like a tutelary Spirit  
     Reverenced, like a Sister, low  
 Christian meekness smoothed for  
     the path of life,  
 Who, loving most, should wisel  
     love, their only strife.

## XXVI.

Memento of that union  
 A Saxon Church survives,  
 A cross-legged Knight lies  
 sculptured  
 between two wedded Wives—  
 with armorial signs of race  
 and birth,  
 the vain rank the Pilgrims bore  
 while yet on earth.

---

 PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

There is whose homely front  
 passing Traveller slights;  
 here the Glow-worms hang their  
 lamps,  
 the stars, at various heights;  
 one coy Primrose to that Rock  
 the vernal breeze invites.

hideous warfare hath been waged,  
 at kingdoms overthrown,  
 first I spied that Primrose-tuft  
 and marked it for my own;  
 a link in Nature's chain  
 when highest Heaven let down!

Flowers, still faithful to the stems  
 their fellowship renew;  
 stems are faithful to the root,  
 at worketh out of view;  
 to the rock the root adheres  
 every fibre true.

clings to earth the living rock,  
 though threatening still to fall;  
 earth is constant to her sphere;  
 and God upholds them all:  
 nor does this lonely Plant, nor dreads  
 her annual funeral.

Here closed the meditative Strain;  
 But air breathed soft that day,  
 The hoary mountain-heights were  
 cheered,  
 The sunny vale looked gay;  
 And to the Primrose of the Rock  
 I gave this after-lay.

I sang, Let myriads of bright  
 flowers,  
 Like Thee, in field and grove,  
 Revive unenvied,—mightier far  
 Than tremblings that reprove  
 Our vernal tendencies to hope  
 Is God's redeeming love:

That love which changed, for woe  
 disease,  
 For sorrow that had bent  
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered  
 age,  
 Their moral element,  
 And turned the thistles of a curse  
 To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we  
 too,  
 The reasoning Sons of Men,  
 From one oblivious winter called  
 Shall rise, and breathe again;  
 And in eternal summer lose  
 Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends  
 This prescience from on high,  
 The faith that elevates the Just,  
 Before and when they die;  
 And makes each soul a separate  
 heaven,  
 A court for Deity.



## PRESENTIMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS ! they judge not right  
 Who deem that ye from open light  
     Retire in fear of shame ;  
 All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch  
 Of vulgar sense, and, being such,  
     Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,  
 The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,  
     Were mine in early days ;  
 And now, unforced by Time to part  
 With Fancy, I obey my heart,  
     And venture on your praise.

What though some busy Foes to good,  
 Too potent over nerve and blood,  
     Lurk near you, and combine  
 To taint the health which ye infuse,  
 This hides not from the moral Muse  
     Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers !  
 Comes Faith that in auspicious hours  
     Builds castles, not of air ;  
 Bodings unsanctioned by the will  
 Flow from your visionary skill,  
     And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,  
 That no philosophy can lift,  
     Shall vanish, if ye please,  
 Like morning mist ; and, where it lay,  
 The spirits at your bidding play  
     In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided Contemplations move  
 Through space, though calm, not  
     raised above  
     Prognostics that ye rule ;  
 The naked Indian of the Wild,  
 And haply, too, the cradled Child,  
     Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intent  
 Number their signs or instruments  
     A rainbow, a sunbeam,  
 A subtle smell that Spring unbi  
 Dead pause abrupt of midnight  
     An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas  
 With sighs of self-exhausted mi  
     Ye feelingly reprove ;  
 And daily, in the conscious bre  
 Your visitations are a test  
     And exercise of love.

When some great change gives  
     less scope  
 To an exulting Nation's hope,  
     Oft, startled and made wise  
 By your low-breathed interpret  
 The simply-meek foretaste the s  
     Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of Wa  
 Pervade the lonely Ocean far  
     As sail hath been unfurled ;  
 For Dancers in the festive hall  
 What ghastly Partners hath you  
     Fetched from the shadowy wo

'Tis said, that warnings ye disper  
 Emboldened by a keener sense ;  
     That men have lived for whom  
 With dread precision, ye made cl  
 The hour that in a distant year  
     Should knell them to the tomb

Unwelcome Insight ! Yet there  
 Blest times when mystery is laid  
     Truth shows a glorious face,  
 While on that Isthmus which  
     mands  
 The councils of both world  
     stands,  
     Sage Spirits ! by your grace.

who instructs the Brutes to scent,  
 angles of the element,  
 whose wisdom fixed the scale  
 of nature, for our wants provides  
 higher, sometimes humbler,  
 needs,  
 in lights of Reason fail.

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## POET AND THE CAGED

## TURTLEDOVE.

When as I murmur here  
 half-formed melodies,  
 distant from her osier mansion  
 near  
 the Turtle dove replies :  
 Though silent as a leaf before,  
 the captive promptly coos,  
 to teach her own soft lore,  
 to second my weak Muse?

Her think, the gentle Dove  
 murmuring a reproof,  
 pleased that I from lays of love  
 have dared to keep aloof ;  
 I, a Bard of hill and dale,  
 have carolled, fancy free,  
 nor dove, nor nightingale,  
 had heart or voice for me.

Oh thy meaning, O forbear,  
 sweet Bird ! to do me wrong ;  
 O blessed Love, is every where  
 the spirit of my song :  
 In the grove, and by the calm fireside,  
 the Muse animates my lyre ;  
 I coo again !—'tis not to chide,  
 but to inspire.

## SONNETS.

CHATSWORTH ! thy stately mansion,  
 and the pride  
 Of thy domain, strange contrast do  
 present [rent  
 To house and home in many a craggy  
 Of the wild Peak ; where new-born  
 waters glide  
 Through fields whose thrifty Occu-  
 pants abide  
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,  
 With every semblance of entire con-  
 tent ;  
 So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried !  
 Yet He whose heart in childhood gave  
 her troth  
 To pastoral dales, thin set with  
 modest farms,  
 May learn, if judgment strengthen with  
 his growth,  
 That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath  
 charms ;  
 And, strenuous to protect from lawless  
 harms  
 The extremes of favoured life, may  
 honour both.

---

RESPONDING Father ! mark this altered  
 bough,  
 So beautiful of late, with sunshine  
 warmed,  
 Or moist with dews ; what more un-  
 sightly now,  
 Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if  
 formed,  
 Invisible ? yet Spring her genial brow  
 Knits not o'er that discolouring and  
 decay  
 As false to expectation. Nor fret  
 thou  
 At like unlovely process in the May

Of human life: a Stripling's graces  
 blow,  
 Fade and are shed, that from their  
 timely fall  
 (Misdeem it not a cankerous change)  
 may grow  
 Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks  
 shall call;  
 In *all* men, sinful is it to be slow  
 To hope—in *Parents*, sinful above all.

---

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT  
 BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the  
 ground  
 Upturned with curious pains, the Bard,  
 a Seer,  
 Takes fire:—The men that have been  
 reappear;  
 Romans for travel girt, for business  
 gowned,  
 And some recline on couches, myrtle-  
 crowned,  
 In festal glee: why not? For fresh  
 and clear,  
 As if its hues were of the passing  
 year,  
 Dawns this time-buried pavement.  
 From that mound  
 Hoards may come forth of Trajans,  
 Maximins,  
 Shrunk into coins with all their warlike  
 toil:  
 Or a fierce impress issues with its  
 foil  
 Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suck-  
 ling Twins  
 The unlettered Ploughboy pities when  
 he wins  
 The casual treasure from the furrowed  
 soil.

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.  
 WHEN human touch, as monkish  
 attest,  
 Nor was applied nor could be, Le  
 bells  
 Broke forth in concert flung adon  
 dells,  
 And upward, high as Malvern's  
 crest;  
 Sweet tones, and caught by a  
 Lady blest  
 To rapture! Mabel listened at th  
 Of her loved Mistress: soon the  
 died,  
 And Catherine said, "Here I  
 my rest."  
 Warned in a dream, the Wander  
 had sought  
 A home that by such miracle of  
 Must be revealed:—she heard i  
 or felt  
 The deep, deep joy of a cor  
 thought;  
 And there, a saintly Anchore  
 dwelt [happy g  
 Till she exchanged for heav

---

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE

[Peter Henry Bruce, having given  
 entertaining Memoirs the substance  
 Tale, affirms, that, besides the con  
 reports of others, he had the story fr  
 Lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned tow  
 close, is the famous Catherine, then bear  
 name as the acknowledged wife of R  
 Great.]

PART I.

I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and  
 Like harebells bathed in dew  
 Of cheek that with carnation vi  
 And veins of violet hue;

th wants not beauty that may scorn  
 likening to frail flowers ;  
 , to the stars, if they were born  
 or seasons and for hours.

## II.

ugh Moscow's gates, with gold un-  
 barred,  
 epped one at dead of night,  
 m such high beauty could not  
 guard  
 rom meditated blight ;  
 tealth she passed, and fled as fast  
 doth the hunted fawn,  
 stopped, till in the dappling east  
 ppeared unwelcome dawn.

## III.

n days she lurked in brake and  
 field,  
 ven nights her course renewed,  
 ined by what her scrip might  
 field,  
 berries of the wood ;  
 ngth, in darkness travelling on,  
 en lowly doors were shut,  
 haven of her hope she won,  
 r Foster-mother's hut.

## IV.

put your love to dangerous proof  
 me," said she, " from far ;  
 have left my Father's roof,  
 terror of the Czar."  
 nswer did the Matron give,  
 second look she cast ;  
 ung upon the Fugitive,  
 bracing and embraced.

## V.

ed the Lady to a seat  
 ide the glimmering fire,  
 d duteously her wayworn feet,  
 vented each desire :

The cricket chirped, the house-dog  
 And on that simple bed, [dozed,  
 Where she in childhood had reposed,  
 Now rests her weary head.

## VI.

When she, whose couch had been the  
 Whose curtain pine or thorn, [sod,  
 Had breathed a sigh of thanks to  
 God,  
 Who comforts the forlorn ;  
 While over her the Matron bent  
 Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole  
 Feeling from limbs with travel spent,  
 And trouble from the soul.

## VII.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,  
 And soon again was dight  
 In those unworthy vestments worn  
 Through long and perilous flight ;  
 And " O beloved Nurse," she said,  
 " My thanks with silent tears  
 Have unto Heaven and You been  
 paid ;  
 Now listen to my fears !

## VIII.

" Have you forgot "—and here she  
 smiled—  
 " The babbling flatteries  
 You lavished on me when a child  
 Disporting round your knees ?  
 I was your lambkin, and your bird,  
 Your star, your gem, your flower ;  
 Light words, that were more lightly  
 heard  
 In many a cloudless hour !

## IX.

" The blossom you so fondly praised  
 Is come to bitter fruit ;  
 A mighty One upon me gazed ;  
 I spurned his lawless suit,

And must be hidden from his wrath :  
 You, Foster-father dear,  
 Will guide me in my forward path ;  
 I may not tarry here !

## X.

" I cannot bring to utter woe  
 Your proved fidelity."—  
 " Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not  
 For you we both would die." [so !  
 " Nay, nay, I come with semblance  
 feigned  
 And cheek embrowned by art ;  
 Yet, being inwardly unstained,  
 With courage will depart."

## XI.

" But whither would you, could you,  
 A poor Man's counsel take ; [flee ?  
 The Holy Virgin gives to me  
 A thought for your dear sake ;  
 Rest shielded by our Lady's grace ;  
 And soon shall you be led  
 Forth to a safe abiding-place,  
 Where never foot doth tread."

## PART II.

## I.

THE Dwelling of this faithful pair  
 In a straggling village stood,  
 For One who breathed unquiet air  
 A dangerous neighbourhood ;  
 But wide around lay forest ground  
 With thickets rough and blind ;  
 And pine-trees made a heavy shade  
 Impervious to the wind.

## II.

And there, sequestered from the sight,  
 Was spread a treacherous swamp,  
 On which the noonday sun shed light  
 As from a lonely lamp ;

And midway in the unsafe morass,  
 A single Island rose  
 Of firm dry ground, with heath  
 grass  
 Adorned, and shady boughs.

## III.

The Woodman knew, for such the  
 This Russian Vassal plied,  
 That never fowler's gun, nor shaft  
 Of archer, there was tried ;  
 A sanctuary seemed the spot  
 From all intrusion free ;  
 And there he planned an artful Co  
 For perfect secrecy.

## IV.

With earnest pains unchecked by d  
 Of Power's far-stretching hand,  
 The bold good Man his labour sp  
 At nature's pure command ;  
 Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,  
 While, in a hollow nook,  
 She moulds her sight-eluding den  
 Above a murmuring brook.

## V.

His task accomplished to his mind  
 The twain ere break of day  
 Creep forth, and through the fo  
 wind  
 Their solitary way ;  
 Few words they speak, nor dare  
 slack  
 Their pace from mile to mile,  
 Till they have crossed the qual  
 marsh,  
 And reached the lonely isle.

## VI.

The sun above the pine-trees shor  
 A bright and cheerful face ;  
 And Ina looked for her abode,  
 The promised hiding-place ;

sought in vain, the Woodman  
 smiled,  
 threshold could be seen,  
 roof, nor window; all seemed  
 wild  
 it had ever been.

## VII.

icing, you might guess an hour,  
 front with such nice care  
 asked, "if house it be or bower,"  
 in they entered are;  
 baggy as were wall and roof  
 with branches intertwined,  
 nooth was all within, air-proof,  
 and delicately lined.

## VIII.

hearth was there, and maple dish,  
 d cups in seemly rows,  
 touch—all ready to a wish  
 r nurture or repose;  
 Heaven doth to her virtue grant  
 at here she may abide  
 itude, with every want  
 cautious love supplied.

## IX.

ueen, before a shouting crowd,  
 l on in bridal state,  
 struggled with a heart so proud,  
 ering her palace gate;  
 ed to bid the world farewell,  
 saintly Anchoress  
 ook possession of her cell  
 h deeper thankfulness.

## X.

er of all, upon thy care  
 l mercy am I thrown;  
 ou my safeguard!"—such her  
 rayer  
 n she was left alone,  
 wo

Kneeling amid the wilderness  
 When joy had passed away,  
 And smiles, fond efforts of distress  
 To hide what they betray!

## XI.

The prayer is heard, the Saints have  
 seen,  
 Diffused through form and face,  
 Resolves devotedly serene;  
 That monumental grace  
 Of Faith, which doth all passions  
 tame  
 That reason *should* control;  
 And shows in the untrembling frame  
 A statue of the soul.

## PART III.

## I.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy  
 That Phœbus wont to wear  
 "The leaves of any pleasant tree  
 Around his golden hair,"  
 Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit  
 Of his imperious love,  
 At her own prayer transformed, took  
 root,  
 A laurel in the grove.

## II.

Then did the Pelicant adorn  
 His brow with *laurel green*;  
 And, mid his bright locks never  
 short  
 And Poets sage, through every age,  
 About their temples wound  
 The bay; and Conquerors thanked the  
 Gods,  
 With laurel chaplets crowned.

## III.

Into the mists of fabling Time  
 So far runs back the praise  
 Of Beauty, that disdains to climb  
 Along forbidden ways ;  
 That scorns temptation ; power defies  
 Where mutual love is not ;  
 And to the tomb for rescue flies  
 When life would be a blot.

## IV.

To this fair Votaress, a fate  
 More mild doth Heaven ordain  
 Upon her Island desolate ;  
 And words, not breathed in vain,  
 Might tell what intercourse she found,  
 Her silence to endear ;  
 What birds she tamed, what flowers  
 the ground  
 Sent forth her peace to cheer.

## V.

To one mute Presence, above all,  
 Her soothed affections clung,  
 A picture on the Cabin wall  
 By Russian usage hung—  
 The Mother-maid, whose countenance  
 bright  
 With love abridged the day ;  
 And, communed with by taper light,  
 Chased spectral fears away.

## VI.

And oft, as either guardian came,  
 The joy in that retreat  
 Might any common friendship shame,  
 So high their hearts would beat ;  
 And to the lone Recluse, whate'er  
 They brought, each visiting  
 Was like the crowding of the year  
 With a new burst of spring.

## VII.

But, when she of her Parents told  
 The pang was hard to bear ;  
 And, if with all things not entwined  
 That trouble still is near.  
 Before her flight she had not dared  
 Their constancy to prove,  
 Too much the heroic Daughter  
 The weakness of their love.

## VIII.

Dark is the Past to them, and dark  
 The Future still must be,  
 Till pitying Saints conduct her  
 Into a safer sea—  
 Or gentle Nature close her eyes  
 And set her Spirit free  
 From the altar of this sacrifice,  
 In vestal purity.

## IX.

Yet, when above the forest-gloom  
 The white swans southward pass  
 High as the pitch of their swift  
 Her fancy rode the blast ;  
 And bore her toward the fabled  
 France,  
 Her Father's native land,  
 To mingle in the rustic dance,  
 The happiest of the band !

## X.

Of those beloved fields she oft  
 Had heard her father tell  
 In phrase that now with echoes  
 Haunted her lonely cell ;  
 She saw the hereditary bowers,  
 She heard the ancestral stream  
 The Kremlin and its haughty towers  
 Forgotten like a dream !

## PART IV.

## I.

ever-changing Moon had traced  
 elve times her monthly round,  
 through the unfrequented Waste  
 s heard a startling sound ;  
 it thrice sent from one who chased  
 speed a wounded Deer,  
 ling through branches interlaced  
 | where the wood was clear.

## II.

unting creature took the marsh,  
 toward the Island fled,  
 : plovers screamed with tumult  
 marsh  
 ove his antlered head ;  
 Ina saw ; and, pale with fear,  
 unk to her citadel ;  
 desperate Deer rushed on, and  
 year  
 e tangled covert fall.

## III.

s the marsh, the game in view,  
 e Hunter followed fast,  
 aused, till o'er the Stag he blew  
 eath-proclaiming blast ;  
 resting on her upright mind,  
 ne forth the Maid—" In me  
 d," she said, " a stricken Hind  
 sued by destiny !

## IV.

i your deportment, Sir ! I deem  
 t you have worn a sword,  
 ill not hold in light esteem  
 offering woman's word ;  
 is my covert, there perchance  
 ight have lain concealed,  
 tunes hid, my countenance  
 even to you revealed

## V.

" Tears might be shed, and I might  
 pray  
 Crouching and terrified,  
 That what has been unveiled to-day,  
 You would in mystery hide ;  
 But I will not defile with dust  
 The knee that bends to adore  
 The God in heaven ;—attend, be just :  
 This ask I, and no more !

## VI.

" I speak not of the winter's cold,  
 For summer's heat exchanged,  
 While I have lodged in this rough  
 hold,  
 From social life estranged ;  
 Nor yet of trouble and alarms :  
 High Heaven is my defence ;  
 And every season has soft arms  
 For injured Innocence.

## VII.

" From Moscow to the Wilderness  
 It was my choice to come,  
 Lest virtue should be harbourless,  
 And honour want a home ;  
 And happy were I, if the Czar  
 Retain his lawless will,  
 To end life here like this poor Deer,  
 Or a Lamb on a green hill."

## VIII.

" Are you the Maid," the Stranger  
 cried,  
 " From Gallic Parents sprung,  
 Whose vanishing was rumoured wide,  
 Sad theme for every tongue ;  
 Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest ?  
 You, Lady, forced to wear  
 These rude habiliments, and rest



## IX.

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;  
 And in her face and mien  
 The soul's pure brightness he beheld  
 Without a veil between:  
 He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame  
 Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;  
 The passion of a moment came  
 As on the wings of years.

## X.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"  
 Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,  
 Preparing your deliverance,  
 To me the charge hath given.  
 The Czar full oft in words and deeds  
 Is stormy and self-willed;  
 But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,  
 His violence is stilled.

## XI.

"Leave open to my wish the course,  
 And I to her will go;  
 From that humane and heavenly  
 source,  
 Good, only good, can flow."  
 Faint sanction given, the Cavalier  
 Was eager to depart,  
 Though question followed question,  
 dear  
 To the Maiden's filial heart.

## XII.

Light was his step,—his hopes, more  
 light,  
 Kept pace with his desires;  
 And the fifth morning gave him sight  
 Of Moscow's glittering spires.  
 He sued:—heart-smitten by the wrong,  
 To the lorn Fugitive  
 The Emperor sent a pledge as strong  
 As sovereign power could give.

## XIII.

O more than mighty change!  
 Amazement rose to pain,  
 And joy's excess produced a fear  
 Of something void and vain,  
 'Twas when the Parents, who  
 mourned  
 So long the lost as dead,  
 Beheld their only Child returned  
 The household floor to tread.

## XIV.

Soon gratitude gave way to love  
 Within the Maiden's breast:  
 Delivered and Deliverer move  
 In bridal garments drest;  
 Meek Catherine had her own re-  
 The Czar bestowed a dower,  
 And universal Moscow shared  
 The triumph of that hour.

## XV.

Flowers strewed the ground;  
 nuptial feast  
 Was held with costly state;  
 And there, 'mid many a noble G  
 The Foster-parents sate;  
 Encouraged by the imperial eye,  
 They shrank not into shade;  
 Great was their bliss, the honour  
 To them and nature paid!

## SONNETS.

WHY art thou silent! Is thy  
 plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the  
 erous air  
 Of absence withers what was  
 fair?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no  
 grant?

ave my thoughts for thee been  
 vigilant  
 d to thy service with unceasing  
 are,  
 mind's least generous wish a  
 mendicant  
 aught but what thy happiness  
 ould spare.

, though this soft warm heart,  
 nce free to hold

isand tender pleasures, thine and  
 ine,

t more desolate, more dreary  
 old

a forsaken bird's-nest filled with  
 ow

its own bush of leafless eglan-  
 ine;

; that my torturing doubts their  
 nd may know!

---

fiery steeds impatient of the  
 in

ed us o'er sunless ground be-  
 eath a sky

id of sunshine, when, from that  
 ide Plain,

tops of far-off Mountains we  
 escry,

Sierra of cerulean Spain,

ght and lustre. Did no heart  
 ply?

there was One;—for One,  
 nder fly

housand links of that ethereal  
 ain;

reen vales open out, with grove  
 ad field,

he fair front of many a happy  
 me;

Such tempting spots as into vision  
 come

While soldiers, weary of the arms they  
 wield

And sick at heart of strifeful Christen-  
 dom,

Gaze on the moon by parting clouds  
 revealed.

---

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill,  
 Esq., for St. John's College, Cambridge.]

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long  
 hath knelt

Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take  
 thy place;

And, if Time spare the colours for  
 the grace

Which to the work surpassing skill  
 hath dealt,

Thou, on thy rock reclined, though  
 Kingdoms melt

And States be torn up by the roots,  
 wilt seem

To breathe in rural peace, to hear the  
 stream,

And think and feel as once the Poet  
 felt.

Whate'er thy fate, those features have  
 not grown

Unrecognised through many a house-  
 hold tear,

More prompt more glad to fall than  
 drops of dew

By morning shed around a flower half  
 blown;

Tears of delight, that testified how  
 true

To life thou art, and, in thy truth,  
 how dear!

## GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN

## A VASE.

THE soaring Lark is blest as proud  
 When at Heaven's gate she sings;  
 The roving Bee proclaims aloud  
 Her flight by vocal wings;  
 While Ye, in lasting durance pent,  
 Your silent lives employ  
 For something "more than dull content  
 Though haply less than joy."

Yet might your glassy prison seem  
 A place where joy is known,  
 Where golden flash and silver gleam  
 Have meanings of their own;  
 While, high and low, and all about,  
 Your motions, glittering Elves!  
 Ye weave—no danger from without,  
 And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast  
 Is your transparent cell;  
 Where Fear is but a transient guest,  
 No sullen humours dwell;  
 Where, sensitive of every ray  
 That smites this tiny sea,  
 Your scaly panoplies repay  
 The loan with usury.

How beautiful! Yet none knows why  
 This ever-graceful change,  
 Renewed—renewed incessantly—  
 Within your quiet range.  
 Is it that ye with conscious skill  
 For mutual pleasure glide;  
 And sometimes, not without your will,  
 Are dwarfed, or magnified?

Fays—Genii of gigantic size—  
 And now, in twilight dim,  
 Clustering like constellated Eyes  
 In wings of Cherubim,

When the fierce orbs abate their  
 Whate'er your forms express,  
 Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye  
 All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be,  
 Your birthright is a fence  
 From all that haughtier kinds  
 Through tyranny of sense.  
 Ah! not alone by colours bright  
 Are Ye to Heaven allied,  
 When, like essential Forms of life  
 Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguile  
 Day-thoughts while limbs repose  
 For moonlight fascinations mild  
 Your gift, ere shutters close;  
 Accept, mute Captives! than  
 And may this tribute prove  
 That gentle admirations raise  
 Delight resembling love.

## LIBERTY.

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.)

[Addressed to a Friend; the Gold and Silver Fishes having been removed to a pool in the pleasure-ground of Rydal Mount.]

"The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form of government. The liberty of a private man consists in being master of his own time and actions, so far as may consist with the laws of his country. Of this latter we are now to discourse."—COWLEY.

THOSE breathing Tokens of your  
 regard,  
 (Suspect not, Anna, that their  
 hard;  
 Not soon does aught to which  
 fancies cling,  
 In lonely spots, become a  
 thing;)

e silent Inmates now no longer  
 share,  
 do they need, our hospitable  
 care,  
 moved in kindness from their glassy  
 Cell  
 he fresh waters of a living Well ;  
 Ifin pool so sheltered that its rest  
 winds disturb ; the mirror of whose  
 breast  
 smooth as clear, save where with  
 dimples small  
 ly may settle, or a blossom  
 fall.  
 here swims, of blazing sun and  
 beating shower  
 ess (but how obscured!) the  
 golden Power,  
 from his bauble prison used to  
 cast  
 ns by the richest jewel unsur-  
 past ;  
 near him, darkling like a sullen  
 Gnome,  
 silver Tenant of the crystal  
 lome ;  
 vered both from all the mysteries  
 ue and altering shape that  
 charmed all eyes.  
 they pined, they languished  
 while they shone ;  
 if not so, what matters beauty  
 gone  
 admiration lost, by change of  
 place  
 it brings to the inward creature  
 no disgrace ?  
 if the change restore his birth-  
 right, then,  
 Ne'er the difference, boundless is  
 the gain.

Who can divine what impulses from  
 God  
 Reached the caged Lark, within a  
 town-abode,  
 From his poor inch or two of daisied  
 sod ?  
 O yield him back his privilege ! No  
 sea  
 Swells like the bosom of a man set  
 free ;  
 A wilderness is rich with liberty.  
 Roll on, ye spouting Whales, who die  
 or keep  
 Your independence in the fathomless  
 Deep !  
 Spread, tiny Nautilus, the living sail ;  
 Dive, at thy choice, or brave the  
 freshening gale !  
 If unproved the ambitious Eagle  
 mount  
 Sunward to seek the daylight in its  
 fount,  
 Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width,  
 shall be,  
 Till the world perishes, a field for  
 thee !  
  
 While musing here I sit in shadow  
 cool,  
 And watch these mute Companions,  
 in the pool,  
 Among reflected boughs of leafy trees,  
 By glimpses caught—disporting at  
 their ease—  
 Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,  
 I ask what warrant fixed them (like a  
 spell  
 Of witchcraft fixed them) in the  
 crystal Cell ;  
 To wheel with languid motion round  
 and round,  
 Beautiful, yet in mournful durance  
 bound.

Their peace, perhaps, our lightest foot-  
 fall marred ;  
 On their quick sense our sweetest  
 music jarred ;  
 And whither could they dart, if  
 seized with fear ?  
 No sheltering stone, no tangled root  
 was near.  
 When fire or taper ceased to cheer  
 the room,  
 They wore away the night in starless  
 gloom ;  
 And, when the sun first dawned upon  
 the streams,  
 How faint their portion of his vital  
 beams !  
 Thus, and unable to complain, they  
 fared,  
 While not one joy of ours by them  
 was shared.

Is there a cherished Bird (I venture  
 now  
 To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's  
 reverend brow)—  
 Is there a brilliant Fondling of the  
 cage,  
 Though sure of plaudits on his costly  
 stage,  
 Though fed with dainties from the  
 snow-white hand  
 Of a kind Mistress, fairest of the  
 land,  
 But gladly would escape ; and, if need  
 were,  
 Scatter the colours from the plumes  
 that bear  
 The emancipated captive through  
 blithe air  
 Into strange woods, where he at large  
 may live  
 On best or worst which they and  
 Nature give ?

The Beetle loves his unpre-  
 track,  
 The Snail the house he carries  
 back :  
 The far-fetched Worm with  
 would disown  
 The bed we give him, tho'  
 softest down ;  
 A noble instinct ; in all kind  
 same,  
 All Ranks ! What Sovereign,  
 of the name,  
 If doomed to breathe against  
 ful will  
 An element that flatters him—  
 But would rejoice to barter  
 show  
 For the least boon that freedom  
 bestow ?

But most the Bard is true to  
 right,  
 Lark of the dawn, and Philo-  
 night,  
 Exults in freedom, can with-  
 vouch  
 For the dear blessings of a  
 couch,  
 A natural meal—days, months  
 Nature's hand ;  
 Time, place, and business, all  
 command !  
 Who bends to happier duties  
 more wise  
 Than the industrious Poet, ta-  
 prize,  
 Above all grandeur, a pure  
 crossed  
 By cares in which simplicity is  
 That life—the flowery path that  
 by stealth,  
 Which Horace needed for his  
 health ;

ed for, in heart and genius, over-  
come  
noise, and strife, and questions  
wearisome,  
the vain splendours of Imperial  
Rome?

easy mirth his social hours in-  
pire,

fiction animate his sportive  
yre,

ed to verse that crowning light  
distress

garlands cheats her into happi-  
ness;

me the humblest note of those  
sad strains

in forth by pressure of his gilded  
chains,

a chance sunbeam from his  
memory fell

the Sabine Farm he loved so  
well;

when the prattle of Blandusia's  
spring

ted his ear—he only listening—  
roud to please, above all rivals,

it

in the palm of gaiety and wit;

doubt not, with involuntary  
bread,

sing from each new favour to be  
hed,

World's Ruler, on his honoured  
head!

deep vision's intellectual scene,  
earnest longings and regrets as  
een

ssed the melancholy Cowley,  
id

a fancied yew-tree's luckless  
ade;  
wo.

A doleful bower for penitential song,  
Where Man and Muse complained of  
mutual wrong;

While Cam's ideal current glided  
by,

And antique Towers nodded their  
foreheads high,

Citadels dear to studious privacy.

But Fortune, who had long been used  
to sport

With this tried Servant of a thankless  
Court,

Relenting met his wishes; and to  
You

The remnant of his days at least was  
true; [loved best;

You, whom, though long deserted, he

You, Muses, Books, Fields, Liberty,  
and Rest!

Far happier they who, fixing hope  
and aim

On the humanities of peaceful fame,  
Enter betimes with more than martial

fire

The generous course, aspire, and still  
aspire;

Upheld by warnings heeded not too  
late

Stifle the contradictions of their fate,  
And to one purpose cleave, their

being's godlike mate!

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the  
placid brow

That Woman ne'er should forfeit, keep  
thy vow;

With modest scorn reject whate'er  
would blind

The ethereal eyesight, cramp the  
winged mind!

Then, with a blessing granted from  
 above  
 To every act, word, thought, and look  
 of love,  
 Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed,  
 till age  
 Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its  
 latest page.\*

---

EPISTLE TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND  
 BEAUMONT, BART.

FAR from our home by Grasmere's  
 quiet Lake,  
 From the Vale's peace which all her  
 fields partake,  
 Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's  
 shore  
 We sojourn stunned by Ocean's cease-  
 less roar;  
 While, day by day, grim neighbour!  
 huge Black Comb  
 Frowns deepening visibly his native  
 gloom,

---

\* There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realised: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers, with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz., quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Author's acquaintance, no equal.

Unless, perchance rejecting in de-  
 What on the Plain *we* have of w  
 and light,  
 In his own storms he hides hi  
 from sight.  
 Rough is the time; and thoughts  
 would be free  
 From heaviness, oft fly, dear Frie  
 thee;  
 Turn from a spot where n  
 sheltered road  
 Nor hedge-row screen invites my  
 abroad;  
 Where one poor Plane-tree, havin  
 might  
 Attained a stature twice a tall  
 height,  
 Hopeless of further growth, and  
 and sere  
 Through half the summer, stands  
 top cut sheer,  
 Like an unshifting weathercock  
 proves  
 How cold the quarter that the  
 best loves,  
 Or like a Centinel that, evermore  
 Darkening the window, ill defen  
 door  
 Of this unfinished house—a F  
 bare,  
 Where strength has been the Bu  
 only care;  
 Whose rugged walls may still for  
 demand  
 The final polish of the Plasterer's  
 —This Dwelling's Inmate more  
 three weeks' space  
 And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless  
 I—of whose touch the fiddle  
 complain,  
 Whose breath would labour at th  
 in vain,

music all unversed, nor blessed with  
 skill  
 idge to copy, or to paint a mill,  
 and of my books, a scanty company!  
 I tired of listening to the boisterous  
 sea—  
 e between door and window mutter-  
 ing rhyme,  
 old resource to cheat a froward  
 time!  
 ough these dull hours (mine is it, or  
 their shame?)  
 ld tempt me to renounce that  
 humble aim.  
 it if there be a Muse who, free to  
 take  
 seat upon Olympus, doth forsake  
 e heights (like Phœbus when his  
 golden locks  
 veiled, attendant on Thessalian  
 flocks)  
 in disguise, a Milkmaid with her  
 pail  
 down the pathways of some  
 winding dale;  
 like a Mermaid, warbles on the  
 shores  
 shers mending nets beside their  
 loors;  
 ilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,  
 plaintive ditties to the heedless  
 wind,  
 tens to its play among the boughs  
 e her head and so forgets her  
 ows—  
 h a Visitant of Earth there be  
 he would deign this day to smile  
 n me  
 aid my verse, content with local  
 ounds  
 atural beauty and life's daily  
 ounds,

Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings,  
 which we tell  
 Without reserve to those whom we love  
 well—  
 Then haply, Beaumont! words in  
 current clear  
 Will flow, and on a welcome page  
 appear  
 Duly before thy sight, unless they  
 perish here.

What shall I treat of? News from  
 Mona's Isle?  
 Such have we, but unvaried in its  
 style;  
 No tales of Runagates fresh landed,  
 whence  
 And wherefore fugitive or on what  
 pretence;  
 Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the  
 wind  
 Most restlessly alive when most con-  
 fined.  
 Ask not of me, whose tongue can best  
 appease  
 The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF  
 KEYS;  
 The last year's cup whose Ram or  
 Heifer gained,  
 What slopes are planted, or what  
 mosses drained:  
 An eye of fancy only can I cast  
 On that proud pageant now at hand or  
 past,  
 When full five hundred boats in trim  
 array,  
 With nets and sails outspread and  
 streamers gay,  
 And chanted hymns and stiller voice of  
 prayer,  
 For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep  
 repair,



Soon as the herring-shoals at distance  
shine  
Like beds of moonlight shifting on the  
brine.

Mona from our Abode is daily seen,  
But with a wilderness of waves between;  
And by conjecture only can we speak  
Of aught transacted there in bay or  
creek;

No tidings reach us thence from town  
or field,

Only faint news her mountain-sunbeams  
yield,

And some we gather from the misty  
air,

And some the hovering clouds, our  
telegraph, declare.

But these poetic mysteries I withhold;  
For Fancy hath her fits both hot and  
cold,

And should the colder fit with You  
be on

When You might read, my credit would  
be gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen  
engage,

And nearer interests culled from the  
opening stage

Of our migration.—Ere the welcome  
dawn

Had from the east her silver star with-  
drawn,

The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-  
door,

Thoughtfully freighted with a various  
store;

And long or ere the uprising of the  
Sun

O'er dew-damped dust our journey was  
begun,

And joyful journey, under favouring  
Through peopled Vales; yet some  
in the guise

Of those old Patriarchs when from  
to well

They roamed through Wastes  
now the tented Arabs dwell

Say first, to whom did we the  
confide,

Who promptly undertook the V.  
guide

Up many a sharply-twining road  
down,

And over many a wide hill's  
crown,

Through the quick turns of many  
hollow nook,

And the rough bed of many a  
bridged brook?

A blooming Lass—who in her  
hand

Bore a light switch, her scepter  
command

When, yet a slender Girl, she oft  
Skilful and bold, the horse

burthened sled \*

From the peat-yielding Moss  
Gowdar's head.

What could go wrong with such a  
Charioteer

For goods and chattels, or  
Infants dear,

A Pair who smilingly sat side by side  
Our hope confirming that the sea

tide,  
Whose free embraces we were bound  
seek,

Would their lost strength restore  
freshen the pale cheek?

\* A local word for sledge.

hope did either Parent entertain  
 behind along the silent lane.

he hopes and happy musings  
 soon took flight,

! an uncouth melancholy sight—  
 green bank a creature stood  
 forlorn

half protruded to the light of  
 morn,

under part concealed by hedge-row  
 thorn.

Figure called to mind a beast of  
 prey

: of its frightful powers by slow  
 decay,

though no longer upon rapine  
 bent,

memory keeping of its old intent.

tarted, looked again with anxious  
 yes,

n that griesly object recognise

Curate's Dog — his long-tried  
 friend, for they,

all we knew, together had grown  
 ray.

laster died, his drooping servant's  
 grief

: at the Widow's feet some sad  
 relief;

ll he lived in pining discontent,  
 is which no indulgence could

event;

whole day wanderings, broken  
 ghly sleeps

mesome watch that out of doors  
 eeps;

ftentimes, I trust, as we, poor  
 ute!

him on his legs sustained,  
 ank, mute,

all visible motion destitute,

So that the very heaving of his breath  
 Seemed stopt, though by some other  
 power than death.

Long as we gazed upon the form and  
 face,

A mild domestic pity kept its place,  
 Unscared by thronging fancies of  
 strange hue

That haunted us in spite of what we  
 knew.

Even now I sometimes think of him as  
 lost

In second-sight appearances, or crost  
 By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the  
 ground,

On which he stood, by spells unnatural  
 bound,

Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to  
 wait

In days of old romance at Archimago's  
 gate.

Advancing Summer, Nature's law  
 fulfilled,

The choristers in every grove had  
 stilled;

But we, we lacked not music of our  
 own,

For lightsome Fanny had thus early  
 thrown,

Mid the gay prattle of those infant  
 tongues,

Some notes prelusive, from the round  
 of songs

With which, more zealous than the  
 liveliest bird

That in wild Arden's brakes was ever  
 heard,

Her work and her work's partners she  
 can cheer,

The whole day long, and all days of the  
 year.

Thus gladdened from our own dear  
 Vale we pass  
 And soon approach Diana's Looking-  
 glass!  
 To Loughrigg-tarn, round clear and  
 bright as heaven,  
 Such name Italian fancy would have  
 given,  
 Ere on its banks the few gray cabins  
 rose  
 That yet disturb not its concealed  
 repose  
 More than the feeblest wind that idly  
 blows.

Ah, Beaumont! when an opening in  
 the road  
 Stopped me at once by charm of what  
 it showed,  
 The encircling region vividly exprest  
 Within the mirror's depth, a world at  
 rest—  
 Sky streaked with purple, grove and  
 craggy *bield*,\*  
 And the smooth green of many a  
 pendent field,  
 And, quieted and soothed, a torrent  
 small,  
 A little daring would-be waterfall,  
 One chimney smoking and its azure  
 wreath,  
 Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,  
 With here and there a faint imperfect  
 gleam  
 Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam—  
 What wonder at this hour of stillness  
 deep,  
 A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and  
 sleep,

---

\* A word common in the country, signifying  
 shelter, as in Scotland.

When Nature's self, amid such  
 ing, seems  
 To render visible her own soft  
 If, mixed with what appeared  
 lawn, wood,  
 Fondly embosomed in the  
 flood,  
 A glimpse I caught of that Ab  
 Thee  
 Designed to rise in humble priv  
 A lowly Dwelling, here to be on  
 Like a small Hamlet, with its  
 head  
 Half hid in native trees. Alas  
 Nor ever was; I sighed, and  
 spot  
 Unconscious of its own untowar  
 And thought in silence, with re  
 keen,  
 Of unexperienced joys that mig  
 been;  
 Of neighbourhood and intern  
 arts,  
 And golden summer days uniting  
 ful hearts.  
 But time, irrevocable time, is flo  
 And let us utter thanks for b  
 sown  
 And reaped—what hath been, an  
 is, our own.

Not far we travelled ere a sh  
 glee,  
 Startling us all, dispersed my ren  
 Such shout as many a sportive  
 meeting  
 Oft-times from Alpine *chalets* s  
 greeting.  
 Whence the blithe hail? bel  
 Peasant stand  
 On high, a kerchief waving  
 hand!

expectant that by early day  
 little Band would thrid this  
 mountain-way,  
 her cottage on the bright hill-  
 le  
 with advanced with hope to be  
 cried.  
 gladly answering signals we  
 played,  
 along a tract of morning  
 ade,  
 local wishes sent of like good  
 l  
 kind Friend high on the sunny  
 l—  
 us region, fair as if the prime  
 mpting all astir to look aloft or  
 nb;  
 e centre of the shining cot  
 oor left open makes a gloomy  
 it,  
 1 of those dark corners some-  
 ies found  
 the happiest breast on earthly  
 und.

prospect left behind of stream  
 l vale,  
 ountain-tops, a barren ridge we  
 le;  
 l and reach, in Yewdale's  
 oths, a plain  
 aycocks studded, striped with  
 owing grain—  
 level as a Lake and spread  
 a rock too steep for man to  
 id,  
 sheltered from the north and  
 ak north-west  
 e Raven hangs a visible nest,  
 of all assaults that would her  
 od molest.

Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale;  
 but hark,  
 At our approach, a jealous watch-dog's  
 bark,  
 Noise that brings forth no liveried  
 Page of state,  
 But the whole household, that our  
 coming wait.  
 With Young and Old warm greetings  
 we exchange,  
 And jocund smiles, and toward the  
 lowly Graŋge  
 Press forward by the teasing dogs  
 unscares.  
 Entering, we find the morning meal  
 prepared:  
 So down we sit, though not till each  
 had cast  
 Pleased looks around the delicate  
 repast—  
 Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh  
 from the nest,  
 With amber honey from the mountain's  
 breast;  
 Strawberries from lane or woodland,  
 offering wild  
 Of children's industry, in hillocks piled;  
 Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie  
 Upon a lordly dish; frank hospitality  
 Where simple art with bounteous  
 nature vied,  
 And cottage comfort shunned not  
 seemingly pride.

Kind Hostess! Handmaid also of  
 the feast,  
 If thou be lovelier than the kindling  
 East,  
 Words by thy presence unrestrained  
 may speak  
 Of a perpetual dawn from brow and  
 cheek

Instinct with light whose sweetest  
 promise lies,  
 Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes,  
 Dark but to every gentle feeling true,  
 As if their lustre flowed from ether's  
 purest blue.

Let me not ask what tears may have  
 been wept  
 By those bright eyes, what weary vigils  
 kept,  
 Beside that hearth what sighs may have  
 been heaved  
 For wounds inflicted, nor what toil  
 relieved  
 By fortitude and patience, and the  
 grace  
 Of heaven in pity visiting the place.  
 Not unadvisedly those secret springs  
 I leave unsearched: enough that  
 memory clings,  
 Here as elsewhere, to notices that  
 make  
 Their own significance for hearts  
 awake,  
 To rural incidents, whose genial  
 powers  
 Filled with delight three summer morn-  
 ing hours.

More could my pen report of grave  
 or gay  
 That through our gipsy travel cheered  
 the way;  
 But, bursting forth above the waves,  
 the Sun  
 Laughs at my pains, and seems to say,  
 "Be done."  
 Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust,  
 reprove  
 This humble offering made by Truth to  
 Love,

Nor chide the Muse that stooped  
 to break a spell  
 Which might have else been on  
 yet:—FAREWELL.

UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING  
 EPISTLE THIRTY YEARS AFTER  
 COMPOSITION.

SOON did the Almighty Giver of all  
 Take those dear young Ones to  
 fearless nest;  
 And in Death's arms has long repos-  
 the Friend  
 For whom this simple Register was  
 penned.  
 Thanks to the moth that spared i-  
 our eyes;  
 And Strangers even the slighted S-  
 may prize,  
 Moved by the touch of kindred s-  
 pathies.  
 For—save the calm repentance sh-  
 o'er strife  
 Raised by remembrances of misused  
 The light from past endeavours pur-  
 willed  
 And by Heaven's favour happily  
 filled;  
 Save hope that we, yet bound to Ear-  
 may share  
 The joys of the Departed—what so  
 As blameless pleasure, not with-  
 some tears,  
 Reviewed through Love's transpare-  
 veil of years?

*Note.*—LOUGHRIGG TARN, alluded to in  
 foregoing Epistle, resembles, though  
 smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi,  
*Speculum Diane* as it is often called, not  
 in its clear waters and circular form, and  
 beauty immediately surrounding it, but also

TO A REDBREAST.—(IN SICKNESS).

AY, little cheerful Robin! stay,  
And at my casement sing,  
ough it should prove a farewell lay  
And this our parting spring.  
ough I, alas! may ne'er enjoy  
The promise in thy song;  
harm, *that* thought can not destroy,  
oth to thy strain belong.

hinks that in my dying hour  
hy song would still be dear,  
l with a more than earthly power  
ly passing Spirit cheer.

n, little Bird, this boon confer,  
ome, and my requiem sing,  
fail to be the harbinger  
f everlasting Spring.—S. H.

ow an aged Man constrained to  
dwell  
large house of public charity,  
e he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,  
numbers near, alas! no company.

overlooked by the eminence of Langdale  
as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo.  
this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn  
st much of its beauty by the felling of  
natural clumps of wood, relics of the old  
particularly upon the farm called "The  
from the abundance of that tree which  
ere.

to be regretted, upon public grounds,  
r George Beaumont did not carry into  
his intention of constructing here a  
r Retreat in the style I have described;  
taste would have set an example how  
gs, with all the accommodations modern  
requires, might be introduced even into  
it secluded parts of this country without  
their native character. The design  
abandoned from failure of inclination  
part, but in consequence of local  
ness which need not be particularised.

When he could creep about, at will,  
though poor  
And forced to live on alms, this old  
Man fed  
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage  
door  
Came not, but in a lane partook his  
bread.

There, at the root of one particular  
tree,  
An easy seat this worn-out Labourer  
found  
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon  
his knee  
Laid one by one, or scattered on the  
ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after  
day;  
What signs of mutual gladness when  
they met!  
Think of their common peace, their  
simple play,  
The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not  
to fulfil,  
In spite of season's change, its own  
demand,  
By fluttering pinions here and busy  
bill;  
There by caresses from a tremulous  
hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so  
strong  
Was formed between the solitary pair,  
That when his fate had housed him  
'mid a throng  
The Captive shunned all converse pro-  
ferred there.

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead  
and gone;  
But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,  
One living stay was left, and on that  
one  
Some recompense for all that he had  
lost.

O that the good old Man had power to  
prove,  
By message sent through air or visible  
token,  
That still he loves the Bird, and still  
must love;  
That friendship lasts though fellowship  
is broken!

---

SONNET.—TO AN OCTOGENARIAN.

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time  
brings forth  
No successors; and, lodged in memory,  
If love exist no longer, it must die,—  
Wanting accustomed food, must pass  
from earth,  
Or never hope to reach a second birth.  
This sad belief, the happiest that is left  
To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er  
bereft,  
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a  
dearth.  
Though poor and destitute of friends  
thou art,  
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,  
One to whom Heaven assigns that  
mournful part  
The utmost solitude of age to face,  
Still shall be left some corner of the  
heart  
Where Love for living Thing can find a  
place.

FLOATING ISLAND.

These lines are by the Author of the *Add the Wind*, etc., published heretofore with my poems. Those to a Redbreast by a deceased female Relative.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature  
On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;  
Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind  
breeze,  
All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth  
(By throbbing waves long underm  
Loosed from its hold; how, no  
knew,  
But all might see it float, obedie  
the wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore  
Dissevered, float upon the Lake,  
Float with its crest of trees adorne  
On which the warbling birds  
pastime take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they fir  
There berries ripen, flowerets bloo  
There insects live their lives, and  
A peopled world it is; in size a  
room.

And thus through many seasons's  
This little Island may survive;  
But Nature, though we mark her  
Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wand  
forth  
Upon some vacant sunny day,  
Without an object, hope, or fear,  
Thither your eyes may turn—the  
is passed away;

And beneath the glittering Lake,  
 Place no longer to be found;  
 The lost fragments shall remain  
 Utilise some other ground.—D. W.

---

Beautiful the Queen of Night, on  
 high  
 way pursuing among scattered  
 clouds,  
 Ere, ever and anon, her head she  
 shrouds  
 Hidden from view in dense  
 obscurity.  
 Look, and to the watchful  
 eye  
 lightening edge will indicate that  
 soon  
 shall behold the struggling  
 Moon  
 : forth,—again to walk the clear  
 blue sky.

---

### EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

#### I.

Is the fragrant air, and loth to  
 rise  
 grateful warmth, tho' moist with  
 falling dews.  
 For the stars, you'll say that there  
 are none;  
 Upon a second time, and, one by  
 one,  
 mark them twinkling out with  
 every light,  
 wonder how they could elude the  
 night!

The birds, of late so noisy in their  
 bowers,

Warbled a while with faint and fainter  
 powers,

But now are silent as the dim-seen  
 flowers:

Nor does the Village Church-clock's  
 iron tone

The time's and season's influence dis-  
 own;

Nine beats distinctly to each other  
 bound

In drowsy sequence; how unlike the  
 sound

That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a  
 fear

On fireside Listeners, doubting what  
 they hear!

The Shepherd, bent on rising with  
 the sun,

Had closed his door before the day  
 was done,

And now with thankful heart to bed  
 doth creep,

And join his little Children in their  
 sleep.

The Bat, lured forth where trees the  
 lane o'er shade,

Flits and reflits along the close arcade;  
 The busy Dor-hawk chases the white  
 Moth [Sloth

With burring note, which Industry and  
 Might both be pleased with, for it  
 suits them both.

A stream is heard—I see it not, but  
 know [flow:

By its soft music whence the waters  
 Wheels and the tread of hoofs are  
 heard no more;

One Boat there was, but it will touch  
 the shore [oar;

With the next dipping of its slackened



Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the  
 gay,  
 Might give to serious thought a  
 moment's sway, [day!  
 As a last token of Man's toilsome

## II.

Not in the lucid intervals of life  
 That come but as a curse to Party-  
 strife;  
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with  
 a sigh  
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by;  
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor  
 Slave  
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mam-  
 mon's cave,  
 Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do  
 words,  
 Which practised Talent readily affords,  
 Prove that her hand has touched re-  
 sponsive chords;  
 Nor has her gentle beauty power to  
 move [love  
 With genuine rapture and with fervent  
 The soul of Genius, if he dare to take  
 Life's rule from passion craved for  
 passion's sake;  
 Untaught that meekness is the  
 cherished bent  
 Of all the truly Great and all the  
 Innocent.

But who *is* innocent? By grace  
 divine,  
 Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine  
 Through good and evil thine, in just  
 degree  
 Of rational and manly sympathy.  
 To all that Earth from pensive hearts  
 is stealing,  
 And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes  
 revealing,

Add every charm the Univ  
 show  
 Through every change its  
 undergo  
 Care may be respited, but  
 pealed;  
 No perfect cure grows on that  
 field.  
 Vain is the pleasure, a false  
 peace,  
 If He, through whom alone  
 flits cease,  
 Our virtuous hopes without  
 advance,  
 Come not to speed the Soul's  
 ance;  
 To the distempered Intellect re  
 His gracious help, or give  
 abuse.

## III.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL M

THE Linnet's warble, sinking  
 a close,  
 Hints to the Thrush 'tis time f  
 repose;  
 The shrill-voiced Thrush is h  
 and again  
 The Monitor revives his own  
 strain;  
 But both will soon be masters  
 the copse  
 Be left as silent as the mountain  
 Ere some commanding Star dis  
 rest  
 The throng of Rooks, that now  
 twig or nest,  
 (After a steady flight on home  
 wings,  
 And a last game of mazy hover  
 Around their ancient grove) wit  
 ing noise  
 Disturb the liquid music's equip

Nightingale! Who ever heard  
thy song [so strong  
it here be moved, till Fancy grows  
listening sense is pardonably  
cheated [never greeted.  
In wood or stream by thee was  
led, from fairest spots of favoured  
lands, [jealous hands,  
I see not some gifts withheld by  
the hour of deepening darkness here  
would be,

fresh morning for new harmony;  
Lays as prompt would hail the  
dawn of night;  
And she has both beautiful and  
bright, [moon's light;  
In the East kindles with the full  
like the rising sun's impatient  
glow [flow  
ling the mountains, but an over-  
lemon splendour, in mutation slow.

Underer by spring with gradual  
progress led, [spread;  
sway profoundly felt as widely  
ing, to peasant, to rough sailor,  
dear,  
to the soldier's trumpet-wearied  
ear;  
welcome wouldst thou be to this  
green Vale

than Tempe! Yet, sweet  
Nightingale!  
the warm breeze that bears thee  
in alight  
and stay thy migratory flight;  
at thy choice, or sing, by pool  
fount,  
shall complain, or call thee to  
account?  
The sweetest, happiest, of our kind are  
they [way,  
who ever walk content with Nature's

God's goodness measuring bounty as  
it may;  
For whom the gravest thought of what  
they miss,  
Chastening the fulness of a present  
bliss,  
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,  
While unrepining sadness is allied  
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

IV.

Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—  
the Mere  
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless,  
clear,  
And motionless; and, to the gazer's  
eye,  
Deeper than Ocean, in the immensity  
Of its vague mountains and unreal  
sky!  
But, from the process in that still  
retreat,  
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;  
Observe how dewy Twilight has with-  
drawn  
The crowd of daisies from the shaven  
lawn,  
And has restored to view its tender  
green,  
That, while the sun rode high, was  
lost beneath their dazzling sheen.  
—An emblem this of what the sober  
Hour  
Can do for minds disposed to feel its  
power!  
Thus oft, when we in vain have wished  
away  
The petty pleasures of the garish  
day,  
Meek Eve shuts up the whole usurping  
host  
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at  
his post)

And leaves the disencumbered spirit  
free  
'To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time  
and place, [nature's grace ;  
When wisdom stands in need of  
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not,  
descend,  
Like Angels from their bowers, our  
virtues to befriend ;  
If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,  
"I come to open out, for fresh display,  
The elastic vanities of yesterday?"

## v.

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-  
crowned hill,  
And sky that danced among those  
leaves, are still ;  
Rest smooths the way for sleep ; in  
field and bower  
Soft shades and dews have shed their  
blended power  
On drooping eyelid and the closing  
flower ;  
Sound is there none at which the  
faintest heart  
Might leap, the weakest nerve of  
superstition start ;  
Save when the Owlet's unexpected  
scream  
Pierces the ethereal vault ; and 'mid  
the gleam  
Of unsubstantial imagery—the dream,  
From the hushed vale's realities, trans-  
ferred  
To the still lake, the imaginative  
Bird  
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not  
unheard.

Grave Creature ! whether, whi  
moon shines bright  
On thy wings opened wid  
smoothest flight,  
Thou art discovered in a r  
tower, [a lady's t  
Rising from what may once have  
Or spied where thou sitt'st mop  
thy mew  
At the dim centre of a churc  
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod  
Deep in a forest, thy secure abod  
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sak  
shriek or shout,  
A puzzling notice of thy whereab  
May the night never come, nor d  
seen, [thy  
When I shall scorn thy voice or

In classic ages men perceived :  
Of sapience in thy aspect, he  
Owl ! [studious g  
Thee Athens 'reverenced in  
And, near the golden sceptre gr  
by Jove, [round him  
His Eagle's favourite perch,  
The Gods revolving the decrees of  
Thou, too, wert present at Min  
side—  
Hark to that second larum ! far  
The elements have heard, and  
and cave replied.

## vi.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST  
CUMBERLAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly  
retire,  
Flung back from distant clime  
streaming fire,

O Power supreme ! who, arming  
 O rebuke [look,  
 ders, dost put off the gracious  
 clothe thyself with terrors like the  
 ood  
 an roused into his fiercest mood,  
 ver discipline thy Will ordain  
 ie brief course that must for me  
 main ;  
 me with quick-eared spirit to  
 joyce  
 nonitions of thy softest voice !  
 'er the path these mortal feet  
 ay trace,  
 e through my soul the blessing  
 thy grace,  
 through a perfect love, a faith  
 icere  
 from the wisdom that begins  
 th fear ;  
 expand, and, for a season, free  
 inite cares, to rest absorbed in  
 ee !

(BY THE SEA-SIDE.)

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone  
to rest,  
And the wild storm hath somewhere  
found a nest;  
Air slumbers — wave with wave no  
longer strives,  
Only a heaving of the deep survives,  
A tell-tale motion! soon will it be  
laid,  
And by the tide alone the water  
swayed.  
Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings  
mild.  
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—  
Such is the prospect far as sight can  
range,  
The soothing recompence, the wel-  
come change.  
Where now the ships that drove before  
the blast,  
Threatened by angry breakers as they  
passed;  
And by a train of flying clouds be-  
mocked;  
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor  
rocked  
As on a bed of death? Some lodge  
in peace,  
Saved by His care who bade the  
tempest cease;  
And some, too heedless of past dan-  
ger, court  
Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off  
port;  
But near, or hanging sea and sky  
between,  
Not one of all those winged Powers is  
seen.

Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet  
 heard;  
 Yet oh! how gladly would the air be  
 stirred  
 By some acknowledgment of thanks  
 and praise,  
 Soft in its temper as those vesper lays  
 Sung to the Virgin while accordant  
 oars  
 Urge the slow bark along Calabrian  
 shores;  
 A sea-born service through the moun-  
 tains felt,  
 Till into one loved vision all things  
 melt:  
 Or like those hymns that soothe with  
 graver sound  
 The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;  
 And, from the wide and open Baltic,  
 rise  
 With punctual care, Lutheran har-  
 monies.  
 Hush, not a voice is here! but why  
 repine,  
 Now when the star of eve comes forth  
 to shine  
 On British waters with that look benign?  
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward  
 way,  
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,  
 May silent thanks at least to God be  
 given  
 With a full heart; "our thoughts are  
*heard* in heaven!"

---

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

WHAT mischief cleaves to unsubdued  
 regret,  
 How fancy sickens by vague hopes  
 beset;

How baffled projects on the spirit  
 And fruitless wishes eat the  
 away,  
 The Sailor knows; he best, whose  
 is cast  
 On the relentless sea that holds  
 fast  
 On chance dependent, and the  
 star  
 Of power, through long and melan-  
 war.  
 O sad it is, in sight of fo-  
 shores,  
 Daily to think on old familiar doc-  
 Hearths loved in childhood,  
 ancestral floors;  
 Or, tossed about along a was-  
 foam,  
 To ruminate on that delightful ho-  
 Which with the dear Betrothed  
 come;  
 Or came and was and is, yet mee-  
 eye  
 Never but in the world of memor-  
 Or in a dream recalled, whose smo-  
 range  
 Is crossed by knowledge, or by  
 of change,  
 And if not so, whose perfect joy  
 sleep  
 A thing too bright for breathing  
 keep.  
 Hail to the virtues which that p-  
 life  
 Extracts from Nature's elemental  
 And welcome glory won in  
 fought  
 As bravely as the foe was  
 sought.  
 But to each gallant Captain a  
 crew  
 A less imperious sympathy is du-

as my verse now yields, while  
 on beams play  
 e mute sea in this unruffled  
 ly;  
 as will promptly flow from every  
 east,  
 good men, disappointed in the  
 rest  
 lth and power and honours, long  
 r rest;  
 ving known the splendours of  
 ccess,  
 r the obscurities of happiness.

---

Crescent-moon, the Star of  
 Love,  
 ies of evening, as ye there are  
 seen  
 but a span of sky between—  
 k one of you, my doubts re-  
 move,  
 is the attendant Page and which  
 the Queen?

---

TO LUCCA GIORDANO.

ANO, verily thy Pencil's  
 ill  
 here portrayed with Nature's  
 ppiest grace  
 ir Endymion couched on Lat-  
 os-hill;  
 Dian gazing on the Shepherd's  
 ce  
 ture,—yet suspending her em-  
 ace,  
 : unconscious with what power  
 e thrill

Of her most timid touch his sleep  
 would chase,  
 And, with his sleep, that beauty calm  
 and still.  
 Oh may this work have found its last  
 retreat  
 Here in a Mountain-bard's secure  
 abode,  
 One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia  
 showed  
 A face of love which he in love would  
 greet,  
 Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky  
 seat;  
 Or lured along where green-wood paths  
 he trod.

---

WHO but is pleased to watch the moon  
 on high  
 Travelling where she from time to time  
 enshrouds  
 Her head, and nothing loth her  
 Majesty  
 Renounces, till among the scattered  
 clouds  
 One with its kindling edge declares  
 that soon  
 Will reappear before the uplifted  
 eye  
 A Form as bright, as beautiful a  
 moon,  
 To glide in open prospect through clear  
 sky.  
 Pity that such a promise e'er should  
 prove  
 False in the issue, that yon seeming  
 space  
 Of sky should be in truth the steadfast  
 face  
 Of a cloud flat and dense, through  
 which must move

(By transit not unlike man's frequent  
doom)  
The Wanderer lost in more determined  
gloom.

---

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in  
wisdom's creed,  
A pitiable doom; for respite brief  
A care more anxious, or a heavier  
grief?  
Is he ungrateful, and doth little  
heed  
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or  
indeed,  
Must Man, with labour born, awake to  
sorrow  
When Flowers rejoice and Larks with  
rival speed  
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun  
good morrow?  
They mount for rapture as their songs  
proclaim  
Warbled in hearing both of earth and  
sky;  
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave  
a sigh?  
Like those aspirants let us soar—our  
aim,  
Through life's worst trials, whether  
shocks or snares,  
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than  
theirs.

---

### THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And he accepts the punctual hymn,  
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside  
From holy offerings at noontide  
Then here reposing let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be no  
We need not toil from morn to  
The respite of the mid-day hou  
Is in the thankful Creature's pr

Blest are the moments, doubly  
That, drawn from this one hour  
Are with a ready heart bestow  
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed sp  
An Altar is in each man's cot,  
A Church in every grove that s  
Its living roof above our head

Look up to Heaven! the ind  
Sun  
Already half his race hath run  
*He* cannot halt nor go astray,  
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the I  
If we have faltered or transgr  
Guide, from thy love's a  
source,

What yet remains of this day's  
Help with thy grace, throu  
short day,  
Our upward and our downwar  
And glorify for us the west,  
When we shall sink to final r

### A WREN'S NEST

AMONG the dwellings framed  
In field or forest with nice  
Is none that with the little V  
In snugness may compare.

or the tenement requires,  
seldom needs a laboured roof;  
t to the fiercest sun  
ervious and storm-proof.

m, so beautiful withal,  
erfect fitness for its aim,  
o the Kind by special grace  
ir instinct surely came.

hen for their abodes they seek  
opportune recess,  
ermit has no finer eye  
shadowy quietness.

find, 'mid ivied Abbey walls,  
nopy in some still nook;  
are pent-housed by a brae  
overhangs a brook.

to the brooding Bird her Mate  
bles by fits his low clear song;  
y the busy Streamlet both  
sung to all day long.

sequestered lanes they build,  
re, till the flitting Bird's return,  
gs within the nest repose,  
elics in an urn.

ll, where general choice is good,  
re is a better and a best;  
mong fairest objects, some  
fairer than the rest;

one of those small Builders  
oved  
green covert, where, from out  
ahead of a pollard oak,  
leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy  
Lodge,  
Mistrusting her evasive skill,  
Had to a Primrose looked for aid  
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,  
And fixed an infant's span above  
The budding flowers, peeped forth the  
nest,  
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show  
To some whose minds without dis-  
dain  
Can turn to little things, but once  
Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone—a ruthless Spoiler's prey,  
Who heeds not beauty, love, or  
song,  
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we  
grieved  
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by  
In clearer light the moss-built cell  
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,  
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread  
The largest of her upright leaves;  
And thus, for purposes benign,  
A simple Flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might  
disturb  
Thy quiet with no ill intent,  
Secure from evil eyes and hands  
On barbarous plunder bent,



Rest, mother-bird! and when thy  
 young  
 Take flight, and thou art free to  
 roam,  
 When withered is the guardian flower,  
 And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and  
 thine,  
 Amid the unviolated grove  
 Housed near the growing primrose tuft  
 In foresight, or in love.

---

### SONNETS.

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A  
 TOUR IN SCOTLAND IN THE SUMMER  
 OF 1833.

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of sonnets is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goilhead, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfriesshire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

#### I.

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels! that have  
 grown  
 And spread as if ye knew that days  
 might come  
 When ye would shelter in a happy  
 home,  
 On this fair Mount, a Poet of your  
 own,  
 One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic  
 crown

To sue the God; but, haunting  
 green shade  
 All seasons through, is humbly ple  
 to braid  
 Ground-flowers, beneath your guan  
 ship, self sown.  
 Farewell! no Minstrels now with  
 new-strung  
 For summer wandering quit  
 household bowers;  
 Yet not for this wants Poesy a ton  
 To cheer the Itinerant on whom  
 pours  
 Her spirit, while he crosses  
 moors,  
 Or musing sits forsaken halls am

#### II.

WHY should the Enthusiast, jour  
 through this Isle,  
 Repine as if his hour were com  
 late?  
 Not unprotected in her mould  
 state,  
 Antiquity salutes him with a smi  
 'Mid fruitful fields that ring  
 jocund toil,  
 And pleasure-grounds where  
 refined Co-mate  
 Of Truth and Beauty, strive  
 imitate,  
 Far as she may, primeval Na  
 style.  
 Fair land! by Time's parental  
 made free,  
 By social Order's watchful arm  
 braced,  
 With unexampled union meet in  
 For eye and mind, the present ar  
 past;  
 With golden prospect for futurity,  
 If that be revered which ought

## III.

called Thee merry England, in  
 ld time ;  
 ppy people won for thee that  
 ame  
 envy heard in many a distant  
 lime,  
 spite of change, for me thou  
 eep'st the same  
 ring title, a responsive chime  
 ie heart's fond belief, though  
 me there are  
 ; sterner judgments deem that  
 ord a snare  
 attentive Fancy, like the lime  
 foolish birds are caught with.  
 'an, I ask,  
 ace of rural beauty be a mask  
 discontent, and poverty, and  
 time ;  
 spreading towns a cloak for  
 wless will ;  
 d it, Heaven !—and “ merry Eng-  
 und ” still  
 be thy rightful name, in prose  
 nd rhyme !

## IV.

E RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.  
 , what fearful listening ! when  
 uge stones  
 le along thy bed, block after  
 lock :  
 irling with reiterated shock,  
 at, while darkness aggravates the  
 roans :  
 thou (like Cocytus from the  
 roans  
 on his rueful margin) thence  
 ert named  
 ounner, thy true nature was de-  
 ned,

And the habitual murmur that atones  
 For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as  
 Spring  
 Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her  
 thousand thrones,  
 Seats of glad instinct and love's  
 carolling,  
 The concert, for the happy, then may  
 vie  
 With liveliest peals of birth-day har-  
 mony : [benisons.  
 To a grieved heart, the notes are

## V.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just  
 begun,  
 Yet nature seems to them a heavenly  
 guide.  
 Does joy approach ? they meet the  
 coming tide ;  
 And sullenness avoid, as now they  
 shun  
 Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and  
 in the sun  
 Couch near their dams, with quiet  
 satisfied ;  
 Or gambol—each with his shadow at  
 his side,  
 Varying its shape wherever he may  
 run.  
 As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy  
 dew  
 All turn, and court the shining and  
 the green,  
 Where herbs look up, and opening  
 flowers are seen ;  
 Why to God's goodness cannot We be  
 true,  
 And so, His gifts and promises be-  
 tween,  
 Feed to the last on pleasures ever  
 new ?

## VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF  
COCKERMOUTH.

(WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS BORN, AND HIS  
FATHER'S REMAINS ARE LAID.)

A POINT of life between my Parents'  
dust,  
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am  
I;  
And to those graves looking habitually  
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.  
Death to the innocent is more than  
just,  
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;  
So may I hope, if truly I repent  
And meekly bear the ills which bear I  
must:  
And You, my Offspring! that do still  
remain,  
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed  
race,  
If e'er, through fault of mine, in  
mutual pain  
We breathed together for a moment's  
space,  
The wrong, by love provoked, let love  
arraign,  
And only love keep in your hearts a  
place.

## VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF  
COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly  
think,  
Poet! that, stricken as both are by  
years,  
We, differing once so much, are now  
Compeers,  
Prepared, when each has stood his  
time, to sink  
Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link

United us; when thou, in boyish pl  
Entering my dungeon, didst becom  
prey  
To soul-appalling darkness. No  
blink  
Of light was there;—and thus di  
thy Tutor,  
Make thy young thoughts acquain  
with the grave;  
While thou wert chasing the wir  
butterfly  
Through my green courts; or climt  
a bold suitor,  
Up to the flowers whose golden  
geny  
Still round my shattered brow  
beauty wave.

## VIII.

## NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

THE cattle crowding round this b  
age clear  
To slake their thirst, with rec  
hoofs have trod  
The encircling turf into a barren  
Through which the waters creep,  
disappear,  
Born to be lost in Derwent fl  
near;  
Yet, o'er the brink, and round the  
stone-cell  
Of the pure spring (they call i  
"Nun's Well,"  
Name that first struck by chanc  
startled ear)  
A tender Spirit broods—the pe  
Shade  
Of ritual honours to this Fountain  
By hooded Votaresses with saintly  
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild  
Looked down with pity upon ey  
guiled  
Into the shedding of "too soft a

## IX.

## TO A FRIEND.

THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.)

and Patriot! at whose bidding  
modest Walls, amid a flock that  
who comes to watch them  
to feed  
abode, keep down presageful  
ghs.  
s which the unthinking only can  
spise,  
the Church; but be thou firm,  
be true  
first hope, and this good work  
issue,  
s thou art. A welcome sacrifice  
thou prepare, whose sign will be  
e smoke

new hearth; and sooner shall  
wreaths,  
ing while earth her morning  
cense breathes,  
andering fiends of air receive a  
ke,  
raightway cease to aspire, than  
od disdain  
umble tribute as ill-timed or  
in.

## X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT,  
WORKINGTON.)

to the Loves, and to the Graces  
wed,  
ueen drew back the wimple that  
ie wore;  
o the throng, that on the Cum-  
ian shore  
nding hailed, how touchingly she  
wed!

And like a Star (that, from a heavy  
cloud

Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth  
darts,

When a soft summer gale at evening  
parts

The gloom that did its loveliness en-  
shroud)

She smiled; but Time, the old Satur-  
nian Seer,

Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed  
the strand,

With step prelusive to a long array  
Of woes and degradations hand in  
hand,

Weeping captivity, and shuddering  
fear

Stilled by the ensanguined block of  
Fotheringay!

## XI.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST  
OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF  
MAN.

RANGING the Heights of Scawfell or  
Black-comb,

In his lone course the Shepherd oft  
will pause,

And strive to fathom the mysterious  
laws

By which the clouds, arrayed in light  
or gloom,

On Mona settle, and the shapes  
assume

Of all her peaks and ridges. What  
He draws

From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the  
cause

He will take with him to the silent  
tomb:



t, ye waves, and lift the mariner,  
 ling for life, into its saving  
 ms!  
 too, the human helpers! Do  
 ey stir  
 our fierce shock like men afraid  
 die?  
 heir dread service nerves the  
 art it warms,  
 ey are led by noble HILLARY.

## XV.

HE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.  
 and we gazing on the sparkling  
 ine  
 onder, smit by its transparency,  
 -enraptured with its purity?  
 e the unstained, the clear, the  
 stalline,  
 ver in them something of be-  
 gn;  
 r in gem, in water, or in sky,  
 oing infant's brow, or wakeful  
 e  
 ung maiden, only not divine.  
 y the hand forbears to dip its  
 m  
 erage drawn as from a moun-  
 n well:  
 tion centres in the liquid calm;  
 ly raiment seems no obstacle  
 tantaneous plunging in, deep  
 a!  
 velling in long embrace with  
 ee.

## XVI.

## ISLE OF MAN.

H too certain of his power to  
 de  
 smooth bottom of this clear  
 ght sea, [glee  
 it so shallow, with a bather's  
 70.

Leapt from this rock, and but for  
 timely aid  
 He, by the alluring element be-  
 trayed,  
 Had perished. Then might sea-nymphs  
 (and with sighs  
 Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies  
 Bewailing his sad fate, when he was  
 laid  
 In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he  
 was frank,  
 Utterly in himself devoid of guile;  
 Knew not the double-dealing of a  
 smile;  
 Nor aught that makes men's promises  
 a blank,  
 Or deadly snare: and He survives to  
 bless  
 The Power that saved him in his  
 strange distress.

## XVII.

THE RETIRED MARINE OFFICER, ISLE  
OF MAN.

DID pangs of grief for lenient time too  
 keen,  
 Grief that devouring waves had caused,  
 —or guilt  
 Which they had witnessed, sway the  
 man who built  
 This homestead, placed where nothing  
 could be seen,  
 Naught heard of ocean, troubled or  
 serene.  
 A tired Ship-soldier on paternal  
 land,  
 That o'er the channel holds august  
 command,  
 The dwelling raised, — a veteran  
 Marine;

He, in disgust, turned from the neigh-  
 bouring sea  
 To shun the memory of a listless life  
 That hung between two callings. May  
 no strife  
 More hurtful here beset him, doom'd,  
 though free,  
 Self-doom'd to worse inaction, till his  
 eye  
 Shrink from the daily sight of earth  
 and sky!

## XVIII.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.  
 (A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

FROM early youth I ploughed the rest-  
 less Main,  
 My mind as restless and as apt to  
 change;  
 Through every clime and ocean did I  
 range,  
 In hope at length a competence to  
 gain;  
 For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still  
 remain.  
 Year after year I strove, but strove in  
 vain,  
 And hardships manifold did I endure,  
 For Fortune on me never deign'd to  
 smile;  
 Yet I at last a resting-place have  
 found,  
 With just enough life's comforts to  
 procure,  
 In a snug Cove on this our favoured  
 Isle,  
 A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts  
 abound;  
 Then sure I have no reason to com-  
 plain,  
 Though poor to Sea I went, and poor  
 I still remain.

## XIX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN,  
 (SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FR  
 OF THE AUTHOR.)

BROKEN in fortune; but in mind  
 And sound in principle, I seek re  
 Where ancient trees this conver  
 enclose,\*  
 In ruin beautiful. When vain d  
 Intrudes on peace, I pray the  
 Sire  
 To cast a soul-subduing shade o  
 A gray-haired, pensive, th  
 Refugee,  
 A shade but with some spa  
 heavenly fire  
 Once to these cells vouchsafed,  
 when I note  
 The old Tower's brow yellowed  
 the beams  
 Of sunset ever there, albeit stre  
 Of stormy weather-stains tha  
 blance wrought,  
 I thank the silent Monitor, and  
 "Shine so, my aged brow, at a  
 of the day!"

## XX.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's  
 mound  
 (Still marked with green turf  
 narrowing  
 Stage above stage) would  
 Island's King,  
 The laws to promulgate, enro  
 crowned;  
 While, compassing the little  
 around,

---

\* Rushen Abbey.

es and Orders stood, each under  
 ach;  
 like to things within fate's easiest  
 each,  
 power is merged, the pomp a  
 rave has found.  
 th yon cloud, old Snafell! that  
 ine eye  
 hree Realms may take its widest  
 ange;  
 et, for them, thy fountains utter  
 range [phecy,  
 , thy winds break forth in pro-  
 whole State must suffer mortal  
 range,  
 Iona's miniature of sovereignty.

## XXI.

ND who will—I heard a voice  
 claim,  
 gh fierce the assault, and  
 atter'd the defence,  
 ot be that Britain's social frame,  
 lorious work of time and pro-  
 dence,  
 a flying season's rash pretence,  
 fall; that She, whose virtue  
 t to shame,  
 Europe prostrate lay, the Con-  
 eror's aim,  
 perish, self-subverted. Black  
 d dense  
 ud is; but brings *that* a day of  
 om  
 erty? Her sun is up the while,  
 rh whose beams round Saxon  
 fred shone,  
 laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye  
 eams, sweep on,  
 one billow of our heaven-blest  
 e  
 the fanning wind a humbler  
 me."

## XXII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.  
 (DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN,  
 JULY 17.)

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to  
 defy,  
 Appeared the Crag of Ailsa; ne'er did  
 morn  
 With gleaming lights more gracefully  
 adorn  
 His sides, or wreath with mist his  
 forehead high:  
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's  
 eclipse,  
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,  
 Towering above the sea and little  
 ships;  
 For dwarfs the tallest seem while sail-  
 ing by,  
 Each for her haven; with her freight  
 of Care,  
 Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that sel-  
 dom looks  
 Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;  
 Though poor, yet rich, without the  
 wealth of books,  
 Or aught that watchful Love to Nature  
 owes  
 For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, or  
 transient Shows.

## XXIII.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.  
 (IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,  
 A St. Helena next—in shape and hue;  
 Varying her crowded peaks and ridges  
 blue;  
 Who but must covet a cloud-seat or  
 skiff  
 Built for the air, or winged Hippo-  
 griff,



That he might fly, where no one could  
pursue, [crew ;  
From this dull Monster and her sooty  
And, as a God, light on thy topmost  
cliff.  
Impotent wish! which reason would  
despise  
If the mind knew no union of  
extremes,  
No natural bond between the boldest  
schemes  
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.  
Beneath stern mountains many a soft  
vale lies, [streams.  
And lofty springs give birth to lowly

## XXIV.

## ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

THE captive Bird was gone;—to cliff  
or moor  
Perchance had flown, delivered by the  
storm ;  
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the  
worm :  
Him found we not ; but, climbing a  
tall tower,  
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity  
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,  
An Eagle with stretched wings, but  
beamless eye—  
An Eagle that could neither wail nor  
soar.  
Effigy of the Vanished, (shall I dare  
To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce  
deeds  
And of the towering courage which past  
times  
Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a  
share,  
Not undeserved, of the memorial  
rhymes  
That animate my way where'er it  
leads!

## XXV.

## THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOT to the clouds, not to the cliff  
flew ;  
But when a storm, on sea or mount  
bred,  
Came and delivered him, alone  
sped  
Into the Castle-dungeon's dar-  
mew.  
Now, near his Master's house in  
view  
He dwells, and hears indignant  
pests howl,  
Kennelled and chained. Ye  
domestic Fowl,  
Beware of him! Thou, saucy  
atoo,  
Look to thy plumage and thy  
The Roe,  
Fleet as the west wind, is for his  
quarry ;  
Balanced in ether he will  
tarry,  
Eyeing the sea's blue depths.  
Bird! even so  
Doth Man of Brother-man a crea-  
ture make,  
That clings to slavery for its own  
sake.

## XXVI.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

WE saw, but surely, in the  
crowd,  
Not One of us has *felt*, the far-  
sight ;  
How *could* we feel it? each the  
blight,  
Hurried and hurrying, volatile  
loud.

those motions only that invite  
 Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful  
 Cave!  
 The breeze entered, and wave after  
 wave  
 Embosoming the timid light!  
 By *one* Votary who at will might  
 stand  
 g, and take into his mind and  
 heart,  
 undistracted reverence, the effect  
 those proportions where the al-  
 mighty hand  
 made the worlds, the sovereign  
 architect, [Art!  
 leigned to work as if with human

## XXVII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

(*AFTER THE CROWD HAD DEPARTED.*)

KS for the lessons of this Spot—  
 t school [would assign  
 he presumptuous thoughts that  
 ionic laws to agency divine;  
 measuring heaven by earth,  
 ould overrule  
 e Power. The pillared vestibule,  
 iding yet precise, the roof em-  
 owed,  
 seem designed to humble Man,  
 hen proud  
 ; best workmanship by plan and  
 ol.  
 bearing with his whole Atlantic  
 eight [base,  
 e and tempest on the Structure's  
 lashing to that Structure's top-  
 most height,  
 has proved its strength, and of  
 s grace  
 ms is conscious, finding for his  
 eight [place.  
 ttest music some responsive

## XXVIII.

## CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights  
 and claims  
 In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,  
 Where are ye? Driven or venturing to  
 the spot,  
 Our Fathers glimpses caught of your  
 thin Frames,  
 And, by your mien and bearing, knew  
 your names;  
 And they could hear *his* ghostly song  
 who trod  
 Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a  
 load,  
 While he struck his desolate harp  
 without hopes or aims.  
 Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;  
 Why keep *we* else the instincts whose  
 dread law  
 Ruled here of yore, till what men felt  
 they *saw*,  
 Not by black arts but magic natural!  
 If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,  
 Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that  
 shade a Chief.

## XXIX.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS  
 AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was  
 cast,  
 Children of Summer! Ye fresh  
 flowers that brave  
 What Summer here escapes not, the  
 fierce wave,  
 And whole artillery of the western  
 blast,  
 Battering the Temple's front, its long-  
 drawn nave  
 Smiting, as if each moment were their  
 last.

But ye, bright flowers, on frieze and  
 architrave  
 Survive, and once again the Pile  
 stands fast,  
 Calm as the Universe, from specular  
 Towers  
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits  
 pure—  
 With mute astonishment, it stands sus-  
 tained  
 Through every part in symmetry, to  
 endure,  
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all  
 his hours,  
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXX.

I O N A.

ON to Iona!—What can she afford  
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful  
 sigh,  
 Heaved over ruin with stability  
 In urgent contrast? To diffuse the  
 WORD  
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and  
 Time's Lord)  
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom;  
 but why,  
 Even for a moment, has our verse  
 deplored  
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their  
 destiny?  
 And when, subjected to a common  
 doom  
 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles  
 Shall disappear from both the sister  
 Isles,  
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past  
 days,  
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine  
 bloom,  
 While heaven's vast sea of voices  
 chants their praise.

XXXI.

I O N A.

(UPON LANDING.)

How sad a welcome! to every voyager  
 Some ragged child holds up for sale  
 store  
 Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on  
 shore  
 Where once came monk and nun  
 gentle stir,  
 Blessings to give, news ask, or  
 prefer.  
 Yet is yon neat trim church, a grate  
 speck  
 Of novelty amid the sacred wreck—  
 Strewn far and wide. Think of  
 Philosopher!  
 Fallen though she be, this Glorious  
 the west,  
 Still on her sons the beams of morn-  
 shine;  
 And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly  
 bright than thine,  
 A grace by thee unsought and  
 possest,  
 A faith more fixed, a rapture  
 divine  
 Shall gild their passage to eter-  
 nal rest."

XXXII.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's "Voyage among the West  
 Isles."]

HERE on their knees men swore  
 stones were black,  
 Black in the People's minds  
 words, yet they  
 Were at that time, as now, in  
 gray.

what is colour if upon the  
rack  
conscience souls are placed by  
deeds that lack  
cord with oaths? What differ  
night and day  
n, when before the Perjured on  
his way  
opens, and the heavens in ven-  
geance crack  
ve his head uplifted in vain  
prayer  
Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead  
whom  
had insulted—Peasant, King, or  
Thane.  
where the culprit may, guilt meets  
a doom;  
, from invisible worlds at need  
laid bare,  
e links for social order's awful  
chain.

## XXXIII.

WARD we turn. Isle of  
Columba's Cell,  
re Christian piety's soul-cheering  
spark  
dled from Heaven between the  
light and dark  
ime) shone like the morning star,  
farewell!—  
fare thee well, to Fancy visible,  
note St. Kilda, lone and loved sea-  
mark,  
many a voyage made in her swift  
bark,  
n, with more hues than in the  
rainbow dwell  
u a mysterious intercourse dost  
hold;

Extracting from clear skies and air  
serene,  
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid  
veil,  
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling  
fold with fold  
Makes known, when thou no longer  
canst be seen,  
Thy whereabouts, to warn the  
approaching sail.

## XXXIV.

## GREENOCK.

“Per me si va nella Città dolente.”

WE have not passed into a doleful  
City,  
We who were led to-day down a grim  
Dell,  
By some too boldly named “the Jaws  
of Hell:”  
Where be the wretched Ones, the  
sights for pity?  
These crowded streets resound no  
plaintive ditty:  
As from the hive where bees in  
summer dwell,  
Sorrow seems here excluded; and that  
knell,  
It neither damps the gay, nor checks  
the witty.  
Alas! too busy Rival of old  
Tyre,  
Whose Merchants Princes were,  
whose decks were thrones:  
Soon may the punctual sea in vain  
respire  
To serve thy need, in union with that  
Clyde  
Whose nursling current brawls o'er  
mossy stones,  
The poor, the lonely herdsman's joy  
and pride.

## XXXV.

"THERE!" said a stripling, pointing  
 with meet pride  
 Towards a low roof with green trees  
 half concealed,  
 "Is Mossgiel farm; and that's the  
 very field  
 Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy."  
 Far and wide  
 A plain below stretched sea-ward,  
 while, descried  
 Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran  
 rose;

And, by that simple notice, the repose  
 Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.  
 Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or  
 stone"

Myriads of Daisies have shone forth  
 in flower

Near the lark's nest, and in their  
 natural hour

Have passed away, less happy than  
 the One

That by the unwilling ploughshare  
 died to prove

The tender charm of Poetry and Love.

## XXXVI.

## FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE Lovers took within this ancient  
 grove

Their last embrace; beside those  
 crystal springs [wings

The Hermit saw the Angel spread his  
 For instant flight; the Sage in yon  
 alcove

Sate musing; on that hill the Bard  
 would rove,

Not mute, where now the Linnet only  
 sings: [clings,

Thus every where to truth Tradition  
 Or Fancy localises Powers we love.

Were only History licensed to t  
 note

Of things gone by, her meagre m  
 ments

Would ill suffice for persons  
 events:

There is an ampler page for  
 to quote,

A readier book of manifold conten  
 Studied alike in palace and in cot

## XXXVII.

## THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN! till now thy beauty ha  
 viewed

By glimpses only, and confess  
 shame

That verse of mine, whate'er its  
 ing mood,

Repeats but once the sound of  
 sweet name;

Yet fetched from Paradise that ha  
 came,

Rightfully borne; for Nature  
 thee flowers

That have no rivals among B  
 bowers;

And thy bold rocks are wort  
 their fame.

Measuring thy course, fair Str  
 at length I pay

To my life's neighbour dues of  
 bourhood;

But I have traced thee on thy wi  
 way

With pleasure sometimes by  
 thought restrained

For things far off we toil, while  
 good

Not sought, because too near, is  
 gained.

## XXXVIII.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,

*(by Nollekens.)*ETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON  
THE BANKS OF THE EDEN.

ACHED on the dying Mother's lap,  
ies dead  
new-born Babe, dire ending of  
right hope!

ulpture here, with the divinest  
cope

minous faith, heavenward hath  
aised that head

tiently; and through one hand  
as spread

ch so tender for the insensate  
child,

s lingering love to parting re-  
onciled.

parting—for the spirit is all but  
ed;

we, who contemplate the turns  
f life

gh this still medium, are con-  
bled and cheered;

with the Mother, think the  
vered Wife

to be lamented than revered;  
own that Art, triumphant over  
rife

pain, hath powers to Eternity  
adeared.

## XXXIX.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING).

QUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert  
ou [lore;

athen schools of philosophic  
stricken by stern destiny of  
ore

Tragic Muse thee served with  
thoughtful vow;  
wo.

And what of hope Elysium could  
allow

Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to  
restore

Peace to the Mourner. But when He  
who wore

The crown of thorns around his bleed-  
ing brow

Warmed our sad being with celestial  
light:

Then Arts, which still had drawn a  
softening grace

From shadowy fountains of the  
Infinite,

Communed with that Idea face to  
face;

And move around it now as planets  
run,

Each in its orbit, round the central  
Sun.

## XL.

## NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not  
soon be weary;

Down from the Pennine Alps\* how  
fiercely sweeps

CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tribu-  
tary!

He raves, or through some moody  
passage creeps

Plotting new mischief—out again he  
leaps

Into broad light, and sends, through  
regions airy,

That voice which soothed the Nuns  
while on the steeps

They knelt in prayer, or sang to bliss-  
ful Mary.

---

\* The Chain of Crossfell, which parts Cum-  
berland and Westmoreland from Northumber-  
land and Durham.

That union ceased : then, cleaving easy  
walks  
Through crags, and smoothing paths  
beset with danger,  
Came studious Taste ; and many a  
pensive Stranger  
Dreams on the banks, and to the river  
talks.  
What change shall happen next to  
Nunnery Dell ?  
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell !

## XLI.

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea  
at war  
With old poetic feeling, not for  
this,  
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged  
amiss !  
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it  
mar  
The loveliness of Nature, prove a  
bar  
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic  
sense  
Of future change, that point of vision  
whence  
May be discovered what in soul ye  
are.  
In spite of all that beauty may  
disown  
In your harsh features, Nature doth  
embrace  
Her lawful offspring in Man's art ; and  
Time,  
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his  
brother Space, \*  
Accepts from your bold hands the  
proffered crown  
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer  
sublime.

## XLII.

LOWTHER ! in thy majestic Pile  
seen  
Cathedral pomp and grace, in  
accord  
With the baronial castle's ste  
mien ;  
Union significant of God adored,  
And charters won and guarded by  
sword  
Of ancient honour ; whence  
goodly state  
Of Polity which wise men venerate  
And will *maintain*, if God his  
afford.  
Hourly the democratic torrent sw  
For airy promises and hopes sub  
The strength of backward-lo  
thoughts is scorned.  
Fall if ye must, ye Towers  
Pinnacles,  
With what ye symbolise, auth  
Story  
Will say, Ye disappeared with  
land's Glory !

## XLIII.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE ! it were unworthy  
Guest,  
Whose heart with gratitude to  
inclines,  
If he should speak, by fancy tou  
of signs  
On thy Abode harmoniously imp  
Yet be unmoved with wishes to a  
How in thy mind and moral  
agree  
Fortitude and that Christian Ch  
Which, filling, consecrates the h  
breast.

if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon  
each  
truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS  
THE MAN;"  
searching test thy public course  
has stood;  
will be owned alike by bad and  
good,  
as the measuring of life's little  
span  
place thy virtues out of Envy's  
reach.

XLIV.

TO CORDELIA M——,

HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER.

in the mines beyond the western  
nain,  
say, Cordelia, was the metal  
sought,  
with a fine skill, of Indian growth,  
has wrought  
this flexible yet faithful Chain;  
as it silver of romantic Spain  
from our loved Helvellyn's depths  
has brought,  
own domestic mountain. Thing  
and thought  
strangely; trifles light, and partly  
rain,  
prop, as you have learnt, our  
nobler being:  
Lady, while about your neck is  
wound  
a casual glance oft meeting) this  
bright cord,  
no witchery, for pure gifts of in-  
ward seeing,  
as in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's  
Lord,  
precious tremblings in your bosom  
found!

XLV.

CONCLUSION.

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
To pace the ground if path be there  
or none,  
While a fair region round the traveller  
lies,  
Which he forbears again to look upon;  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal  
scene,  
The work of Fancy or some happy  
tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty  
gone.  
If Thought and Love desert us, from  
that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the  
Muse;  
With Thought and Love companions  
of our way,  
Whate'er the senses take or may re-  
fuse,  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed  
her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE  
COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.

Nov. 5, 1834.

LADY! a Pen, perhaps, with thy re-  
gard,  
Among the Favoured, favoured not  
the least,  
Left, 'mid the Records of this Book  
inscribed,  
Deliberate traces, registers of thought  
And feeling, suited to the place and  
time



That gave them birth:—months  
 passed, and still this hand,  
 That had not been too timid to  
 imprint  
 Words which the virtues of thy Lord  
 inspired,  
 Was yet not bold enough to write of  
 Thee.  
 And why that scrupulous reserve? In  
 sooth  
 The blameless cause lay in the Theme  
 itself.  
 Flowers are there many that delight  
 to strive  
 With the sharp wind, and seem to  
 court the shower,  
 Yet are by nature careless of the sun  
 Whether he shine on them or not;  
 and some,  
 Where'er he moves along the un-  
 clouded sky,  
 Turn a broad front full on his flatter-  
 ing beams:  
 Others do rather from their notice  
 shrink,  
 Loving the dewy shade,—a humble  
 Band,  
 Modest and sweet, a Progeny of earth,  
 Congenial with thy mind and  
 character,  
 High-born Augusta!

Witness Towers and Groves!  
 And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st  
 the honoured name  
 Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear  
 witness [Parterres,  
 From thy most secret haunts; and ye  
 Which she is pleased and proud to  
 call her own;  
 Witness how oft upon my noble Friend  
*Mute* offerings, tribute from an in-  
 ward sense  
 Of admiration and respectful love.

Have waited, till the affections  
 'no more  
 Endure that silence, and broke  
 in song,  
 Snatches of music taken up a  
 dropt  
 Like those self-solacing those un-  
 notes  
 Trilled by the redbreast, w  
 autumnal leaves  
 Are thin upon the bough. Mine,  
 mine,  
 The pleasure was, and no one he  
 the praise,  
 Checked, in the moment of its  
 checked;  
 And reprehended by a fancied blu  
 From the pure qualities that calle  
 forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred f  
 Virtue's meed;  
 Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil  
 That, while it only spreads a softer  
 charm  
 O'er features looked at by discern  
 eyes,  
 Hides half their beauty from  
 common gaze;  
 And thus, even on the exposed  
 breezy hill  
 Of lofty station, female good  
 walks,  
 When side by side with lunar ge  
 ness  
 As in a cloister. Yet the gra  
 Poor  
 (Such the immunities of low estate  
 Plain Nature's enviable privilege,  
 Her sacred recompence for  
 wants)  
 Open their hearts before Thee, f  
 ing out

hat they think and feel, with tears  
 of joy ;  
 benedictions not unheard in  
 Heaven :  
 friend in the ear of friend, where  
 speech is free  
 allow truth, is eloquent as they.

en let the Book receive in these  
 prompt lines  
 st memorial ; and thine eyes consent  
 read that they, who mark thy  
 course, behold  
 e declining with the golden light  
 summer, in the season of sere  
 leaves ;  
 cheerfulness undamped by steal-  
 ing Time ;  
 studied kindness flow with easy  
 stream,  
 rated with inborn courtesy ;  
 an habitual disregard of self  
 aced by vigilance for others' weal.

id shall the verse not tell of  
 lighter gifts  
 these ennobling attributes con-  
 joined  
 blended, in peculiar harmony,  
 outh's surviving spirit ? What  
 agile grace !  
 ymph-like liberty, in nymph-like  
 form,  
 ld with wonder ; whether floor or  
 path  
 u tread, or sweep—borne on the  
 managed steed—  
 t as the shadows, over down or  
 field,  
 en by strong winds at play among  
 the clouds.

Yet one word more—one farewell  
 word—a wish  
 Which came, but it has passed into a  
 prayer,  
 That, as thy sun in brightness is de-  
 clining,  
 So, at an hour yet distant for *their*  
 sakes  
 Whose tender love, here faltering on  
 the way  
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven,—  
 So may it set in peace, to rise again  
 For everlasting glory won by faith.

---

### THE SOMNAMBULIST.

#### I.

List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower \*  
 At eve ; how softly then  
 Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,  
 Speak from the woody glen !  
 Fit music for a solemn vale !  
 And holier seems the ground  
 To him who catches on the gale  
 The spirit of a mournful tale,  
 Embodied in the sound.

#### II.

Not far from that fair site whereon  
 The Pleasure-house is reared,  
 As Story says, in antique days,  
 A stern-brow'd house appeared ;  
 Foil to a jewel rich in light  
 There set, and guarded well ;  
 Cage for a bird of plumage bright,  
 Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight  
 Beyond her pative dell.

---

\* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. *Force* is the word used in the Lake District for water-fall.

## III.

To win this bright bird from her cage,  
 To make this gem their own,  
 Came Barons bold, with store of gold,  
 And Knights of high renown ;  
 But one she prized, and only One ;  
 Sir Eglamore was he ;  
 Full happy season, when was known,  
 Ye Dales and Hills ! to you alone  
 Their mutual loyalty—

## IV.

Known chiefly, Aira ! to thy glen,  
 Thy brook, and bowers of holly ;  
 Where Passion caught what Nature  
 taught,  
 That all but love is folly ;  
 Where Fact with Fancy stooped to  
 play,  
 Doubt came not, nor regret ;  
 To trouble hours that winged their  
 way,  
 As if through an immortal day  
 Whose sun could never set.

## V.

But in old times Love dwelt not long  
 Sequester'd with repose ;  
 Best throve the fire of chaste desire,  
 Fanned by the breath of foes.  
 " A conquering lance is beauty's test,  
 And proves the lover true ; "  
 So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed  
 The drooping Emma to his breast,  
 And looked a blind adieu.

## VI.

They parted.—Well with him it fared  
 Through wide-spread regions errant ;  
 A knight of proof in love's behoof,  
 The thirst of fame his warrant :

And she her happiness can build  
 On woman's quiet hours ;  
 Though faint, compared with  
 and shield,  
 The solace beads and masses yield  
 And needlework and flowers.

## VII.

Yet blest was Emma when she he  
 Her Champion's praise recount  
 Though brain would swim, and  
 grow dim,  
 And high her blushes mounted  
 Or when a bold heroic lay  
 She warbled from full heart :  
 Delightful blossoms for the May  
 Of absence ! but they will not stay  
 Born only to depart.

## VIII.

Hope wanes with her, while lustr  
 Whatever path he chooses ;  
 As if his orb, that owns no curb,  
 Received the light hers loses.  
 He comes not back ; an ampler s  
 Requires for nobler deeds ;  
 He ranges on from place to place  
 Till of his doings is no trace  
 But what her fancy breeds.

## IX.

His fame may spread, but in the  
 Her spirit finds its centre ;  
 Clear sight she has of what he w  
 And that would now content h  
 " Still is he my devoted knight ? "  
 The tear in answer flows ;  
 Month falls on month with h  
 weight,  
 Day sickens round her, and the  
 Is empty of repose.

## X.

sleep she sometimes walked  
abroad,  
deep sighs with quick words  
blending  
that pale Queen whose hands are  
seen  
with fancied spots contending ;  
she is innocent of blood,—  
the moon is not more pure  
than shines aloft, while through the  
wood  
thrills her way, the sounding  
Flood  
her melancholy lure!

## XI.

lie 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the  
doe,  
and owls alone are waking,  
white arrayed, glides on the Maid  
the downward pathway taking,  
that leads her to the torrent's side  
and to a holly bower ;  
whom on this still night  
descried ?  
whom in that lone place espied ?  
by thee, Sir Eglamore!

## XII.

wandering Ghost, so thinks the  
Knight,  
His coming step has thwarted,  
beneath the boughs that heard their  
vows,  
Within whose shade they parted.  
Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see !  
Perplexed her fingers seem,  
as if they from the holly tree  
green twigs would pluck, as rapidly  
flung from her to the stream.

## XIII.

What means the Spectre? Why intent  
To violate the Tree,  
Thought Eglamore, by which I swore  
Unfading constancy?  
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,  
To her I left, shall prove  
That bliss is ne'er so surely won  
As when a circuit has been run  
Of valour, truth, and love.

## XIV.

So from the spot whereon he stood,  
He moved with stealthy pace ;  
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,  
He recognised the face ;  
And whispers caught, and speeches  
small,  
Some to the green-leaved tree,  
Some muttered to the torrent-fall,—  
" Roar on, and bring him with thy call ;  
I heard, and so may he !"

## XV.

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew  
If Emma's Ghost it were,  
Or boding Shade, or if the Maid  
Her very self stood there.  
He touched, what followed who shall  
tell ?  
The soft touch snapped the thread  
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,  
And the Stream whirled her down the  
dell  
Along its foaming bed.

## XVI.

In plunged the Knight! when on firm  
ground  
The rescued Maiden lay,  
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,  
Confusion passed away ;

She heard, ere to the throne of grace  
 Her faithful Spirit flew,  
 His voice ; beheld his speaking face,  
 And, dying, from his own embrace,  
 She felt that he was true.

## XVII.

So was he reconciled to life :  
 Brief words may speak the rest ;  
 Within the dell he built a cell,  
 And there was Sorrow's guest ;  
 In hermits' weeds repose he found,  
 From vain temptations free ;  
 Beside the torrent dwelling—bound  
 By one deep heart-controlling sound,  
 And awed to piety.

## XVIII.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,  
 Nor fear memorial lays,  
 Where clouds that spread in solemn  
 shade,  
 Are edged with golden rays !  
 Dear art thou to the light of Heaven,  
 Though minister of sorrow ;  
 Sweet is thy voice at pensive Even ;  
 And thou, in Lovers' hearts forgiven,  
 Shalt take thy place with Yarrow !

## TO —,

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN  
 CHILD, MARCH, 1833.

"Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis  
 Navita; nudus humijacet," etc.—LUCRETIVS.

LIKE a shipwreck'd Sailor tost  
 By rough waves on a perilous coast  
 Lies the Babe, in helplessness  
 And in tenderest nakedness,  
 Flung by labouring nature forth  
 Upon the mercies of the earth.

Can its eyes beseech? no more  
 Than the hands are free to  
 plore :  
 Voice but serves for one  
 cry,  
 Plaint was it? or prophecy  
 Of sorrow that will surely come?  
 Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close  
 Duly granted to thy throes ;  
 By the silent thanks now tending  
 Incense-like to Heaven, descending  
 Now to mingle and to move  
 With the gush of earthly love,  
 As a debt to that frail Creature,  
 Instrument of struggling Nature  
 For the blissful calm, the peace  
 Known but to this *one* release :  
 Can the pitying spirit doubt  
 That for human-kind springs out  
 From the penalty a sense  
 Of more than mortal recompence

As a floating summer cloud,  
 Though of gorgeous drapery proud  
 To the sun-burnt traveller,  
 Or the stooping labourer,  
 Ofttimes makes its bounty known  
 By its shadow round him thrown ;  
 So, by chequerings of sad cheer,  
 Heavenly guardians, brooding near  
 Of their presence tell—too bright  
 Haply for corporeal sight !  
 Ministers of grace divine  
 Feelingly their brows incline  
 O'er this seeming Castaway  
 Breathing, in the light of day,  
 Something like the faintest breath  
 That has power to baffle death—  
 Beautiful, while very weakness  
 Captivates like passive meekness!

id, sweet Mother! under warrant  
 ie universal Parent,  
 repays in season due  
 1 who have, like thee, been  
 true  
 ie filial chain let down  
 his everlasting throne,  
 ls hovering round thy couch,  
 their softest whispers vouch,  
 whatever griefs may fret,  
 entangle, sins beset  
 thy first-born, and with tears  
 her cheek in future years,  
 only succour, not denied  
 e Babe, whate'er betide,  
 o the Woman be supplied!

ther! blest be thy calm ease;  
 the starry promises,  
 he firmament benign  
 wed be it, where they shine!  
 for them whose souls have  
 hope  
 : for a wingèd hope,  
 an earthward bend an ear  
 needful listening, pledge is  
 are,  
 if thy new-born Charge shall  
 ead  
 footsteps, and be led  
 t other Guide, whose light  
 nly virtues, mildly bright,  
 him first the wished-for part  
 gentle virgin heart,  
 amid the storms of life  
 nified by that dread strife  
 e ye have escaped together,  
 ay look for serene weather;  
 rials sure to find  
 rt for a faithful mind;  
 er issues, holier rest,  
 ven now await her prest,  
 ous Nursling, to thy breast!

# THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

MARCH, 1833.

List, the winds of March are  
 blowing;  
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of  
 showing  
 Their meek heads to the nipping  
 air,  
 Which ye feel not, happy pair!  
 Sunk into a kindly sleep.  
 We, meanwhile, our hope will  
 keep;  
 And if Time leagued with adverse  
 Change  
 (Too busy fear!) shall cross its  
 range,  
 Whatsoever check they bring,  
 Anxious duty hindering,  
 To like hope our prayers will  
 cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit  
 feeds  
 Upon the events of home as life pro-  
 ceeds,  
 Affections pure and holy in their  
 source  
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier  
 course;  
 Hopes that within the Father's heart  
 prevail,  
 Are in the experienced Grandsire's  
 slow to fail;  
 And if the Harp pleased his gay  
 youth, it rings  
 To his grave touch with no unready  
 strings,  
 While thoughts press on, and feelings  
 overflow,  
 And quick words round him fall like  
 flakes of snow.

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,  
 And have renewed the tributary Lay.  
 Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,  
 And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace;  
 Swift as the rising sun his beams extends  
 She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends;  
 Their gifts she hails (deemed precious as they prove  
 For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love!)

But from this peaceful centre of delight  
 Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight:  
 Rapt into upper regions, like the Bee  
 That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee;  
 Or, like the warbling Lark intent to shroud  
 His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,  
 She soars—and here and there her pinions rest  
 On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest  
 With a new visitant, an infant guest—  
 Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky  
 In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,  
 When feasts shall crowd the Hall, and steeple bells  
 Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells  
 Catch the blithe music as it sinks and

swells.

And harboured ships, whose pride  
 'on the sea,  
 Shall hoist their topmast flags in  
 of glee,  
 Honouring the hope of noble ances

But who (though neither reckoned  
 ill assigned  
 By Nature, nor reviewing in the mir  
 The track that was, and is, and  
 be, worn  
 With weary feet by all of wor  
 born)—  
 Shall now by such a gift with joy  
 moved,  
 Nor feel the fulness of that joy  
 proved?  
 Not He, whose last faint memory  
 command  
 The truth that Britain was his n  
 land;  
 Whose infant soul was tutored to  
 fide  
 In the cleansed faith for which  
 martyrs died;  
 Whose boyish ear the voice o  
 renown  
 With rapture thrilled; whose  
 revered the crown  
 Of Saxon liberty that Alfred won  
 Alfred, dear Babe, thy great  
 genitor!  
 —Not He, who from her mel  
 practice drew  
 His social sense of just, and fai  
 true;  
 And saw, thereafter, on the s  
 France  
 Rash Polity begin her maniac d  
 Foundations broken up, the dee  
 wild,  
 Nor grieved to see, (himself n  
 beguiled)—

from the dream, the dreamer  
 upbraid,  
 ean how sanguine expectations  
 ide  
 novel trusts by folly are be-  
 ayed,—  
 ee presumption, turning pale,  
 refrain  
 further havoc, but repent in  
 in,—  
 aims lie down, and perish in  
 ie road  
 guilt had urged them on, with  
 aseless goad,  
 thickening round her that on  
 ublic ends  
 stic virtue vitally depends,  
 ivic strife can turn the happiest  
 earth [earth.  
 grievous sore of self-tormenting  
  
 such a one, dear Babe! though  
 ad and proud  
 lcome Thee, repel the fears that  
 owd  
 is English breast, and spare to  
 ake  
 or his own, than for thy innocent  
 ke?  
 te—or, should the providence of  
 od  
 through dark ways by sin and  
 row trod,  
 : and peace to a secure abode,  
 soon—thou com'st into this  
 eathing world;  
 is of mimic outrage are un-  
 ried.  
 hall preserve or prop the totter-  
 g Realm?  
 hand suffice to govern the state-  
 dm?

If, in the aims of men, the surest  
 test  
 Of good or bad (whate'er be sought  
 for or profest)  
 Lie in the means required, or ways  
 ordained,  
 For compassing the end, else never  
 gained;  
 Yet governors and governed both are  
 blind  
 To this plain truth, or fling it to the  
 wind;  
 If to expedience principle must  
 bow;  
 Past, future, shrinking up beneath the  
 incumbent Now;  
 If cowardly concession still must feed  
 The thirst for power in men who ne'er  
 concede;  
 Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way  
 For domination at some riper day;  
 If generous Loyalty must stand in awe  
 Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law;  
 Or with bravado insolent and  
 hard,  
 Provoking punishment, to win reward;  
 If office help the factious to conspire,  
 And they who *should* extinguish, fan  
 the fire—  
 Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the  
 crown  
 Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of  
 down;  
 To be blown off at will, by Power that  
 spares it  
 In cunning patience, from the head  
 that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic  
 feud;  
 Lost above all, ye labouring multi-  
 tude!



Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous  
     tongues  
 Deceived, mistake calamities for  
     wrongs;  
 And over fancied usurpations brood,  
 Oft snapping at revenge in sullen  
     mood;  
 Or, from long stress of real injuries  
     fly  
 To desperation for a remedy;  
 In bursts of outrage spread your judg-  
     ments wide,  
 And to your wrath cry out, "Be thou  
     our guide;"  
 Or, bound by oaths, come forth to  
     tread earth's floor  
 In marshalled thousands, darkening  
     street and moor  
 With the worst shape mock-patience  
     ever wore;  
 Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem  
 By Flatterers carried, mount into a  
     dream  
 Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage  
     behest  
 Justice shall rule, disorder be sup-  
     prest,  
 And every man sit down as Plenty's  
     Guest!  
 —O for a bridle bitted with re-  
     morse  
 To stop your Leaders in their head-  
     strong course!  
 Oh may the Almighty scatter with  
     his grace  
 These mists, and lead you to a safer  
     place,  
 By paths no human wisdom can fore-  
     trace!  
 May He pour round you, from worlds  
     far above  
 Man's feverish passions, his pure light  
     of love.

That quietly restores the  
     mien  
 To hope, and makes truth will  
     be seen!  
*Else* shall your blood-stained  
     in frenzy reap  
 Fields gaily sown when promise  
     cheap.  
 Why is the Past belied with  
     art,  
 The Future made to play so  
     part,  
 Among a people famed for s  
     of mind,  
 Foremost in freedom, noblest c  
     kind?  
 We act as if we joyed in t  
     tune  
 Storms make in rising, valued  
     moon  
 Naught but her changes. Th  
     grateful Nation!  
 If thou persist, and, scorning  
     tion,  
 Spread for thyself the snares of  
     tion,  
 Whom, then, shall meekness  
     What saving skill  
 Lie in forbearance, strength in  
     ing still?  
 —Soon shall the Widow (for th  
     of Time  
 Naught equals when the ho  
     winged with crime)  
 Widow, or Wife, implore on tr  
     knee,  
 From him who judged her  
     like decree;  
 The skies will weep o'er c  
     desolate:  
 Ye little ones! Earth shudder  
     fate,  
 Outcasts and homeless orphar

urn, my Soul, and from the  
aping Pair  
hou the beauty of omniscient  
e!  
ong in faith, bid anxious  
ughts lie still;  
or the good and cherish it—  
ill  
or bear with a submissive  
l.

---

great world of joy and pain  
olve in one sure track;  
dom, set, will rise again,  
Virtue, flown, come back;  
the purblind crew who fill  
heart with each day's care;  
in, from past or future, skill  
bear, and to forbear!

---

## MOVING AND LIKING:

CLAR VERSES ADDRESSED TO  
A CHILD.

In former editions of the author's  
eous Poems are three pieces addressed  
en:—the following, a few lines ex-  
by the same Writer; and, as it  
the same unassuming class of com-  
she has been prevailed upon to con-  
publication.]

s more in words than I can  
ch:  
sten, Child!—I would not  
ach;

y give some plain directions  
ide your speech and your  
actions.

you *love* a roasted Fowl,  
may love a screaming Owl,  
you can, the unwieldy Toad  
awls from his secure abode

Within the mossy garden wall  
When evening dew's begin to fall.  
Oh mark the beauty of his eye:  
What wonders in that circle lie!  
So clear, so bright, our fathers said  
He wears a jewel in his head!  
And when, upon some showery day,  
Into a path or public way  
A Frog leaps out from bordering  
grass,

Startling the timid as they pass,  
Do you observe him, and endeavour  
To take the intruder into favour;  
Learning from him to find a reason  
For a light heart in a dull season.  
And you may love him in the pool,  
That is for him a happy school,  
In which he swims, as taught by  
nature,  
Fit pattern for a human creature,  
Glancing amid the water bright,  
And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be  
stealing  
A love for things that have no feeling:  
The spring's first Rose, by you espied,  
May fill your breast with joyful pride;  
And you may love the Strawberry  
Flower,

And love the Strawberry in its bower;  
But when the fruit, so often praised  
For beauty, to your lip is raised,  
Say not you *love* the delicate treat,  
But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner  
Mouse,  
Though one of a tribe that torment the  
house:  
Nor dislike for her cruel sport the  
Cat,  
Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;

Remember she follows the law of her  
 kind,  
 And Instinct is neither wayward nor  
 blind.  
 Then think of her beautiful gliding  
 form,  
 Her tread that would scarcely crush a  
 worm,  
 And her soothing song by the winter  
 fire,  
 Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love :  
 It may soar with the Eagle and brood  
 with the Dove,  
 May pierce the earth with the patient  
 Mole,  
 Or track the Hedgehog to his hole.  
 Loving and liking are the solace of  
 life,  
 Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the  
 death-bed of strife.  
 You love your father and your  
 mother,  
 Your grown-up and your baby  
 brother ;  
 You love your sister, and your  
 friends,  
 And countless blessings which God  
 sends :  
 And while these right affections play,  
 You *live* each moment of your day ;  
 They lead you on to full content,  
 And likings fresh and innocent,  
 That store the mind, the memory  
 feed,  
 And prompt to many a gentle deed :  
 But *likings* come, and pass away ;  
 'Tis *love* that remains till our latest  
 day :  
 Our heavenward guide is holy love,  
 And will be our bliss with saints  
 above.

## STANZAS

SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OF  
 BEES' HEADS, ON THE COAST OF  
 CUMBERLAND.

[St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the  
 of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark  
 vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the  
 Sea. In a bay, one side of which is  
 by the southern headland, stands the village  
 St. Bees; a place distinguished from  
 early times, for its religious and school  
 foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns,  
 its name from Bega, an holy woman  
 Ireland, who is said to have founded  
 about the year of our Lord 650, a small  
 tery, where afterwards a church was  
 memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, be-  
 stroyed by the Danes, was restored by  
 de Meschiens, son of Ranulph. and brother  
 Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of C  
 land after the Conquest; and made a co  
 prior and six Benedictine monks to the  
 of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, con-  
 with the foundation of the first of the  
 ligious houses, survive among the peo-  
 the neighbourhood; one of which is all  
 in the following Stanzas: and another  
 somewhat bolder and more peculiar ch  
 has furnished the subject of a spirited p  
 the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., late  
 Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and Fe  
 the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monas-  
 Archbishop Grindal founded a free sc  
 St. Bees, from which the counties of C  
 land and Westmoreland have derive  
 benefit; and under the patronage of t  
 of Lonsdale, a college has been esta-  
 there for the education of ministers  
 English Church. The old Conventual  
 has been repaired under the superint  
 of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head  
 College; and is well worthy of being  
 by any strangers who might be led  
 neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in the following  
 and something in the style of versifica-  
 adopted from the "St. Monica," a p  
 much beauty upon a monastic subje  
 Charlotte Smith; a lady to whom  
 verse is under greater obligations th  
 likely to be either acknowledged or  
 bered. She wrote little, and that little  
 bitiouslv. but with true feeling for nature

life were slumber on a bed of  
 down,  
 unimposed, vicissitude unknown,  
 were our lot: no Hunter of the  
 Hare  
 ts like him whose javelin from the  
 lair  
 roused the Lion; no one plucks  
 the Rose,  
 se proffered beauty in safe shelter  
 blows  
 a trim garden's summer luxuries,  
 joy like his who climbs on hands  
 and knees,  
 some rare Plant, yon Headland of  
 St. Bees.

independence upon oar and sail,  
 new indifference to breeze or  
 gale,  
 straight-lined progress, furrowing  
 a flat lea,  
 regular as if locked in certainty,  
 'ess the hours. Up, Spirit of the  
 Storm!

Courage may find something to  
 perform;

Fortitude, whose blood disdains  
 to freeze

hanger's bidding, may confront the  
 seas,

as the towering Headlands of  
 St. Bees.

d Cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish  
 may sleep,

as if Men and Creatures of the  
 Deep

thed the same Element: too many  
 wrecks

e struck thy sides, too many  
 ghastly decks

Hast thou looked down upon, that  
 such a thought

Should here be welcome, and in verse  
 enwrought:

With thy stern aspect better far  
 agrees

Utterance of thanks that we have past  
 with ease,

As Millions thus shall do, the Head-  
 lands of St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments  
 her store,

What boots the gain if Nature should  
 lose more?

And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian  
 place

In Man's intelligence sublimed by  
 grace?

When Bega sought of yore the Cum-  
 brian coast,

Tempestuous winds her holy errand  
 cross'd;

She knelt in prayer—the waves their  
 wrath appease;

And, from her vow well weighed in  
 Heaven's decrees,

Rose, where she touched the strand,  
 the Chantry of St. Bees.

“Cruel of heart were they, bloody of  
 hand,”

Who in these Wilds then struggled  
 for command,

The strong were merciless, without  
 hope the weak;

Till this bright Stranger came, fair as  
 Day-break,

And as a Cresset true that darts its  
 length

Of beamy lustre from a tower of  
 strength;

Guiding the Mariner through troubled  
seas,  
And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,  
Like the fixed Light that crowns yon  
Headland of St. Bees.

To aid the Votaress, miracles be-  
lieved  
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles  
achieved ;  
So piety took root ; and Song might  
tell  
What humanizing Virtues near her  
Cell  
Sprang up, and spread their fragrance  
wide around ;  
How savage bosoms melted at the  
sound  
Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies  
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through  
close trees,  
From her religious Mansion of St.  
Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument  
of love,  
Was glorified, and took its place,  
above  
The silent stars, among the angelic  
Quire,  
Her Chantry blazed with sacrilegious  
fire,  
And perished utterly ; but her good  
deeds  
Had sown the spot that witnessed them  
with seeds  
Which lay in earth expectant, till a  
breeze  
With quickening impulse answered  
their mute pleas,  
And lo ! a *statelier* Pile, the Abbey of  
St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed  
hungry fed ;  
And Charity extendeth to the De  
Her intercessions made for the  
rest  
Of tardy Penitents ; or for the be  
Among the good (when love might  
have slept,  
Sickened, or died) in pious me  
kept.  
Thanks to the austere and s  
Devotees,  
Who, to that service bound by  
fees,  
Kept watch before the Altars o  
Bees.

Are not, in sooth, their Req  
sacred ties  
Woven out of passion's sha  
agonies,  
Subdued, composed, and forma  
by art,  
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart  
The prayer for them whose hour is  
away  
Says to the Living, profit whi  
may !  
A little part, and that the worst, he  
Who thinks that priestly cunning  
the keys  
That best unlock the secrets o  
Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's in  
light,  
Hope of the dawn and solace o  
night,  
Cheers these Recluses with a s  
ray  
In many an hour when judgment  
astray.

scorn not hastily their rule who  
 ry  
 to despise, and flesh to  
 mortify;  
 me with zeal, in wingèd  
 ecstasies  
 prayer and praise forget their  
 osaries,  
 hear the loudest surges of St.  
 Bees.

none so prompt to succour and  
 protect  
 forlorn Traveller, or Sailor  
 wrecked  
 e bare coast, nor do they grudge  
 he boon  
 a staff and cockle hat and sandal  
 boon  
 for the Pilgrim: and, though  
 hidings sharp  
 sometimes greet the strolling  
 minstrel's harp,  
 not then when, swept with sportive  
 ase,  
 arms a feast-day throng of all  
 legrees,  
 tening the archway of revered St.  
 Bees.

did the Cliffs and echoing Hills  
 rejoice  
 time the Benedictine Brethren's  
 oice,  
 ring, or commanding with meet  
 ride,  
 ioned the Chiefs to lay their feuds  
 side,  
 nder one blest ensign serve the  
 ord  
 'alestine. Advance, indignant  
 word!

Flaming till thou from Paynim hands  
 release  
 That Tomb, dread centre of all  
 sanctities  
 Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds  
 from far  
 Follow the fortunes which they may not  
 share.

While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,  
 She helps to make a Holy-land at  
 home:

The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere  
 invites

To sound the crystal depth of maiden  
 rights;

And wedded life, through scriptural  
 mysteries,

Heavenward ascends with all her  
 charities,

Taught by the hooded Celibates of  
 St. Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill  
 Of cloistered Architects, free their souls  
 to fill

With love of God, throughout the Land  
 were raised

Churches, on whose symbolic beauty  
 gazed

Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious  
 awe;

As at this day men seeing what they saw,  
 Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,  
 Aspire to more than earthly destinies;  
 Witness yon Pile that greets us from  
 St. Bees.

Yet more; around those Churches,  
 gathered Towns

Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty  
 frowns;

Peaceful abodes, where Justice might  
uphold

Her scales with even hand, and culture  
mould

The heart to pity, train the mind in  
care

For rules of life, sound as the Time  
could bear.

Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of  
ease,

Or hindrance raised by sordid pur-  
poses,

To bear thy part in this good work,  
St. Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the  
barren moors,

And to green meadows changed the  
swampy shores?

Thinned the rank woods; and for the  
cheerful Grange

Made room where Wolf and Boar were  
used to range?

Who taught, and showed by deeds,  
that gentler chains

Should bind the Vassal to his Lord's  
domains?

The thoughtful Monks, intent their  
God to please,

For Christ's dear sake, by human  
sympathies

Poured from the bosom of thy Church,  
St. Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate  
given

Through lawless will the Brotherhood  
was driven

Forth from their cells;—their ancient  
House laid low

In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.

But, now once more the local B  
revives,

The inextinguishable Spirit strives.

Oh may that Power who hushed  
stormy seas,

And cleared a way for the first Vota

Prosper the new-born college of  
Bees!

Alas! the Genius of our age  
Schools

Less humble draws her lessons, &  
and rules.

To Prowess guided by her in  
keen

Matter and Spirit are as one Mach

Boastful Idolatress of formal skill

She in her own would merge  
eternal will:

Better, if Reason's triumphs match  
these,

Her flight before the bold credulity  
That furthered the first teachin

St. Bees.

### THE REDBREAST.

(SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND  
COTTAGE.)

DRIVEN in by Autumn's sharp  
air,

From half-stripped woods and pa  
bare,

Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier hon

Not like a beggar is he come,

But enters as a looked-for guest,

Confiding in his ruddy breast,

As if it were a natural shield

Charged with a blazon on the fie

that good and pious deed  
 ch we in the Ballad read.  
 sive fancies putting by,  
 ld-wood sorrows, speedily  
 ys the expert ventriloquist;  
 aught by glimpses now—now  
 ssed,

the listener with a doubt  
 oft voice he throws about  
 from within doors or without!  
 er such a sweet confusion,  
 el by delicate illusion?

your elbow—to your feeling  
 otes are from the floor or  
 ling;

ere's a riddle to be guessed,  
 ou have marked his heaving  
 est,

sy throat whose sink and swell,  
 the Elf that loves to dwell  
 in's bosom as a chosen cell.

t-pleased we smile upon the  
 d

and with like pleasure stirred  
 nd him, when he's only heard.  
 all and fugitive *our* gain  
 ed with *hers* who long hath  
 a,

aguid limbs and patient head,  
 ng on a lone sick-bed;

now, she daily hears a strain  
 eats her of too busy cares,  
 er pain, and helps her prayers.  
 o but this dear Bird beguiled  
 er of that pale-faced Child?

oling, with his passing wing,  
 ehead, like a breeze of Spring;  
 ng now, with descant soft  
 und her pillow from aloft,  
 thoughts of angels hovering  
 h,

e invisible sympathy

Of "Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and  
 John,

Blessing the bed she lies upon:" \*  
 And sometimes, just as listening ends  
 In slumber, with the cadence blends  
 A dream of that low-warbled hymn  
 Which Old-folk, fondly pleased to  
 trim

Lamps of faith now burning dim,  
 Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,  
 When clouds gave way at dead of  
 night,

And the ancient church was filled with  
 light,

Used to sing in heavenly tone,  
 Above and round the sacred places  
 They guard, with wingèd baby-faces.

Thrice-happy Creature! in all lands  
 Nurtured by hospitable hands:  
 Free entrance to this cot has he,  
 Entrance and exit both *yet* free;  
 And, when the keen unruffled weather  
 That thus brings man and bird to-  
 gether,

Shall with its pleasantness be past,  
 And casement closed and door made  
 fast,

To keep at bay the howling blast,  
*He* needs not fear the season's rage,  
 For the whole house is Robin's cage.  
 Whether the bird flit here or there,  
 O'er table *lilt*, or perch on chair,  
 Though some may frown, and make  
 a stir

To scare him as a trespasser,  
 And he belike will flinch or start,  
 Good friends he has to take his part;

---

\* The words—

"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
 Bless the bed that I lie on,"

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use  
 through the northern counties.



One chiefly, who with voice and look  
Pleads for him from the chimney nook,  
Where sits the Dame, and wears away  
Her long and vacant holiday ;  
With images about her heart,  
Reflected, from the years gone by,  
On human nature's second infancy.

---

TO —.

[Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take  
That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,  
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make  
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

"WAIT, prithee, wait!" this answer  
Lesbia threw  
Forth to her Dove, and took no further  
heed ;

Her eye was busy, while her fingers  
flew

Across the harp, with soul-engrossing  
speed ;

But from that bondage when her  
thoughts were freed

She rose, and towards the close-shut  
casement drew,

Whence the poor unregarded Favour-  
ite, true

To old affections, had been heard to  
plead

With flapping wing for entrance. What  
a shriek

Forced from that voice so lately tuned  
to a strain

Of harmony!—a shriek of terror,  
pain,

And self-reproach!—for, from aloft, a  
Kite

Pounced, and the Dove, which from  
its ruthless beak

She could not rescue, perished in her

RURAL ILLUSIONS.

I.

SYLPH was it? or a Bird more bright  
Than those of fabulous stock?

A second darted by ;—and lo!  
Another of the flock,

Through sunshine flitting from  
bough

To nestle in the rock.

Transient deception! a gay freak  
Of April's mimicries!

Those brilliant Strangers, hailed  
joy

Among the budding trees,  
Proved last year's leaves, pushed  
the spray

To frolic on the breeze.

II.

Maternal Flora! show thy face,

And let thy hand be seen,

Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flo

That, as they touch the green,

Take root (so seems it) and look

In honour of their Queen.

Yet, sooth, those little starry spe

That not in vain aspired

To be confounded with live grow

Most dainty, most admired,

Were only blossoms dropped

twigs

Of their own offspring tired.

III.

Not such the World's illusive she

Her wingless flutterings,

Her blossoms which, though she

brave

The Floweret as it springs,

For the Undeceived, smile a

may,

Are melancholy things:

the Nature plays her part  
 ever-varying wiles,  
 transient feignings with plain  
 sh  
 all she reconciles,  
 those fond Idlers most are  
 used  
 1 oftenest she beguiles.

---

### THIS LAWN, &c.

wn, a carpet all alive  
 adows flung from leaves—to  
 re  
 ice, amid a press  
 ine—an apt emblem yields  
 dlings revelling in the fields  
 enuous idleness;

ick the stir when tide and  
 ze  
 er, and to narrow seas  
 l a moment's rest;  
 lley less when boreal Lights  
 o and fro like airy Sprites  
 ats of arms address!

e of all this eager strife,  
 seless play, the genuine life  
 serves the stedfast hours,  
 : grass beneath, that grows  
 d, and the mute repose  
 etly-breathing flowers.

---

### UGHT ON THE SEASONS.

ED with promise of escape  
 every hurtful blast,  
 akes, O sprightly May! thy  
 be,  
 weliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high  
 In fierce solstitial power,  
 Less fair than when a lenient sky  
 Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves  
 The labours of the plough,  
 And ripening fruits and forest leaves  
 All brighten on the bough,

What pensive beauty autumn shows,  
 Before she hears the sound  
 Of winter rushing in, to close  
 The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer  
 such;  
 So may our Autumn blend  
 With hoary Winter, and Life touch,  
 Through heaven-born hope, her  
 end!

---

### HUMANITY.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1829.)

*Not from his fellows only man may learn  
 Rights to compare and duties to discern:  
 All creatures and all objects, in degree,  
 Are friends and patrons of humanity.—MS.*

[The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.]

WHAT though the Accused, upon his  
 own appeal  
 To righteous Gods when Man has  
 ceased to feel  
 Or at a doubting Judge's stern com-  
 mand,  
 Before the STONE OF POWER no longer  
 stand--

To take his sentence from the  
 balanced Block,  
 As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to  
 rock;  
 Though, in the depths of sunless  
 groves, no more  
 The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak  
 adore;  
 Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whis-  
 pering trees  
 Do still perform mysterious offices!  
 And functions dwell in beast and bird  
 that sway  
 The reasoning mind, or with the fancy  
 play,  
 Inviting, at all seasons, ears and  
 eyes  
 To watch for undelusive auguries:—  
 Not uninspired appear their simplest  
 ways;  
 Their voices mount symbolical of  
 praise—  
 To mix with hymns that Spirits make  
 and hear;  
 And to fallen Man their innocence is  
 dear.  
 Enraptured Art draws from those  
 sacred springs  
 Streams that reflect the poetry of  
 things!  
 Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues  
 portrayed,  
 That, might a wish avail, would never  
 fade,  
 Borne in their hands the Lily and the  
 Palm  
 Shed round the Altar a celestial  
 calm;  
 There, too, behold the Lamb and  
 guileless Dove  
 Prest in the tenderness of virgin  
 love

To saintly bosoms!—Glorious  
 blending  
 Of right Affections, climbing  
 descending  
 Along a scale of light and life  
 cares  
 Alternate; carrying holy thoug  
 prayers  
 Up to the sovereign seat of th  
 High;  
 Descending to the worm in cha  
 Like those good Angels whom  
 of night  
 Gave, in the Field of Luz, to  
 sight;  
 All, while *he* slept, treadi  
 pendent stairs  
 Earthward or heavenward,  
 Messengers,  
 That, with a perfect will in one  
 Of strict obedience, serv  
 Almighty Lord;  
 And with untired humility fort  
 To speed their errand by th  
 they wore.

What a fair World were  
 Verse to paint,  
 If Power could live at ease v  
 restraint!  
 Opinion bow before the naked  
 Of the great Vision,—faith i  
 dence;  
 Merciful over all his creatures,  
 'To the least particle of sentiet  
 But, fixing by immutable deer  
 Seedtime and harvest for his  
 Then would be closed the  
 oblique eye  
 That looks for evil like a tre  
 spy;

\* The author is indebted, here, to  
 in one of Mr. Digby's valuable work

tes would then relax, like stormy  
winds  
into breezes sink; impetuous  
winds  
discipline endeavour to grow  
neek  
with herself, whom they profess to  
seek.

Genius, shunning fellowship with  
Pride,  
d braid his golden locks at  
Wisdom's side;

ebb and flow untroubled by  
aprice;  
not alone *harsh* tyranny would  
ease,  
offending creatures find release  
qualified oppression, whose  
defence

on a hollow plea of recompence;  
right-tempered wrongs, for each  
humane respect

worse to bear, or deadlier in  
effect.

as those glances of indignant  
corn

some high-minded Slave, im-  
pelled to spurn

kindness that would make him  
less forlorn;

the soul to bondage be sub-  
lued,

look of pitiable gratitude!

s for thee, bright Galaxy of  
sles,  
e day departs in pomp, returns  
with smiles—  
reet the flowers and fruitage of a  
and,

he sun mounts, by sea-borne  
breezes fanned;

A land whose azure mountain-tops are  
seats

For Gods in council, whose green  
vales, Retreats

Fit for the Shades of Heroes, mingling  
there

To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as  
the grave,

Stone-walls a Prisoner make, but not a  
Slave.

Shall Man assume a property in  
Man?

Lay on the moral Will a withering  
ban?

Shame that our laws at distance still  
protect

Enormities, which they at home  
reject!

"Slaves cannot breathe in England"  
—yet that boast

Is but a mockery! when, from coast to  
coast,

Though *fettered* slave be none, her  
floors and soil

Groan underneath a weight of slavish  
toil,

For the poor Many, measured out by  
rules

Fetch'd with cupidity from heartless  
schools,

That to an Idol, falsely called "the  
Wealth

Of Nations," sacrificed a People's  
health,

Body and mind and soul; a thirst so  
keen

Is ever urging on the vast machine  
Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy  
wheels

The Power least prized is that which  
thinks and feels.







W0.

" . . . Hears, too, every Sabbath-day,  
The Christian promise with attentive ear."

CT5 JANUARY

eds be conversant with upward  
ks,  
; voiceless service; but now,  
king naught  
hunning naught, their own  
sular life  
on they renounce, and with the  
id  
its inclination towards earth  
ble grace, and quiet pensive-  
is  
at the point where it stops  
rt of sadness.

ring of soul-bewitching Art,  
ke me  
nfidant! say, whence derived  
t air  
abstraction?, Can the ruling  
ught  
some lover far away, or one  
by misfortune, or of doubted  
h!  
onjecture! Childhood here, a  
on,  
t in simple loveliness serene,  
it approached the gates of  
nanhood,  
red them; her heart is yet un-  
ced  
blind Archer-god, her fancy  
:  
nt of feeling, if unsought else-  
re,  
be found.

Her right hand, as it lies  
he slender wrist of the left  
er lap reposing, holds—but  
k  
ackly, for the absent mind  
nits.

No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower,  
joined  
As in a posy, with a few pale ears  
Of yellowing corn, the same that over-  
topped  
And in their common birthplace shel-  
tered it  
'Till they were plucked together; a  
blue flower  
Called by the thrifty husbandman a  
weed;  
But Ceres, in her garland, might have  
worn  
That ornament, unblamed. The  
floweret, held  
In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she  
knows,  
(Her Father told her so) in Youth's gay  
dawn  
Her Mother's favourite; and the  
orphan Girl,  
In her own dawn—a dawn less gay  
and bright,  
Loves it while there in solitary peace  
She sits, for that departed Mother's  
sake.  
—Not from a source less sacred is  
derived  
(Surely I do not err) that pensive  
air  
Of calm abstraction through the face  
diffused  
And the whole person.  
Words have something told  
More than the pencil can, and verily  
More than is needed, but the precious  
Art  
Forgives their interference — Art  
divine,  
That both creates and fixes, in de-  
spite  
Of Death and Time, the marvels it  
hath wrought.



Strange contrasts have we in this  
 world of ours !  
 That posture, and the look of filial  
 love  
 Thinking of past and gone, with what  
 is left  
 Dearly united, might be swept away  
 From this fair Portrait's fleshly  
 Archetype,  
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest  
 freak  
 Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored  
 To their lost place, or meet in  
 harmony  
 So exquisite ; but *here* do they abide,  
 Enshrined for ages. Is not then the  
 Art  
 Godlike, a humble branch of the  
 divine,  
 In visible quest of immortality,  
 Stretched forth with trembling hope ?  
 In every realm,  
 From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,  
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue  
 That Europe knows, would echo this  
 appeal ;  
 One above all, a Monk who waits on  
 God  
 In the magnificent Convent built of yore  
 To sanctify the Escorial palace. He,  
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to  
 room,  
 A British Painter (eminent for truth  
 In character, and depth of feeling,  
 shown  
 By labours that have touched the  
 hearts of kings,  
 And are endeared to simple cottagers)  
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,  
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as  
 when first  
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from  
 Titian's hand,

Graced the Refectory : and there,  
 both  
 Stood with eyes fixed upon  
 Masterpiece,  
 The hoary Father in the Strange  
 Breathed out these words :—"  
 daily do we sit,  
 Thanks given to God for daily  
 and here  
 Pondering the mischiefs of these  
 less Times,  
 And thinking of my Brethren,  
 dispersed,  
 Or changed and changing,  
 seldom gaze  
 Upon this solemn Company un-  
 By shock of circumstance, or long  
 years,  
 Until I cannot but believe that  
 They are in truth the Substance  
 the Shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymus  
 griefs  
 Melting away within him like a  
 Ere he had ceased to gaze, perceived  
 speak :  
 And I, grown old, but in a  
 land,  
 Domestic Portrait ! have to view  
 signed  
 In thy calm presence those  
 moving words :  
 Words that can soothe, more than  
 agitate ;  
 Whose spirit, like the angel's,  
 down  
 Into Bethesda's pool, with healing  
 Informs the fountain in the  
 breast  
 Which by the visitation was directed  
 —But why this stealing tear  
 panion mute,

I look, not sorrowing; fare  
 well, [well! \*  
 g's Inspirer, once again fare-

REGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

a grave fraternity of Monks,  
 ; but surely not for One alone,  
 is, in that great work, the  
 nter's skill,  
 ng the body, to exalt the soul;  
 resenting, amid wreck and  
 ng

olution and decay, the warm  
 eathing life of flesh, as if  
 ady [graced  
 with impassive majesty, and  
 mean earnest of a heritage  
 l to it in future worlds. Thou,  
 [traiture!

y memorial flower, meek Por-  
 hose serene companionship I  
 sed,

by thoughts that haunt me  
 ; thou also—  
 but a simple object, into light  
 orth by those affections that  
 ear

vate hearth; though keeping  
 sole seat

ness, and little tried by time,  
 , as it were, of yesterday—

congenial function art endued  
 and all of us, together joined,  
 e of nature, under a low roof  
 ties and duties that proceed  
 e bosom of a wiser vow.

le of buildings, composing the palace  
 nt of San Lorenzo, has, in common  
 st its proper name in that of the  
 a village at the foot of the hill upon  
 splendid edifice, built by Philip the  
 stands. It need scarcely be added,  
 ie is the painter alluded to.

To a like salutary sense of awe,  
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the  
 power

Of meditation that attempts to weigh,  
 In faithful scales, things and their  
 opposites,

Can thy enduring quiet gently raise  
 A household small and sensitive,—  
 whose love,

Dependent as in part its blessings are  
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved  
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in  
 heaven.

STANZAS ON THE POWER OF  
 SOUND.

ARGUMENT.

[The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual  
 functionary, in communion with sounds, in-  
 dividual, or combined in studied harmony.—  
 Sources and effects of those sounds (to the  
 close of 6th Stanza).—The power of music,  
 whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot.—  
 Origin of music, and its effect in early ages—  
 how produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza).  
 —The mind recalled to sounds acting casually  
 and severally.—Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that  
 these could be united into a scheme or system  
 for moral interests and intellectual contempla-  
 tion.—(Stanza 12th.) The Pythagorean theory  
 of numbers and music, with their supposed  
 power over the motions of the universe—  
 imaginations consonant with such a theory.—  
 Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realised, in  
 some degree, by the representation of all  
 sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the  
 Creator.—(Last Stanza) the destruction of  
 earth and the planetary system—the survival  
 of audible harmony, and its support in the  
 Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.]

I.

THY functions are ethereal,  
 As if within thee dwelt a glancing  
 Mind,  
 Organ of Vision. And a Spirit ærial  
 Informs the cell of hearing, dark and  
 blind;

Intricate labyrinth, more dread for  
 thought  
 To enter than oracular cave;  
 Strict passage, through which sighs are  
 brought,  
 And whispers, for the heart, their  
 slave;  
 And shrieks, that revel in abuse  
 Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,  
 Whose piercing sweetness can unloose  
 The chains of frenzy, or entice a  
 smile  
 Into the ambush of despair;  
 Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn  
 aisle,  
 And requiems answered by the pulse  
 that beats  
 Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

## II.

The headlong Streams and Fountains  
 Serve Thee, Invisible Spirit, with  
 untired powers;  
 Cheering the wakeful Tent on Syrian  
 mountains,  
 They lull perchance ten thousand thou-  
 sand flowers,  
*That* roar, the prowling Lion's *Here I*  
*am,*  
 How fearful to the desert wide!  
 That bleat, how tender! of the Dam  
 Calling a straggler to her side.  
 Shout, Cuckoo! let the vernal soul  
 Go with thee to the frozen zone;  
 Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone Bell-  
 bird, toll!  
 At the still hour to Mercy dear,  
 Mercy from her twilight throne  
 Listening to Nun's faint throb of holy  
 fear,  
 To Sailor's prayer breathed from a  
 darkening sea,  
 Or Widow's cottage lullaby.

## III.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows,  
 And Images of voice—to houn  
 horn [me  
 From rocky steep and rock-best  
 Flung back, and, in the sky's  
 caves, reborn,  
 On with your pastime! till the cl  
 tower bells  
 A greeting give of measured glee  
 And milder echoes from their cel  
 Repeat the bridal symphony.  
 Then, or far earlier, let us rove  
 Where mists are breaking up or  
 And from aloft look down into a  
 Besprinkled with a careless quin  
 Happy Milk-maids, one by one  
 Scattering a ditty each to her d  
 A liquid concert matchless by ni  
 A stream as if from one full hee

## IV.

Blest be the song that brighten  
 The blind Man's gloom, exa  
 Veteran's mirth;  
 Unscorned the Peasant's w  
 breath, that lightens  
 His duteous toil of furrowing t  
 earth. [lang  
 For the tired Slave, Song l  
 And bids it aptly fall, with chin  
 That beautifies the fairest shor  
 And mitigates the harshest clim  
 Yon Pilgrims see—in lagging f  
 They move; but soon the a  
 way  
 A choral *Ave Marie* shall begi  
 And to their hope the distant  
 Glisten with a livelier ray:  
 Nor friendless He, the Prison  
 Mine, [cle  
 Who from the well-spring of  
 Can draw, and sing his griefs!

V.

vic renovation  
in a kingdom, and for needful  
e  
puence avails not, Inspiration  
with a tune, that travels like a  
t  
rough cave and battlemented  
er;  
arts the Sluggard, pleased to  
t  
rice of Freedom, in its  
er  
ses, shrill, wild, and sweet!  
m a martial *pageant*, spreads  
nts of a battle-day,  
the unweaponed crowd with  
eless heads;  
whose Lydian airs inspire  
striving, gentle play  
hope and innocent desire  
n the dancing Graces, as they  
e  
y the plausible wings of Love.

VI.

along thy mazes,  
of Sound, have dangerous  
ions trod!  
through whom the Temple  
with praises,  
kenning clouds in thunder  
k of God,  
t by the cozenage of sense  
ries, wooingly resigned  
ptuous influence  
the purer, better mind;  
sick Fancy to a harp  
th in noble tasks been  
;  
he Virtuous feel a pang too  
),

Soothe it into patience,—stay  
The uplifted arm of Suicide;  
And let some mood of thine in firm  
array  
Knit every thought the impending  
issue needs,  
Ere Martyr burns, or Patriot bleeds!

VII.

As Conscience, to the centre  
Of Being, smites with irresistible pain,  
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter  
The mouldy vaults of the dull Idiot's  
brain, [hurled—  
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet  
Convulsed as by a jarring din;  
And then aghast, as at the world  
Of reason partially let in  
By concords winding with a sway  
Terrible for sense and soul!  
Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell  
dismay.  
Point not these mysteries to an Art  
Lodged above the starry pole;  
Pure modulations flowing from the  
heart  
Of divine Love, where Wisdom,  
Beauty, Truth  
With Order dwell, in endless youth?

VIII.

Oblivion may not cover  
All treasures hoarded by the Miser,  
Time.  
Orphean Insight! Truth's undaunted  
 Lover, [climb,  
To the first leagues of tutored passion  
When Music deigned within this  
grosser sphere  
Her subtle essence to enfold,  
And Voice and Shell drew forth a tear  
Softer than Nature's self could mould.

Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age :  
 Art, daring because souls could  
   feel,  
 Stirred nowhere but an urgent equi-  
   page  
 Of rapt imagination sped her march  
 Through the realms of woe and  
   weal :  
 Hell to the lyre bowed low ; the upper  
   arch  
 Rejoiced that clamorous spell and  
   magic verse  
 Her wan disasters could disperse.

## IX.

The GIFT to King Amphion  
 That walled a city with its melody  
 Was for belief no dream ; thy skill,  
   Arion !  
 Could humanise the creatures of the  
   sea,  
 Where men were monsters. A last  
   grace he craves,  
 Leave for one chant ;—the dulcet  
   sound  
 Steals from the deck o'er willing  
   waves,  
 And listening Dolphins gather  
   round.  
 Self-cast, as with a desperate course,  
 'Mid that strange audience, he  
   bestrides  
 A proud One docile as a managed  
   horse ;  
 And singing, while the accordant  
   hand  
 Sweeps his harp, the Master rides ;  
 So shall he touch at length a friendly  
   strand,  
 And he, with his Preserver, shine star-  
   bright  
 In memory, through silent night.

## X.

The pipe of Pan, to Shepherds  
 Couched in the shadow of  
   Pines,  
 Was passing sweet ; the eyeballs  
   Leopards,  
 That in high triumph drew the  
   vines,  
 How did they sparkle to the  
   clang !  
 While Fauns and Satyrs beat  
   ground  
 In cadence,—and Silenus swang  
 This way and that, with wilk  
   crowned.  
 To life, to *life* give back thine  
 Ye who are longing to be rid  
 Of Fable, though to truth sub  
   hear  
 The little sprinkling of cold  
   fell  
 Echoed from the coffin lid ;  
 The Convict's summons in the  
   knell.  
 "The vain distress-gun," from  
   ward shore,  
 Repeated—heard, and heard

## XI.

For terror, joy, or pity,  
 Vast is the compass, and the  
   notes :  
 From the Babe's first cry  
   regal City,  
 Rolling a solemn sea-like  
   floats  
 Far as the woodlands—with  
   blend  
 Of that shy Songstress, who  
 Might tempt an Angel to d  
 While hovering o'er the  
   vale.

andering utterances, has earth no  
 scheme,  
 tale of moral music, to unite  
 us that survive but in the faintest  
 dream [to bear  
 memory!—O that ye might stoop  
 to such precious chains of sight  
 to bourned minstrelsies through ages  
 of year!  
 to a balance fit the truth to tell  
 to be Unsubstantial, pondered well!

## XII.

the pervading Spirit  
 tones and numbers all things are  
 controlled,  
 things taught, where faith was found  
 to merit  
 tion in that mystery old.  
 Heavens, whose aspect makes our  
 minds as still  
 they themselves appear to be,  
 venerable voices fill  
 everlasting harmony;  
 towering Headlands, crowned  
 with mist,  
 feet among the billows, know  
 Ocean is a mighty harmonist;  
 pinions, universal Air,  
 waving to and fro,  
 delegates of harmony, and bear  
 us that support the Seasons in  
 their round;  
 Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

## XIII.

forth into thanksgiving,  
 banded Instruments of wind and  
 chords;  
 e, to magnify the Ever-living,  
 inarticulate notes with the voice  
 of words!

Nor hushed be service from the lowing  
 mead,  
 Nor mute the forest hum of noon:  
 Thou too be heard, lone Eagle! freed  
 From snowy peak and cloud, attune  
 Thy hungry barkings to the hymn  
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls  
 The six-days' Work by flaming  
 Seraphim,  
 Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to  
 Deep  
 Shouting through one valley calls  
 All worlds, all natures, mood and  
 measure keep  
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation  
 poured  
 Into the ear of God, their Lord!

## XIV.

A voice to Light gave Being;  
 To Time, and Man his earth-born  
 Chronicler;  
 A Voice shall finish doubt and dim  
 foreseeing,  
 And sweep away life's visionary stir;  
 The Trumpet (we, intoxicate with  
 pride,  
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)  
 To archangelic lips applied,  
 The grave shall open, quench the stars  
 O Silence! are Man's noisy years  
 No more than moments of thy life?  
 Is Harmony, blest Queen of smiles and  
 tears,  
 With her smooth tones and discords  
 just;  
 Tempered into rapturous strife,  
 Thy destined Bond-slave? No! though  
 Earth be dust  
 And vanish, though the Heavens dis-  
 solve, her stay  
 Is in the WORD, that shall not pass  
 away.

## TO THE MOON.

(COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,—ON THE  
COAST OF CUMBERLAND.)

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and  
com'st so near  
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;  
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to  
partake,  
So might it seem, the cares of them  
that wake;  
And, through the cottage lattice softly  
peeping,  
Dost shield from harm the humblest of  
the sleeping;  
What pleasure once encompassed  
those sweet names  
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,  
An idolizing dreamer as of yore!—  
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat  
shore  
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts  
attend  
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S  
FRIEND;  
So call thee for heaven's grace through  
thee made known  
By confidence supplied and mercy  
shown.  
When not a twinkling star or beacon's  
light  
Abates the perils of a stormy night;  
And for less obvious benefits, that find  
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart  
and mind;  
Both for the adventurer starting in  
life's prime;  
And veteran ranging round from clime  
to clime,  
Long baffled hope's slow fever in his  
veins,  
And wounds and weakness oft his  
labour's sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and  
' winding Streams  
Empress of Night! are gladdened  
thy beams;  
A look of thine the wilderness  
vades,  
And penetrates the forest's in-  
shades;  
Thou, chequering peaceably the  
ster's gloom,  
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the  
one's tomb;  
Canst reach the Prisoner—to  
grated cell [gib  
Welcome, though silent and i  
And lives there one, of all that  
and go  
On the great waters toiling to and  
One, who has watched thee at  
quiet hour  
Enthroned aloft in undisputed po  
Or crossed by vapoury streaks  
clouds that move  
Catching the lustre they in pa  
prove—  
Nor sometimes felt a fitness i  
sway  
To call up thoughts that shu  
glare of day,  
And make the serious happier tha  
gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so  
bright  
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy  
despite,  
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-st  
brain,  
Let me a compensating faith  
tain;  
That there's a sensitive, a tender  
Which thou canst touch in  
human heart,

healing and composure.—But, as  
 least  
 mightiest billows ever have con-  
 fessed  
 domination; as the whole vast  
 Sea  
 s through her lowest depths thy  
 sovereignty;  
 shines that countenance with  
 especial grace  
 them who urge the keel her *plaints*  
 to trace  
 owing its way right onward. The  
 most rude,  
 off from home and country, may  
 have stood—  
 i till long gazing hath bedimmed  
 his eye,  
 the mute rapture ended in a  
 sigh—  
 shed by accordance of thy placid  
 cheer,  
 some internal lights to memory  
 dear,  
 ncies stealing forth to soothe the  
 breast  
 l with its daily share of earth's  
 unrest,—  
 le awakenings, visitations meek;  
 ndly influence whereof few will  
 speak,  
 gh it can wet with tears the  
 hardest cheek.

d when thy beauty in the shadowy  
 cave  
 idden, buried in its monthly  
 cave;  
 , while the Sailor mid an open  
 sea  
 t by a favouring wind that leaves  
 thought free,

Paces the deck—no star perhaps in  
 sight,  
 And nothing save the moving ship's  
 own light  
 To cheer the long dark hours of vacant  
 night—  
 Oft with his musings does thy image  
 blend,  
 In his mind's eye thy crescent horns  
 ascend,  
 And thou art still, O Moon, that  
 SAILOR'S FRIEND!

---

 TO THE MOON

(RYDAL.)

QUEEN of the Stars!—so gentle, so  
 benign,  
 That ancient Fable did to thee assign,  
 When darkness creeping o'er thy silver  
 brow  
 Warned thee these upper regions to  
 forego,  
 Alternate empire in the shades  
 below—  
 A Bard, who, lately near the wide-  
 spread sea  
 Traversed by gleaming ships looked up  
 to thee  
 With grateful thoughts, doth now thy  
 rising hail  
 From the close confines of a shadowy  
 vale.  
 Glory of night, conspicuous yet  
 serene,  
 Nor less attractive when by glimpses  
 seen  
 Through cloudy umbrage, well might  
 that fair face,  
 And all those attributes of modest  
 grace,



In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,  
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,  
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved (for thine, meek  
Power, are charms  
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,  
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,  
Spreading his little palms in his glad  
Mother's sight)  
O still beloved, once worshipped!  
Time, that frowns  
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,  
Spare thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams  
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams  
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise  
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;  
And through dark trials still dost thou explore  
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,  
When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith  
In mysteries of birth and life and death  
And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed  
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.  
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes  
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;

Yet thy mild aspect does not, can  
'cease,  
Love to promote and purity and peace  
And Fancy, unreproved, even yet trace  
Faint types of suffering in thy be-  
less face.

Then, silent Monitress! let us—  
blind  
To worlds unthought of till the seeing mind  
Of Science laid them open to kind—  
Told, also, how the voiceless her declare  
God's glory; and acknowledging share  
In that blest charge; let us—without offence  
To aught of highest, holiest fluence—  
Receive whatever, good 'tis given to dispense.  
May sage and simple, catching one eye  
The moral intimations of the sky,  
Learn from thy course, where'er own be taken,  
"To look on tempests, and be shaken;"  
To keep with faithful step the pointed way  
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day  
And from example of thy range  
Gently to brook decline and change;  
Meek, patient, steadfast, and loftier scope,  
Than thy revival yields, for glimmering hope.

IMPROMPTU.

The sun has long been set,  
The stars are out by twos and  
threes,  
A little birds are piping yet  
Among the bushes and trees;  
There's a cuckoo, and one or two  
thrushes,  
A far-off wind that rushes,  
A sound of water that gushes,  
The cuckoo's sovereign cry  
Fill all the hollow of the sky.  
Who would "go parading"  
London, "and masquerading,"  
Such a night of June  
With that beautiful soft half-moon,  
All these innocent blisses?  
Such a night as this is!

THE NORMAN BOY.

On a broad unfertile tract of  
forest-skirted Down,  
Kept by Nature for herself, nor  
made by man his own,  
A home and company remote and  
every playful joy,  
Led, tending a few sheep and goats,  
A ragged Norman Boy.

I never saw I, nor the spot; but  
From an English Dame,  
Ager to me and yet my friend, a  
Simple notice came,  
In suit that I would speak in verse  
Of that sequestered child  
One bleak winter's day, she  
Met upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge  
With relics sprinkled o'er  
Of last night's snow, beneath a  
sky threatening the fall of  
more,  
Where tufts of herbage tempted  
each, were busy at their  
feed,  
And the poor Boy was busier still, with  
work of anxious heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent  
and withered and decayed,  
For covert from the keen north  
wind, his hands a hut had  
made.  
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail,  
As needs must be  
A thing of such materials framed, by  
a builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his  
pains, nor seemingly lacked  
aught  
That skill or means of his could  
add, but the architect had  
wrought  
Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-  
shaped with fingers nice,  
To be engrafted on the top of his  
small edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening  
there, as the surest power and  
best  
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants  
of the rude nest  
In which, from burning heat, or tem-  
pest driving far and wide,  
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his  
lonely head must hide.

That Cross belike he also raised as  
 a standard for the true  
 And faithful service of his heart in  
 the worst that might ensue  
 Of hardship and distressful fear, amid  
 the houseless waste  
 Where he, in his poor self so weak,  
 by Providence was placed.

—Here, Lady! might I cease; but  
 nay, let us before we part  
 With this dear holy shepherd-boy  
 breathe a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That unto him, where'er shall lie his  
 life's appointed way,  
 The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove  
 an all-sufficing stay.

### THE POET'S DREAM.

SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY.

JUST as those final words were penned,  
 the sun broke out in power,  
 And gladdened all things; but, as  
 chanced, within that very hour,  
 Air blackened, thunder growled, fire  
 flashed from clouds that hid the sky,  
 And, for the Subject of my Verse, I  
 heaved a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts  
 from heaviness be cleared,  
 For bodied forth before my eyes the  
 cross-crowned hut appeared;  
 And, while around it storm as fierce  
 seemed troubling earth and air,  
 I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling  
 alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice  
 spake with articulate call,  
 Bowed meekly in submissive fear, be-  
 fore the Lord of All;

His lips were moving; and his eyes  
 upraised to sue for grace,  
 With soft illumination cheered  
 dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—  
 wonder if the sight,  
 Almost as vivid as a dream, produced  
 a dream at night?  
 It came with sleep and showed  
 Boy, no cherub, not transformed  
 But the poor ragged Thing whose  
 my human heart had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped  
 wings, so I took him in my arms  
 And lifted from the grassy floor,  
 hushing his faint alarms,  
 And bore him high through yonder  
 air my debt of love to pay,  
 By giving him, for both our sakes  
 hour of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while,  
 Child! thou art my own,  
 To show thee some delightful  
 in country or in town.  
 What shall it be? a mirthful thicket  
 or that holy place and calm  
 St. Denis, filled with royal tombs  
 the Church of Notre Dame

"St. Ouen's golden Shrine?  
 choose what else would  
 thee most

Of any wonder, Normandy,  
 proud France, can boast!"

"My Mother," said the Boy,  
 born near to a blessed Tree  
 The Chapel Oak of Allonville  
 Angel, show it me!"

wings, from broad and steadfast  
poise let loose by this reply,  
Allonville, o'er down and dale,  
away then did we fly;

town and tower we flew, and  
fields in May's fresh verdure  
drest;

wings they did not flag; the  
Child, though grave, was not de-  
prest.

who shall show, to waking sense,  
the gleam of light that broke  
h from his eyes, when first the  
Boy looked down on that huge  
oak,

length of days so much revered,  
so famous where it stands  
twofold hallowing—Nature's care,  
and work of human hands?

ing as an Eagle with my charge  
I glided round and round  
wide-spread boughs, for view of  
door, window, and stair that  
wound

efully up the gnarled trunk; nor  
left we unsurveyed

pointed steeple peering forth  
from the centre of the shade.

hted—opened with soft touch the  
chapel's iron door,

softly, leading in the Boy; and,  
while from roof to floor

a floor to roof all round his eyes  
the Child with wonder cast,

ture on pleasure crowded in, each  
livelier than the last.

deftly framed within the trunk,  
the sanctuary showed,

ight of lamp and precious stones,  
that glimmered here, there glowed,

Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung  
in sign of gratitude;

Sight that inspired accordant thoughts;  
and speech I thus renewed:

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou  
hast heard thy Mother say,

And, kneeling, supplication make to  
our Lady de la Paix;

What mournful sighs have here been  
heard, and, when the voice was  
stopt

By sudden pangs, what bitter tears  
have on this pavement dropt!

"Poor Shepherd of the naked Down,  
a favoured lot is thine,

Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings  
full many to this shrine;

From body pains and pains of soul  
thou needest no release,

Thy hours as they flow on are spent,  
if not in joy, in peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in  
thankfulness and praise,

Give to Him prayers, and many  
thoughts, in thy most busy days;

And in His sight the fragile Cross, on  
thy small hut, will be

Holy as that which long hath crowned  
the Chapel of this Tree;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns  
the sumptuous Church in Rome

Where thousands meet to worship God  
under a mighty Dome:

He sees the bending multitude, He  
hears the choral rites,

Yet not the less, in children's hymns  
and lonely prayer, delights.

"God for His service needeth not  
proud work of human skill;  
They please Him best who labour  
most to do in peace His will:  
So let us strive to live, and to our  
spirits will be given  
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls,  
shall bear us up to heaven."

The Boy no answer made by words,  
but, so earnest was his look,  
Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream  
—recorded in this book,  
Lest all that passed should melt away  
in silence from my mind,  
As visions still more bright have done,  
and left no trace behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine,  
whose eye, loved Child, can see  
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of  
early piety,  
In verse, which to thy ear might come,  
would treat this simple theme,  
Nor leave untold our happy flight in  
that adventurous dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to  
thee from whom it flowed,  
Was nothing, scarcely can be aught,  
yet 'twas bounteously bestowed,  
If I may dare to cherish hope that  
gentle eyes will read  
Not loth, and listening little-ones,  
heart-touched, their fancies feed.

## THE WESTMORELAND GIRL.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

### PART I.

SEEK who will delight in fable,  
I shall tell you truth. A Lamb  
Leapt from this steep bank to follow  
'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide on hill and valley  
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,  
And the bleating mother's Young-  
Struggled with the flood in vain:

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maid  
(Ten years scarcely had she told)  
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,  
Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold

Whirled adown the rocky channel,  
Sinking, rising, on they go,  
Peace and rest, as seems, before th  
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current  
Whose fierce wrath the Girl  
braved;  
Clap your hands with joy, my He  
Shout in triumph, both are saved

Saved by courage that with dange  
Grew, by strength the gift of love  
And belike a guardian angel  
Came with succour from above.

### PART II.

Now, to a maturer Audience.  
Let me speak of this brave Child  
Left among her native mountain  
With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,  
Mother's care no more her guide  
Fared this little bright-eyed Orpl  
Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame,—remem  
makes him  
Loth to rule by strict command  
Still upon his cheek are living  
Touches of her infant hand,

ar caresses given in pity,  
mpathy that soothed his grief,  
the dying mother witnessed  
her thankful mind's relief.

ne passed on ; the Child was happy,  
te a Spirit of air she moved,  
yward, yet by all who knew her  
r her tender heart beloved.

arcely less than sacred passions,  
ed in house, in grove, and field,  
nk her with the inferior creatures,  
ge her powers their rights to shield.

glers, bent on reckless pastime,  
arn how she can feel alike  
th for tiny harmless minnow  
d the fierce and sharp-toothed pike.

arciful protectress, kindling  
to anger or disdain ;  
any a captive hath she rescued,  
hers saved from lingering pain.

sten yet awhile ;—with patience  
ear the homely truths I tell,  
ie in Grasmere's old church-steeple  
lled this day the passing-bell.

as, the wild Girl of the mountains  
o their echoes gave the sound,  
otice punctual as the minute,  
'arming solemn and profound.

he, fulfilling her sire's office,  
ang alone the far-heard knell,  
ute, by her hand, in sorrow,  
id to One who loved her well.

hen his spirit was departed,  
i that service she went forth ;  
or will fail the like to render  
hen his corse is laid in earth,

What then wants the child to temper,  
In her breast, unruly fire,  
To control the froward impulse  
And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training  
And a steadfast outward power  
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,  
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer,  
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,  
May become a blest example  
For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,  
Constant as a soaring lark,  
Should the country need a heroine  
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought ; and here be  
uttered  
Prayer that Grace divine may raise  
Her humane courageous spirit  
Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

---

YES, THOU ART FAIR.

YES ! thou art fair, yet be not moved  
To scorn the declaration,  
That sometimes I in thee have loved  
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir ;  
Dear Maid, this truth believe,  
Minds that have nothing to confer  
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit  
To feed my heart's devotion,  
By laws to which all Forms submit  
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

## WHAT HEAVENLY SMILES.

WHAT heavenly smiles ! O Lady mine  
 Through my very heart they shine ;  
 And, if my brow gives back their  
     light,  
 Do thou look gladly on the sight ;  
 As the clear Moon with modest pride  
     Beholds her own bright beams  
 Reflected from the mountain's side  
     And from the headlong streams.

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE  
SIDE.

## I.

How beautiful when up a lofty height  
 Honour ascends among the humblest  
     poor,  
 And feeling sinks as deep ! See there  
     the door  
 Of One, a Widow, left beneath a  
     weight  
 Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune's  
     spite  
 She wasted no complaint, but strove  
     to make  
 A just repayment, both for conscience-  
     sake  
 And that herself and hers should stand  
     upright  
 In the world's eye. Her work when  
     daylight failed  
 Paused not, and through the depth of  
     night she kept  
 Such earnest vigils, that belief pre-  
     vailed  
 With some, the noble Creature never  
     slept ;  
 But, one by one, the hand of death  
     assailed  
 Her children from her inmost heart  
     bewept.

## II.

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her  
     tears to flow  
 Till a winter's noon-day placed her  
     buried Son  
 Before her eyes, last child of marriage  
     gone—  
 His raiment of angelic white, and long  
 His very feet bright as the dazzling  
     snow  
 Which they are touching ; yea,  
     brighter, even  
 As that which comes, or seems to  
     come, from heaven,  
 Surpasses aught these elements could  
     show.  
 Much she rejoiced, trusting that from  
     that hour  
 Whate'er befell she could not grieve  
     or pine ;  
 But the Transfigured, in and out of  
     season,  
 Appeared, and spiritual presence  
     gained a power  
 Over material forms that mastered  
     reason.  
 Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity meet  
     her thine !

## III.

But why that prayer ? as if to her could  
     come  
 No good but by the way that led  
     to bliss  
 Through Death,—so judging  
     should judge amiss.  
 Since reason failed want is her thine  
     ened doom,  
 Yet frequent transports mitigate her  
     gloom :  
 Nor of those maniacs is she one who  
     kiss  
 The air or laugh upon a precipice.

passing through strange sufferings  
toward the tomb,  
smiles as if a martyr's crown were  
won :  
when light breaks through clouds  
or waving trees,  
h outspread arms and fallen upon  
her knees  
Mother hails in her descending  
Son  
Angel, and in earthly ecstasies  
own angelic glory seems begun.

---

### FAREWELL LINES.

IGH bliss is only for a higher  
state,"  
surely, if severe afflictions borne  
h patience merit the reward of  
peace,  
ce ye deserve; and may the solid  
good,  
ght by a wise though late ex-  
change, and here  
h bounteous hand beneath a  
cottage-roof  
you accorded, never be withdrawn,  
for the world's best promises  
renounced.  
st soothing was it for a welcome  
Friend,  
sh from the crowded city, to be-  
hold  
st lonely union, privacy so deep,  
h calm employments, such entire  
content.  
hen the rain is over, the storm  
laid,  
pair of herons oft-times have I seen,  
on a rocky islet, side by side,  
ing their feathers in the sun, at  
ease;

And so, when night with grateful  
gloom had fallen,  
Two glow-worms in such nearness that  
they shared,  
As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,  
Each with the other, on the dewy  
ground,  
Where He that made them blesses  
their repose.—  
When wandering among lakes and hills  
I note,  
Once more, those creatures thus by  
nature paired,  
And guarded in their tranquil state of  
life,  
Even as your happy presence to my  
mind  
Their union brought, will they repay  
the debt,  
And send a thankful spirit back to  
you, [shall meet again.  
With hope that we, dear Friends!

---

GLAD sight wherever new with old  
Is joined through some dear home-  
born tie;  
The life of all that we behold  
Depends upon that mystery.  
Vain is the glory of the sky,  
The beauty vain of field and grove,  
Unless, while with admiring eye  
We gaze, we also learn to love.

---

### LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

You call it "Love lies bleeding,"—  
so you may,  
Though the red Flower, not prostrate,  
only droops,  
As we have seen it here from day to  
day,  
From month to month, life passing  
not away :



A flower how rich in sadness! Even  
 thus stoops,  
 (Sentient by Grecian sculpture's mar-  
 vellous power)  
 Thus leans, with hanging brow and  
 body bent  
 Earthward in uncomplaining languish-  
 ment,  
 The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower!  
 ('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be  
 led,  
 Though by a slender thread),  
 So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine  
 dew  
 Of his death-wound, when he from  
 innocent air  
 The gentlest breath of resignation  
 drew;  
 While Venus in a passion of despair  
 Rent, weeping over him, her golden  
 hair  
 Spangled with drops of that celestial  
 shower.  
 She suffered, as Immortals sometimes  
 do;  
 But pangs more lasting far *that* Lover  
 knew  
 Who first, weighed down by scorn, in  
 some lone bower  
 Did press this semblance of unpitied  
 smart  
 Into the service of his constant heart,  
 His own dejection, downcast Flower!  
 could share  
 With thine, and gave the mournful  
 name which thou wilt ever bear.

---

### COMPANION TO THE FORE- GOING.

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray  
 That fosters growth or checks or  
 cheers decay,

Nor by the heaviest rain-drops m  
 deprest,  
 This Flower, that first appeared  
 summer's guest,  
 Preserves her beauty mid autum  
 leaves,  
 And to her mournful habits for  
 cleaves.  
 When files of stateliest plants h  
 ceased to bloom,  
 One after one submitting to t  
 doom,  
 When her coevals each and all  
 fled,  
 What keeps her thus reclined upon  
 lonesome bed?

The old mythologists, more  
 pressed than we  
 Of this late day by character  
 tree  
 Or herb, that claimed peculiar  
 pathy,  
 Or by the silent lapse of foun  
 clear,  
 Or with the language of the view  
 air  
 By bird or beast made vocal, so  
 a cause  
 To solve the mystery, not in Nat  
 laws  
 But in man's fortunes. Henc  
 thousand tales  
 Sung to the plaintive lyre in Gre  
 vales.  
 Nor doubt that something of  
 spirit swayed  
 The fancy-stricken Youth or  
 sick Maid,  
 Who, while each stood companio  
 and eyed  
 This undeparting Flower in cri  
 dyed,

ht of a wound which death is  
ow to cure,  
that has endured and will en-  
ire,  
patience coveting yet passion  
eding,  
the dejected Lingerer, *Love*  
*is bleeding.*

IREY-FORCE VALLEY.

—Not a breath of air  
the bosom of this leafy glen.  
he brook's margin, wide around,  
e trees  
adfast as the rocks; the brook  
self,  
the hills that feed it from afar,  
rather deepen than disturb the  
ilm  
all things else are still and  
otionless. [perchance  
et. even now, a little breeze,  
ad from boisterous winds that  
ge without,  
ntered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,  
its gentle touch how sensitive  
light ash! that, pendent from  
ie brow  
n dim cave, in seeming silence  
akes  
eye-music of slow-waving boughs,  
ful almost as vocal harmony  
y the wanderer's steps and soothe  
is thoughts.

THE SIMPLON PASS.

—BROOK and road  
fellow-travellers in this gloomy  
pass,  
with them did we journey several  
ours

At a slow step. The immeasurable  
height  
Of woods decaying, never to be de-  
cayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,  
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and  
forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear  
blue sky,  
The rocks that muttered close upon  
our ears,  
Black drizzling crags that spake by the  
wayside  
As if a voice were in them, the sick  
sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving  
stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of  
the heavens,  
Tumult and peace, the darkness and  
the light—  
Were all like workings of one mind,  
the features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one  
tree,  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of Eternity;  
Of first, and last, and midst, and with-  
out end.

1799.

THE LYRE.

LYRE! though such power do in thy  
magic live  
As might from India's farthest plain  
Recall the not unwilling Maid,  
Assist me to detain  
The lovely Fugitive:  
Check with thy notes the impulse  
which, betrayed  
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed  
to aid.

Here let me gaze enrapt upon that  
 eye,  
 The impregnable and awe-inspiring  
 fort  
 Of contemplation, the calm port  
 By reason fenced from winds that  
 sigh  
 Among the restless sails of vanity.  
 But if no wish be hers that we should  
 part,  
 A humbler bliss would satisfy my  
 heart.

Where all things are so fair,  
 Enough by her dear side to breathe  
 the air

Of this Elysian weather ;  
 And, on or in, or near, the brook,  
 espy

Shade upon the sunshine lying  
 Faint and somewhat pensively ;  
 And downward Image gaily vying  
 With its upright living tree  
 Mid silver clouds, and openings of  
 blue sky,  
 As soft almost and deep as her ceru-  
 lean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a  
 glance  
 Cast up the Stream or down at her  
 beseeching,  
 To mark its eddying foam-balls  
 prettily distrest  
 By ever-changing shape and want of  
 rest ;

Or watch, with mutual teaching,  
 The current as it plays  
 In flashing leaps and stealthy  
 creeps

Adown a rocky maze ;

Or note (translucent summer's happiest  
 chance !)

In the slope-channel flooded  
 pebbles bright,  
 Stones of all hues, gem emulor  
 gem,  
 So vivid that they take from ke  
 sight  
 The liquid veil that seeks not to  
 them.

### THE TRIAD.

SHOW me the noblest Youth of pr  
 time,  
 Whose trembling fancy would to  
 give birth ;  
 Some God or Hero, from  
 Olympian clime  
 Returned, to seek a Consort  
 earth ;  
 Or, in no doubtful prospect, let m  
 The brightest star of ages yet to  
 And I will mate and match him  
 fully.

I will not fetch a Naiad from a  
 Pure as herself—(song lacks  
 mightier power)  
 Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a  
 less wood,  
 Nor sea-nymph glistening from  
 coral bower ;  
 Mere Mortals, bodied forth in  
 still,  
 Shall with Mount Ida's triple  
 fill  
 The chaster coverts of a British

“Appear!—obey my lyre's  
 mand !

Come, like the Graces, hand in  
 For ye, though not by birth allie  
 Are Sisters in the bond of love ;  
 Nor shall the tongue of envious

ne those interweavings to re-  
rove  
u, which that fair progeny of  
ve  
ed from the tuneful spheres  
at glide  
idless union, earth and sea  
rove."  
ing in vain;—the pines have  
ushed their waving:  
erless Youth expectant at my  
de,  
less as they, with unabated  
aving  
to the earth, and to the vacant  
r:  
with a wandering eye that seems  
chide,  
of the clouds what occupants  
ey hide:—  
hy solicit more than sight could  
ear,  
ting on a moment all we dare?  
e we those bright beings one by  
e;  
that was boldly promised, truly  
all be done.

ar not a constraining measure!  
ding to this gentle spell,  
al from domes of pleasure,  
m cottage-sprinkled dell,  
to regions solitary,  
the eagle builds her aery,  
the hermit's long-forsaken  
all!"

comes!—behold  
figure, like a ship with snow-  
white sail!  
r she draws; a breeze uplifts  
er veil;  
her coming wait  
re a sunshine and as soft a gale

As e'er, on herbage covering earthly  
mold,  
Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold  
His richest splendour—when his veer-  
ing gait  
And every motion of his starry train  
Seem governed by a strain  
Of music, audible to him alone.

"O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest  
throne!

Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit  
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit  
Domestic queen, where grandeur is  
unknown;

What living man could fear  
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert  
Thou near,  
Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre  
meek,

That its fair flowers may from his  
cheek

Brush the too happy tear?

—Queen, and handmaid lowly!

Whose skill can speed the day with  
lively cares,

And banish melancholy

By all that mind invents or hand pre-  
pares;

O Thou, against whose lip, without  
its smile

And in its silence even, no heart is  
proof;

Whose goodness, sinking deep, would  
reconcile

The softest Nursling of a gorgeous  
palace

To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-  
roof

Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of  
Wallace—

Who that hath seen thy beauty could  
content

His soul with but a *glimpse* of  
 heavenly day?  
 Who that hath loved thee, but would  
 lay  
 His strong hand on the wind, if it were  
 bent  
 To take thee in thy majesty away?  
 —Pass onward (even the glancing  
 deer  
 Till we depart intrude not here;)  
 That mossy slope, o'er which the wood-  
 bine throws  
 A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!"

Glad moment is it when the throng  
 Of warblers in full concert strong  
 Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout  
 The lagging shower, and force coy  
 Phoebus out,  
 Met by the rainbow's form divine,  
 Issuing from her cloudy shrine;—  
 So may the thrillings of the lyre  
 Prevail to further our desire,  
 While to these shades a sister Nymph  
 I call.

"Come, if the notes thine ear may  
 pierce,  
 Come, youngest of the lovely Three,  
 Submissive to the might of verse  
 And the dear voice of harmony,  
 By none more deeply felt than Thee!"  
 —I sang; and lo! from pastimes  
 virginal  
 She hastens to the tents  
 Of nature, and the lonely elements.  
 Air sparkles round her with a dazzling  
 sheen;  
 But mark her glowing cheek, her ves-  
 ture green!  
 And, as if wishful to disarm  
 Or to repay the potent Charm,

She bears the stringèd lute  
 romance,  
 That cheered the trellised  
 privacy,  
 And soothed war-wearied kni-  
 rafted hall.  
 How vivid, yet how delicate, be-  
 So tripped the Muse, inventress  
 dance;  
 So, truant in waste woods, the  
 Euphrosyne!

But the ringlets of that head  
 Why are they ungarlanded?  
 Why bedeck her temples less  
 Than the simplest shepherdess  
 Is it not a brow inviting  
 Choicest flowers that ever breath  
 Which the myrtle would delight  
 With Idalian rose enwreathed?  
 But her humility is well content  
 With *one* wild floweret (call  
 forlorn)

FLOWER OF THE WINDS, bene-  
 bosom worn—  
 Yet more for love than ornament

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,  
 Swift as a Thracian Nymph o-  
 and height!  
 For She, to all but those who lo-  
 shy,  
 Would gladly vanish from a St-  
 sight;  
 Though where she is below  
 loves,  
 Light as the wheeling butter-  
 moves;  
 Her happy spirit as a bird is fr-  
 That rifles blossoms on a tree,  
 Turning them inside out wi-  
 audacity.

how little can a moment show  
 eye where feeling plays  
 a thousand dewy rays;  
 o'er which a thousand shadows  
 go!  
 e stops—is fastened to that rivu-  
 et's side;  
 there (while, with sedater mien,  
 timid waters that have scarcely  
 left  
 birth-place in the rocky cleft  
 ends) at leisure may be seen  
 res to old ideal grace allied,  
 their smiles and dimples dig-  
 nified—  
 ountenance for the soul of primal  
 ruth;  
 bland composure of eternal  
 youth!

more changeful than the sea?  
 over his great tides  
 lity presides;  
 this light-hearted Maiden con-  
 stant is as he.  
 is her aim as heaven above,  
 wide as ether her good-will;  
 like the lowly reed, her love  
 drink its nurture from the scantiest  
 rill:  
 ht as keen as frosty star  
 her charity no bar,  
 interrupts her frolic graces  
 n she is, far from these wild places,  
 reled by familiar faces.

e charm that manners draw,  
 he, from thy genuine law!  
 om what her hand would do,  
 voice would utter, aught ensue  
 oward or unfit;  
 in benign affections pure,  
 elf-forgetfulness secure.

Sheds round the transient harm or  
 vague mischance  
 A light unknown to tutored elegance:  
 Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,  
 But her blushes are joy-flushes;  
 And the fault (if fault it be)  
 Only ministers to quicken  
 Laughter-loving gaiety,  
 And kindle sportive wit—  
 Leaving this Daughter of the moun-  
 tains free  
 As if she knew that Oberon king of  
 Faery  
 Had crossed her purpose with some  
 quaint vagary,  
 And heard his viewless bands  
 Over their mirthful triumph clapping  
 hands.

“Last of the Three, though eldest  
 born,  
 Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn  
 Touched by the skylark's earliest note,  
 Ere humbler gladness be afloat.  
 But whether in the semblance drest  
 Of Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the  
 west,  
 Come with each anxious hope subdued  
 By woman's gentle fortitude,  
 Each grief, through meekness, settling  
 into rest.  
 —Or I would hail thee when some  
 high-wrought page  
 Of a closed volume lingering in thy  
 hand [stand  
 Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful  
 Among the glories of a happier age.”

Her brow hath opened on me—see it  
 there  
 Brightening the umbrage of her hair;  
 So gleams the crescent moon, that loves  
 To be descried, through shady groves.

Tenderest bloom is on her cheek ;  
Wish not for a richer streak ;  
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye ;  
But let thy love, upon that azure field  
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield  
Its homage offered up in purity.  
What would'st thou more? In sunny  
glade,

Or under leaves of thickest shade,  
Was such a stillness e'er diffused  
Since earth grew calm while angels  
mused?

Softly she treads, as if her foot were  
loth

To crush the mountain dew-drops—  
soon to melt

On the flower's breast ; as if she felt  
That flowers themselves, whate'er their  
hue,

With all their fragrance, all their glis-  
tening,

Call to the heart for inward listening—  
And though for bridal wreaths and  
tokens true

Welcomed wisely ; though a growth  
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on  
As fitly spring from turf the mourner  
weeps on—

And without wrong are cropped the  
marble tomb to strew.

The charm is over ; the mute Phan-  
toms gone,

*Nor will return—but droop not,  
favoured Youth ;*

The apparition that before thee shone  
Obeyed a summons covetous of truth.

From these wild rocks thy footsteps I  
will guide

To bowers in which thy fortune may  
be tried,

And one of the bright Three become  
thy happy Bride.

1828.

## THE WISHING-GATE.

[In the vale of Grasmere, by the side  
old highway leading to Ambleside, is a  
which, time out of mind, has been called  
Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes  
or indulged there have a favourable issue.]

HOPE rules a land for ever green  
All powers that serve the bright  
Queen

Are confident and gay ;  
Clouds at her bidding disappear ;  
Points she to aught?—the bliss  
near,  
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—thou  
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, like  
prayer,

And thoughts with things at strife  
Yet how forlorn should ye depart  
Ye superstitions of the heart,  
How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might  
Ye did not forfeit one dear right  
One tender claim abate ;  
Witness this symbol of your swa  
Surviving near the public way,  
The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race  
Shall kindly influence on the pl  
Ere northward they retired ;  
*If here a warrior left a spell,*  
Panting for glory as he fell ;  
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,  
Composed with Nature's finest art  
And in her fondest love—  
Peace to embosom and content—  
To overawe the turbulent,  
The selfish to reprove.

even the Stranger from afar,  
 ning on this moss-grown bar,  
 knowing and unknown,  
 infection of the ground partakes,  
 ing for his Beloved—who makes  
 happiness her own.

why should conscious spirits fear  
 mystic stirrings that are here,  
 e ancient faith disclaim?  
 local Genius ne'er befriends  
 es whose course in folly ends,  
 ose just reward is shame.

if thou wilt, but not in scorn,  
 ne, by ceaseless pains outworn,  
 re crave an easier lot;  
 me have thirsted to renew  
 ken vow, or bind a true,  
 th firmer, holier knot.

not in vain, when thoughts are  
 cast  
 the irrevocable past,  
 me Penitent sincere  
 for a worthier future sigh,  
 e trickles from his downcast eye  
 unavailing tear.

Worldling, pining to be free  
 in turmoil, who would turn or speed  
 the current of his fate,  
 at stop before this favoured scene,  
 Nature's call, nor blush to lean  
 upon the Wishing-gate.

Sage, who feels how blind, how  
 weak  
 man, though loth such help to seek,  
 yet, passing, here might pause,  
 and thirst for insight to allay  
 giving, while the crimson day  
 in quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell pro-  
 found

To Time's first step across the bound  
 Of midnight makes reply:  
 Time pressing on with starry crest,  
 To filial sleep upon the breast  
 Of dread eternity.

1828.

### THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.

'Tis gone—with old belief and dream  
 That round it clung, and tempting  
 scheme

Released from fear and doubt;  
 And the bright landscape too must lie,  
 By this blank wall, from every eye,  
 Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed  
 That opening—but a look ye cast  
 Upon the lake below,  
 What spirit-stirring power it gained  
 From faith which here was entertained  
 Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the  
 springs  
 Of history, Glory claps her wings,  
 Fame sheds the exulting tear;  
 Yet earth is wide, and many a nook  
 Unheard of is, like this, a book  
 For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought  
 That grafted, on so fair a spot,  
 So confident a token  
 Of coming good;—the charm is fled;  
 Indulgent centuries spun a thread,  
 Which one harsh day has broken.



Alas! for him who gave the word;  
 Could he no sympathy afford,  
     Derived from earth or heaven,  
 To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;  
 Their very wishes wanted aid  
     Which here was freely given?

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's  
     wound,  
 Will now so readily be found  
     A balm of expectation?  
 Anxious for far-off children, where  
 Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air  
     Of home-felt consolation?

And not unfelt will prove the loss  
 'Mid trivial care and petty cross  
     And each day's shallow grief,  
 Though the most easily beguiled  
 Were oft among the first that smiled  
     At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,  
 A reconciling thought may turn  
     To harm that might lurk here,  
 Ere judgment prompted from within  
 Fit aims, with courage to begin,  
 'And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man: our state  
 Enjoins, while firm resolves await  
     On wishes just and wise,  
 That strenuous action follow both,  
 And life be one perpetual growth  
     Of heaven-ward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face  
 All accidents of time and place;  
     Whatever props may fail,  
 Trust in that sovereign law can spread  
 New glory o'er the mountain's head,  
     Fresh beauty through the vale.

That truth informing mind and heart  
 The simplest cottager may part,  
     Ungrieved, with charm and spell  
 And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee  
 The voice of grateful memory  
     Shall bid a kind farewell!

### THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

WOULDEST thou be taught, when sl  
     has taken flight,  
 By a sure voice that can most swe  
     tell,  
 How far-off yet a glimpse of morn  
     light,  
 And if to lure the truant back be w  
 Forbear to covet a Repeater's strok  
 That, answering to thy touch,  
     sound the hour;  
 Better provide thee with a Cuc  
     clock  
 For service hung behind thy cham  
     door;  
 And in due time the soft spontane  
     shock,  
 The double note, as if with li  
     power,  
 Will to composure lead—or make  
     blithe as bird in bower.

List, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—oft tho'  
     pests howl,  
 Or nipping frost remind thee tree  
     bare,  
 How cattle pine, and droop the st  
     ing fowl,  
 Thy spirits will seem to feed on t  
     air:  
 I speak with knowledge,—by  
     Voice beguiled,  
 Thou wilt salute old memories a  
     throng  
 Into thy heart; and fancies, ru

through fresh green fields, and bud-  
ding groves among,  
Will make thee happy, happy as a  
child ;  
If sunshine wilt thou think, and  
flowers, and song,  
And breathe as in a world where  
nothing can go wrong.

And know—that, even for him who  
shuns the day  
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain ;  
Those joys, from all but memory  
swept away,  
Must come unhoped for, if they come  
again :  
Know—that, for him whose waking  
thoughts, severe  
His distress is sharp, would scorn  
my theme,  
The mimic notes, striking upon his ear  
In sleep, and intermingling with his  
dream,  
Could from sad regions send him to a  
dear  
Delightful land of verdure, shower and  
gleam,  
To mock the *wandering* Voice beside  
some haunted stream.

bounty without measure! while the  
 grace  
 If Heaven doth in such wise, from  
 humblest springs,  
 our pleasure forth, and solaces that  
 trace  
 Crazy course along familiar things,  
 Shall may our hearts have faith that  
 blessings come,  
 Streaming from founts above the starry  
 sky,  
 With angels when their own untroubled  
 home

They leave, and speed on nightly em-  
bassy  
To visit earthly chambers,—and for  
whom?  
Yea, both for souls who God's forbear-  
ance try,  
And those that seek His help, and for  
His mercy sigh.

---

### TO THE CLOUDS.

ARMY of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in  
troops  
Ascending from behind the motionless  
brow  
Of that tall rock, as from a hidden  
world,  
O whither with such eagerness of  
speed?  
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the  
gale  
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,  
Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field  
Contend ye with each other? of the sea?  
Children, thus post ye over vale and  
height  
To sink upon your mother's lap—and  
rest?  
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first  
mine eyes  
Beheld in your impetuous march the  
likeness  
Of a wide army pressing on to meet  
Or overtake some unknown enemy?—  
But your smooth motions suit a peace-  
ful aim ;  
And Fancy, not less aptly pleased,  
compares  
Your squadrons to an endless flight of  
birds  
Aerial, upon due migration bound  
To milder climes ; or rather do ye urge  
In caravan your hasty pilgrimage

To pause at last on more aspiring  
 heights  
 Than these, and utter your devotion  
 there  
 With thunderous voice? Or are ye  
 jubilant,  
 And would ye, tracking your proud lord  
 the Sun,  
 Be present at his setting; or the pomp  
 Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and  
 stand  
 Poising your splendours high above the  
 heads  
 Of worshippers kneeling to their up-  
 risen God?  
 Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this  
 eagerness of speed?  
 Speak, silent creatures.—They are  
 gone, are fled,  
 Buried together in yon gloomy mass  
 That loads the middle heaven; and  
 clear and bright  
 And vacant doth the region which  
 they thronged  
 Appear; a calm descent of sky con-  
 ducting  
 Down to the unapproachable abyss,  
 Down to that hidden gulf from which  
 they rose  
 To vanish—fleet as days and months  
 and years,  
 Fleet as the generations of mankind,  
 Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,  
 The lingering world, when time hath  
 ceased to be.  
 But the winds roar, shaking the rooted  
 trees,  
 And see! a bright precursor to a train  
 Perchance as numerous, overpeers the  
 rock  
 That sullenly refuses to partake  
 Of the wild impulse. From a fount  
 of life

Invisible, the long procession moves  
 Luminous or gloomy, welcome to t  
 valed  
 Which they are entering, welcome  
 mine eye  
 That sees them, to my soul that ow  
 in them,  
 And in the bosom of the firmament  
 O'er which they move, wherein th  
 are contained,  
 A type of her capacious self and all  
 Her restless progeny.

A humble walk  
 Here is my body doomed to tread  
 this path,  
 A little hoary line and faintly traced  
 Work, shall we call it, of the shep-  
 herd's foot  
 Or of his flock?—joint vestige of the  
 both.  
 I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts  
 Admit no bondage and my words  
 have wings.  
 Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid  
 harp  
 To accompany the verse? To  
 mountain blast  
 Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall  
 sweep  
 The rocks, and quivering trees, and  
 billowy lake,  
 And search the fibres of the cave  
 and they  
 Shall answer, for our song is of the  
 Clouds,  
 And the wind loves them; and the  
 gentle gales—  
 Which by their aid re-clothe the na-  
 lawn  
 With annual verdure, and revive the  
 woods,  
 And moisten the parched lips  
 thirsty flowers—

ve them ; and every idle breeze of  
 air  
 ds to the favourite burthen.  
 Moon and stars  
 ep their most solemn vigils when  
 the Clouds  
 tch also, shifting peaceably their  
 place  
 e bands of ministering Spirits, or  
 when they lie,  
 if some Protean art the change  
 had wrought,  
 listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep  
 stered, a Cyclades of various  
 shapes  
 d all degrees of beauty. O ye  
 Lightnings !  
 are their perilous offspring ; and  
 the Sun—  
 rce inexhaustible of life and joy,  
 d type of man's far-darting reason,  
 therefore  
 old time worshipped as the god of  
 verse,  
 blazing intellectual deity—  
 res his own glory in their looks, and  
 showers  
 on that unsubstantial brotherhood  
 ions with all but beatific light  
 rched—too transient were they not  
 renewed  
 m age to age, and did not, while  
 we gaze  
 silent rapture, credulous desire  
 urish the hope that memory lacks  
 not power  
 keep the treasure unimpaired.  
 Vain thought !  
 t why repine, created as we are  
 r joy and rest, albeit to find them  
 only  
 dged in the bosom of eternal  
 things ?

# SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

THE gentlest poet, with free thoughts  
 endowed,  
 And a true master of the glowing  
 strain,  
 Might scan the narrow province with  
 disdain  
 That to the Painter's skill is here  
 allowed.  
 This, this the Bird of Paradise ! dis-  
 claim  
 The daring thought, forget the  
 name :  
 This the Sun's Bird, whom Glen-  
 doves might own  
 As no unworthy Partner in their  
 flight  
 Through seas of ether, where the  
 ruffling sway  
 Of nether air's rude billows is un-  
 known ;  
 Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pas-  
 time they  
 Through India's spicy regions wing  
 their way,  
 Might bow to as their Lord. What  
 character,  
 O sovereign Nature ! I appeal to  
 thee,  
 Of all thy feathered progeny  
 Is so unearthly, and what shape so  
 fair ?  
 So richly decked in variegated  
 down,  
 Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy  
 brown,  
 Tints softly with each other blended,  
 Hues doubtfully begun and ended ;  
 Or intershooting, and to sight  
 Lost and recovered, as the rays of  
 light

Glance on the conscious plumes  
touched here and there?  
Full surely, when with such proud  
gifts of life  
Began the pencil's strife,  
O'erweening Art was caught as in a  
snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous  
wrong  
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's  
song;  
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he  
drew  
A juster judgment from a calmer view;  
And, with a spirit freed from discon-  
tent,  
Thankfully took an effort that was  
meant  
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love,  
to vie,  
Or made with hope to please that  
inward eye  
Which ever strives in vain itself to  
satisfy,  
But to recall the truth by some faint  
trace  
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,  
That in the living Creature find on  
earth a place.

---

POOR ROBIN.\*

Now when the primrose makes a  
splendid show,  
And lilies face the March-winds in full  
blow,  
And humbler growths as moved with  
one desire  
Put on, to welcome spring, their best  
attire,

Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but he  
'gay  
With his red stalks upon this sur-  
day!  
And, as his tufts of leaves he spread  
content  
With a hard bed and scanty nour-  
ment,  
Mixed with the green, some shine  
lacking power  
To rival summer's brightest scarlet  
flower;  
And flowers they well might seem  
passers-by  
If looked at only with a careless eye  
Flowers—or a richer produce (ditto  
suit [berry fruit  
The season) sprinklings of ripe stuff  
But while a thousand pleasures come  
unsought,  
Why fix upon his wealth or waste  
thought?  
Is the string touched in prelude  
lay  
Of pretty fancies that would tickle  
him play  
When all the world acknowledged  
sway?  
Or does it suit our humour to com-  
mend  
Poor Robin as a sure and certain  
friend,  
Whose practice teaches, spite of nature  
to show  
Bright colours whether they deceive  
no?—  
Nay, we would simply praise the  
good-will  
With which, though slighted, he  
naked hill  
Or in warm valley, seeks his portion  
fill;

---

\* The small wild Geranium known by that  
name.

cheerful alike if bare of flowers as  
 now,  
 when his tiny gems shall deck his  
 brow:  
 let more, we wish that men by men  
 despised,  
 and such as lift their foreheads over-  
 prized,  
 should sometimes think, where'er  
 they chance to spy  
 this child of Nature's own humility,  
 that recompense is kept in store or  
 left  
 for all that seem neglected or be-  
 reft;  
 with what nice care equivalents are  
 given, [of Heaven.  
 how just, how bountiful, the hand  
*March 1840.*

### THE GLEANER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,  
 those locks from summer's golden  
 skies,  
 That o'er thy brow are shed;  
 That cheek—a kindling of the morn,  
 That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,  
 I saw; and Fancy sped  
 To scenes Arcadian, whispering,  
 through soft air,  
 Of bliss that grows without a care,  
 And happiness that never flies—  
 How can it where love never dies?  
 Whispering of promise, where no  
 blight  
 Can reach the innocent delight;  
 Where pity, to the mind conveyed  
 In pleasure, is the darkest shade  
 That Time, unwrinkled grandsire,  
 flings  
 From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthy  
 face  
 Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,  
 And mingle colours, that should  
 breed  
 Such rapture, nor want power to  
 feed;  
 For had thy charge been idle flowers,  
 Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,  
 To truth and sober reason blind,  
 'Mid that soft air, those long-lost  
 bowers,  
 The sweet illusion might have hung,  
 for hours.

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of  
 corn,  
 That touchingly bespeaks thee born  
 Life's daily tasks with them to share  
 Who, whether from their lowly bed  
 They rise, or rest the weary head,  
 Ponder the blessing they entreat  
 From Heaven, and *feel* what they  
 repeat,  
 While they give utterance to the  
 prayer  
 That asks for daily bread.  
 1828.

### PRELUDE,

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED  
 "POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND  
 LATE YEARS."

IN desultory walk through orchard  
 grounds,  
 Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have  
 I paused,  
 The while a Thrush, urged rather than  
 restrained  
 By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his  
 song

To his own genial instincts; and was  
heard

(Though not without some plaintive  
tones between)

To utter, above showers of blossom  
swept

From tossing boughs, the promise of  
a calm,

Which the unsheltered traveller might  
receive

With thankful spirit. The descant,  
and the wind

That seemed to play with it in love  
or scorn, [of words

Encouraged and endeared the strain

That haply flowed from me, by fits  
of silence

Impelled to livelier pace. But now,  
my Book!

Charged with those lays, and others  
of like mood,

Or loftier pitch if higher rose the  
theme,

Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined

With thy Forerunners that through  
many a year

Have faithfully prepared each other's  
way—

Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled  
When and wherever, in this changeful

world,

Power hath been given to please for  
higher ends

Than pleasure only; gladdening to  
prepare

For wholesome sadness, troubling to  
refine,

Calming to raise; and, by a sapient  
Art

Diffused through all the mysteries of  
our Being,

Softening the toils and pains that  
have not ceased

To cast their shadows on our mortal  
Earth

Since the primeval doom. Such  
the grace

Which, though unsued for, fails  
to descend

With heavenly inspiration; such  
aim

That reason dictates; and, as e  
the wish

Has virtue in it, why should hope  
me

Be wanting that sometimes, with  
fancied ills

Harass the mind and strip from  
the bowers

Of private life their natural pleas  
ness?

A Voice—devoted to the love which  
seeds

Are sown in every human breast  
beauty

Lodged within compass of the human  
blest sight,

To cheerful intercourse with wood  
field,

And sympathy with man's substantial  
griefs—

Will not be heard in vain! And  
those days

When unforeseen distress spreads  
and wide

Among a People mournfully  
down,

Or into anger roused by venal wrong  
In recklessness flung out to overturn

The judgment, and divert the general  
heart

From mutual good—some strain  
thine, my Book!

Caught at propitious intervals,  
win

Listeners who not unwillingly admit



"Tabor and pipe  
In purpose join to hasten or reprove  
The laggard Rustic"





motion tending to console.  
 oncile; and both with young  
 old  
 ; sense of thoughtful gratitude  
 fits that still survive, by faith  
 ess, under laws divine, main-  
 ed.

*ount, March 26, 1842.*

### GRACE DARLING.

the dwellers in the silent  
 s  
 ural heart is touched, and  
 lic way  
 owed street resound with  
 ad strains,

by ONE whose very name  
 eaks

'ivine, exalting human love;  
 since her birth on bleak  
 thumbria's coast,

into few but prized as far as  
 wn,

Act endears to high and low  
 the whole land—to Man-  
 d, moved in spite

world's freezing cares—to  
 ous Youth—

ncy, that lisps her praise—to  
 ;

eye reflects it, glistening  
 ough a tear

ulous admiration. Such true  
 e

her now; but, verily, good  
 ds

perishable record find

the rolls of heaven, where  
 may live

e for angels, when they cele-  
 te

ro.

The high-souled virtues which forget-  
 ful earth

Has witness'd. Oh! that winds and  
 waves could speak

Of things which their united power  
 called forth

From the pure depths of her  
 humanity!

A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,  
 Firm and unflinching, as the Light-  
 house reared

On the Island-rock, her lonely dwell-  
 ing-place;

Or like the invincible Rock itself that  
 braves,

Age after age, the hostile elements,

As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor  
 ceased, nor paused,

When, as day broke, the Maid,  
 through misty air,

Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,  
 Beating on one of those disastrous  
 isles—

Half of a Vessel, half—no more;  
 the rest

Had vanished, swallowed up with all  
 that there

Had for the common safety striven  
 in vain,

Or thither thronged for refuge. With  
 quick glance

Daughter and Sire through optic-glass  
 discern,

Clinging about the remnant of this  
 Ship,

Creatures—how precious in the  
 Maiden's sight!

For whom, belike, the old Man grieves  
 still more

Than for their fellow-sufferers en-  
 gulfed

Where every parting agony is hushed,  
And hope and fear mix not in further  
strife.

"But courage, Father! let us out to  
sea—

A few may yet be saved." The  
Daughter's words,

Her earnest tone, and look beaming  
with faith,

Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do  
they lack

The noble-minded Mother's helping  
hand

To launch the boat; and with her  
blessing cheered,

And inwardly sustained by silent  
prayer

Together they put forth, Father and  
Child!

Each grasps an oar, and struggling on  
they go

Rivals in effort; and, alike intent  
Here to elude and there surmount,

they watch  
The billows lengthening, mutually  
crossed

And shattered, and re-gathering their  
might;

As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will  
Were, in the conscious sea, roused  
and prolonged,

That woman's fortitude--so tried, so  
proved—

May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,  
They stem the current of that perilous  
gorge,

Their arms still strengthening with  
the strengthening heart,

Though danger, as the Wreck is  
near'd, becomes

More imminent. Not unseen do they  
approach;

And rapture, with varieties of  
Incessantly conflicting, thrill  
frames  
Of those who, in that dauntless  
Foretaste deliverance; but the  
perturbed  
Can scarcely trust his eyes, who  
perceives  
That of the pair - tossed on the  
to bring  
Hope to the hopeless. to the  
life -  
One is a Woman, a poor earthly  
Or, be the Visitant other than  
seems,  
A guardian Spirit sent from  
Heaven.  
In woman's shape. But why part  
the tale,  
Casting weak words amid a host  
thoughts  
Armed to repel them? Every  
faced  
And difficulty mastered, with re-  
That no one breathing should  
to perish,  
This last remainder of the crew  
Placed in the little boat, then  
deep  
Are safely borne, landed up  
beach.  
And, in fulfilment of God's  
lodged  
Within the sheltering Lighthouse  
Shout, ye Waves!  
Send forth a song of triumph.  
and Winds,  
Exult in this deliverance won  
through faith  
In Him whose Providence you  
hath served!  
Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the  
cert join!

would that some immortal Voice  
 —a Voice  
 attuned to all that gratitude  
 hes out from floor or couch,  
 through pallid lips [bear—  
 the survivors—to the clouds might  
 led with praise of that parental love,  
 ath whose watchful eye the  
 Maiden grew

Pious and pure, modest and yet so  
 brave,  
 Though young so wise, though meek  
 so resolute—  
 Might carry to the clouds and to the  
 stars,  
 Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DAR-  
 LING's name!  
 1842.

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

1837.

## TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

SION! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,  
 se experience trusting, day by day  
 res I gained with zeal that neither  
 red  
 ls nor felt the crosses of the way,  
 AL MOUNT, Feb. 14th, 1842.

These records take: and happy should I be  
 Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee  
 For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,  
 And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe  
 Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

: Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was  
 ted by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of cholera at Naples. To  
 some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we  
 the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes  
 the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these  
 , chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular,  
 riptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a  
 : upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

## I.

SINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE.

APRIL, 1837.

pennines! with all your fertile  
 ales  
 / embosomed, and your winding  
 ores  
 er sea, an Islander by birth,  
 untaineer by habit, would re-  
 und

Your praise, in meet accordance with  
 your claims  
 Bestowed by Nature, or from man's  
 great deeds  
 Inherited:—presumptuous thought!—  
 it fled  
 Like vapour, like a towering cloud,  
 dissolved.  
 Not, therefore, shall my mind give way  
 to sadness;—

Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb  
down it drops

Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,  
Lulling the leisure of that high  
perched town,

AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site

Its neighbour and its namesake—town  
and flood

Forth flashing out of its own gloomy  
chasm

Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of  
this lawn

Strewn with gray rocks, and on the  
horizon's verge,

O'er intervenient waste, through glim-  
mering haze,

Unquestionably kenned, that cone-  
shaped hill

With fractured summit, no indifferent  
sight

To travellers, from such comforts as  
are thine,

Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy—  
These are before me; and the varied  
scene

May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry  
heat

Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind

Passive yet pleased. What! with this  
Broom in flower

Close at my side! She bids me fly to  
greet

Her sisters, soon like her to be attired  
With golden blossoms opening at the  
feet

Of my own Fairfield. The glad greet-  
ing given,

Given with a voice and by a look  
returned

Of old companionship, Time counts  
not minutes

Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar  
fields,

The local Genius hurries me aloft  
Transported over that cloud-w  
hill,

Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of  
clouds,

With dream-like smoothness, to  
vellyn's top,

There to alight upon crisp moss  
range

Obtaining ampler boon, at every  
Of visual sovereignty—hills mul-  
tuous

(Not Apennine can boast of  
hills

Pride of two nations, wood and  
and plains,

And prospect right below of  
coves shaped

By skeleton arms, that, from the  
tain's trunk

Extended, clasp the winds, with  
moan

Struggling for liberty, while  
mayed

The shepherd struggles with  
Onward thence

And downward by the skirt of  
side fell,

And by Glenridding-screens, at  
Glencoin,

Places forsaken now, though lov-  
The muses, as they loved their

days

Of the old minstrels and the  
bards.

But here am I fast bound; at  
pass,

The simple rapture:—who tha-  
far

To feed his mind with watch  
could share

Or wish to share it?—One the  
was,

Wizard of the North," with  
 anxious hope  
 hit to this genial climate, when  
 disease  
 upon body and mind—yet not  
 less  
 his sunk eye kindled at those  
 ear words  
 spoke of bards and minstrels;  
 and his spirit  
 flown with mine to old Helvel-  
 n's brow  
 once together, in his day of  
 strength,  
 cool rejoicing, as if earth were  
 all  
 sorrow, like the sky above our  
 heads.

rs followed years, and when,  
 on the eve  
 last going from Tweed-side,  
 ought turned,  
 another's sympathy was led.  
 s bright land, Hope was for him  
 friend,  
 edge no help: Imagination  
 aped  
 omise. Still, in more than ear-  
 tep seats,  
 as for me, and cannot but sur-  
 ve  
 zone of voice which wedded  
 rowed words  
 lness not their own, when, with  
 int smile  
 by intent to take from speech  
 edge.  
 d, "When I am there, although  
 s fair,  
 be another Yarrow." Prophecy  
 than fulfilled, as gay Cam-  
 nia's shores

Soon witnessed, and the city of seven  
 hills,  
 Her sparkling fountains, and her  
 mouldering tombs;  
 And more than all, that Eminence  
 which showed  
 Her splendours, seen, not felt, the  
 while he stood  
 A few short steps (painful they were)  
 apart  
 From Tasso's Convent-haven, and re-  
 tired grave.

Peace to their Spirits! why should  
 Poesy  
 Yield to the lure of vain regret, and  
 hover  
 In gloom on wings with confidence  
 outspread  
 To move in sunshine!—Utter thanks,  
 my Soul!  
 Tempered with awe, and sweetened by  
 compassion  
 For them who in the shades of sorrow  
 dwell  
 That I—so near the term to human  
 life  
 Appointed by man's common heritage,  
 Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that  
 Deserve a thought) but little known to  
 fame—  
 Am free to rove where Nature's love-  
 liest looks,  
 Art's noblest relics, History's rich  
 bequests,  
 Failed to reanimate and but feebly  
 cheered  
 The whole world's Darling—free to  
 rove at will  
 O'er high and low, and if requiring  
 rest,  
 Rest from enjoyment only.

Thanks poured forth

For what thus far hath blessed my  
wanderings, thanks

Fervent but humble as the lips can  
breathe

Where gladness seems a duty—let me  
guard

Those seeds of expectation which the  
fruit

Already gathered in this favoured Land  
Enfolds within its core. The faith be  
mine,

That He who guides and governs all,  
approves

When gratitude, though disciplined to  
look

Beyond these transient spheres, doth  
wear a crown

Of earthly hope put on with trembling  
hand:

Nor is least pleased, we trust, when  
golden beams,

Reflected through the mists of age,  
from hours

Of innocent delight, remote or recent,  
Shoot but a little way—'tis all they  
can—

Into the doubtful future. Who would  
keep

Power must resolve to cleave to it  
through life,

Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.

Saints would not grieve nor guardian  
angels frown

If one—while tossed, as was my lot to  
be,

In a frail bark urged by two slender  
oars

Over waves rough and deep, that,  
when they broke,

Dashed their white foam against the  
palace walls

Of Genoa the superb—should there be  
led

To meditate upon his own appoi  
tasks,

However humble in themselves,  
thoughts

Raised and sustained by memor  
Him

Who oftentimes within those na  
bounds

Rocked on the surge, there trie  
spirit's strength

And grasp of purpose, long ere t  
his ship

To lay a new world open.

Nor less p  
By these impressions which inclin  
heart

To mild, to lowly, and to see  
weak,

Bend that way her desires. The  
the storm

The dew whose moisture fell in  
drops

On the small hyssop destined t  
come,

By Hebrew ordinance devoutly f  
A purifying instrument—the stor

That shook on Lebanon the c  
top,

And as it shook, enabling the  
roots

Further to force their way, en  
its trunk

With magnitude and strength  
uphold

The glorious temple—did alike p  
From the same gracious will

both an offspring

Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers th  
Higher to lift their lofty hear  
pelled

By no profane ambition, Powe  
thrive

conflict, and their opposites, that  
 trust  
 lowliness—a midway tract there lies  
 thoughtful sentiment for every  
 mind  
 nant with good. Young, Middle-  
 aged, and Old,  
 m century on to century, must have  
 known  
 emotion—nay, more fitly were it  
 said—  
 blest tranquillity that sunk so  
 deep  
 my spirit, when I paced, enclosed  
 Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth  
 floor  
 ts Arcades paved with sepulchral  
 slabs,  
 through each window's open fret-  
 work looked  
 the blank Area of sacred earth  
 hed from Mount Calvary, or  
 haply delved  
 precincts nearer to the Saviour's  
 tomb,  
 lands of men, humble as brave,  
 who fought  
 ts deliverance—a capacious field  
 to descendants of the dead it  
 holds  
 to all living mute memento  
 breathes,  
 touching far than aught which on  
 the walls  
 ictured, or their epitaphs can  
 speak,  
 he changed City's long-departed  
 power,  
 , and wealth, which, perilous as  
 they are,  
 did not kill, but nourished, Piety.  
 high above that length of clois-  
 al roof,

Peering in air, and backed by azure  
 sky,  
 To kindred contemplations ministers  
 The Baptistery's dome, and that which  
 swells  
 From the Cathedral pile; and with the  
 twain  
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed  
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet  
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-  
 tower.  
 Nor less remuneration waits on him  
 Who having left the Cemetery stands  
 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and  
 fall  
 Admonished not without some sense of  
 fear,  
 Fear that soon vanishes before the  
 sight  
 Of splendour unextinguished, pomp  
 unscathed.  
 And beauty unimpaired. Grand in  
 itself,  
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand  
 and fair  
 To view, and for the mind's consenting  
 eye  
 A type of age in man, upon its front  
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evi-  
 dence  
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more  
 Struggling against the stream of des-  
 tiny,  
 But with its peaceful majesty content.  
 —Oh what a spectacle at every turn  
 The Place unfolds, from pavement  
 skinned with moss,  
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the  
 heaviest foot  
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly  
 tread;  
 Where Solitude with Silence paired  
 stops short



Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe  
Decay submits not.

But where'er my steps  
Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with  
care

Those images of genial beauty, oft  
Too lovely to be pensive in themselves  
But by reflection made so, which do  
best

And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths

Life's cup when almost filled with  
years, like mine.

—How lovely robed in forenoon light  
and shade,

Each ministering to each, didst thou  
appear

Savona, Queen of territory fair

As aught that marvellous coast thro'  
all its length

Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds

As a selected treasure thy one cliff,

That, while it wore for melancholy crest

A shattered Convent, yet rose proud  
to have

Clinging to its steep sides a thousand  
herbs

And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave  
proof how kind

The breath of air can be where earth  
had else

Seemed churlish. And behold, both  
far and near,

Garden and field all decked with  
orange bloom,

And peach and citron, in Spring's  
mildest breeze

Expanding; and, along the smooth  
shore curved

Into a natural port, a tideless sea,

To that mild breeze with motion and  
with voice

Softly responsive; and, attuned to  
Those vernal charms of sigh  
sound, appeared

Smooth space of turf which fringed  
guardian fort

Sloped seaward, turf whose  
April green,

In coolest climes too fugitive,  
even here

Plead with the sovereign Sun  
longer stay

Than his unmitigated beams allow  
Nor plead in vain, if beauty

preserve,

From mortal change, aught that  
born on earth

Or doth on time depend.

While on the  
Of that high Convent-crested  
stood,

Modest Savona! over all did brood

A pure poetic Spirit - as the breeze

Mild - as the verdure, fresh - that  
shine, bright -

Thy gentle Chiabrera! - not a  
Mural or level with the trodden

In Church or Chapel, if my  
quest

Missed not the truth, retains a  
name

Of young or old, warrior, or sage,

To whose dear memories his  
choral verse

Paid simple tribute, such as  
have flowed

From the clear spring of a  
English heart,

Say rather, one in native fellow  
With all who want not skill to

grief

With praise, as genuine ad-  
prompts.

grief, the praise, are severed from  
 their dust,  
 in his page the records of that  
 worth  
 ve, uninjured;—glory then to  
 words,  
 our to word-preserving Arts, and  
 hail  
 indred local influences that still,  
 pe's familiar whispers merit faith,  
 t my steps when they the breezy  
 height  
 range of philosophic Tusculum;  
 bine vales explored inspire a wish  
 eet the shade of Horace by the  
 side  
 s Bandusian fount; or I invoke  
 presence to point out the spot  
 where once  
 ate, and eulogised with earnest  
 pen  
 a leisure, free-lom, moderate  
 desires;  
 all the immunities of rural life  
 led, behind Vacuna's crumbling  
 lane.  
 t me loiter, soothed with what is  
 given  
 asking more, on that delicious  
 Bay,  
 enope's        Domain — Virgilian  
 mount,  
 rated with never-dying verse.  
 by the Poet's laurel-shaded  
 omb,  
 after age to Pilgrims from all  
 ands  
 arel.

And who—if not a man as cold  
 art as dull in brain—while pacing  
 ground  
 n by Rome's legendary Bards,  
 high minds

Out of her early struggles well inspired  
 To localise heroic acts—could look  
 Upon the spots with undelighted eye,  
 Though even to their last syllable the  
 Lays  
 And very names of those who gave  
 them birth  
 Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost  
 depth,  
 Imagination feels what Reason fears  
 not  
 To recognise, the lasting virtue lodged  
 In those bold fictions that, by deeds  
 assigned  
 To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,  
 And others like in fame, created  
 Powers  
 With attributes from history derived,  
 By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,  
 Through marvellous felicity of skill,  
 With something more propitious to  
 high aims  
 Than either, pent within her separate  
 sphere,  
 Can oft with justice claim.

And not disdaining  
 Union with those primeval energies  
 To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from  
 your height  
 Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's  
 call  
 Descend, and, on the brow of ancient  
 Rome  
 As she survives in ruin, manifest  
 Your glories mingled with the brightest  
 hues  
 Of her memorial halo, fading, fading—  
 But never to be extinct while Earth  
 endures.

O come, if undishonoured by the  
 prayer,  
 From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for  
 my feet

Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a  
glimpse  
Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms  
convened  
For safety, they of yore enclasped the  
Cross  
On knees that ceased from trembling,  
or intoned  
Their orisons with voices half-sup-  
pressed,  
But sometimes heard, or fancied to be  
heard,  
Even at this hour.

And thou Mamertine prison,  
Into that vault receive me from whose  
depth  
Issues, revealed in no presumptuous  
vision,  
Albeit lifting human to divine.  
A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic  
Keys  
Grasped in his hand: and lo! with  
upright sword  
Prefiguring his own impendent doom.  
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both  
prepared  
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and  
hate  
Inflicted: --blessed Men, for so to  
Heaven  
They follow their dear Lord!

Time flows—nor winds,  
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his  
course,  
But many a benefit borne upon his  
breast  
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is  
gone,  
No one knows how; nor seldom is put  
forth

An angry arm that snatches good away,  
Never perhaps to reappear. The

Has, to our generation brought a  
brings

Innumerable gains; yet we, who now  
Walk in the light of day, pertain f  
surely

To a chilled age, most pitiously sl  
out

From that which is and actuates,  
forms,

Abstractions, and by lifeless fact  
fact

Minutely linked with diligence u  
spired,

Unrectified, unguided, unsustained  
By godlike insight. To this fate  
doomed

Science, wide spread and spread  
still as be

Her conquests, in the world of s  
made known.

So with the internal mind it fares;  
so

With morals, trusting, in contemp  
fear

Of vital principle's controlling law,  
To her purblind guide Expedie  
and so

Suffers religious faith. Elate with  
Of what is won, we overlook or see  
The best that should keep pace wi  
and must,

Else more and more the general  
will droop.

Even as if bent on perishing. }  
lives

No faculty within us which the Sc  
Can spare, and humblest earthly  
demands,

For dignity not placed beyond  
reach,

Zealous co-operation of all means  
Given or acquired, to raise us  
the mire,

I liberate our hearts from low  
 pursuits.  
 gross Utilities enslaved we need  
 re of ennobling impulse from the  
 past,  
 so the future aught of good must  
 come  
 tender and therefore holier than the  
 ends  
 rich, in the giddiness of self-  
 applause,  
 covet as supreme. Oh, grant the  
 crown  
 Wisdom wears, or take his  
 treacherous staff  
 Knowledge!—If the Muse,  
 whom I have served  
 day, be mistress of a single  
 pearl  
 to be placed in that pure diadem;  
 n, not in vain, under these chest-  
 nut boughs  
 ined, shall I have yielded up my  
 soul  
 transports from the secondary  
 founts  
 ing of time and place, and paid to  
 both  
 homage; nor shall fruitlessly have  
 striven,  
 ove of beauty moved, to enshrine  
 in verse  
 rdant meditations, which in times  
 ed and disordered, as our own,  
 may shed  
 ence, at least among a scattered  
 few,  
 soberness of mind and peace of  
 heart  
 dly; as here to my repose hath  
 been  
 flowering broom's dear neighbour-  
 hood, the light

And murmur issuing from yon pendent  
 flood,  
 And all the varied landscape. Let us  
 now  
 Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent  
 Rome.

## II.

## THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

I SAW far off the dark top of a Pine  
 Look like a cloud—a slender stem the  
 tie  
 That bound it to its native earth—  
 poised high  
 Mid evening hues, along the horizon  
 line, [shine.  
 Striving in peace each other to out-  
 But when I learned the Tree was living  
 there.  
 Saved from the sordid axe by Beau-  
 mont's care,  
 Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!  
 The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so  
 bright  
 And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts  
 of home,  
 Death-parted friends, and days too  
 swift in flight,  
 Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome  
 (Then first apparent from the Pincian  
 Height)  
 Crowne! with St. Peter's everlasting  
 Dome.

## III.

## AT ROME.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitoline Hill—  
 Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful  
 Rock,  
 Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping  
 still  
 That name—a local Phantom proud to

The Traveller's expectation?—Could  
our Will

Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere  
done

Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves  
wandering on,

Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-  
taught skill.

Full oft, our wish obtained. deeply we  
sigh ; [learn,

Yet not unrecompensed are they who  
From that depression raised, to mount  
on high

With stronger wing, more clearly to  
discern

Eternal things ; and, if need be, defy  
Change, with a brow not insolent,  
though stern.

## IV.

AT ROME.—REGRETS.—IN ALLUSION TO  
NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HIS-  
TORIANS.

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,  
Shall they no longer bloom upon the  
stock

Of History, stript naked as a rock  
'Mid a dry desert? What is it we  
hear? [appear,

The glory of Infant Rome must dis-  
Her morning splendours vanish, and  
their place

Know them no more. If Truth, who  
veiled her face [must steer

With those bright beams yet hid it not,  
Henceforth a humbler course per-  
plexed and slow ;

One solace yet remains for us who came  
Into this world in days when story lacked  
Severe research, that in our hearts we  
know

How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,  
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

## V.

## CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, y  
the same

Involved a history of no doubtful sense  
History that proves by inward evidence  
From what a precious source of truth  
came.

Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have  
dared

Such deeds to paint, such characters  
frame,

But for coeval sympathy prepared  
To greet with instant faith their lofty  
claim.

None but a noble people could have  
loved

Flattery in Ancient Rome's pre-  
minded style :

Not in like sort the Runic Scald  
moved ;

He, nursed 'mid savage passions to  
defile

Humanity, sang feats that well might  
call

For the bloodthirsty mead of Occi-  
dential Hall.

## VI.

## PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler  
wise,

Ungentle, or untouched by seemingly  
Who, gathering up all that Time  
envious tooth

Has spared of sound and sense  
realities,

Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries  
Dear as they are to unsuspicious

Youth,  
That might have drawn down  
from the skies

To vindicate the majesty of truth.

h was her office while she walked  
with men,  
Juse, who, not unmindful of her  
Sire,  
tuling Jove, whate'er the theme  
might be  
erel her mother, sage Mnemosyne,  
taught her faithful servants how  
the lyre  
ld animate, but not mislead, the  
pen.

## VII.

## AT ROME.

—who have seen the noble  
Roman's scorn  
forth at thought of laying down  
his head,  
the blank day is over, garreted  
is ancestral palace, where, from  
norm  
light, the desecrated floors are  
worn  
et of purse-proud strangers; they  
—who have read  
e meek smile, beneath a peasant's  
hel,  
patiently the weight of wrong is  
borne;  
—who have heard some learned  
patriot treat  
edom, with mind grasping the  
hole theme  
ancient Rome, downwards  
hrough that bright dream  
ommonwealths, each city a star-  
like seat  
al glory; they—fallen Italy—  
rust, nor will, nor can, despair of  
Thee!

## VIII.

## NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S.

LONG has the dew been dried on tree  
and lawn;  
O'er man and beast a not unwelcome  
loon  
Is shed, the languor of approaching  
noon;  
To shady rest withdrawing or with-  
drawn  
Mute are all creatures, as this couchant  
fawn,  
Save insect-swarms that hum in air  
afloat, [note,  
Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill  
Startling and shrill as that which  
roused the dawn.  
—Heard in that hour, or when, as  
now, the nerve  
Shrinks from the note as from a mis-  
timed thing,  
Oft for a holy warning may it serve,  
Charged with remembrance of *his*  
sudden sting,  
His bitter tears, whose name the Papal  
Chair  
And you resplendent Church are proud  
to bear.

## IX.

## AT ALBANO.

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would  
not clear  
His head from mist; and, as the wind  
sobbed through  
Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,  
My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear  
Found casual vent. She said, "Be of  
good cheer;  
Our yesterday's procession did not sue  
In vain: the sky will change to sunny  
blue,

Thanks to our Lady's grace." I  
 smiled to hear,  
 But not in scorn:—the Matron's Faith  
 may lack  
 The heavenly sanction needed to  
 ensure  
 Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward  
 track  
 Stops not at this low point, nor wants  
 the lure  
 Of flowers the Virgin without fear may  
 own,  
 For by her Son's blest hand the seed  
 was sown.

## X.

NEAR Anio's stream, I spied a gentle  
 Dove  
 Perched on an olive branch, and heard  
 her cooing  
 'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs  
 were wooing,  
 While all things present told of joy  
 and love.  
 But restless Fancy left that olive  
 grove  
 To hail the exploratory Bird re-  
 newing  
 Hope for the few, who, at the world's  
 undoing,  
 On the great flood were spared to live  
 and move.  
 O bounteous Heaven; signs true as  
 dove and bough  
 Brought to the ark are coming ever-  
 more,  
 Given though we seek them not, but,  
 while we plough  
 This sea of life without a visible  
 shore,  
 Do neither promise ask nor grace  
 implore  
 "What alone is ours, the living Now.

## XI.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING  
 TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! the  
 deep sighs,  
 Heaved less for thy bright plains a  
 hills bestrown  
 With monuments decayed or ov-  
 thrown,  
 For all that tottering stands or pr-  
 trate lies,  
 Than for like scenes in moral vis-  
 shown,  
 Ruin perceived for keener sympathi-  
 Faith crushed, yet proud of wee-  
 her gaudy crown;  
 Virtues laid low, and moulder-  
 energies.  
 Yet why prolong this mourn-  
 strain?—Fallen Power  
 Thy fortunes, twice exalted, mi-  
 provoke  
 Verse to glad notes prophetic of  
 hour  
 When thou, uprisen, shalt break  
 double yoke,  
 And enter, with prompt aid from  
 Most High,  
 On the third stage of thy great des-

## XII.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYME

WHEN here with Carthage Rome  
 conflict came,  
 An earthquake, mingling with  
 battle's shock,  
 Checked not its rage; unfelt  
 ground did rock,  
 Sword dropped not, javelin ke-  
 deadly aim.—

all is sun-bright peace. Of that  
 day's shame,  
 glory, not a vestige seems to  
 endure,  
 in this Rill that took from blood  
 the name \*  
 can yet it bears, sweet Stream! as  
 crystal pure.  
 may all trace and sign of deeds  
 aloof  
 in the true guidance of humanity,  
 though Time and Nature's influence,  
 purify  
 its spirit; or, unless they for reproof  
 warning serve, thus let them all,  
 on ground  
 that gave them being, vanish to a  
 sound.

## XIII.

## NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

action born, existing to be tried,  
 its manifold we have that inter-  
 vene  
 stir the heart that would too  
 closely screen  
 peace from images to pain allied.  
 I wonder if at midnight by the side  
 sanguinetto or broad Thrasymene,  
 clang of arms is heard, and phan-  
 toms glide,  
 happy ghosts in troops by moon-  
 light seen;  
 singly thine, O vanquished Chief!  
 whose corse,  
 tried, lay hid under heaps of  
 slain:  
 who is He?—the Conqueror.  
 Would he force  
 way to Rome? Ah, no, round hill  
 and plain

\* Sanguinetto.

Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong  
 command,  
 This spot—his shadowy death-cup in  
 his hand.

## XIV.

## THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

MAY 25TH, 1837.

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo—Oh, with  
 what delight  
 Heard I that voice! and catch it now,  
 though faint,  
 Far off and faint, and melting into air,  
 Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!  
 Those louder cries give notice that  
 the Bird,  
 Although invisible as Echo's self,  
 Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks,  
 happy Creature,  
 For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured  
 From vale to hill, from hill to vale led  
 on,  
 We have pursued, through various  
 lands, a long  
 And pleasant course; flower after  
 flower has blown,  
 Embellishing the ground that gave  
 them birth  
 With aspects novel to my sight; but  
 still  
 Most fair, most welcome, when they  
 drank the dew  
 In a sweet fellowship with kinds  
 beloved,  
 For old remembrance sake. And oft  
 —where Spring  
 Display'd her richest blossoms among  
 files  
 Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing  
 fruit  
 Ripe for the hand, or under a thick  
 shade



Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,  
 The lightsome Olive's twinkling  
 canopy—  
 Oft have I heard the Nightingale and  
 Thrush  
 Blending as in a common English  
 grove  
 Their love-songs; but, where'er my  
 feet might roam,  
 Whate'er assemblages of new and old,  
 Strange and familiar, might beguile the  
 way,  
 A gratulation from that vagrant Voice  
 Was wanting;—and most happily till  
 now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-  
 famed Pile,  
 High on the brink of that precipitous  
 rock,  
 Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth  
 It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned  
 In faith and hope, and dutiful obedi-  
 ence.  
 By a few Monks, a stern society,  
 Dead to the world and scorning earth-  
 born joys.  
 Nay—though the hopes that drew,  
 the fears that drove  
 St. Francis, far from Man's resort,  
 to abide  
 Among these sterile heights of Apen-  
 nine,  
 Bound him, nor, since he raised yon  
 House, have ceased  
 To bind his spiritual Progeny, with  
 rules  
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and  
 live;  
 His milder Genius (thanks to the good  
 God  
 That made us) over those severe re-  
 straints

Of mind, that dread heart-freezing di-  
 cipline,  
 Doth sometimes here predominant  
 and works  
 By unsought means for gracious po-  
 ses;  
 For earth, through heaven, for heav'n  
 by changeful earth,  
 Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above  
 power of sense,  
 Familiarly, yet out of the clean  
 heart  
 Of that once sinful Being overflowed  
 On sun, moon, stars, the net  
 elements,  
 And every shape of creature to  
 sustain,  
 Divine affections: and with beast  
 bird  
 (Stilled from afar—such marvels  
 tells—  
 By casual outbreak of his passion  
 words,  
 And from their own pursuits in  
 or grove  
 Drawn to his side by look or ac-  
 love  
 Humane, and virtue of his innu-  
 life)  
 He went to hold companionship  
 free,  
 So pure, so fraught with know-  
 and delight,  
 As to be likened in his Folk  
 minds  
 To that which our first Parents  
 the fall  
 From their high state darkened  
 Earth with fear,  
 Held with all Kinds in Eden's bow-  
 bowers.

When question not that, 'mid the  
 austere Band,  
 breathe the air he breathed,  
 tread where he trod,  
 be true Partakers of his loving  
 spirit  
 still survive, and, with those gentle  
 hearts  
 sorted, Others, in the power, the  
 faith,  
 baptized imagination, prompt  
 catch from Nature's humblest  
 monitors  
 when they bring of impulses sub-  
 lime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk,  
 though pale  
 in fasts, with vigils worn, depressed  
 by years,  
 when in a sunny glade I chanced to  
 see  
 in a pine-tree's storm-uprooted  
 trunk,  
 seated alone, with forehead sky-ward  
 raised,  
 his clasped above the crucifix he  
 wore  
 tended to his bosom, and lips  
 closed  
 the joint pressure of his musing  
 mood  
 habit of his vow. That ancient  
 Man—  
 happily less the Brother whom I  
 marked,  
 he approached the Convent gate,  
 aloft  
 king far forth from his aerial cell,  
 young Ascetic, Poet, Hero, Sage,  
 might have been, Lover belike he  
 was—  
 he received into a conscious ear

The notes whose first faint greeting  
 startled me,  
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with  
 joy  
 My heart—may have been moved like  
 me to think,  
 Ah! not like me who walk in the  
 world's ways,  
 On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice*  
*of One*  
*Crying amid the Wilderness*, and  
 given,  
 Now that their snows must melt, their  
 herbs and flowers  
 Revive, their obstinate winter pass  
 away,  
 That awful name to Thee, thee,  
 simple Cuckoo,  
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore  
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou  
 leave  
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian  
 skies  
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights  
 Still loftier, and to climes more near  
 the Pole.

Voice of the desert, fare-thee-well;  
 sweet Bird!  
 If that substantial title please thee  
 more.  
 Farewell!—but go thy way, no need  
 hast thou  
 Of a good wish sent after thee; from  
 bower  
 To bower as green, from sky to sky—  
 as clear,  
 Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs that  
 meet  
 Thy course and sport around thee  
 softly fan—  
 Till Night, descending upon hill and  
 vale.

Grants to thy mission a brief term of  
silence,  
And folds thy pinions up in blest  
repose.

## XV.

## AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came  
bereft,  
And seeking consolation from above;  
Nor grieve the less that skill to him  
was left

To paint this picture of his lady-love:  
Can she, a blessed saint, the work  
approve?

And O, good Brethren of the cowl,  
a thing

So fair, to which with peril he must  
cling,

Destroy in pity, or with care remove.

That bloom—those eyes—can they  
assist to bind

• Thoughts that would stray from  
Heaven! The dream must cease  
To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul  
must live

Else will the enamoured Monk too  
surely find

How wide a space can part from  
inward peace

The most profound repose his cell can  
give.

## XVI.

## CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares  
And stirring interests shunned with  
desperate flight,

All trust abandoned in the healing  
might

Of virtuous action; all that courage  
dare

Labour accomplishes, or patient  
bears—

Those helps rejected, they, whose  
minds perceive

How subtly works man's weakness  
sighs may heave

For such a One beset with cloist  
snakes.

Father of Mercy! rectify his view,

If with his vows this object ill agree

Shed over it thy grace, and thine  
subdue

Imperious passion in a heart  
free:—

That earthly love may to herself  
true.

Give him a soul that cleaveth u  
Thee.

## XVII.

AT THE EREMIT OR UPPER CONVENT  
OF CAMALDOLI.

WHAT aim had they, the Pale  
Monks, in size

Enormous, dragged, while side by  
they sate,

By panting steers up to this con  
gate?

How, with empurpled cheeks and  
pered eyes,

Dare they confront the lean austere  
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on  
wait

In sackcloth, and God's anger  
precate

Through all that humbles flesh  
mortifies?

Strange contrast!—verily the wor  
dreams,

Where mingle, as for mockery  
bined,

in their very essences at strife,  
 not a sight incongruous as the  
 tremes [ful mind,  
 everywhere, before the thought-  
 in the solid ground of waking life.

## XVIII.

## AT VALLOMBROSA.

autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
 mbrosa, where Etrurian shades  
 rare'n'd embower.--PARADISE LOST.

MBROSA-- I longed in thy  
 bliest wood

mber, reclined on the moss-  
 ered floor!"

ish that was granted at last,  
 the Flood,

lled me asleep, bids me listen  
 re more. [the steep,

mur how soft! as it falls down  
 at Cell yon sequestered Re-  
 it high in air--

our Milton was wont lonely  
 ils to keep

nverse with God, sought  
 ough study and prayer.

unks still repeat the tradition  
 a pride.

truth who shall doubt? for  
 Spirit is here;

cloud-piercing rocks doth her  
 ndeur abide,

ines pointing heavenward her  
 uty austere;

flower-besprent meadows his  
 ius we trace

to humbler delights, in which  
 th might confide,

ould yield him fit help while  
 iguring that Place

if Sin had not entered, Love  
 er had died.

When with life lengthened out came  
 a desolate time,

And darkness and danger had com-  
 passed him round,

With a thought he would flee to these  
 haunts of his prime,

And here once again a kind shelter be  
 found.

And let me believe that when nightly  
 the Muse

Did waft him to Sion, the glorified  
 hill,

Here also, on some favoured height,  
 he would choose

To wander, and drink inspiration at  
 will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in  
 the page

Of that holiest of Bards, and the name  
 for my mind

Had a musical charm, which the  
 winter of age

And the changes it brings had no  
 power to unbind.

And now, ye Miltonian shades! under  
 you

I repose, nor am forced from sweet  
 fancy to part,

While your leaves I behold and the  
 brooks they will strew,

And the realised vision is clasped to  
 my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as  
 we may

In Forms that must perish, frail  
 objects of sense;

Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on  
 the day

When the Being of Beings shall sum-  
 mon her hence.

For he and he only with wisdom is blest  
 Who, gathering true pleasures where-  
     ever they grow,  
 Looks up in all places, for joy or for  
     rest,  
 To the Fountain whence Time and  
     Eternity flow.

## XIX.

## AT FLORENCE.

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,  
 The dome of Florence, pensive and  
     alone, [the while,  
 Nor giving heed to aught that passed  
 I stood, and gazed upon a marble  
     stone,  
 The laurell'd Dante's favourite seat.  
     A throne,

In just esteem, it rivals: though no style  
 Be there of decoration to beguile  
 The mind, depressed by thought of  
     greatness flown.

As a true man, who long had served  
     the lyre, [more.  
 I gazed with earnestness, and dared no  
 But in his breast the mighty Poet bore  
 A Patriot's heart, warm with undying  
     fire.

Bold with the thought, in reverence  
     I sate down, [Throne.  
 And, for a moment, filled that empty

## XX.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST,  
 BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT  
 FLORENCE.

THE Baptist might have been ordain'd  
     to cry

Forth from the towers of that huge  
     Pile, wherein

His Father served Jehovah; but how  
     win

Due audience, how for ought but  
     defy

The obstinate pride and wanton re  
 Of the Jerusalem below, her sin  
 And folly, if they with united din  
 Drown not at once mandate  
     prophecy?

Therefore the Voice spake from  
     Desert, thence

To Her, as to her opposite in pea  
 Silence, and holiness, and innocer  
 To Her and to all Lands its wa  
     sent,

Crying with earnestness that might  
     cease.

"Make straight a highway for  
     Lord—repent!"

## XXI.

AT FLORENCE.—FROM MICHAEL  
 ANGELO.

RAPT above earth by power of  
     fair face,

Hers in whose sway alone my  
     delights,

I mingle with the blest on those  
     heights

Where Man, yet mortal, rarely  
     a place.

With Him who made the Work  
     Work accords

So well, that by its help and th  
     his grace

I raise my thoughts, inform my  
     and words,

Clasping her beauty in my  
     embrace.

Thus, if from two fair eyes  
     cannot turn,

I feel how in their presence doth  
 Light which to God is both th  
     and guide;

And, kindling at their lustre, if

ble fire emits the joyful ray  
through the realms of glory  
lines for aye.

## XXII.

LORENCE.—FROM M. ANGELO.

AL Lord! eased of a cumbrous  
id,  
osened from the world, I turn  
Thee;  
like a shattered bark, the storm,  
d flee  
protection for a safe abode.  
own of thorns, hands pierced  
on the tree,  
neek, benign, and lacerated  
e,  
sincere repentance promise  
ice,  
sad soul give hope of pardon  
e.  
justice mark not. Thou, O Light  
ine,  
lt, nor hear it with thy sacred  
;  
put forth that way thy arm  
ere;  
ith thy blood my sins: thereto  
line  
readily the more my years  
uire  
and forgiveness speedy and  
ire.

## XXIII.

THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN  
THE APENNINES.

s! whose slender roots entwine  
that piety neglects;  
infant arms enclasp the shrine  
h no devotion now respects:

If not a straggler from the herd  
Here ruminate, nor shrouded bird,  
Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take  
pride  
In aught that ye would grace or hide—  
How sadly is your love misplaced,  
Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,  
And ye—full often spurned as weeds—  
In beauty clothed, or breathing sweet-  
ness [wall—  
From fractured arch and mouldering  
Do but more touchingly recall  
Man's headstrong violence and Time's  
fleetness,  
Making the precincts ye adorn  
Appear to sight still more forlorn.

## XXIV.

IN LOMBARDY.

SEE, where his difficult way that Old  
Man wins [most hard  
Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—  
Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's  
compared.

For whom his toil with early day  
begins.

Acknowledging no task-master, at will  
(As if her labour and her ease were  
twins)

*She* seems to work, at pleasure to lie  
still:— [she spins.

And softly sleeps within the thread  
So fare they—the Man serving as her  
Slave.

Ere long their fates do each to each  
conform: [Worm,

Both pass into *pew* being—but the  
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless  
grave;

*His* volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend  
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

## XXV.

## AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

FAIR Land! Thee all men greet with  
 joy; how few,  
 Whose souls take pride in freedom,  
 virtue, fame,  
 Part from thee without pity dyed in  
 shame:

I could not—while from Venice we  
 withdrew, [our view  
 Led on till an Alpine strait confined  
 Within its depths, and to the shore  
 we came

Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and  
 name,

Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder  
 colouring threw.

Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,  
 (Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid  
 lake) [creep?—

Shall a few partial breezes only  
 Be its depths quicken'd; what thou  
 dost inherit

Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil:  
 awake, [sleep!

Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like

## XXVI.

## CONTINUED.

As indignation master'd grief, my  
 tongue [agree

Spake bitter words; words that did ill  
 With those rich stores of Nature's  
 imagery,

And divine Art, that fast to memory  
 clung— [young

Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever  
 In the sun's eye, and in his sister's  
 sight

How beautiful! how worthy to be sung  
 In strains of rapture, or subdued  
 delight!

I feign not; witness that unwelcome  
 shock

That followed the first sound  
 German speech,  
 Caught the far-winding barrier  
 among.

In that announcement, grief  
 seemed to mock

Parting; the casual word had power  
 to reach

My heart, and fill'd that heart  
 conflict strong.

## XXVII.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING  
 1838.

IF with old love of you, dear Italy,  
 I share

New love of many a rival I  
 brought

From far, forgive the wandering  
 my thought:

Nor art thou wronged, sweet Italy,  
 when I compare

Thy present birth-morn with thy  
 so fair,

So rich to me in favours. For  
 lot

Then was, within the famed Elysian  
 Grot

To sit and muse, fanned by its  
 air

Mingling with thy soft breath!  
 morning too,

Warblers I heard their joy unboastful  
 Amid the sunny, shadowy Coliseum

Heard them, unchecked by any  
 saddening hue,

For victories there won by thy  
 crowned Spring,

Chant in full choir their innocent  
 Deum.

# SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS GENERALLY OMITTED.

## LINES

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT  
HAWKSHEAD, ANNO ÆTATIS 14.

He has the Sun his flaming chariot  
 driven [heaven,  
 hundred times around the ring of  
 Science first, with all her sacred  
 train, [reign?  
 At yon roof began her heavenly  
 e thus I mused, methought, before  
 mine eyes, [rise;  
 Power of EDUCATION seemed to  
 she whose rigid precepts trained  
 the boy  
 to the sense of every finer joy;  
 that vile wretch who bade the  
 tender age  
 Reason's law and humour  
 Passion's rage;  
 she who trains the generous  
 British youth [Truth:  
 the bright paths of fair majestic  
 ging slow from Academus' grove  
 heavenly majesty she seem'd to  
 move. [serene  
 was her forehead, but a smile  
 n'd the terrors of her awful mien.  
 at her side were all the powers,  
 esign'd  
 rb, exalt, reform the tender mind:  
 panting breast, now pale as winter  
 nows,  
 lush'd as Hebe, Emulation rose;  
 follow'd after with reverted eye,  
 ue far deeper than the Tyrian  
 ye;  
 Industry appear'd with steady

A smile sat beaming on her pensive  
face.

I gazed upon the visionary train,  
 Threw back my eyes, return'd, and  
 gazed again.

When lo! the heavenly goddess thus  
 began, [accents ran.  
 Through all my frame the pleasing

"When Superstition left the golden  
 light [night;  
 And fled indignant to the shades of  
 When pure Religion rear'd the peaceful  
 breast [rest,

And lull'd the warring passions into  
 Drove far away the savage thoughts  
 that roll [soul,  
 In the dark mansions of the bigot's  
 Enlivening Hope display'd her cheerful  
 ray, [day;

And beam'd on Britain's sons a brighter  
 So when on Ocean's face the storm  
 subsides,

Hush'd are the winds and silent are  
 the tides; [light,

The God of day, in all the pomp of  
 Moves through the vault of heaven,  
 and dissipates the night;

Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre  
 plays, [blaze;

The glittering waves reflect the dazzling  
 Science with joy saw Superstition fly  
 Before the lustre of Religion's eye;

With rapture she beheld Britannia  
 smile,

Clapp'd her strong wings, and sought  
 the cheerful isle, [involve,

The shades of night no more the soul



She sheds her beam, and, lo! the  
 shades dissolve;  
 No jarring monks, to gloomy cell  
 confined, [mind;  
 With mazy rules perplex the weary  
 No shadowy forms entice the soul aside,  
 Secure she walks, Philosophy her guide.  
 Britain, who long her warriors had  
 adored, [sword;  
 And deem'd all merit centred in the  
 Britain, who thought to stain the field  
 was fame,  
 Now honour'd Edward's less than  
 Bacon's name.  
 Her sons no more in listed fields ad-  
 vance [lance;  
 To ride the ring, or toss the beamy  
 No longer steel their indurated hearts  
 To the mild influence of the finer arts;  
 Quick to the secret grotto they retire  
 To court majestic truth, or wake the  
 golden lyre;  
 By generous Emulation taught to rise,  
 The seats of learning brave the distant  
 skies. [design,  
 Then noble Sandys, inspir'd with great  
 Reared Hawkshead's happy roof, and  
 call'd it mine. [age  
 There have I loved to show the tender  
 The golden precepts of the classic page;  
 To lead the mind to those Elysian  
 plains  
 Where, throned in gold, immortal  
 Science reigns;  
 Fair to the view is sacred Truth  
 displayed,  
 In all the majesty of light array'd,  
 To teach, on rapid wings, the curious  
 soul [pole to pole,  
 To roam from heaven to heaven, from  
 From thence to search the mystic cause  
 of things

And follow Nature to her secret spring  
 Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth  
 Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth  
 To regulate the mind's disordered frame  
 And quench the passions kindling  
 flame;  
 The glimmering fires of Virtue  
 enlarge, [cha  
 And purge from Vice's dross my terrors  
 Oft have I said, the paths of Folly  
 pursue,  
 And all that Virtue dictates, dare to  
 Go to the world, peruse the books of  
 man, [to su  
 And learn from thence thy own defects  
 Severely honest, break no promise  
 trust, [j  
 But coldly rest not here—be more  
 Join to the rigours of the sires of Rome  
 The gentler manners of the primitive  
 dome;  
 When Virtue weeps in agony of woe  
 Teach from the heart the tender  
 to flow; [er  
 If Pleasure's soothing song thy soul  
 Or all the gaudy pomp of splendour  
 Arise superior to the Siren's power  
 The wretch, the short-lived visionary  
 hour;  
 Soon fades her cheek, her blue  
 beauties fly, [the  
 As fades the chequer'd bow that points

“So shall thy sire, whilst hope  
 breast inspires,  
 And wakes anew life's glimmering  
 trembling fires,  
 Hear Britain's sons rehearse thy praises  
 with joy, [darling  
 Look up to heaven, and bless  
 If e'er these precepts quell'd  
 passions' strife,

at they smooth'd the rugged walks  
 of life, [way  
 or they pointed forth the blissful  
 guides the spirit to eternal day,  
 you, if gratitude inspire thy breast,  
 the soft fetters of lethargic rest.  
 e, awake! and snatch the slum-  
 bering lyre,  
 his bright morn and Sandys the  
 song inspire.'

look'd obedience: the celestial  
 fair  
 iled like the morn, and vanish'd  
 nto air."

### NATURE'S INVITATION DO I COME."

ature's invitation do I come,  
 eason sanctioned. Can the choice  
 mislead, [earth,  
 made the calmest, fairest spot on  
 all its unappropriated good,  
 vn; and not mine only, for with  
 ie [bowed—  
 rched—say rather peacefully em-  
 yon orchard, in yon humble cot,  
 nger orphan of a Home extinct,  
 only daughter of my parents  
 wells:

hink on that, my heart, and cease  
 o stir; [frame  
 upon that, and let the breathing  
 nger breathe, but all be satisfied.  
 such silence be not thanks to

od  
 hat hath been bestowed, then  
 here, where then [did ne'er  
 gratitude find rest? Mine eyes  
 a lovely object, nor my mind  
 pleasure in the midst of happy  
 thoughts,

But either she, whom now I have, who  
 now

Divides with me this loved abode, was  
 there, [turned,  
 Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps  
 Her voice was like a hidden Bird that  
 sang;

The thought of her was like a flash of  
 light

Or an unseen companionship, a breath  
 Or fragrance independent of the wind.  
 In all my goings, in the new and old  
 Of all my meditations, and in this  
 Favourite of all, in this the most of  
 all. . . .

Embrace me then, ye hills, and close  
 me in.

Now in the clear and open day I feel  
 Your guardianship: I take it to my  
 heart;

'Tis like the solemn shelter of the  
 night.

But I would call thee beautiful; for  
 mild, [art,  
 And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou  
 Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,  
 Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou  
 art pleased,

Pleased with thy crags, and woody  
 steepes, thy Lake,

Its one green Island, and its winding  
 shores,

The multitude of little rocky hills,  
 Thy Church, and cottages of mountain-  
 stone

Clustered like stars some few, but  
 single most,

And lurking dimly in their shy re-  
 treats, [looks,

Or glancing at each other cheerful  
 Like separated stars with clouds be-  
 tween.

"BLEAK SEASON WAS IT, TURBULENT AND WILD."

BLEAK season was it, turbulent and wild,

When hitherward we journeyed, side by side,

Through bursts of sunshine and through flying showers,

Paced the long Vales, how long they were, and yet

How fast that length of way was left behind,

Wensley's rich Vale and Sedbergh's naked heights.

The frosty wind, as if to make amends For its keen breath, was aiding to our steps,

And drove us onward as two ships at sea ;

Or, like two birds, companions in mid-Parted and reunited by the blast.

Stern was the face of nature; we rejoiced

In that stern countenance; for our souls thence drew

A feeling of their strength. The naked trees,

The icy brooks, as on we passed, appeared

To question us, "Whence come ye? To what end?"

AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS MY LOVE HAD BEEN.

AMONG all lovely things my Love had been ;

Had noted well the stars, all flowers that grew

About her home ; but she had never A Glow-worm, never one, and this I

knew.

While riding near her home one stormy night

A single Glow-worm did I chance [esp  
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight  
And from my Horse I leapt ; great joy  
had I.

Upon a leaf the Glow-worm did I lay  
To bear it with me through the stormy night :

And, as before, it shone without dismay  
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

When to the Dwelling of my Love came,

I went into the Orchard quietly;  
And left the Glow-worm, blessing it  
name,

Laid safely by itself, beneath a Tree

The whole next day, I hoped, and  
hoped with fear ;

At night the Glow-worm shone beneath  
the Tree : [her

I led my Lucy to the spot, "Lucy  
Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me"

### SONNET.

I FIND it written of Simonides  
That travelling in strange countries  
once he found

A corpse that lay expiring on  
ground, [obsequy

For which, with pain, he caused  
To be performed, and paid all holy dues

Soon after, this man's Ghost to him came

And told him not to sail as war  
aim, [war

On board a ship then ready for  
Simonides, admonished by the ghost

Remained behind; the ship the following day

at sail, was wrecked, and all on  
board was lost.  
; was the tenderest Poet that could  
be, [loving lay,  
ho sang in ancient Greece his  
d out of many by his piety.

### SONNET.

confidence of Youth our only Art,  
Hope gay Pilot of the bold de-  
sign, [Rhine,  
saw the living Landscapes of the  
h after reach, salute us and de-  
part; [they start!  
sink the Spires—and up again  
who shall count the Towers as  
they recline [line  
the dark steeps, or on the horizon  
ng, with shattered crests, the eye  
thwart?  
touching still, more perfect was  
he pleasure,  
hurrying forward till the slack'ning  
tream  
d like a spacious Mere, we there  
ould measure  
both free course along the watery  
leam,  
calmly on the past, and mark  
t leisure [a dream.  
res which else had vanished like

### SCRIPTION ON A ROCK AT DYDAL MOUNT. (1838.)

DST thou be gathered to Christ's  
hosen flock,  
the broad way too easily explored,  
et thy path be hewn out of the  
lock, [Word.  
living Rock of God's Eternal

### ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F. [ISA- BELLA FENWICK], PAINTED BY MARGARET GILLIES.

WE gaze—nor grieve to think that we  
must die,  
But that the precious love this friend  
hath sown  
Within our hearts, the love whose flower  
hath blown  
Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,  
Will pass so soon from human memory;  
And not by strangers to our blood  
alone,  
But by our best descendants be un-  
known,  
Unthought of—this may surely claim a  
sigh.  
Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection;  
Thou against Time so feelingly dost  
strive.  
Where'er, preserved in this most true  
reflection,  
An image of her soul is kept alive,  
Some lingering fragrance of the pure  
affection,  
Whose flower with us will vanish, must  
survive.

### TO I. F.

THE star which comes at close of day  
to shine  
More heavenly bright than when it  
leads the morn,  
Is Friendship's emblem, whether the  
forlorn  
She visiteth, or, shedding light benign  
Through shades that solemnize Life's  
calm decline,  
Doth make the happy happier. This  
have we

Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,  
Which now we too unwillingly resign  
Though for brief absence. But fare-  
well! the page  
Glimmers before my sight through  
thankful tears,  
Such as start forth, not seldom, to  
approve  
Our truth, when we, old yet unchilled  
by age,  
Call thee, though known but for a few  
fleet years,  
The heart-affianced sister of our love!

---

**"WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING  
FLOOD HAD OVERTHROWN."**

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had  
overthrown

St. Mary's Church, the preacher then  
would cry:—

"Thus, Christian people, God his might  
hath shown

That ye to him your love may testify;  
Haste, and rebuild the pile."—But not  
a stone

Resumed its place. Age after age  
went by,

And Heaven still lacked its due, though  
piety

In secret did, we trust, her loss be-  
moan.

But now her Spirit hath put forth her  
claim

In Power, and Poesy would lend her  
voice;

Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,  
That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!

Oh! in the past if cause there was for  
shame,

Let not our times halt in their better  
choice.

**LINES**

INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF HIS POETRY  
SENT TO THE QUEEN FOR THE ROYAL  
LIBRARY AT WINDSOR.

DEIGN, Sovereign Mistress! to accept  
a lay,

No Laureate offering of elaborate  
But salutation taking its glad way  
From deep recesses of a loyal heart

Queen, Wife and Mother! may I  
judging Heaven

Show with a bounteous hand  
Thee and Thine

Felicity that only can be given  
On earth to goodness blest by grace  
divine.

Lady! devoutly honoured and beloved  
Through every realm confided to  
sway;

May'st thou pursue thy course by grace  
approved, [of  
And He will teach thy people

As thou art wont, thy sovereignty accept  
With woman's gentleness, yet  
and staid; [have I

So shall that earthly crown thy beauty  
Be changed for one whose glory  
cannot fade.

And now by duty urged, I lay this  
Before thy Majesty, in humble trust  
That on its simplest pages thou wilt  
With a benign indulgence more  
just.

Nor wilt thou blame an aged  
prayer, [thy

That issuing hence may steal  
Some solace under weight of royal  
Or grief—the inheritance of human  
kind.

know we not that from celestial  
spheres,  
When Time was young, an inspira-  
tion came  
were it mine!) to hallow saddest  
tears, [aim.  
and help life onward in its noblest

## ODE

THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL  
HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT AS CHAN-  
CELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE, JULY, 1847.

For thirst of power that Heaven  
disowns,  
For temples, towers, and thrones  
long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,  
Indignant Europe cast  
Her stormy foe at last  
eap the whirlwind on a Libyan  
rock.

War is passion's basest game  
Madly played to win a name :  
starts some tyrant, Earth and  
Heaven to dare,

The servile million bow ;  
Still the Lightning glance aside to  
spare

The Despot's laurelled brow.

War is mercy, glory, fame,  
Vaged in Freedom's holy cause,  
Freedom, such as man may claim  
Under God's restraining laws.  
Such is Albion's fame and glory,  
Let rescued Europe tell the story.  
Oh! what sudden cloud has darkened  
all

The land as with a funeral pall?  
Rose of England suffers blight,  
Flower has drooped, the Isle's  
delight ;

Flower and bud together fall ;  
A Nation's hopes lie crushed in Clare-  
mont's desolate Hall.

Time a chequered mantle wears—

Earth awakes from wintry sleep :

Again the Tree a blossom bears ;

Cease, Britannia, cease to weep !

Hark to the peals on this bright May-  
morn !

They tell that your future Queen is  
born.

A Guardian Angel fluttered

Above the babe, unseen ;

One word he softly uttered,

It named the future Queen ;

And a joyful cry through the Island  
rang,

As clear and bold as the trumpet's  
clang,

As bland as the reed of peace :

"VICTORIA be her name !"

For righteous triumphs are the  
base

Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful  
fame.

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold

Uplifted in his arms the child,

And while the fearless infant smiled,

Her happier destiny foretold :—

"Infancy, by Wisdom mild.

Trained to health and artless beauty ;

Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled

From the lore of lofty duty ;

Womanhood in pure renown,

Seated on her lineal throne ;

Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,

Fresh with lustre all their own.

Love, the treasure worth possessing

More than all the world beside,

This shall be her choicest blessing,

Oft to royal hearts denied."

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone  
 With steadfast ray benign  
 On Gotha's ducal roof, and on  
 The softly flowing Leine,  
 Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,  
 And glittered on the Rhine.

Old Camus, too, on that prophetic  
 night

Was conscious of the ray;  
 And his willows whispered in its light,  
 Not to the Zephyr's sway,  
 But with a Delphic life, in sight  
 Of this auspicious day—

This day, when Granta hails her chosen  
 Lord,

And, proud of her award,  
 Confiding in that Star serene,  
 Welcomes the Consort of a happy  
 Queen.

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,  
 Where science, leagued with holier  
 truth,

Guards the sacred heart of youth,  
 Solemn monitors are ours.  
 These reverend aisles, these hallowed  
 towers,

Raised by many a hand august,  
 Are haunted by majestic Powers,  
 The Memories of the Wise and Just,  
 Who, faithful to a pious trust,  
 Here, in the Founder's Spirit sought  
 To mould and stamp the ore of  
 thought

In that bold form and impress high  
 That best betoken patriot loyalty.

Not in vain those Sages taught—  
 True disciples, good as great,

Have pondered here their coun-  
 weal,

Weighed the Future by the Past,  
 Learned how social frames may la  
 And how a Land may rule its fate

By constancy inviolate,  
 Though worlds to their foundati  
 reel [Zc

The sport of factious Hate or godk

Albert, in thy race we cherish  
 A Nation's strength that will  
 perish

While England's sceptred Line  
 True to the King of Kings is four  
 Like that Wise ancestor of thine  
 Who threw the Saxon shield  
 Luther's life

When first, above the yells of bi  
 strife,

The trumpet of the Living Word  
 Assumed a voice of deep portent  
 sound,

From gladdened Elbe to startled T  
 heard.

What shield more sublime  
 E'er was blazoned or sung?  
 And the PRINCE whom we greet  
 From its Hero sprung.

Resound, resound the strain  
 That hails him for our own!

Again, again, and yet again,  
 For the Church, the State, the Th  
 And that Presence fair and bright,  
 Ever blest wherever seen,  
 Who deigns to grace our festal rit  
 The Pride of the Islands, VICT  
 THE QUEEN!

# THE BORDERERS.

## A TRAGEDY.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKE.  
OSWALD.  
WALLACE.  
LACY.  
LENNON.  
HERBERT.  
WILFRED, Servant to MARMADUKE.  
Host.

} Of the Band of  
Borderers.

Forester.  
ELDRED, a Peasant.  
Peasant, Pilgrims, etc.  
  
IDONEA.  
Female Beggar.  
ELEANOR, Wife of ELDRED.

SCENE, *Borders of England and Scotland.*

TIME, *The Reign of Henry III.*

ERS already acquainted with my Poems will recognise, in the following composition, some of ten lines, which I have not scrupled to retain in the places where they originally stood, proper however to add that they would not have been used elsewhere, if I had foreseen the when I might be induced to publish this Tragedy.

bruary 28, 1842.

### ACT I.

SCENE, *Road in a Wood.*

WALLACE and LACY.

W. The Troop will be impatient;  
t us hie  
to our post, and strip the Scottish  
pray  
sir rich Spoil, ere they recross the  
order.  
that our young Chief will have no  
urt  
good service.

L. Rather let us grieve  
n the undertaking which has caused  
sence, he hath sought, whate'er his  
m,  
unionship with One of crooked ways,  
whose perverted soul can come no  
nd  
confiding, open-hearted, Leader.  
True; and, remembering how  
e Band have proved  
Oswald finds small favour in our  
ght,  
ay we wonder he has gained such  
wer  
ur much-loved Captain.

Wal. I have heard  
Of some dark deed to which in early life  
His passion drove him—then a Voyager  
Upon the midland Sea. You knew his  
bearing

In Palestine?  
Lacy. Where he despised alike  
Mohammedan and Christian. But enough;  
Let us begone—the Band may else be  
foiled. [Exeunt]

Enter MARMADUKE and WILFRED.

Wil. Be cautious, my dear Master!

Mar. I perceive  
That fear is like a cloak which old men  
huddle

About their love, as if to keep it warm.

Wil. Nay, but I grieve that we should  
part. This Stranger,  
For such he is—

Mar. Your busy fancies, Wilfred,  
Might tempt me to a smile; but what of  
him?

Wil. You know that you have saved  
his life.

Mar. I know it.

Wil. And that he hates you!—Pardon  
me, perhaps  
That word was hasty.



*Mar.* Fyl no more of it.

*Wil.* Dear Master ! gratitude's a heavy burden

To a proud Soul.—Nobody loves this Oswald—

Yourself, you do not love him.

*Mar.* I do more,

I honour him. Strong feelings to his heart  
Are natural; and from no one can be learnt  
More of man's thoughts and ways than  
his experience

Has given him power to teach : and then  
for courage

And enterprise—what perils hath he  
shunned?

What obstacles hath he failed to over-  
come?

Answer these questions, from our common  
knowledge,

And be at rest.

*Wil.* Oh, Sir !

*Mar.* Peace, my good Wilfred;  
Repair to Liddesdale, and tell the Band  
I shall be with them in two days at  
farthest.

*Wil.* May He whose eye is over all  
protect you ! [Exit.]

*Enter OSWALD (a bunch of plants in  
his hand).*

*Osw.* This wood is rich in plants and  
curious simples.

*Mar. (looking at them).* The wild rose,  
and the poppy, and the nightshade :  
Which is your favourite, Oswald?

*Osw.* That which, while it is  
Strong to destroy, is also strong to heal—

[Looking forward.]

Not yet in sight !—We'll saunter here  
awhile ;

They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.

*Mar. (a letter in his hand).* It is no  
common thing when one like you  
Performs these delicate services, and  
therefore

I feel myself much bounden to you,  
Oswald ;

'Tis a strange letter this !—You saw her  
write it ?

*Osw.* And saw the tears with which she  
blotted it.

*Mar.* And nothing less would satisfy  
him ?

*Osw.* No less ;

For that another in his Child's affection  
Should hold a place, as if 'twere robber  
He seemed to quarrel with the va-  
thought.

Besides, I know not what strange prejudi-  
Is rooted in his mind ; this Band of our  
Which you've collected for the noble  
ends,

Along the confines of the Esk and Twe  
To guard the Innocent—he calls  
"Outlaws ;"

And, for yourself, in plain terms he asse  
This garb was taken up that indolence  
Might want no cover, and rapacity  
Be better fed.

*Mar.* Ne'er may I own the he  
That cannot feel for one, helpless as he

*Osw.* Thou know'st me for a Man  
easily moved,

Yet was I grievously provoked to thinl  
Of what I witnessed.

*Mar.* This day will suf  
To end her wrongs.

*Osw.* But if the blind Man's :  
Should yet be true ?

*Mar.* Would it were possit  
Did not the Soldier tell thee that him.  
And others who survived the wr-  
beheld

The Baron Herbert perish in the war  
Upon the coast of Cyprus ?

*Osw.* Yes, ever

And I had heard the like before : in s  
The tale of this his quondam Barony

Is cunningly devised ; and, on the ba  
Of his forlorn appearance, could not f

To make the proud and vain his trib-  
ries,

And stir the pulse of lazy charity.

The seignories of Herbert are in De  
We, neighbours of the Esk and Tw  
'tis much

The Arch-impostor—

*Mar.* Treat him gently, *Osw.*  
Though I have never seen his  
methinks,

There cannot come a day when I  
cease

To love him. I remember, when a  
Of scarcely seven years' growth, be-  
the Elm

That casts its shade over our villages  
'Twas my delight to sit and hear Id  
Repeat her Father's terrible adventu





**"Nought but the chalets, flat and bare, on high**

the band of playmates wept together ;  
 at was the beginning of my love.  
 through all converse of our later  
 ars,  
 ge of this old Man still was present,  
 had been most happy. Pardon me  
 be idly spoken.

See, they come,

avellers !

(*points*). The woman is Idonea.  
 And leading Herbert.

We must let them pass—  
 cket will conceal us.

[*They step aside.*]

DONEA, *leading HERBERT blind.*

Dear Father, you sigh deeply :  
 since  
 the willow shade by the brook-  
 ural breathing has been troubled.  
 Nay,  
 too fearful : yet must I confess.  
 ch of yesterday had better suited  
 step than mine.

That dismal Moor—  
 of all the larks that cheered our

in forgive it : but how steadily  
 d along, when the bewildering  
 light  
 ne with many a strange fantastic  
 !—

he Convent never would appear :  
 to move away from us : and yet  
 re thus the fault is mine ; for

and warm, no dew lay on the

ay on the waste ere night had

Covert walled and roofed with

e ; belike some Shepherd-boy,  
 t have found a nothing-doing

in work, raised it : within that

have made a kindly bed of

ully there rested side by side  
 n our cloaks, and, with re-  
 strength,

Have hailed the morning sun. But  
 cheerily, Father,—

That staff of yours, I could almost have  
 heart

To fling't away from you : you make no  
 use

Of me, or of my strength ;—come, let me  
 feel

That you do press upon me. There—  
 indeed

You are quite exhausted. Let us rest  
 awhile

On this green bank. [*He sits down.*]

*Her.* (*after some time*). Idonea, you are  
 silent,

And I divine the cause.

*Idon.* Do not reproach me :  
 I pondered patiently your wish and will  
 When I gave way to your request ; and  
 now,

When I behold the ruins of that face,  
 Those eyeballs dark—dark beyond hope  
 of light,

And think that they were blasted for my  
 sake,

The name of Marmaduke is blown away :  
 Father, I would not change that sacred  
 feeling

For all this world can give.

*Her.* Nay, be composed :  
 Few minutes gone a faintness overspread  
 My frame, and I bethought me of two  
 things

I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,  
 And thee, my Child !

*Idon.* Believe me, honoured Sire !  
 'Tis weariness that breeds these gloomy  
 fancies,

And you mistake the cause : you hear the  
 woods

Resound with music, could you see the  
 sun,

And look upon the pleasant face of  
 Nature—

*Her.* I comprehend thee—I should be  
 as cheerful

As if we two were twins ; two songsters  
 bred

In the same nest, my spring-time one  
 with thine.

My fancies, fancies if they be, are such  
 As come, dear Child ! from a far deeper  
 source

Than bodily weakness.

I feel my strength returning. The be-  
quest

Of thy kind Patroness, which to receive  
We have thus far adventured, will suffice  
To save thee from the extreme of penury;  
But when thy Father must lie down and  
die,

How wilt thou stand alone?

*Idon.* Is he not strong?

Is he not valiant?

*Her.* Am I then so soon

Forgotten? have my warnings passed so  
quickly

Out of thy mind? My dear, my only,  
Child;

Thou wouldest be leaning on a broken  
reed—

This Marmaduke—

*Idon.* O could you hear his voice:  
Alas! you do not know him. He is one  
(I wot not what ill tongue has wronged  
him with you)

All gentleness and love. His face be-  
speaks

A deep and simple meekness: and that  
Soul,

Which with the motion of a virtuous act

Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,

Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,

By a miraculous finger stilled at once.

*Her.* Unhappy Woman!

*Idon.* Nay, it was my duty

Thus much to speak; but think not I  
forget—

Dear Father! how *could* I forget and  
live?—

You and the story of that doleful night

When, Antioch blazing to her topmast  
towers,

You rushed into the murderous flames,  
returned

Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have  
told me,

Clasping your infant Daughter to your  
heart.

*Her.* Thy Mother too!—scarce had I  
gained the door,

I caught her voice, she threw herself  
upon me,

I felt thy infant brother in her arms;

She saw my blasted face—a tide of  
soldiers

That instant rushed between us, and I

Her last death-shriek, distinct among  
thousand.

*Idon.* Nay, Father, stop not; let  
hear it all.

*Her.* Dear Daughter! precious reli-  
that time—

For my old age, it doth remain with  
To make it what thou wilt. Thou  
been told,

That when, on our return from Pale-  
I found how my domains had  
usurped,

I took thee in my arms, and we bega-  
Our wanderings together. Providen-  
At length conducted us to Ross-  
there,

Our melancholy story moved a Str-  
To take thee to her home—an  
myself,

Soon after, the good Abbot of St.  
bert's

Supplied my helplessness with foo-  
raiment,

And, as thou know'st, gave me  
humble Cot

Where now we dwell.—For many y-  
bore

Thy absence, till old age and fre-  
firmities

Exacted thy return, and our reunio-  
I did not think that, during tha-  
absence,

My Child, forgetful of the na-  
Herbert,

Had given her love to a wild Free  
Who here, upon the borders of the

Doth prey alike on two distracted  
tries,

Traitor to both.

*Idon.* Oh, could you hear his  
I will not call on Heaven to vo-  
me,

But let this kiss speak what is in it

*Enter a Peasant.*

*Pea.* Good morrow, Strangers!  
want a Guide,

Let me have leave to serve you!

*Idon.* My Co-  
Hath need of rest; the sight of  
Hostel

Would be most welcome.

*Pea.* Yon white hawthorn  
You will look down into a dell,

an ash from which a sign-board  
 hangs;  
 whose is hidden by the shade. Old  
 man,  
 whom worn out with travel—shall I  
 support you?

I thank you; but, a resting-place  
 near,  
 wrong to trouble you.

God speed you both.

[Exit Peasant.

Idonea, we must part. Be not  
 alarmed—

but for a few days—a thought has  
 sick me.

That I should leave you at this  
 season, and thence

alone. It shall be so; for strength  
 fail you ere our journey's end be  
 shed.

HERBERT *supported by* IDONEA.

and MARMADUKE *and* OSWALD.

This instant will we stop him—

Be not hasty,

sometimes, in despite of my con-  
 sideration.

He taught me to think the Story true:  
 he loves the Maid, and what he

is pained of aversion to thy name  
 and the genuine colour of his soul—  
 the worst mischief should befall her  
 death.

I have been much deceived.  
 but sure he loves the Maiden, and  
 I love

and delight to nurse itself so  
 gently,

to torment her with *inventions*.—

—  
 it be truth in this.

Truth in his story!  
 have felt it then, known what it

is wise to rack her gentle heart  
 a tenfold cruelty.

Strange pleasures  
 for mortals cater for ourselves!

thus provoke her tenderness  
 of weakness and infirmity!

on his life for twenty years.  
 We will not waste an hour in  
 cause.

Osw. Why, this is noble! shake her off  
 at once.

Mar. Her virtues are his instruments.

—A Man

Who has so practised on the world's cold  
 sense,

May well deceive his Child—What! leave  
 her thus,

A prey to a deceiver?—no—no—no—

'Tis but a word and then—

Osw.

Something is here

More than we see, or whence this strong  
 aversion?

Marmaduke! I suspect unworthy tales  
 Have reached his ear—you have had  
 enemies.

Mar. Enemies!—of his own coinage.

Osw.

That may be,

But wherefore slight protection such as  
 you

Have power to yield? perhaps he looks  
 elsewhere.—

I am perplexed.

Mar. What hast thou heard or seen?

Osw. No—no—the thing stands clear  
 of mystery:

(As you have said) he coins himself the  
 slander

With which he taints her ear:—for a  
 plain reason;

He dreads the presence of a virtuous  
 man

Like you; he knows your eye would  
 search his heart.

Your justice stamp upon his evil deeds  
 The punishment they merit. All is plain:  
 It cannot be—

Mar. What cannot be?

Osw.

Yet that a Father

Should in his love admit no rivalry,

And torture thus the heart of his own  
 Child—

Mar. Nay, you abuse my friendship!

Osw.

Heaven forbid!—

There was a circumstance, trifling in  
 deed—

It struck me at the time—yet I believe  
 I never should have thought of it again  
 But for the scene which we by chance  
 have witnessed.

Mar. What is your meaning?

Osw.

Two days gone I saw,

Though at a distance and he was dis-  
 missed

Hovering round Herbert's door, a man  
whose figure

Resembled much that cold voluptuary,  
The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and  
he knows

Where he can stab you deepest.

*Mar.* Clifford never  
Would stoop to skulk about a Cottage  
door—

It could not be.

*Osw.* And yet I now remember  
That, when your praise was warm upon  
my tongue,  
And the blind Man was told how you had  
rescued

A maiden from the ruffian violence  
Of this same Clifford, he became impatient  
And would not hear me.

*Mar.* No—it cannot be—  
I dare not trust myself with such a  
thought—

Yet whence this strange aversion? You  
are a man

Not used to rash conjectures—

*Osw.* If you deem it  
A thing worth further notice, we must act  
With caution, sift the matter artfully.

[*Exeunt* MARMADUKE and OSWALD.]

SCENE, *The door of the Hostel.*

HERBERT, IDONEA, and Host.

*Her. (seated).* As I am dear to you,  
remember, Child!

This last request.

*Idon.* You know me, Sire; farewell!

*Her.* And are you going then? Come,  
come, Idonea,

We must not part,--I have measured  
many a league

When these old limbs had need of rest, --  
and now

I will not play the sluggard.

*Idon.*

Nay, sit down.

[*Turning to Host.*

Good Host, such tendance as you would  
expect

From your own Children, if yourself were  
sick,

Let this old Man find at your hands;  
poor Leader, [*Looking at the dog.*

We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect

This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!

The little fool is loth to stay behind.

Sir Host! by all the love you bear  
courtesy,

Take care of him, and feed the truant we  
*Host.* Fear not, I will obey you;--

One so young,

And One so fair, it goes against my he  
That you should travel unattend

Lady!--

I have a palfrey and a groom: the lac  
Shall squire you, (would it not be bet

Sir?)

And for less fee than I would let him  
For any lady I have seen this twe  
month.

*Idon.* You know, Sir, I have been  
long your guard

Not to have learnt to laugh at little fi  
Why, if a wolf should leap from o

thicket,

A look of mine would send him scoo  
back,

Unless I differ from the thing I am  
When you are by my side.

*Her.*

Idonea, w

Are not the enemies that move my fe  
*Idon.* No more, I pray, of this. I

days at farthest

Will bring me back--protect him. S  
--farewell! [*Exit* Idon]

*Host.* 'Tis never drought with us

Cuthbert and his Pilgrims,

Thanks to them, are to us a stre  
comfort:

Pity the Maiden did not wait a whil  
She could not, Sir, have failed of con

*Her.* Now she is gone, I fain wou  
her back.

*Host. (calling).* Holla!

*Her.* No, no, the business mu  
done.--

What means this riotous noise?

*Host.*

The v

Are flocking in - a wedding festiva  
That's all--God save you, Sir.

*Enter* OSWALD.

*Osw.*

Ha! a

The Baron Herbert!

*Host.* Mercy, the Baron!

*Osw.* So far into your journey  
life,

You are a lusty Traveller. But  
you?

Well as the wreck I am permits.  
 And you, Sir?  
 I do not see Idonea.

Dutiful Girl,  
 gone before, to spare my weariness.  
 What has brought you hither?

A slight affair,  
 will be soon despatched.

Did Marmaduke  
 send that letter?

Be at peace.—The tie  
 between you will hear no more of *him*.  
 This is true comfort, thanks a  
 thousand times!—  
 I would I had gone with her  
 far

Lord Clifford's Castle: I have heard  
 in his milder moods, he has ex-  
 pressed  
 passion for me. His influence is great  
 Henry, our good King:—the Baron  
 sought  
 heard my suit, and urged my plea  
 Court.

But—he's a dangerous Man.—That  
 he is!

Disorderly for sleep or rest.  
 I would have fears for me, the  
 event

Give me quiet lodging. You have a  
 good Host,  
 must lead me back.

You are most lucky;  
 I have been waiting in the wood hard by  
 my companion—here he comes; our  
 new

*Enter MARMADUKE.*

Follow your way; accept us as your  
 des.  
 Alas! I creep so slowly.

Never fear;  
 do not complain of that.

My limbs are stiff  
 and repose. Could you but wait  
 your?

Most willingly!—Come, let me  
 you in,  
 while you take your rest, think not  
 of;

roll into the wood; lean on my

conducts HERBERT into the house.

*Exit MARMADUKE.*

*Enter Villagers.*

*Osw. (to himself coming out of the Hostel).*

I have prepared a most apt Instru-  
 ment—

The Vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering  
 somewhere

About this ground; she hath a tongue  
 well skilled,

By mingling natural matter of her own  
 With all the daring fictions I have taught  
 her,

To win belief, such as my plot requires.

[*Exit OSWALD.*]

*Enter more Villagers, a Musician among  
 them.*

*Host (to them).* Into the court, my  
 Friend, and perch yourself  
 Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maids,  
 Garlands and flowers, and cakes and  
 merry thoughts,  
 Are here, to send the sun into the west  
 More speedily than you belike would wish.

SCENE changes to the Wood adjoining the  
 Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD  
 entering.

*Mar.* I would fain hope that we deceive  
 ourselves:

When first I saw him sitting there, alone,  
 It struck upon my heart I know not how.

*Osw.* To-day will clear up all.—You  
 marked a Cottage,

That ragged Dwelling, close beneath a  
 rock

By the brook-side: it is the abode of One,  
 A Maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,  
 Who soon grew weary of her; but, alas!  
 What she had seen and suffered turned  
 her brain.

Cast off by her Betrayer, she dwells alone,  
 Nor moves her hands to any needful  
 work:

She eats her food which every day the  
 peasants

Bring to her hut; and so the Wretch has  
 lived

Ten years; and no one ever heard her  
 voice;

But every night at the first stroke of twelve  
 She quits her house and, in the neighbour-  
 ing Churchyard

Upon the



She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—

She paces round and round an Infant's grave,  
And in the Churchyard sod her feet have worn

A hollow ring; they say it is knee-deep—

Ah! what is here?

[*A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes as if in sleep—a Child in her arms.*]

*Beg.* Oh! Gentlemen, I thank you; I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled

The heart of living creature.—My poor Babe

Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread

When I had none to give him; whereupon I put a slip of foxglove in his hand,

Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once:

When into one of those same spotted bells A bee came darting, which the Child with joy

Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear, And suddenly grew black, as he would die.

*Mar.* We have no time for this, my babbling Gossip;

Here's what will comfort you.

[*Gives her money.*]

*Beg.* The Saints reward you For this good deed!—Well, Sirs, this passed away;

And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog, Trotting alone along the beaten road,

Came to my child as by my side he slept, And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden

Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head:

But here he is, [*kissing the Child*] it must have been a dream.

*Osw.* When next inclined to sleep, take my advice

And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

*Beg.* Oh, Sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew

What life is this of ours, how sleep will master

• The weary-worn.—You gentlefolk have

Warm chambers to your wish. I'd rather be

A stone than what I am.—But two nights gone,

The darkness overtook me—wind and rain

Beat hard upon my head—and yet I saw  
A glow-worm, through the covert of

furze,

Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky  
At which I half accused the God of

Heaven.—  
*Osw.* You must forgive me. Ay, and if you think

The Fairies are to blame, and you should chide

Your favourite saint—no matter—good day

Has made amends.  
*Beg.* Thanks to you both:

Oh Sir!

How would you like to travel on wheels and hours

As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,

Expecting still. I knew not how, to find  
A piece of money glittering through

dust?  
*Mar.* This woman is a prater. Pardon

good Lady!  
Do you tell fortunes?

*Beg.* Oh Sir, you are like the  
This Little-one—it cuts me to the heart

Well! they might turn a beggar from their doors,

But there are Mothers who can see  
Babe

Here at my breast, and ask me where  
bought it:

This they can do, and look upon my face  
But you, Sir, should be kinder.

*Mar.* Come hither, Father  
And learn what nature is from this

Wretch!  
*Beg.* Ay, Sir, there's nobody that

for us.  
Why now—but yesterday I overtook

A blind old Greybeard and accosted  
I' th' name of all the Saints, and by

Mass  
He should have used me better!—Chide

If you can melt a rock, he is your master  
But I'll be even with him—here again  
Have I been waiting for him.

Well, but softly,  
 't is that hath wronged you?

Mark you me ;  
 I sent him out ;—a Maiden is his guide,  
 't is as Spring's first rose ; a little dog,  
 'y a woollen cord, moves on before  
 'ook as sad as he were dumb ; the

For him no ill will, but in good sooth  
 't is his Master credit.

As I live,  
 Herbert and no other !

'Tis a feast to see him,  
 't is a ghost and tall, his shoulders  
 'nt,  
 'ng beard white with age—yet ever-  
 're,  
 'e were the only Saint on earth,  
 't is his face to heaven.

But why so violent  
 't is this venerable Man ?

I'll tell you :  
 't is the very hardest heart on earth ;  
 't is hef turn to the Friar's school  
 'ock for entrance, in mid holiday.  
 But to your story.

I was saying, Sir-  
 'he has often spurned me like a  
 'd,  
 'terday was worse than all ; at last  
 'ook him, Sirs, my Babe and I,  
 'gged a little aid for charity :  
 'was snappish as a cottage cur.  
 'en, says I—'I'll out with it ; at  
 'ch

'look upon the Girl, and felt  
 'heart would burst ; and so I left

I think, good Woman, you are the  
 ' person

but some few days past, I saw in  
 'dale,  
 'ert's door.

Ay ; and if truth were known  
 'ood business there.

I met you at the threshold,  
 ' seemed angrv.

Angry ! well he might ;  
 'g as I can stir I'll dog him.—  
 'terday,

'me so, and knowing that he owes  
 'of all he has to me and mine.  
 'll over now. That good old Lady  
 'a power of riches ; and I say it,

If there's a lawyer in the land, the knave  
 Shall give me half.

*Osw.* What's this?—I fear, good Woman,  
 You have been insolent.

*Beg.* And there's the Baron,  
 I spied him skulking in his peasant's dress.

*Osw.* How say you? in disguise?—

*Mar.* But what's your business  
 With Herbert or his Daughter?

*Beg.* Daughter ! truly—  
 But how's the day?—I fear, my little Boy,  
 We've overslept ourselves.—Sirs, have you  
 seen him? [*Offers to go.*]

*Mar.* I must have more of this ;—you  
 shall not stir

An inch, till I am answered. Know you  
 aught

That doth concern this Herbert?

*Beg.* You are provoked.  
 And will misuse me, Sir !

*Mar.* No trifling, Woman !—

*Osw.* You are as safe as in a sanctuary ;  
 Speak.

*Mar.* Speak !

*Beg.* He is a most hard-hearted Man.

*Mar.* Your life is at my mercy.

*Beg.* Do not harm me,  
 And I will tell you all !—You know not,  
 Sir,

What strong temptations press upon the  
 Poor.

*Osw.* Speak out.

*Beg.* Oh, Sir, I've been a wicked  
 Woman.

*Osw.* Nay, but speak out !

*Beg.* He flattered me, and said  
 What harvest it would bring us both ; and  
 so

I parted with the Child.

*Mar.* Parted with whom?

*Beg.* Idonea, as he calls her ; but the  
 Girl

Is mine.

*Mar.* Yours, Woman ! are you Herbert's  
 wife?

*Beg.* Wife, Sir ! his wife—not I ; my  
 husband, Sir.

Was of Kirkoswald—many a snowy winter  
 We've weathered but together. My poor  
 Gilfred !

He has been two years in his grave.

*Mar.* Enough.

*Osw.* We've solved the riddle—Mis-  
 creant !

*Mar.* Do you,  
Good Dame, repair to Liddesdale and  
wait  
For my return; be sure you shall have  
justice.

*Osw.* A lucky woman!—go, you have  
done good service. [*Aside.*]

*Mar. (to herself).* Eternal praises on  
the power that saved her!—

*Osw. (gives her money).* Here's for your  
little boy, and when you christen him  
I'll be his Godfather.

*Beg.* Oh Sir, you are merry with me.  
In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely  
owns

A dog that does not know me.—These  
good Folks,—

For love of God I must not pass their  
doors;

But I'll be back with my best speed: for  
you—

God bless and thank you both, my gentle  
Masters. [*Exit Beggar.*]

*Mar. (to herself).* The cruel Viper!—  
Poor devoted Maid,  
Now I do love thee.

*Osw.* I am thunderstruck.

*Mar.* Where is she—holla!

[*Calling to the Beggar, who returns;  
he looks at her stedfastly.*]

You are Idonea's Mother?—

Nay, be not terrified—it does me good  
To look upon you.

*Osw. (interrupting).* In a peasant's dress  
You saw, who was it?

*Beg.* Nay, I dare not speak;  
He is a man, if it should come to his ears  
I never shall be heard of more.

*Osw.* Lord Clifford?

*Beg.* What can I do? believe me, gentle  
Sirs,  
I love her, though I dare not call her  
daughter.

*Osw.* Lord Clifford—did you see him  
talk with Herbert?

*Beg.* Yes, to my sorrow—under the great  
oak

At Herbert's door—and when he stood  
beside

The blind Man—at the silent Girl he  
looked

With such a look—it makes me tremble,  
Sir,

*Osw.* Enough! you may depart.

*Mar. (to herself).* Father!—to God  
himself we cannot give

A holier name; and, under such a mask  
To lead a Spirit, spotless as the blessed

To that abhorred den of brutish vice!—  
Oswald, the firm foundation of my life

Is going from under me; these strange

discoveries—  
Looked at from every point of fear

hope,  
Duty, or love—involve, I feel, my ruin.

## ACT II.

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Hostel*—*Oswald  
alone, rising from a Table on which  
had been writing.*

*Osw.* They chose *him* for their Chief  
what covert part

He in the preference, modest You  
might take,

I neither know nor care. The insult  
More of contempt than hatred; both  
flown;

That either e'er existed is my shame:  
'Twas a dull spark—a most unnatural  
That died the moment the air breathed  
upon it.

These fools of feeling are mere birds  
winter

That haunt some barren island of  
north,

Where, if a famishing man stretch  
his hand,

They think it is to feed them. I have  
him

To solitary meditation:—now  
For a few swelling phrases, and a flash  
Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind  
And he is mine for ever—here he comes

*Enter MARMADUKE.*

*Mar.* These ten years she has  
her lips all day  
And never speaks!

*Osw.* Who is it?

*Mar.* I have seen

*Osw.* Oh! the poor tenant of  
ragged homestead,  
Her whom the Monster, Clifford, drove  
madness.

I met a peasant near the spot ; he  
d me,  
en years she had sate all day alone  
those empty walls.

I too have seen her ;  
ng to pass this way some six  
nths gone,  
ight, I betook me to the Church-  
d :  
on shone clear, the air was still,  
still  
es were silent as the graves be-  
th them.  
id I watch, and saw her pacing  
nd  
ie self-same spot, still round and  
nd,  
for ever moving.

At her door  
I stood ; for, looking at the  
nan,  
t I saw the skeleton of Idonea.  
But the pretended Father——

Earthly law  
s not crimes like his.

We rank not, happily,  
se who take the spirit of their rule  
at soft class of devotees who feel  
e for life so deeply, that they  
e  
inous brood, and cherish what  
spare  
eding on their bodies. Would  
Idonea  
sent, to the end that we might

can urge in his defence ; she  
him.  
es, loves him ; 'tis a truth that  
plies  
a thousand-fold.

'Tis most perplexing :  
st be done ?

We will conduct her hither ;  
lls shall witness it--from first to  
ereal himself.

Happy are we,  
n these disputed tracts, that own  
ut what each man makes for  
lf ;  
ce has indeed a field of triumph.  
et us begone and bring her  
;—here

The truth shall be laid open, his guilt  
proved

Before her face. The rest be left to me.

Osw. You will be firm : but though we  
well may trust

The issue to the justice of the cause,  
Caution must not be flung aside ; re-  
member,

Yours is no common life. Self-stationed  
here,

Upon these savage confines, we have  
seen you

Stand like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy  
seas

That oft have checked their fury at your  
bidding.

'Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy  
waste,

Your single virtue has transformed a Band  
Of fierce barbarians into Ministers  
Of peace and order. Aged men with tears  
Have blessed their steps, the fatherless  
retire

For shelter to their banners. But it is,  
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is  
In darkness and in tempest that we seek  
The majesty of Him who rules the world.  
Benevolence, that has not heart to use  
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,  
Becomes at last weak and contemptible.

Your generous qualities have won due  
praise,

But vigorous Spirits look for something  
more

Than Youth's spontaneous products ; and  
to-day

You will not disappoint them ; and here-  
after——

Mar. You are wasting words ; hear me  
then once for all :

You are a Man—and therefore, if com-  
passion,

Which to our kind is natural as life,  
Be known unto you, you will love this  
Woman,

Even as I do ; but I should loathe the  
light,

If I could think one weak or partial  
feeling——

Osw. You will forgive me——

Mar. If I ever knew  
My heart, could penetrate its inmost core,  
'Tis at this moment.—Oswald, I have .  
1--4

To be the friend and father of the oppressed,  
A comforter of sorrow;—that is something  
Which looks like a transition in my soul,  
And yet it is not.—Let us lead him  
hither.

*Osw.* Stoop for a moment; 'tis an act  
of justice;

And where's the triumph if the delegate  
Must fall in the execution of his office?  
The deed is done—if you will have it  
so—

Here where we stand—that tribe of vulgar  
wretches

(You saw them gathering for the festival)  
Rush in—the villains seize us—

*Mar.* Seize!

*Osw.* Yes, they—

Men who are little given to sift and weigh—  
Would wreak on us the passion of the  
moment.

*Mar.* The cloud will soon disperse—  
farewell—but stay,

Thou wilt relate the story.

*Osw.* Am I neither  
To bear a part in this Man's punishment,  
Nor be its witness?

*Mar.* I had many hopes  
That were most dear to me, and some  
will bear

To be transferred to thee.

*Osw.* When I'm dishonoured!

*Mar.* I would preserve thee. How  
may this be done?

*Osw.* By showing that you look beyond  
the instant.

A few leagues hence we shall have open  
ground,

And nowhere upon earth is place so fit  
To look upon the deed. Before we enter  
The barren Moor, hangs from a beetling  
rock

The shattered Castle in which Clifford oft  
Has held infernal orgies—with the gloom,  
And very superstition of the place,  
Seasoning his wickedness. The Debauchee  
Would there perhaps, have gathered the  
first fruits

Of this mock Father's guilt.

*Enter Host conducting HERBERT.*

*Host.* The Baron Herbert

*Osw.* (to Host). We are ready  
(to HERBERT)

I hope you are refreshed.—I have  
written

A notice for your Daughter, that she  
know

What is become of you.—You'll sit  
and sign it;

'Twill glad her heart to see her father's  
signature.

[Gives the letter he had written  
Her. Thanks for your care.

[Sits down and writes. Exit H

*Osw.* (aside to MARMADUKE). Perchance  
it would be useful

That you too should subscribe  
name.

[MARMADUKE overlooks HERBERT—then writes—examines the letter eagerly.

*Mar.* I cannot leave this paper.  
[He puts it up, again

*Osw.* (aside). Dastard!

[MARMADUKE goes toward HERBERT and supports him—MARMADUKE trembles—beckons OSWALD to take place.

*Mar.* (as he quits HERBERT). The  
palsy in his limbs—he shakes.

[Exit OSWALD and HERBERT  
MARMADUKE follows

SCENE changes to a Wood—a Grove  
Pilgrims and IDONEA with them

*First Pil.* A grove of darker and  
lofty shade

I never saw.

*Sec. Pil.* The music of the birds  
Drops deadened from a roof so thick  
leaves.

*Old Pil.* This news! it made my  
leap up with joy.

*Idon.* I scarcely can believe it.  
*Old Pil.* Myself.

The Sheriff read, in open Court, a  
Which purported it was the royal  
The Baron Herbert, who, as was  
Had taken refuge in this neighbour  
Should be forthwith restored.

ing, Lady,  
Filled my dim eyes with tears—  
returned

Palestine, and brought with me a  
 heart,  
 gh rich in heavenly, poor in earthly,  
 comfort,  
 your Father, then a wandering Out-  
 ast :  
 ad a Guide, a Shepherd's boy ; but  
 rieved  
 as that One so young should pass  
 is youth  
 ch sad service ; and he parted with  
 im.  
 oined our tales of wretchedness to-  
 ether,  
 egged our daily bread from door to  
 or.

familiarly to you, sweet Lady !  
 ice you loved me.

You shall back with me  
 ce your Friend again. The good  
 d Man

rejoiced to greet you.

*Pil.* It seems but yesterday  
 fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with  
 wel,  
 ep wood remote from any town.  
 that opened to the road presented  
 dly shelter, and we entered in.

And I was with you ?

*Pil.* If indeed 'twas you-  
 were then a tottering Little-one-  
 e us down. The sky grew dark  
 d darker :

: my flint, and built up a small fire  
 ten boughs and leaves, such as  
 winds

y autumns in the cave had piled.  
 ile the storm fell heavily on the  
 ds :

e fire sent forth a cheering warmth  
 were comforted, and talked of  
 ifort ;

is an angry night, and o'er our  
 ds  
 nder rolled in peals that would  
 e made

g man uneasy in his bed.

, you have need to love your  
 er.

e—methinks I hear it now, his

e  
 fter a broad flash that filled the

me, that he had seen his Child

A face (no cherub's face more beautiful)  
 Revealed by lustre brought with it from  
 heaven ;

And it was you, dear Lady !

*Idon.* God be praised,  
 That I have been his comforter till  
 now !

And will be so through every change of  
 fortune

And every sacrifice his peace requires.—

Let us begone with speed, that he may  
 hear

These joyful tidings from no lips but  
 mine.

*[Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.]*

SCENE, *The Area of a half-ruined Castle*  
*—on one side the entrance to a dungeon*  
*—OSWALD and MARMADUKE pacing*  
*backwards and forwards.*

*Mar.* 'Tis a wild night.

*Osw.* I'd give my cloak and bonnet  
 For sight of a warm fire.

*Mar.* The wind blows keen :  
 My hands are numb.

*Osw.* Ha ! ha ! 'tis nipping cold.  
*[Blowing his fingers.]*

I long for news of our brave Comrades ;  
 Lacy

Would drive those Scottish Rovers to  
 their dens

If once they blew a horn this side the  
 Tweed.

*Mar.* I think I see a second range of  
 Towers :

This castle has another Area—come,  
 Let us examine it.

*Osw.* 'Tis a bitter night :  
 I hope Idonea is well housed. That  
 horseman,

Who at full speed swept by us where the  
 wood

Roared in the tempest, was within an ace  
 Of sending to his grave our precious  
 Charge :

That would have been a vile mischance.

*Mar.* It would.  
*Osw.* Justice had been most cruelly  
 defrauded.

*Mar.* Most cruelly.

*Osw.* As up the steep we clomb,  
 I saw a distant fire in the north-east ;  
 I took it for

With proper speed our quarters may be  
gained  
To-morrow evening.

[*Looks restlessly towards the mouth  
of the dungeon.*]

*Mar.* When, upon the plank,  
I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice  
blessed me :

You could not hear, for the foam beat the  
rocks

With deafening noise,—the benediction  
fell

Back on himself; but changed into a  
curse.

*Osw.* As well indeed it might.

*Mar.* And this you deem  
The fittest place?

*Osw. (aside).* He is growing pitiful.

*Mar. (listening).* What an odd moaning  
that is !—

*Osw.* Mighty odd

The wind should pipe a little, while we  
stand

Cooling our heels in this way !—I'll begin  
And count the stars.

*Mar. (still listening).* That dog of his,  
you are sure,

Could not come after us—he *must* have  
perished ;

The torrent would have dashed an oak to  
splinters.

You said you did not like his looks—  
that he

Would trouble us ; if he were here again,  
I swear the sight of him would quail me  
more

Than twenty armies.

*Osw.* How?

*Mar.* The old blind Man,  
When you had told him the mischance,  
was troubled

Even to the shedding of some natural tears  
Into the torrent over which he hung,  
Listening in vain.

*Osw.* He has a tender heart !

[*OSWALD offers to go down into the  
dungeon.*]

*Mar.* How now, what mean you?

*Osw.* Truly, I was going  
To waken our stray Baron. Were there  
not

A farm or dwelling-house within five  
leagues,

Three good round years, for playing the  
'fool here

In such a night as this.

*Mar.* Stop, stop.

*Osw.* Perhaps  
You'd better like we should  
together,

And lie down by his side—what say  
to it?

Three of us—we should keep each other  
warm :

I'll answer for it that our four-legg  
friend

Shall not disturb us ; further I'll  
engage ;

Come, come, for manhood's sake !

*Mar.* These drowsy shiverin  
This mortal stupor which is creeping  
me,

What do they mean? were this my sir  
body

Opposed to armies, not a nerve w  
tremble :

Why do I tremble now?—Is not  
depth

Of this Man's crimes beyond the reach  
thought?

And yet, in plumbing the abyss for  
ment,

Something I strike upon which turns  
mind

Back on herself, I think, again—  
breast

Concentres all the terrors of the  
verse :

I look at him and tremble like a chink

*Osw.* Is it possible?

*Mar.* One thing you noticed  
Just as we left the glen a clap of th  
Burst on the mountains with hell-ro  
force.

This is a time, said he, when guilt  
shudder ;

But there's a Providence for them  
walk

In helplessness, when innocence is  
them.

At this audacious blasphemy, I thou  
The spirit of vengeance seemed to  
the air.

*Osw.* Why are you not the man  
were that moment?

[*He draws MARMADUKK*

r. You say he was asleep,—look at  
his arm,  
tell me if 'tis fit for such a work.

d. Oswald! [*Leans upon OSWALD.*]

r. This is some sudden seizure!

r. A most strange faintness,—will  
you hunt me out

light of water?

r. Nay, to see you thus  
me beyond my bearing.—I will try  
on the torrent's brink. [*Exit OSWALD.*]

r. [*after a pause*]. It seems an age  
that Man left me.—No, I am not  
st.

[*at the mouth of the dungeon*]. Give  
me your hand; where are you,  
friends? and tell me  
does the night.

r. 'Tis hard to measure time  
in a weary night, and such a place.

I do not hear the voice of my  
end Oswald.

r. A minute past, he went to fetch  
draught

er from the torrent. 'Tis, you'll say,  
fless beverage.

How good it was in you  
y behind!—Hearing at first no  
swer,  
larned.

No wonder; this is a place  
ell may put some fears into *your*  
urt.

Why so? a roofless rock had been  
omfort,

beaten and bewildered as we were;

a night like this to lend your  
aks

e a bed for me!—My Girl will weep  
he is told of it.

This Daughter of yours  
dear to you.

Oh! but you are young;  
our head twice twenty years must

l their natural weight of sorrow  
pain,

be known to you how much a  
her

e his Child.

Thank you, old Man, for this!

[*Aside.*  
Fallen am I, and worn out, a  
less Man;

Kindly have you protected me to-night,  
And no return have I to make but  
prayers;

May you in age be blest with such a  
daughter!—

When from the Holy Land I had returned  
Sightless, and from my heritage was  
driven,

A wretched Outcast—but this strain of  
thought

Would lead me to talk fondly.

*Mar.* Do not fear;  
Your words are precious to my ears;

go on.

*Her.* You will forgive me, but my heart  
runs over.

When my old Leader slipped into the  
flood

And perished, what a piercing outcry you  
Sent after him. I have loved you ever  
since.

You start—where are we?

*Mar.* Oh, there is no danger;  
The cold blast struck me.

*Her.* 'Twas a foolish question.

*Mar.* But when you were an Outcast?—  
Heaven is just;

Your piety would not miss its due reward;  
The little Orphan then would be your  
succour,

And do good service, though she knew it  
not.

*Her.* I turned me from the dwellings of  
my Fathers,

Where none but those who trampled on  
my rights

Seemed to remember me. To the wide  
world

I bore her in my arms: her looks won  
pity;

She was my Raven in the wilderness,  
And brought me food. Have I not cause  
to love her?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Her.* More than ever Parent  
loved a Child?

*Mar.* Yes, yes.

*Her.* I will not murmur, merciful God!  
I will not murmur; blasted as I have been,

Thou hast left me ears to hear my Daugh-  
ter's voice,

And arms to fold her to my heart. Sub-  
missively

Th



*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* Herbert!—confusion! (*aside*).

Here it is, my Friend,

[*Presents the Horn.*

A charming beverage for you to carouse  
This bitter night.

*Her.* Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses  
I would have given, not many minutes  
gone,

To have heard your voice.

*Osw.* Your couch, I fear, good Baron,  
Has been but comfortless; and yet that  
place,

When the tempestuous wind first drove us  
hither,

Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better  
turn

And under covert rest till break of day,  
Or till the storm abate.

(*To MARMADUKE aside.*) He has restored  
you,

No doubt you have been nobly enter-  
tained?

But soft!—how came he forth? The Night-  
mare Conscience

Has driven him out of harbour?

*Mar.* I believe  
You have guessed right.

*Her.* The trees renew their murmur:  
Come, let us house together.

[*OSWALD conducts him to the dungeon.*

*Osw.* (*returns*). Had I not  
Esteemed you worthy to conduct the  
affair

To its most fit conclusion, do you think  
I would so long have struggled with my  
Nature,

And smothered all that's man in me?—  
away!—

[*Looking towards the dungeon.*  
This man's the property of him who best  
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a  
privilege;

It now becomes my duty to resume it.

*Mar.* Touch not a finger—

*Osw.* What then must be done?

*Mar.* Which way soe'er I turn, I am  
perplexed.

*Osw.* Now, on my life, I grieve for you.  
The misery

Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts  
Did not admit of stronger evidence;

Twelve honest men, plain men, would set

Their verdict would abolish these we  
scruples.

*Mar.* Weak! I am weak—there do  
my torment lie,

Feeding itself.

*Osw.* Verily, when he said  
How his old heart would leap to hear his

steps,  
You thought his voice the echo of Idonea

*Mar.* And never heard a sound so ter-  
rible.

*Osw.* Perchance you think so now?  
*Mar.* I cannot do

Twice did I spring to grasp his wither-  
throat,

When such a sudden weakness fell up-  
on me,

I could have dropped asleep upon my  
breast.

*Osw.* Justice—is there not thunder  
the word?

Shall it be law to stab the petty robber  
Who aims but at our purse; and sh-

this Parricide—  
Worse is he far, far worse (if foul do

honour  
Be worse than death) to that con-  
fiding

Creature  
Whom he to more than filial love and  
Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfil

purpose?  
But you are fallen.

*Mar.* Fallen should I be indeed  
Murder—perhaps asleep, blind, old, and  
Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike

blow—  
Away! away!—[*Flings away his sword*

*Osw.* Nay, I have done with  
We'll lead him to the Convent. He's

live,  
And she shall love him. With un-  
questioned title

He shall be seated in his Barony.  
And we too chant the praise of his  
deeds.

I now perceive we do mistake our  
terms,

And most despise the men who best  
teach us:

Henceforth it shall be said that had  
only

Are brave: Clifford is brave; and  
old Man

is brave

[*Taking MARMADUKE'S sword and giving it to him.*  
 Clifford's arms he would have led  
 him—haply to this desolate house.  
*(advancing to the dungeon).* It  
 is ended!—

Softly; do not rouse him;  
 deny it to the last. He lies  
 the Vault, a spear's length to the

MARMADUKE descends to the dungeon.  
 The Villains rose in mutiny to  
 destroy me;  
 have quelled the Cowards, but this  
 ipling  
 eds step in, and save my life. The  
 k  
 hich he gave the boon—I see it  
 v!

ne that tempted me to loathe the  
 old venerable Grey-beard—faith  
 own fault if he hath got a face  
 doth play tricks with them that  
 k on it:  
 his that put it in my thoughts—  
 t countenance—  
 i—his figure—Murder!—what, of  
 om?

a worn-out horse, and who but  
 nen  
 the deed? Hew down a withered  
 he look grave but dotards. He  
 v live  
 k me for this service. Rainbow  
 res,  
 ys of dreaming passion, have too  
 s he is, diverted wish and hope  
 : unpretending ground we mortals  
 d :—  
 after the delusion, break it up  
 him free. What follows? I have  
 ned  
 ngs will work to ends the slaves  
 ie world  
 r dream of. I have been what he—  
 oy—when he comes forth with  
 dy hands—  
 nvy, and am now,—but he shall  
 w  
 am now—  
 [Goes and listens at the dungeon.

Praying or parleying?—tut!  
 Is he not eyeless? He has been half-dead  
 These fifteen years—

*Enter female Beggar with two or three of  
 her Companions.*

*(Turning abruptly).* Ha! speak—what  
 Thing art thou?

*(Recognises her).* Heavens! my good  
 Friend! *[To her.*

*Beg.* Forgive me, gracious Sir!—

*Osw.* *(to her companions).* Begone, ye  
 Slaves, or I will raise a whirlwind  
 And send ye dancing to the clouds, like  
 leaves. *[They retire affrighted.*

*Beg.* Indeed we meant no harm; we  
 lodge sometimes

In this deserted Castle—I repent me.

*[OSWALD goes to the dungeon—  
 listens—returns to the Beggar.*

*Osw.* Woman, thou hast a helpless In-  
 fant—keep

Thy secret for its sake, or verily  
 That wretched life of thine shall be the  
 forfeit.

*Beg.* I do repent me, Sir; I fear the curse  
 Of that blind Man. 'Twas not your  
 money, Sir,—

*Osw.* Begone!

*Beg.* *(going).* There is some wicked  
 deed in hand: *[Aside.*  
 Would I could find the old Man and his  
 Daughter. *[Exit Beggar.*

MARMADUKE re-enters from the dungeon.

*Osw.* It is all over then;—your foolish  
 fears

Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and  
 deed,

Made quiet as he is.

*Mar.* Why came you down?  
 And when I felt your hand upon my arm  
 And spake to you, why did you give no  
 answer?

Feared you to waken him? he must have  
 been

In a deep sleep. I whispered to him  
 thrice.

There are the strangest echoes in that  
 place!

*Osw.* Tut! let them gabble till the day  
 of doom.

*Mar.* Scarcely, by groping, had I  
 reached the Spot.

When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn tight,

As if the blind Man's dog were pulling at it.

*Osw.* But after that?

*Mar.* The features of Idonea  
Lurked in his face—

*Osw.* Pshaw! Never to these eyes  
Will retribution show itself again  
With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me  
To share your triumph?

*Mar.* Yes, her very look,  
Smiling in sleep—

*Osw.* A pretty feat of Fancy!

*Mar.* Though but a glimpse, it sent me  
to my prayers.

*Osw.* Is he alive?

*Mar.* What mean you? who alive?

*Osw.* Herbert! since you will have it,  
Baron Herbert;

He who will gain his Seignory when  
Idonea

Hath become Clifford's harlot—is *he*  
living?

*Mar.* The old Man in that dungeon *is*  
alive.

*Osw.* Henceforth, then, will I never in  
camp or field

Obeys you more. Your weakness, to the  
Band,

Shall be proclaimed: brave Men, they all  
shall hear it.

You a protector of humanity!

Avenger you of outraged innocence!

*Mar.* 'Twas dark—dark as the grave;  
yet did I see,

Saw him—his face turned toward me;  
and I tell thee

Idonea's filial countenance was there

To baffle me—it put me to my prayers.

Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a  
crevice,

Beheld a star twinkling above my head,  
And, by the living God, I could not do it.

[*Sinks exhausted.*]

*Osw.* (*to himself*). Now may I perish if  
this turn do more

Than make me change my course.

(*To MARMADUKE*). Dear Marmaduke,  
My words were rashly spoken; I recall  
them:

I feel my error; shedding human blood  
Is a most serious thing.

*Mar.* Not I alone,  
Thou too art deep in guilt.

*Osw.*

We have indeed  
Been most presumptuous. There is  
in this,

Else could so strong a mind have  
known

These trepidations? Plain it is to  
Heaven

Has marked out this foul Wretch as  
whose crimes

Must never come before a mortal ju-  
ment-seat,

Or be chastised by mortal instruments.

*Mar.* A thought that's worth a thous-  
ands! [*Goes towards the dun-  
geon*]

*Osw.* I grieve

That, in my zeal, I have caused you  
much pain.

*Mar.* Think not of that! 'tis over-  
are safe.

*Osw.* (*as if to himself, yet speak-  
ing aloud*). The truth is hideous, but  
stifle it? [*Turning to MARMADUKE*]

Give me your sword—nay, here are stor-  
ies and fragments,

The least of which would beat out a  
brain;

Or you might drive your head ag-  
ainst that wall.

No! this is not the place to hear the  
It should be told 'you pinioned in

bed,

Or on some vast and solitary plain  
Blown to you from a trumpet.

*Mar.* Why talk of  
What'er the monster brooding in

breast  
I care not: fear I have none, and can  
fear—

[*The sound of a horn is heard*]

That horn again—"Tis some one of  
Troop;

What do they here? Listen!

*Osw.* What; dogged like this

*Enter WALLACE and LACY, &c.*  
*Lacy.* You are found at last, than  
the vagrant Troop

For not misleading us.

*Osw.* (*looking at WALLACE*).  
subtle Grey-beard—

I'd rather see my father's ghost.

*Lacy* (*to MARMADUKE*). My Cap-  
tain We come by order of the Band. Be-  
lieve You have not heard that Henry has a

red the Barons' League, and sent  
road  
eriffs with fit force to reinstate  
enuine owners of such Lands and  
ronies  
hese long commotions, have been  
zed.

wer is this way tending. It befits

ad upon our guard, and with our  
ords  
the innocent.

Lacy! we look  
he surfaces of things; we hear  
is in flames, fields ravaged, young  
old  
out in troops to want and naked-  
s;  
rasp our swords and rush upon a  
e  
atters us, because it asks not  
ught:  
per malady is better hid;  
ld is poisoned at the heart.

What mean you?  
(*whose eye has been fixed sus-  
ously upon OSWALD*). Ay, what  
you mean?

Harkee, my Friends;—  
[*Appearing gay.*]  
ere a Man who, being weak and  
bless  
st forlorn, should bribe a Mother,  
sed  
ry, to yield him up her Daughter,  
nfant, and instruct the Babe,  
; upon his knee, to call him  
ter—

Why, if his heart be tender, that  
ice  
orgive him.  
*going on*). And should he make  
child  
ument of falsehood, should he  
her  
ch her arms, and dim the glad-  
e light  
playfulness with piteous looks  
y that was not—

Troth, 'tis hard—  
world like ours—  
*changing his tone*). This self-  
Man—  
le he printed kisses on the cheek

Of this poor Babe, and taught its innocent  
tongue

To lisp the name of Father—could he look  
To the unnatural harvest of that time

When he should give her up, a Woman  
grown,

To him who bid the highest in the market  
Of foul pollution—

*Lacy.* The whole visible world  
Contains not such a Monster!

*Mar.* For this purpose  
Should he resolve to taint her Soul by  
means

Which bathe the limbs in sweat to think  
of them;

Should he, by tales which would draw  
tears from iron,

Work on her nature, and so turn com-  
passion

And gratitude to ministers of vice,  
And make the spotless spirit of filial love  
Prime mover in a plot to damn his Victim  
Both soul and body—

*Wal.* 'Tis too horrible;  
Oswald, what say you to it?

*Lacy.* Hew him down,  
And fling him to the ravens.

*Mar.* But his aspect,  
It is so meek, his countenance so vener-  
able.

*Wal. (with an appearance of mistrust).*  
But how, what say you, Oswald?

*Lacy (at the same moment).* Stab him,  
were it

Before the Altar.

*Mar.* What, if he were sick,  
Tottering upon the very verge of life,  
And old, and blind—

*Lacy.* Blind, say you?

*Osw. (coming forward).* Are we Men,  
Or own we baby Spirits? Genuine courage  
Is not an accidental quality,  
A thing dependent for its casual birth

On opposition and impediment.  
Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats  
down

The giant's strength; and, at the voice of  
Justice,

Spares not the worm. The giant and the  
worm—

She weighs them in one scale. The wiles  
of woman,

And craft of age, seducing reason, first  
Made weakness a protection, and ch

The moral shapes of things. His tender  
cries  
And helpless innocence—do they protect  
The infant lamb? and shall the infirmities,  
Which have enabled this enormous Culprit  
To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a Sanctuary  
To cover him from punishment? Shame!—  
Justice,  
Admitting no resistance, bends alike  
The feeble and the strong. She needs not  
here  
Her bonds and chains, which make the  
mighty feeble.  
—We recognise in this old Man a victim  
Prepared already for the sacrifice.

*Lacy.* By heaven, his words are reason!

*Osw.* Yes, my Friends,

His countenance is meek and venerable;  
And, by the Mass, to see him at his  
prayers!—

I am of flesh and blood, and may I perish  
When my heart does not ache to think  
of it!—

Poor Victim! not a virtue under heaven  
But what was made an engine to ensnare  
thee;

But yet I trust, Idonea, thou art safe.

*Lacy.* Idonea!

*Wal.* How! what? your Idonea?  
[To MARMADUKE.]

*Mar.* Mine;

But now no longer mine. You know

• Lord Clifford;

He is the Man to whom the Maiden—pure  
As beautiful, and gentle and benign,  
And in her ample heart loving even me—  
Was to be yielded up.

*Lacy.* Now, by the head  
Of my own child, this Man must die; my  
hand,

A worthier wanting, shall itself entwine  
In his grey hairs!—

*Mar. (to LACY).* I love the Father in  
thee.

You know me, Friends; I have a heart to  
feel,

And I have felt, more than perhaps be-  
comes me

Or duty sanctions.

*Lacy.* We will have ample justice.  
Who are we, Friends? Do we not live on

Where Souls are self-defended, free to  
grow

Like mountain oaks rocked by the storm  
wind.

Mark the Almighty Wisdom, which de-  
creed

This monstrous crime to be laid open  
here,

Where Reason has an eye that she can  
use,

And Men alone are Umpires. To the  
Camp

He shall be led, and there, the Count  
round

All gathered to the spot, in open day  
Shall Nature be avenged.

*Osw.* 'Tis nobly thought

His death will be a monument for ages.

*Mar. (to LACY).* I thank you for the  
hint. He shall be brought

Before the Camp, and would that be  
and wisest

Of every country might be present. The  
His crime shall be proclaimed; and  
the rest

It shall be done as Wisdom shall decide  
Meanwhile, do you two hasten back to  
see

That all is well prepared.

*Wal.* We will obey you

(*Aside*). But softly! we must look a little  
nearer.

*Mar.* Tell where you found us.  
some future time

I will explain the cause. [*Exeunt*]

### ACT III.

SCENE, *The door of the Hostel, a group  
Pilgrims as before; IDONEA and  
Host among them.*

*Host.* Lady, you'll find your Father  
the Convent

As I have told you; He left us yesterday  
With two Companions; one of them  
seemed,

His most familiar Friend. (*Going.*) That  
was a letter

Of which I heard them speak, but that  
fancy

Has been forgotten.

*Idon. (to Host).* Farewell!

Gentle pilgrims,

bert speed you on your holy  
nd.

[*Exeunt IDONEA and Pilgrims.*]

SCENE, *A desolate Moor.*

OSWALD (*alone*).

arry him to the Camp! Yes, to  
camp.

lom! a most wise resolve! and

f a word should blow it to the  
s!

device must end my work.—

inks

pleasant pastime to construct

nd table of belief—as thus

nins, one for passion, one for

:

s as the other falls: and first,

unit and *against* us—proof—

must travel in another path,

stuck fast for ever;—passion,

unit *for* us: proof—no, passion!

insult thy majesty by time,

nd place—the where, the when,

ow.

articulars that dull brains re-

ute the spiritless shape of Fact,

to, calling the idol, Demonstra-

g to the Moralists who preach

y is a sacred thing: for me,

cheaper engine to degrade a

half so sure. This Stripling's

ill the dregs float on the sur-

ie storm and anguish of the

a transition in his Soul,

is that he is happy. We dis-

ess body, and why not the

strange sights—the mind of

turned,

ures a strange spectacle;

hideous one—hem! shall I

No.—Thoughts and feelings will sink  
deep, but then

They have no substance. Pass but a few  
minutes,

And something shall be done which  
Memory

May touch, whene'er her Vassals are at  
work.

*Enter MARMADUKE from behind.*

*Osw. (turning to meet him).* But listen,  
for my peace—

*Mar.* Why, I *believe* you.

*Osw.* But hear the proofs—

*Mar.* Ay, prove that when two peas  
Lie snugly in a pod, the pod must then  
Be larger than the peas—prove this—  
'twere matter

Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream  
It ever could be otherwise!

*Osw.* Last night,  
When I returned with water from the  
brook,

I overheard the Villains—every word  
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.

Said one, "It is agreed on. The blind  
Man

Shall feign a sudden illness, and the  
Girl,

Who on her journey must proceed alone,  
Under pretence of violence, be seized.

She is," continued the detested Slave,  
"She is right willing—strange if she were  
not!"

They say Lord Clifford is a savage man; •  
But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,  
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's  
harp,

There's witchery in't. I never knew a  
maid

That could withstand it. True," con-  
tinued he,

"When we arranged the affair, she wept  
a little

(Not the less welcome to my Lord for  
that)

And said, 'My Father he will have it  
so.'"

*Mar.* I am your hearer.

*Osw.* This I caught, and more  
That may not be retold to any ear.  
The obstinate bolt of a small iron door  
Detained them near the gateway of the •

By a dim lantern's light I saw that  
wreaths  
Of flowers were in their hands, as if de-  
signed  
For festive decoration ; and they said,  
With brutal laughter and most foul allu-  
sion,  
That they should share the banquet with  
their Lord  
And his new Favorite.

*Mar.* Misery !—

*Osw.* I knew  
How you would be disturbed by this dire  
news,  
And therefore chose this solitary Moor,  
Here to impart the tale, of which, last  
night,  
I strove to ease my mind, when our two  
Comrades,  
Commissioned by the Band, burst in upon  
us.

*Mar.* Last night, when moved to lift  
the avenging steel,  
I did believe all things were shadows—  
yea,  
Living or dead all things were bodiless,  
All but the mutual mockeries of body,  
Till that same star summoned me back  
again.

Now I could laugh till my ribs ached.  
Oh, Fool !

To let a creed, built in the heart of things,  
Dissolve before a twinkling atom !

*Oswald,*  
I could fetch lessons out of wiser schools  
Than you have entered, were it worth the  
pains.

Young as I am, I might go forth a teacher,  
And you should see how deeply I could  
reason

Of love in all its shapes, beginnings,  
ends ;

Of moral qualities in their diverse aspects ;  
Of actions, and their laws and tendencies.

*Osw.* You take it as it merits —

*Mar.* One a King,  
General or Cham, Sultan or Emperor,  
Strews twenty acres of good meadow-  
ground

With carcasses, in lineament and shape  
And substance, nothing differing from his  
own,

But that they cannot stand up of them-

Another sits i' th' sun, and by the hour  
Floats kingcups in the brook—a Hero  
We call, and scorn the other as Tim-  
spendthrift ;

But have they not a world of comm-  
ground

To occupy--both fools, or wise alike,  
Each in his way ?

*Osw.* Troth, I begin to think

*Mar.* Now for the corner-stone of  
philosophy :

I would not give a denier for the man  
Who, on such provocation as this earl  
Yields, could not chuck his babe bene  
the chin,

And send it with a fillip to its grave.  
*Osw.* Nay, you leave me behind.

*Mar.* That such a C  
So pious in demeanour ! in his look  
So saintly and so pure !——Harkee,  
Friend,

I'll plant myself before Lord Cliffo  
Castle,

A surly mastiff kennels at the gate,  
And he shall howl and I will laugh  
medley  
Most tunable.

*Osw.* In faith, a pleasant sche  
But take your sword along with you  
that

Might in such neighbourhood find se  
use.

But first, how wash our hands of this  
Man ?

*Mar.* Oh yes, that mole, that vip  
the path ;

Plague on my memory, him I had  
gotten.

*Osw.* You know we left him sitting  
him yonder.

*Mar.* Ha ! ha !—

*Osw.* As 'twill be but a mon  
work,

I will stroll on ; you follow when 'tis  
[E]

SCENE changes to another part of  
Moor at a short distance—HERB  
discovered seated on a stone.

*Her.* A sound of laughter, too  
well—I feared

The Stranger had some pitiable sor-  
row  
sitting upon his solitary heart.

'tis the feeble and earth-loving  
 and  
 creeps along the bells of the crisp  
 ether.

is cold—I shiver in the sunshine—  
 can this mean? There is a psalm  
 it speaks

's parental mercies—with Idonea  
 to sing it.—Listen!—what foot is  
 re?

*Enter MARMADUKE.*

*(aside—looking at HERBERT).* And  
 ave loved this Man! and *she* hath  
 ed him!

oved her, and she loves the Lord  
 fford!

re it ends;—if this be not enough  
 e mankind merry for evermore,  
 ain it is as day that eyes were made  
 ise purpose—verily to weep with!

*[Looking round.*

prospect this, a masterpiece  
 ure, finished with most curious  
 l!

HERBERT). Good Baron, have you  
 r practised tillage?

l me what this land is worth by  
 acre.

How glad I am to hear your voice!  
 ow not

I have offended you;—last night  
 in you the kindest of Protectors;  
 ming, when I spoke of weariness,  
 n my shoulder took my scrip and  
 wit

our own; but for these two hours

ly have you spoken, when the lark  
 from among the fern beneath our

o coward in my better days,  
 lost terrified.

That's excellent!—  
 ethought you of the many ways  
 h a man may come to his end,  
 se crimes

used all Nature up against him—  
 aw!—

For mercy's sake, is nobody in  
 t?

iller, peasant, herdsman?

Not a soul:  
 t tree, ragged and bent and bare

That turns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-  
 green moss

From the stern breathing of the rough  
 sea-wind;

This have we, but no other company:  
 Commend me to the place. If a man  
 should die

And leave his body here, it were all one  
 As he were twenty fathoms underground.

*Her.* Where is our common Friend?

*Mar.* A ghost, methinks—

The Spirit of a murdered man, for in-  
 stance—

Might have fine room to ramble about  
 here,

A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

*Her.* Lost Man! if thou have any close-  
 pent guilt

Pressing upon thy heart, and this the hour  
 Of visitation—

*Mar.* A bold word from *you*!

*Her.* Restore him, Heaven!

*Mar.* The desperate

Wretch!—A Flower,

Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but  
 now

They have snapped her from the stem—

Poh! let her lie

Besoiled with mire, and let the houseless  
 snail

Feed on her leaves. You knew her well  
 —ay, there,

Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you  
 knew

The worm was in her—

*Her.* Mercy! Sir, what mean you?

*Mar.* You have a Daughter!

*Her.* Oh that she were here!—

She hath an eye that sinks into all hearts,  
 And if I have in aught offended you,

Soon would her gentle voice make peace  
 between us.

*Mar. (aside).* I do believe he weeps—I  
 could weep too—

There is a vein of her voice that runs  
 through his:

Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth  
 From the first moment that I loved the  
 Maid;

And for his sake I loved her more: these  
 tears—

I did not think that aught was left in me  
 Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee,



One nappy thought has passed across my mind.

—It may not be—I am cut off from man ;  
No more shall I be man—no more shall I  
Have human feelings !—(To HERBERT)—

Now, for a little more

About your Daughter !

*Her.* Troops of armed men,  
Met in the roads, would bless us ; little  
children,

Rushing along in the full tide of play,  
Stood silent as we passed them ! I have  
heard

The boisterous carman, in the miry road,  
Check his loud whip and hail us with mild  
voice,

And speak with milder voice to his poor  
beasts.

*Mar.* And whither were you going ?

*Her.* Learn, young Man,—  
To fear the virtuous, and reverence misery,  
Whether too much for patience, or, like  
mine,

Softened till it becomes a gift of mercy.

*Mar.* Now, this is as it should be !

*Her.* I am weak !  
My Daughter does not know how weak I  
am ;

And, as thou see'st, under the arch of  
heaven

Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness,  
By the good God, our common Father,  
doomed !—

But I had once a spirit and an arm—

*Mar.* Now, for a word about your  
Barony :

I fancy when you left the Holy Land,  
And came to—what's your title—eh ?  
your claims

Were undisputed !

*Her.* Like a mendicant,  
Whom no one comes to meet, I stood  
alone ;—

I murmured—but, remembering Him who  
feeds

The pelican and ostrich of the desert,  
From my own threshold I looked up to  
Heaven

And did not want glimmerings of quiet  
hope.

So from the court I passed, and down  
the brook,

Led by its murmur, to the ancient oak  
Lest I should find it cooling shade

I sate me down, and cannot but believe  
While in my lap I held my little Babe  
And clasped her to my heart, my heart  
that ached

More with delight than grief—I hear  
voice

Such as by Cherith on Elijah called ;  
It said, "I will be with thee." A li  
boy,

A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance  
gone,

Hailed us as if he had been sent fr  
heaven,

And said, with tears, that he would  
our guide :

I had a better guide—that innocent Bab  
Her, who hath saved me, to this h  
from harm,

From cold, from hunger, penury,  
death ;

To whom I owe the best of all the good  
I have, or wish for, upon earth—and m  
And higher far than lies within ear  
bounds :

Therefore I bless her : when I think  
Man,

I bless her with sad spirit.—when of  
I bless her in the fulness of my joy !

*Mar.* The name of daughter in  
mouth, he prays !

With nerves so steady, that the very  
Sit unmolested on his staff. Innocent  
If he were innocent—then he w  
tremble

And be disturbed, as I am. (*Turn  
aside*). I have read

In Story, what men now alive have  
nessed,

How, when the People's mind was rai  
with doubt,

Appeal was made to the great Judge :  
Accused

With naked feet walked over burn  
ploughshares.

Here is a Man by Nature's hand prep  
For a like trial, but more merciful.

Why else have I been led to this b  
Waste ?

Bare is it, without house or track,  
destitute

Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea.  
Here will I leave him—here—All—

God !  
Such as he is, and sore perplexed as I

I commit him to this final Ordeal!—  
I heard a voice—a shepherd-lad came  
to him

was his guide; if once, why not  
again,  
in this desert? If never—then the  
whole

that he says, and looks, and does,  
and is,

is up one damning falsehood. Leave  
him here

old and hunger!—Pain is of the  
heart,

what are a few throes of bodily  
suffering

can waken one pang of remorse?  
[Goes up to HERBERT.

lan! my wrath is as a flame burnt  
out,

not be rekindled. Thou art here  
by my hand to save thee from per-  
dition:

wilt have time to breathe and  
sink—

Oh, Mercy!

I know the need that all men  
have of mercy,

therefore leave thee to a righteous  
judgment.

My Child, my blessed Child!

No more of that:  
wilt have many guides if thou art  
innocent;

from the utmost corners of the  
earth,

A woman will come o'er this Waste  
to save thee.

uses and looks at HERBERT's staff,  
that is here? and carved by her  
own hand!

[Reads upon the staff.  
eyes to the blind, saith the Lord

it puts his trust in me shall not  
fail:

it so:—repent and be forgiven—  
and that staff are now thy only  
des.

He leaves HERBERT on the Moor.

E, An eminence, a Beacon on the  
summit.

G WALLACE, LENNOX, &c. &c.  
of the Band (confusedly). But

ience!

One of the Band. Curses on that Traitor,  
Oswald!—

Our Captain made a prey to foul device!—  
Len. (to WALLACE). His tool, the wander-  
ing Beggar, made last night

A plain confession, such as leaves no  
doubt,

Knowing what otherwise we know too  
well,

That she revealed the truth. Stand by  
me now;

For rather would I have a nest of vipers  
Between my breast-plate and my skin

than make  
Oswald my special enemy, if you

Deny me your support.

Lacy. We have been fooled—  
But for the motive?

Wal. Natures such as his  
Spin motives out of their own bowels,

Lacy!

I learn'd this when I was a Confessor.  
I know him well; there needs no other  
motive

Than that most strange incontinence in  
crime

Which haunts this Oswald. Power is lite  
to him

And breath and being: where he cannot  
govern,

He will destroy.

Lacy. To have been trapped like  
moles!

Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for  
motives:

There is no crime from which this man  
would shrink:

He reck not human law: and I have  
noticed

That often, when the name of God is  
uttered,

A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

Len. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride  
has built

Some uncouth superstition of its own.

Wal. I have seen traces of it.

Len. Once he headed  
A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;

And when the King of Denmark sum-  
moned him

To the oath of fealty, I well remember,  
'Twas a strange answer that he made; he  
said,

*Lacy.* He is no madman.

*Wal.* A most subtle doctor  
Were that man, who could draw the line  
that parts  
Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from  
Madness,  
That should be scourged, not pitied.  
Restless Minds,  
Such Minds as find amid their fellow-men  
No heart that loves them, none that they  
can love,  
Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy  
In dim relation to imagined Beings.

*One of the Band.* What if he mean to  
offer up our Captain  
An expiation and a sacrifice  
To those infernal fiends!

*Wal.* Now, if the event  
Should be as Lennox has foretold, then  
swear,  
My Friends, his heart shall have as many  
wounds

As there are daggers here.

*Lacy.* What need of swearing!

*One of the Band.* Let us away!

*Another.* Away!

*A third.* Hark! how the horns  
Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the  
vale.

*Lacy.* Stay you behind; and, when the  
sun is down,  
Light up this beacon.

*One of the Band.* You shall be obeyed.

[*They go out together.*]

SCENE, *The Wood on the edge of the Moor.*

MARMADUKE (*alone*).

*Mar.* Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond  
human thought,  
Yet calm.—I could believe that there  
was here  
The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,  
Remembered terror, there is peace and  
rest.

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* Ha! my dear Captain.

*Mar.* A later meeting, Oswald,  
Would have been better timed.

*Osw.* Alone, I see;  
You have done your duty. I had hopes,  
which now

*Mar.*

I had feared  
From which I have freed myself—but 'tis  
my wish

To be alone, and therefore we must part

*Osw.* Nay, then—I am mistaken

There's a weakness

About you still; you talk of solitude—

I am your friend.

*Mar.* What need of this assurance  
At any time? and why given now?

*Osw.*

Because  
You are now in truth my Master; you  
have taught me

What there is not another living man  
Had strength to teach;—and therefore  
gratitude

Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise

*Mar.* Wherefore press this on me?

*Osw.*

Because I feel  
That you have shown, and by a sign  
instance,

How they who would be just must set  
the rule

By diving for it into their own bosoms.

To-day you have thrown off a tyranny

That lives but in the torpid acquiescence

Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny

Of the world's masters, with the must  
rules

By which they uphold their craft from age  
to age:

You have obeyed the only law that sets

Submits to recognise; the immediate law

From the clear light of circumstance  
flashed

Upon an independent Intellect.

Henceforth new prospects open on your  
path;

Your faculties should grow with  
demand;

I still will be your friend, will cleave  
you

Through good and evil, obloquy  
scorn,

Oft as they dare to follow on your steps  
*Mar.* I would be left alone.

*Osw. (exultingly).* I know your motive  
I am not of the world's presumptuous

judges,  
Who damn where they can neither

nor feel,  
With a hard-hearted ignorance;

struggles  
I witness'd and now hail your victory

Spare me awhile that greeting.  
 It may be  
 some there are, squeamish half-  
 nking cowards,  
 ill turn pale upon you, call you  
 rderer,  
 ou will walk in solitude among  
 m.  
 ty evil for a strong-built mind !—  
 enty tapers of unequal height  
 ht them joined, and you will see  
 less  
 ill burn down the taller ; and  
 y all  
 ey upon the tallest. Solitude !—  
 gle lives in Solitude !

Even so,  
 arrow so on the house-top, and I,  
 akest of God's creatures, stand  
 dived  
 e the issue of my act, alone.  
 Now would you ? and for ever ?—  
 young Friend,  
 advances either we become  
 y or masters of our own past  
 ls.

ip we *must* have, willing or no ;  
 good Angels fail, slack in their

es, turn our faces where we may,  
 orthcoming ; some which, though  
 bear  
 , can render no ill services,  
 pense for what themselves re-  
 d.

extremes in this mysterious  
 l,  
 sites thus melt into each other.  
 ime, since Man first drew breath,  
 ever moved

h a weight upon his wings as  
 will soon be lightened.

Ay, look up--  
 d you your mind's eye, and you  
 earn  
 is the child of Enterprise :  
 ons move our admiration, chiefly  
 they carry in themselves an  
 st  
 an suffer greatly.

Very true.  
 ction is transitory—a step, a

The motion of a muscle—this way or  
 that—

'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy  
 We wonder at ourselves like men be-  
 trayed :

Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,  
 And shares the nature of infinity.

*Mar.* Truth—and I feel it.

*Osw.* What ! if you had bid  
 Eternal farewell to unmingled joy  
 And the light dancing of the thoughtless  
 heart :

It is the toy of fools, and little fit  
 For such a world as this. The wise  
 abjure

All thoughts whose idle composition lives  
 In the entire forgetfulness of pain.

I see I have disturbed you.

*Mar.* By no means.

*Osw.* Compassion !—pity !—pride can  
 do without them ;  
 And what if you should never know them  
 more !—

He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,  
 Finds ease because another feels it too.  
 If e'er I open out this heart of mine  
 It shall be for a nobler end—to teach  
 And not to purchase puling sympathy.

—Nay, you are pale.

*Mar.* It may be so.

*Osw.* Remorse—  
 It cannot live with thought ; think on,  
 think on,

And it will die. What ! in this universe,  
 Where the least things control the great,  
 est, where

The faintest breath that breathes can  
 move a world ;

What ! feel remorse, where, if a cat had  
 sneezed,

A leaf had fallen, the thing had never  
 been

Whose very shadow gnaws us to the  
 vitals.

*Mar.* Now, whither are you wandering ?

That a man,

So used to suit his language to the time,  
 Should thus so widely differ from him-  
 self—

It is most strange.

*Osw.* Murder !—what's in the word !—  
 I have no cases by me ready made  
 To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp !—  
 A shall—

More deeply, taught us that the institutes  
Of Nature, by a cunning usurpation  
Banished from human intercourse, exist  
Only in our relations to the brutes  
That make the fields their dwelling. If a  
snake

Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask  
A license to destroy him : our good govern-  
ors

Hedge in the life of every pest and plague  
That bears the shape of man ; and for  
what purpose,

But to protect themselves from extirpa-  
tion?—

This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.

*Mar.* My Office is fulfilled the Man is  
now

Delivered to the Judge of all things.

*Osw.* Dead !

*Mar.* I have borne my burthen to its  
destined end.

*Osw.* This instant we'll return to our  
Companions—

Oh how I long to see their faces again !

*Enter IDONEA with Pilgrims who continue  
their journey.*

*Idon.* (after some time). What, Marmaduke !  
now thou art mine for ever.

• And Oswald, too ! (To MARMADUKE.) On  
will we to my Father

With the glad tidings which this day hath  
brought ;

We'll go together, and, such proof received  
Of his own rights restored, his gratitude  
To God above will make him feel for ours.

*Osw.* I interrupt you ?

*Idon.* Think not so.

*Mar.* Idonea,  
That I should ever live to see this mo-  
ment !

*Idon.* Forgive me.—Oswald knows it  
all—he knows,

Each word of that unhappy letter fell  
As a blood-drop from my heart.

*Osw.* 'Twas even so.

*Mar.* I have much to say, but for  
whose ears?—not thine.

*Idon.* Ill can I bear that look—Plead  
for me, Oswald !

You are my Father's Friend.

(To MARMADUKE.) Alas, you know not,  
And never can you know, how much he

Twice had he been to me a father, twice  
Had given me breath, and was I not to  
His daughter, once his daughter ? could  
withstand

His pleading face, and feel his clasp-  
ing arms,

And hear his prayer that I would not for-  
sake him

In his old age— [Hides her face]

*Mar.* Patience—Heaven grant  
me patience !—

She weeps, she weeps—my brain shall  
burn for hours

Ere I can shed a tear.

*Idon.* I was a woman

And, balancing the hopes that are  
dearest

To womankind with duty to my Father  
I yielded up those precious hopes, with-  
nought

On earth could else have wrested from  
me :—if erring,

Oh let me be forgiven !

*Mar.* I do forgive thee

*Idon.* But take me to your arms—  
breast, alas !

It throbs, and you have a heart that can  
not feel it.

*Mar.* (exultingly). She is innocent  
[He embraces]

*Osw.* (aside). Were I a Moor

I should make wondrous revolution here  
It were a quaint experiment to show

The beauty of truth— [Addressing her]  
I see I interrupt !

I shall have business with you, Marmaduke ;

Follow me to the Hostel. [Exit Oswald]  
*Idon.* Marmaduke

This is a happy day. My Father soon  
Shall sun himself before his native do

The lame, the hungry, will be welcom  
there.

No more shall he complain of want  
strength,

Of thoughts that fail, and a decaying  
heart ;

His good works will be balm and comfort  
him.

*Mar.* This is most strange !—I  
not what it was,

But there was something which  
plainly said

That thou wert innocent.

How innocent !—

vens ! you've been deceived. •

Thou art a Woman

g perdition on the universe.

Already I've been punished to height

ffence. [*Smiling affectionately.*

I see you love me still,

ours of my hand are still your

you of the hour when on your

lder

his belt.

*Pointing to the belt on which was*

*suspended HERBERT'S scrip.*

Mercy of Heaven ! [*Sinks.*

What ails you ! [*Distractedly.*

The scrip that held his food, and

got

it back again !

What mean your words ?

I know not what I said—all may

ell.

That smile hath life in it !

This road is perilous ;

end you to a Hut that stands

wood's edge—rest there to-night,

iy you :

I have business, as you heard,

Oswald,

eturn to you by break of day.

[*Exeunt.*

#### ACT IV.

*A desolate prospect—a ridge of a Chapel on the summit of one—behind the rocks—night stormy—no sound of a bell—HERBERT exhausted.*

at Chapel-bell in mercy seemed

de me,

it mocks my steps ; its fitful

;

ely be the work of human hands.

ye Men upon the cliffs, if such

who pray nightly before the

had but strength to reach the

—my Child—dark—dark—I

this wind—

ing blasts—God b l e m !

*Enter* ELDRED.

*Eld.*

Better this bare rock,  
Though it were tottering over a man's  
head,

Than a tight case of dungeon walls for  
shelter

From such rough dealing.

[*A moaning voice is heard.*

Ha ! what sound is that ?

Trees creaking in the wind (but none are  
here)

Send forth such noises—and that weary  
bell !

Surely some evil Spirit abroad to-night

Is ringing it—'twould stop a Saint in  
prayer,

And that—what is it ? never was sound  
so like

A human groan. Ha ! what is here ?

Poor Man—

Murdered ! alas ! speak—speak, I am your  
friend :

No answer—hush—lost wretch, he lifts  
his hand

And lays it to his heart—(*Kneels to him.*

I pray you speak !

What has befallen you ?

*Her. (feebly).* A stranger has done this,  
And in the arms of a stranger I must die.

*Eld.* Nay, think not so : come, let me  
raise you up : [*Raises him.*

This is a dismal place—well—that is well—

I was too fearful—take me for your guide

And your support—my hut is not far off.

[*Draws him gently off the stage.*

SCENE, *A room in the Hostel*—MAR-  
MADUKE and OSWALD.

*Mar.* But for Idonea !—I have cause to  
think

That she is innocent.

*Osw.* Leave that thought awhile

As one of those beliefs which in their  
hearts

Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no  
better

Than feathers clinging to their points of  
passion.

This day's event has laid on me the duty  
Of opening out my story ; you must hear

it,

And without further preface.—In my

Except for that abatement which is paid  
 By envy as a tribute to desert,  
 I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling  
 Of every tongue—as you are now. You’ve heard  
 That I embarked for Syria. On our voyage  
 Was hatched among the crew a foul Conspiracy  
 Against my honour, in the which our Captain  
 Was, I believed, prime Agent. The wind fell ;  
 We lay becalmed week after week, until  
 The water of the vessel was exhausted ;  
 I felt a double fever in my veins,  
 Yet rage suppressed itself ; to a deep stillness  
 Did my pride tame my pride ;—for many days,  
 On a dead sea under a burning sky,  
 I brooded o’er my injuries, deserted  
 By man and nature ;—if a breeze had blown,  
 It might have found its way into my heart,  
 And I had been—no matter—do you mark me ?

• *Mar.* Quick—to the point—if any untold crime

Doth haunt your memory,

*Osw.* Patience, hear me further !—  
 One day in silence did we drift at noon  
 By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and bare ;

No food was there, no drink, no grass, no shade,

No tree, no jutting eminence, nor form  
 Inanimate large as the body of man,  
 Nor any living thing whose lot of life  
 Might stretch beyond the measure of one moon.

To dig for water on the spot, the Captain

Landed with a small troop, myself being one :

There I reproached him with his treachery.  
 Imperious at all times, his temper rose ;  
 He struck me ; and that instant had I killed him,

And put an end to his insolence, but my Comrades

(All hated him, and I was stung to  
 • ness)

That we should leave him there, alive we did so.

*Mar.* And he was famished ?

*Osw.* Naked was the s  
 Methinks I see it now—how in the st  
 Its stony surface glittered like a shield  
 And in that miserable place we left h  
 Alone but for a swarm of minute crea  
 Not one of which could help him  
 alive,

Or mourn him dead.

*Mar.* A man by men cas  
 Left without burial ! nay, not deac  
 dying,

But standing, walking, stretching  
 his arms,  
 In all things like ourselves but in  
 agony

With which he called for mercy ; a  
 even so—

He was forsaken ?

*Osw.* There is a power in so  
 The cries he uttered might have str  
 the boat

That bore us through the water—

*Mar.* You ret  
 Upon that dismal hearing—did you

*Osw.* Some scoffed at him with b  
 mockery,

And laughed so loud it seemed the  
 smooth sea

Did from some distant region echo

*Mar.* We all are of one blood, our  
 are filled

At the same poisonous fountain !

*Osw.* ’Twas an i

Only by sufferance of the winds  
 waves,

Which with their foam could cover  
 will.

I know not how he perished : b  
 calm,

The same dead calm, continued  
 days.

*Mar.* But his own crime had b  
 on him this doom,  
 His wickedness prepared it ; these  
 dients

Are terrible, yet ours is not the fau  
*Osw.* The man was famished, al  
 innocent !  
*Mar.* Impossible !

The man had never wronged me.  
Banish the thought, crush it, and  
at peace.

It was marked—these things could  
er be  
here not eyes that see, and for  
d ends,  
ours are baffled.

I had been deceived.  
And from that hour the miser-  
e man  
e was heard of?

I had been betrayed.  
And he found no deliverance!

The Crew  
a hearty welcome; they had laid  
to rid themselves, at any cost,  
annic Master whom they loathed.  
pursued our voyage: when we  
led,

was spread abroad; my power  
nce  
rom me; plans and schemes, and  
hopes—

hed. I gave way—do you attend?  
The Crew deceived you?

Nay, command yourself.  
It is a dismal night—how the  
l howls!

I hid my head within a Convent,  
ive as a dormouse in mid winter.  
no life for me—I was o'erthrown,  
destroyed.

The proofs—you ought  
we seen  
t have touched it—felt it at  
heart—  
done.

A fresh tide of Crusaders  
the place of my retreat: three  
s  
ant meditation dry my blood;  
epless nights I passed in sound-  
n,

words and things, a dim and  
ous way;  
resoe'er I turned me, I beheld  
compared to which the dungeon  
ing chains are perfect liberty.  
rstand me—I was comforted;  
every possible shape of action  
d to good—I saw it and burst

Thirsting for some of those exploits that  
fill

The earth for sure redemption of lost  
peace.

[*Marking MARMADUKE'S countenance.*  
Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity  
Subsided in a moment, like a wind  
That drops down dead out of a sky it  
vexed.

And yet I had within me evermore  
A salient spring of energy; I mounted  
From action up to action with a mind  
That never rested—without meat or  
drink

Have I lived many days—my sleep was  
bound

To purposes of reason—not a dream  
But had a continuity and substance  
That waking life had never power to give.

*Mar.* O wretched Human-kind!—Until  
the mystery

Of all this world is solved, well may we  
envy

The worm, that, underneath a stone whose  
weight

Would crush the lion's paw with mortal  
anguish,

Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep,  
in safety.

Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those  
traitors?

*Osw.* Give not to them a thought.  
From Palestine

We marched to Syria: oft I left the  
Camp,

When all that multitude of hearts was  
still,

And followed on, through woods of gloomy  
cedar,

Into deep chasms troubled by roaring  
streams;

Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed  
The moonlight desert, and the moonlight  
sea;

In these my lonely wanderings I per-  
ceived

What mighty objects do impress their  
forms

To elevate our intellectual being;  
And felt, if ought on earth deserves a  
curse,

'Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms  
A thing so great to perish self-consumed.



*Mar.* Unhappy Man !

*Osw.* When from these forms I turned  
to contemplate

The World's opinions and her usages,  
I seemed a Being who had passed alone  
Into a region of futurity,  
Whose natural element was freedom—

*Mar.* Stop—

I may not, cannot, follow thee.

*Osw.* You must.

I had been nourished by the sickly food  
Of popular applause. I now perceived  
That we are praised, only as men in us  
Do recognise some image of themselves,  
An abject counterpart of what they are,  
Or the empty thing that they would wish  
to be.

I felt that merit has no surer test  
Than obloquy ; that, if we wish to serve  
The world in substance, not deceive by  
show,

We must become obnoxious to its hate,  
Or fear disguised in simulated scorn.

*Mar.* I pity, can forgive, you ; but  
those wretches—

That monstrous perfidy !

*Osw.* Keep down your wrath.

False Shame discarded, spurious Fame  
despised,

Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found  
Life stretched before me smooth as some  
broad way

Cleared for a monarch's progress. Priests  
might spin

Their veil, but not for me—'twas in fit  
place

Among its kindred cobwebs. I had been,  
And in that dream had left my native  
land,

One of Love's simple bondsmen the soft  
chain

Was off for ever ; and the men, from  
whom

This liberation came, you would destroy ;  
Join me in thanks for their blind services.

*Mar.* 'Tis a strange aching that, when  
we would curse

And cannot.—You have betrayed me—I  
have done—

I am content—I know that he is guilt-  
less—

That both are guiltless, without spot or  
stain,

Mutually consecrated. Poor old Man !

And I had heart for this, because  
lovedst

Her who from very infancy had been  
Light to thy path, warmth to thy blo  
Together [Turning to *Osw.*

We propped his steps, he leaned up  
both.

*Osw.* Ay, we are coupled by a ch  
adamant ;

Let us be fellow-labourers, then,  
large

Man's intellectual empire. We sub  
In slavery ; all is slavery ; we recei  
Laws, but we ask not whence those  
have come ;

We need an inward sting to goad

*Mar.* Have you betrayed me ?

to that.

*Osw.* The m

Which for a season I have stoop  
wear,

Must be cast off.—Know then that  
urged,

(For other impulse let it pass) was  
To seek for sympathy, because I sa

In you a mirror of my youthful self  
I would have made us equal once a

But that was a vain hope. You  
struck home.

With a few drops of blood cut she  
business ;

Therein for ever you must yield to  
But what is done will save you fro

blank

Of living without knowledge that yo  
Now you are suffering— for the futu

'Tis his who will command it.—Th  
my story—

Herbert is *innocent*.

*Mar.* (in a faint voice, and doubt  
You do but

My own wild words ?

*Osw.* Young Man, the seed is  
Hid in the earth, or there can  
harvest ;

'Tis Nature's law What I have d  
darkness

I will avow before the face of day.  
Herbert is *innocent*.

*Mar.* What fiend could  
This action ? Innocent !—oh br

heart !—  
Alive or dead, I'll find him.

*Osw.* Alive—perdition !

SCENE, *The inside of a poor Cottage.*

ELEANOR and IDONEA seated.

*Idonea.* The storm beats hard—Mercy for poor or rich,  
whose heads are shelterless in such a night!

*Idonea without.* Holla! to bed, good Folks, within!

*Eleanor.* O save us!

*Idonea.* What can this mean?

*Eleanor.* Alas, for my poor husband!—  
I'll have a counting of our flocks to-morrow:

—wolf keeps festival these stormy nights:

—alm, sweet Lady, they are wassailers  
[*The voices die away in the distance.*]

—ring from their Feast—my heart beats so—

—ise at midnight does so frighten me.

*Idonea.* Hush! [*Listening.*]

*Eleanor.* They are gone. On such a night my husband,  
waked from his bed, was cast into a luncheon.

—e, hid from me, he counted many ears,

—minal in no one's eyes but theirs—

—ven in theirs—whose brutal violence  
all with him.

*Idonea.* I have a noble Friend  
among youths of knightly breeding,  
—me  
—lives but to protect the weak or in-  
—need.

—again! [*Listening.*]

*Eleanor.* 'Tis my husband's foot.

*Idonea.* Good Eldred

—kind heart; but his imprisonment  
—made him fearful, and he'll never be  
—an he was.

*Eleanor.* I will retire;—good night!

[*She goes within.*]

Enter ELDRÉD (*hides a bundle*).

Not yet in bed, Eleanor!—there  
—sins in that frock which must be  
—out.

—What has befallen you?

I am belated, and you must know  
—use—(*speaking low*) that is the  
—of an unhappy Man.

—Oh! we are undone for ever.

*Eldred.* Heaven forbid that I should lift  
my hand against any man. Eleanor, I  
have shed tears to-night, and it comforts  
me to think of it.

*Eleanor.* Where, where is he?

*Eldred.* I have done him no harm, but—it  
will be forgiven me; it would not have  
been so once.

*Eleanor.* You have not buried anything?  
You are no richer than when you left me?

*Eldred.* Be at peace; I am innocent.

*Eleanor.* Then God be thanked—

[*A short pause; she falls upon his neck.*]

*Eldred.* To-night I met with an old Man  
lying stretched upon the ground—a sad  
spectacle: I raised him up with the hope  
that we might shelter and restore him.

*Eleanor.* (*as if ready to run*). Where is  
he? You were not able to bring him *all*  
the way with you; let us return, I can  
help you. [*ELDRÉD shakes his head.*]

*Eldred.* He did not seem to wish for life:  
as I was struggling on, by the light of the  
moon I saw the stains of blood upon my  
clothes—he waved his hand, as if it were  
all useless; and I let him sink again to  
the ground.

*Eleanor.* Oh that I had been by your side!

*Eldred.* I tell you his hands and his body  
were cold—how could I disturb his last  
moments? he strove to turn from me as  
if he wished to settle into sleep.

*Eleanor.* But, for the stains of blood—

*Eldred.* He must have fallen, I fancy, for  
his head was cut; but I think his malady  
was cold and hunger.

*Eleanor.* Oh, Eldred, I shall never be able  
to look up at this roof in storm or fair but  
I shall tremble.

*Eldred.* Is it not enough that my ill stars  
have kept me abroad to-night till this  
hour? I come home, and this is my com-  
fort!

*Eleanor.* But did he say nothing which  
might have set you at ease?

*Eldred.* I thought he grasped my hand  
while he was muttering something about  
his Child—his Daughter—(*starting as if  
he heard a noise*)—What is that?

*Eleanor.* Eldred, you are a father.

*Eldred.* God knows what was in my heart,  
and will not curse my son for my sake.

*Eleanor.* But you prayed by him? you  
waited the hour of his release?

*Eld.* The night was wasting fast ; I have no friend ; I am spited by the world—his wound terrified me—if I had brought him along with me, and he had died in my arms !—I am sure I heard something breathing—and this chair !

*Elea.* Oh, Eldred, you will die alone. You will have nobody to close your eyes—no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall be in my grave. A curse will attend us all.

*Eld.* Have you forgot your own troubles when I was in the dungeon ?

*Elea.* And you left him alive ?

*Eld.* Alive !—the damps of death were upon him—he could not have survived an hour.

*Elea.* In the cold, cold night.

*Eld.* (*in a savage tone*). Ay, and his head was bare ; I suppose you would have had me lend my bonnet to cover it.—You will never rest till I am brought to a felon's end.

*Elea.* Is there nothing to be done ? cannot we go to the Convent ?

*Eld.* Ay, and say at once that I murdered him !

*Elea.* Eldred, I know that ours is the only house upon the Waste ; let us take heart ; this Man may be rich ; and could he be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us.

*Eld.* 'Tis all in vain.

*Elea.* But let us make the attempt. This old Man may have a wife, and he may have children—let us return to the spot ; we may restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon those that love him.

*Eld.* He will never open them more ; even when he spoke to me, he kept them firmly sealed, as if he had been blind.

*Idon.* (*rushing out*). It is, it is, my Father—

*Eld.* We are betrayed !

[*Looking at IDONEA.*]

*Elea.* His Daughter!—God have mercy!

[*Turning to IDONEA.*]

*Idon.* (*sinking down*). Oh ! lift me up and carry me to the place.

You are safe ; the whole world shall not harm you.

*Elea.* This Lady is his Daughter.

*Eld.* (*moved*). I'll lead you to spot.

*Idon.* (*springing up*). Alive ! you let him breathe ? quick, quick—

[*Exit*]

## ACT V.

SCENE, *A Wood on the edge of the Waste.*

*Enter OSWALD and a Forester.*

*For.* He leaned upon the bridge ; spans the glen.

And down into the bottom cast his eye  
That fastened there, as it would check  
current.

*Osw.* He listened too ; did you not he listened ?

*For.* As if there came such moan  
from the flood

As is heard often after stormy nights

*Osw.* But did he utter nothing ?

*For.* See him there

MARMADUKE *appearing*.

*Mar.* Buzz, buzz, ye black and white  
freebooters ;

That is no substance which ye settle

*For.* His senses play him false ;  
see, his arms

Outspread, as if to save himself  
falling ! —

Some terrible phantom I believe is  
Passing before him, such as God will  
Permit to visit any but a man  
Who has been guilty of some horrid

[*MARMADUKE disapp.*]

*Osw.* The game is up ! —

*For.* If it be needful

I will assist you to lay hands upon him

*Osw.* No, no, my Friend, you may  
sue your business—

'Tis a poor wretch of an unsettled mind  
Who has a trick of straying from  
keepers ;

We must be gentle. Leave him to  
care.

[*Exit For*]

If his own eyes play false with him,  
freaks

Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by  
The goal is reached. My Master  
become

A shadow of myself—made by myself



This fair Bride . . .  
Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led



SCENE, *The edge of the Moor.*

ARMADUKE and ELDRED enter from opposite sides.

*Mar. raising his eyes and perceiving ELDRED.* In any corner of this savage Waste  
e you, good Peasant, seen a blind old Man?

*Eld.* I heard —

*Mar.* You heard him, where? when heard him?

*Eld.* As you know,  
first hours of last night were rough  
with storm:

I been out in search of a stray heifer;  
rning late, I heard a moaning sound;  
, thinking that my fancy had deceived  
me,

ried on, when straight a second moan,  
nan voice distinct, struck on my ear.  
ided, distant a few steps, I found  
ged Man, and such as you describe.

*Mar.* You heard! — he called you to  
im? Of all men

est and kindest! — but where is he?  
uide me,

I may see him.

On a ridge of rocks  
some Chapel stands, deserted now:  
ell is left, which no one dares re-  
ove;

hen the stormy wind blows o'er the  
ak,

s, as if a human hand were there  
l the cord. I guess he must have  
ard it;

had led him towards the precipice,  
nb up to the spot whence the sound  
me;

e had failed through weakness.  
om his hand

ff had dropped, and close upon the  
ink

mall pool of water he was laid,  
e had stooped to drink, and so re-  
ined

at the strength to rise.

Well, well, he lives,  
is safe: what said he?

But few words:

spake to me of a dear Daughter,  
o he feared, would never see him  
re;

0.

And of a Stranger to him, One by whom  
He had been sore misused; but he forgave  
The wrong and the wrong-doer. You are  
troubled —

Perhaps you are his son?

*Mar.* The All-seeing knows,  
I did not think he had a living Child. —  
But whither did you carry him?

*Eld.* He was torn,  
His head was bruised, and there was blood  
about him —

*Mar.* That was no work of mine.

*Eld.* Nor was it mine.

*Mar.* But had he strength to walk? I  
could have borne him  
A thousand miles.

*Eld.* I am in poverty,  
And know how busy are the tongues of  
men;

My heart was willing, Sir, but I am one  
Whose good deeds will not stand by their  
own light;

And, though it smote me more than words  
can tell,  
I left him.

*Mar.* I believe that there are phantoms,  
That in the shape of man do cross our  
path

On evil instigation, to make sport  
Of our distress — and thou art one of them!  
But things substantial have so pressed on  
me —

*Eld.* My wife and children came into  
my mind.

*Mar.* Oh Monster! Monster! there are  
three of us,

And we shall howl together.

[After a pause and in a feeble voice.

I am deserted

At my worst need, my crimes have in a  
net

(Pointing to ELDRED.) Entangled this  
poor man? Where was it? where?

[Dragging him along.

*Eld.* 'Tis needless; spare your violence.  
His Daughter —

*Mar.* Ay, in the word a thousand scor-  
pions lodge:

This old man had a Daughter.

*Eld.* To the spot  
I hurried back with her. — Oh save me,  
Sir,

From such a journey! — there was a  
black tree,

A single tree; she thought it was her Father.—

Oh Sir, I would not see that hour again  
For twenty lives. The daylight dawned,  
and now—

Nay; hear my tale, 'tis fit that you should  
hear it—

As we approached, a solitary crow  
Rose from the spot;—the Daughter  
clapped her hands,

And then I heard a shriek so terrible

[MARMADUKE *shrinks back*.

The startled bird quivered upon the wing.

Mar. Dead, dead!—

Eld. (*after a pause*). A dismal matter,  
Sir, for me,

And seems the like for you; if 'tis your  
wish,

I'll lead you to his Daughter; but 'twere  
best

That she should be prepared; I'll go  
before.

Mar. There will be need of preparation.

[ELDRED *goes off*.

Elea. (*enters*). Master!

Your limbs sink under you, shall I support  
you?

Mar. (*taking her arm*). Woman, I've  
lent my body to the service

Which now thou tak'st upon thee. God  
forbid

That thou shouldst ever meet a like oc-  
casion

With such a purpose in thine heart as  
mine was.

Elea. Oh, why have I to do with things  
like these? [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the door of ELDRED'S  
cottage—IDONEA seated—enter ELDRED.

Eld. Your Father, Lady, from a wilful  
hand

Has met unkindness; so indeed he told me.  
And you remember such was my report:

From what has just befallen me I have  
cause

To fear the very worst.

Idon. My Father is dead;

Why dost thou come to me with words  
like these?

Eld. A wicked Man should answer for  
his crimes.

Idon. Thou seest me what I am.

Eld. It was most hein

And doth call out for vengeance.

Idon. Do not

I prithee, to the harm thou'st don  
ready.

Eld. Hereafter you will thank me  
this service.

Hard by a Man I met, who, from  
proofs

Of interfering Heaven, I have no d  
Laid hands upon your Father. Fit it

You should prepare to meet him.

Idon. I have no

To do with others; help me to my Fat

[She turns and sees MARMADUKE

leaning on ELEANOR—th

herself upon his neck, and

some time,

In joy I met thee, but a few hours pa

And thus we meet again; one human

Is left me still in thee. Nay, shaken

Mar. In such a wilderness—to s

thing,

No, not the pitying moon!

Idon. And peri

Mar. Without a dog to moan for

Idon. Think not

But enter there and see him how he s

Tranquil as he had died in his own

Mar. Tranquil—why not?

Idon. Oh, peace!

Mar. He is at r

His body is at rest: there was a pl

A hideous plot, against the soul of t

It took effect--and yet I baffled it,

In some degree.

Idon. Between us stood, I th

A cup of consolation filled from He

For both our needs; must I, and

presence,

Alone partake of it?—Belovèd M

duke!

Mar. Give me a reason why the

thing

That the earth owns shall never ch

die,

But some one must be near to co

groans.

The wounded deer retires to solitu

And dies in solitude: all things be

All die in solitude.

[Moving towards the cottage

Mysterious G

If she had never lived I had not do

on. Alas, the thought of such a cruel death overwhelmed him.—I must follow.

*Lady!* will do well; (*she goes*) unjust suspicion may

lead to this Stranger: if, upon his entering,

that Man heave a groan, or from his side

take his hand—that would be evidence. Shame! Eldred, shame!

*(Both returning).* The dead have but one face. (*To himself.*)

such a Man—so meek and unoffending

and harmless as a babe: a Man a dubious signal to the world's protection

only dedicated—to decoy him!—

*O*, had you seen him living!—

*I* so filled horror is this world) am unto thee

thing most precious that it now contains:

fore through me alone must be revealed

from thy Parent was destroyed, lone!

the proofs!—

*O* miserable Father! First command me to bless all mankind;

at this moment have I ever wished of any living thing; but hear me,

me, ye Heavens!—(*knelling*)—may vengeance haunt the fiend

is most cruel murder: let him live over in terror of the elements;

under send him on his knees to my

open streets, and let him think he

he entereth the house of God,

of, self-moved, unsettling o'er his

ad; him, when he would lie down at

his wife the blood-drops on his

low! My voice was silent, but my heart

th joined thee. (*Leaning on MARMADUKE.*) Left the mercy of that savage Man!

How could he call upon his Child!—O

Friend! [*Turns to MARMADUKE.* My faithful true and only Comforter.

*Mar.* Ay, come to me and weep. (*He kisses her.*)

(*To ELDRED.*) Yes, Varlet, look, The devils at such sights do clap their

hands. [*ELDRED retires alarmed.* *Idon.* Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is

deadly pale; Hast thou pursued the monster?

*Mar.* I have found him.— Oh! would that thou hadst perished in

the flames! *Idon.* Here art thou, then can I be

desolate? *Mar.* There was a time, when this

protecting hand Availed against the mighty; never more

Shall blessings wait upon a deed of mine. *Idon.* Wild words for me to hear, for

me, an orphan, Committed to thy guardianship by

Heaven; And, if thou hast forgiven me, let me hope,

In this deep sorrow, trust, that I am thine

For closer care;—here, is no malady. [*Taking his arm.*

*Mar.* There, is a malady— (*Striking his heart and forehead.*) And

here, and here, A mortal malady. I am accurst:

All nature curses me, and in my heart Thy curse is fixed; the truth must be laid

bare. It must be told, and borne. I am the man,

(Abused, betrayed, but how it matters not) Presumptuous above all that ever breathed,

Who, casting as I thought a guilty Person Upon Heaven's righteous judgment, did

become An instrument of Fiends. Through me,

through me, Thy Father perished.

*Idon.* Perished—by what mischance? *Mar.* Belovèd! if I dared, so would I

call thee— Conflict must cease, and, in thy frozen

heart, The extremes of suffering meet in absolute

peace. [*He gives her a letter.* *Idon.* (*reads.*) "Be not surprised if you

hear that some signal judgment has be- fallen the man who calls himself your



father ; he is now with me, as his signature will show : abstain from conjecture till you see me.

"HERBERT.

"MARMADUKE."

The writing Oswald's ; the signature my Father's :

(*Looks steadily at the paper.*) And here is yours,—or do my eyes deceive me? You have then seen my Father?

*Mar.* He has leaned Upon this arm.

*Idon.* You led him towards the Convent?

*Mar.* That Convent was Stone-Arthur Castle. Thither

We were his guides. I on that night resolved

That he should wait thy coming till the day Of resurrection.

*Idon.* Miserable Woman,  
Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,  
I put denial on thy suit, and hence,  
With the disastrous issue of last night,  
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words.  
Be calm, I pray thee !

*Mar.* Oswald—  
*Idon.* Name him not.

*Enter female Beggar.*

*Beg.* And he is dead !—that Moor—  
how shall I cross it?

By night, by day, never shall I be able  
To travel half a mile alone. — Good Lady !  
Forgive me !—Saints forgive me. Had I  
thought

It would have come to this ! —  
*Idon.* What brings you hither? speak !

*Beg.* (*pointing to MARMADUKE.*) This  
innocent Gentleman. Sweet heavens ! I told him

Such tales of your dead Father !—God is  
my judge,

I thought there was no harm : but that  
bad Man,

He bribed me with his gold, and looked  
so fierce,

Mercy ! I said I know not what—oh pity  
me—

I said, sweet Lady, you were not his  
Daughter—

Pity me, I am haunted ;—thrice this day  
My conscience made me wish to be struck  
blind ;

And then I would have prayed, and had  
no voice.

*Idon.* (*to MARMADUKE.*) Was it  
Father?—no, no, no, for he  
Was meek and patient, feeble, old and  
blind,

Helpless, and loved me dearer than his  
—But hear me. For one question, I have  
a heart

That will sustain me. Did you murder  
him?

*Mar.* No, not by stroke of arm.  
learn the process :

Proof after proof was pressed upon my  
guilt

Made evident, as seemed, by blacker guilt  
Whose impious folds enwrapped thee : and truth

And innocence, embodied in his looks  
His words and tones and gestures,  
but serve

With me to aggravate his crimes.  
heaped

Ruin upon the cause for which I  
pleaded.

Then pity crossed the path of my reason  
Confounded, I looked up to Heaven,  
cast,

Idonea ! thy blind Father on the Ord  
Of the bleak Waste—left him— and so  
died !

[IDONEA sinks senseless ; Beggars  
ELEANOR, &c., crowd round,  
bear her off.

Why may we speak these things, and  
no more ;

Why should a thrust of the arm have  
a power,

And words that tell these things—be he  
in vain?

*She* is not dead. Why !—if I loved  
Woman,

I would take care she never woke again  
But she WILL wake, and she will weep  
me,

And say no blame was mine— and so  
fool,

Will waste her curses on another nation  
[*He walks about distracted*

*Enter OSWALD.*

OSWALD (*to himself*). Strong to overcome  
strong also to build up.

[*To MARMADUKE.*  
The starts and sallies of our last encounter  
Were natural enough ; but that, I think

all gone by. You have cast off the chains  
at fettered your nobility of mind—'  
livered heart and head!

Let us to Palestine ;

is is a paltry field for enterprise.

*Mar.* Ay, what shall we encounter next?

This issue—

as nothing more than darkness deepening  
darkness,

! weakness crowned with the impo-  
tence of death!—

or pupil is, you see, an apt proficient  
(*ironically*).

t not!—Here is another face hard by ;

ne, let us take a peep at both together,

, with a voice at which the dead will  
quake,

ound the praise of your morality—

his too much.

[*Drawing OSWALD towards the Cot-  
tage—stops short at the door.*

Men are there, millions, Oswald,  
with bare hands would have plucked  
out thy heart

flung it to the dogs : but I am raised

re, or sunk below, all further sense

evocation. Leave me, with the weight

at old Man's forgiveness on thy heart.

ing as heavily as it doth on mine.

ard I have been ; know, there lies not

now,

in the compass of a mortal thought,

ed that I would shrink from ;—but to

ndure,

is my destiny. May it be thine :

office, thy ambition, be henceforth

ed remorse, to welcome every sting

nitential anguish, yea with tears.

seas and continents shall lie be-

ween us .

ider space the better—we may find

h a course fit links of sympathy,

communicable rivalry

ained, for peaceful ends beyond our

ew.

[*Confused voices—several of the*

*band enter—rush upon OSWALD*

*and seize him.*

*of them.* I would have dogged him

the jaws of hell—

. Ha! is it so!—That vagrant

ag!—this comes

ing left a thing like her alive!

[*Aside.*

*Several voices.* Despatch him!

*Osw.*

If I pass beneath a rock

And shout, and, with the echo of my

voice,

Bring down a heap of rubbish, and it

crush me,

I die without dishonour. Famished,

starved,

A Fool and Coward blended to my wish!

[*Smiles scornfully and exultingly*

*at MARMADUKE.*

*Wal.* 'Tis done! (*stabs him*).

*Another of the band.* The ruthless traitor!

*Mar.* A rash deed!—

With that reproof I do resign a station

Of which I have been proud.

*Wil.* (*approaching MARMADUKE*). O

my poor Master!

*Mar.* Discerning Monitor, my faithful

Wilfred,

Why art thou here? [*Turning to WALLACE.*

Wallace, upon these Borders,

Many there be whose eyes will not want

cause

To weep that I am gone. Brothers in

arms!

Raise on that dreary Waste a monument

That may record my story: nor let words—

Few must they be, and delicate in their

touch

As light itself—be there withheld from Her

Who, through most wicked arts, was made

an orphan

By One who would have died a thousand

times

To shield her from a moment's harm. To

you,

Wallace and Wilfred, I commend the

Lady.

By lowly nature reared, as if to make her

In all things worthier of that noble birth,

Whose long-suspended rights are now on

the eve

Of restoration : with your tenderest care

Watch over her, I pray—sustain her—

*Several of the band (eagerly).* Captain!

*Mar.* No more of that ; in silence hear

my doom :

A hermitage has furnished fit relief

To some offenders ; other penitents,

Less patient in their wretchedness, have

fallen,

Like the old Roman, on their own sword's

point.

They had their choice : a wanderer *must*  
*I go,*  
 The Spectre of that innocent Man, my  
 guide.  
 No human ear shall ever hear me speak ;  
 No human dwelling ever give me food,  
 Or sleep, or rest : but over waste and  
 wild,

In search of nothing that this earth  
 give,  
 But expiation, will I wander on—  
 A Man by pain and thought compelled  
 live,  
 Yet loathing life—till anger is appease  
 In Heaven, and Mercy gives me leave  
 die.

## THE PRELUDE ; OR, GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM.

### BOOK FIRST.

#### INTRODUCTION.

##### CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

OH THERE is blessing in this gentle breeze,  
 A visitant that while it fans my cheek  
 Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it  
 brings  
 From the green fields, and from yon azure  
 sky.

Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze can  
 come  
 To none more grateful than to me ; es-  
 caped  
 From the vast city, where I long had  
 pined

A discontented sojourner : now free,  
 Free as a bird to settle where I will.  
 What dwelling shall receive me ? in what  
 vale

Shall be my harbour ? underneath what  
 grove

Shall I take up my home ? and what clear  
 stream

Shall with its murmur lull me into rest ?  
 The earth is all before me. With a heart  
 Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,  
 I look about ; and should the chosen  
 guide

Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,  
 I cannot miss my way. I breathe again !  
 Trances of thought and mountings of the  
 mind

'Come fast upon me : it is shaken off,  
 That burthen of my own unnatural self,

The heavy weight of many a weary day  
 Not mine, and such as were not made  
 me.

Long months of peace (if such bold  
 accord

With any promises of human life.  
 Long months of ease and undis-  
 delight

Are mine in prospect ; whither she  
 turn,

By road or pathway, or through track  
 field,

Up hill or down, or shall some flow-  
 thing

Upon the river point me out my course

Dear Liberty ! Yet what would it  
 But for a gift that consecrates the joy  
 For I, methought, while the sweet b  
 of heaven

Was blowing on my body, felt within  
 A correspondent breeze, that gently  
 With quickening virtue, but is now  
 come

A tempest, a redundant energy,  
 Vexing its own creation. Thanks to  
 And their congenial powers, that,  
 they join

In breaking up a long-continued frost  
 Bring with them vernal promises, the  
 Of active days urged on by flying hours  
 Days of sweet leisure, taxed with  
 thought

Abstruse, nor wanting punctual  
 high,

Matins and vespers of harmonious

Thus far, O Friend ! did I, not used to  
 make  
 present joy the matter of a song,  
 or forth that day my soul in measured  
 strains  
 it would not be forgotten, and are here  
 corded : to the open fields I told  
 prophecy : poetic numbers came  
 spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe  
 renovated spirit singled out,  
 his hope was mine, for holy services.  
 own voice cheered me, and, far more,  
 the mind's  
 eternal echo of the imperfect sound ;  
 both I listened, drawing from them  
 both  
 cheerful confidence in things to come.

Content and not unwilling now to give  
 spite to this passion, I paced on  
 his brisk and eager steps ; and came,  
 at length,  
 to a green shady place, where down I  
 sat  
 beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts  
 by choice,  
 settling into gentler happiness.  
 It was autumn, and a clear and placid day,  
 with warmth, as much as needed, from a  
 sun  
 whose hours declined towards the west ;  
 a day  
 with silver clouds, and sunshine on the  
 grass,  
 in the sheltered and the sheltering  
 grove  
 perfect stillness. Many were the  
 thoughts  
 hurried and dismissed, till choice  
 was made  
 of known Vale, whither my feet should  
 turn,  
 and rest till they had reached the very  
 door  
 of the one cottage which methought I  
 saw.  
 Picture of mere memory ever looked  
 in ; and while upon the fancied scene  
 I was ed with growing love, a higher power  
 Fancy gave assurance of some work  
 for me there forthwith to be begun,  
 and up too there performed. Thus long  
 I mused,  
 for lost sight of what I mused upon,

Save when, amid the stately grove of  
 oaks,  
 Now here, now there, an acorn, from its  
 cup  
 Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or  
 at once  
 To the bare earth dropped with a start-  
 ling sound.  
 From that soft couch I rose not, till the  
 sun  
 Had almost touched the horizon ; casting  
 then  
 A backward glance upon the curling  
 cloud  
 Of city smoke, by distance ruralised ;  
 Keen as a Truant or a Fugitive,  
 But as a Pilgrim resolute, I took,  
 Even with the chance equipment of that  
 hour,  
 The road that pointed toward the chosen  
 Vale.  
 It was a splendid evening, and my soul  
 Once more made trial of her strength,  
 nor lacked  
 Æolian visitations : but the harp  
 Was soon defrauded, and the banded  
 host  
 Of harmony dispersed in straggling  
 sounds,  
 And lastly utter silence ! " Be it so ;  
 Why think of anything but present  
 good ?"  
 So, like a home-bound labourer, I pursued  
 My way beneath the mellowing sun, that  
 shed  
 Mild influence ; nor left in me one wish  
 Again to bend the Sabbath of that time  
 To a servile yoke. What need of many  
 words ?  
 A pleasant loitering journey, through  
 three days  
 Continued, brought me to my hermitage.  
 I spare to tell of what ensued, the life  
 In common things—the endless store of  
 things,  
 Rare, or at least so seeming, every day  
 Found all about me in one neighbour-  
 hood—  
 The self-congratulation, and, from morn  
 To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.  
 But speedily an earnest longing rose  
 To brace myself to some determined aim,  
 Reading or thinking ; either to lay up  
 New stores, or rescue from decay the old.

By timely interference : and therewith  
Came hopes still higher, that with out-  
ward life

I might endue some airy phantasies  
That had been floating loose about for  
years,

And to such beings temperately deal  
forth

The many feelings that oppressed my  
heart.

That hope hath been discouraged ; wel-  
come light

Dawns from the east, but dawns to dis-  
appear

And mock me with a sky that ripens not  
Into a steady morning : if my mind,  
Remembering the bold promise of the  
past,

Would gladly grapple with some noble  
theme,

Vain is her wish ; where'er she turns she  
finds

Impediments from day to day renewed.

And now it would content me to yield  
up

Those lofty hopes awhile, for present  
gifts

Of humbler industry. But, oh, dear  
Friend !

The Poet, gentle creature as he is,  
Hath, like the Lover, his unruly times ;  
His fits when he is neither sick nor well,  
Though no distress be near him but his  
own

Unmanageable thoughts : his mind, best  
pleased

While she as duteous as the mother dove  
Sits brooding, lives not always to that  
end,

But like the innocent bird, hath goadings  
on

That drive her as in trouble through the  
groves ;

With me is now such passion, to be  
blamed

No otherwise than as it lasts too long.

When, as becomes a man who would  
prepare

For such an arduous work, I through  
myself

Make rigorous inquisition, the report  
Is often cheering ; for I neither seem

To lack that first great gift, the  
soul,

Nor general Truths, which are th  
selves a sort

Of Elements and Agents, Under-pow  
Subordinate helpers of the living mind

Nor am I naked of external things,  
Forms, images, nor numerous other ai

Of less regard, though won perhaps  
toil

And needful to build up a Poet's prais  
Time, place, and manners do I seek,  
these

Are found in plenteous store, but  
where such

As may be singled out with steady cho  
No little band of yet remembered nan

Whom I, in perfect confidence, m  
hope

To summon back from lonesome ban  
ment,

And make them dwellers in the heart  
men

Now living, or to live in future years.  
Sometimes the ambitious Power of cho

mistaking

Proud spring-tide swellings for a reg  
sea,

Will settle on some British theme, s  
old

Romantic tale by Milton left unsung ;  
More often turning to some gentle ple

Within the groves of Chivalry, I pipe  
To shepherd swains, or seated har

hand,  
Amid reposing knights by a river side

Or fountain, listen to the grave report  
Of dire enchantments faced and o

come  
By the strong mind, and tales of wal

feats,  
Where spear encountered spear,

sword with sword  
Fought, as if conscious of the blazon

That the shield bore, so glorious was  
strife :

Whence inspiration for a song that w  
Through ever-changing scenes of w

quest  
Wrongs to redress, harmonious tri

paid  
To patient courage and unblem

truth,  
To firm devotion, zeal unquenchable

and Christian meekness hallowing faithful loves.  
 Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would relate  
 how vanquished Mithridates northward passed,  
 and, hidden in the cloud of years, became in the Father of a race by whom  
 crushed the Roman Empire: how the friends  
 of followers of Sertorius, out of Spain  
 found shelter in the Fortunate Isles,  
 and left their usages, their arts and laws,  
 disappear by a slow gradual death,  
 to dwindle and to perish one by one,  
 confined in those narrow bounds: but not the soul  
 of liberty, which fifteen hundred years  
 lived, and, when the European came with  
 his skill and power that might not be withstood,  
 like a pestilence, maintain its hold  
 wasted down by glorious death that race  
 of natural heroes: or I would record  
 in tyrannic times, some high-souled  
 man, named among the chronicles of kings,  
 and red in silence for Truth's sake: or  
 still, that one Frenchman,\* through continued force  
 of dictation on the inhuman deeds  
 of those who conquered first the Indian  
 Isles, single in his ministry across  
 the Ocean; not to comfort the oppressed,  
 but like a thirsty wind, to roam about  
 ringing the Oppressor: how Gustavus  
 sought his need in Dalecarlia's mines:  
 how Wallace fought for Scotland; left  
 his name  
 to Wallace to be found, like a wild  
 flower,  
 in his dear Country; left the deeds  
 of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts,  
 to people the steep rocks and river  
 banks,

unique de Gourgues, who in 1567 sailed  
 out to avenge the massacre of the French  
 missionaries. — ED. of 1850.

Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul  
 Of independence and stern liberty.

Sometimes it suits me better to invent  
 A tale from my own heart, more near akin  
 To my own passions and habitual thoughts;  
 Some variegated story, in the main  
 Lofty, but the unsubstantial structure  
 melts

Before the very sun that brightens it,  
 Mist into air dissolving! Then a wish,  
 My last and favourite aspiration, mounts  
 With yearning toward some philosophic  
 song

Of Truth that cherishes our daily life;  
 With meditations passionate from deep  
 Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse  
 Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;  
 But from this awful burthen I full soon  
 Take refuge and beguile myself with  
 trust

That mellow years will bring a ripener  
 mind

And clearer insight. Thus my days are  
 past

In contradiction; with no skill to part  
 Vague longing, haply bred by want of  
 power.

From paramount impulse not to be with-  
 stood,

A timorous capacity from prudence,  
 From circumspection, infinite delay.  
 Humility and modest awe themselves  
 Betray me, serving often for a cloak  
 To a more subtle selfishness; that now  
 Locks every function up in blank reserve,  
 Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye  
 That with intrusive restlessness beats off  
 Simplicity and self-presented truth.

Ah! better far than this, to stray about  
 Voluptuously through fields and rural  
 walks,

And ask no record of the hours, resigned  
 To vacant musing, unproved neglect  
 Of all things, and deliberate holiday.  
 Far better never to have heard the name  
 Of zeal and just ambition, than to live  
 Baffled and plagued by a mind that every  
 hour

Turns recreant to her task; takes heart  
 again,

Then feels immediately some hollow  
 thought

Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.  
 This is my lot; for either still I find

Some imperfection in the chosen theme,  
 Or see of absolute accomplishment  
 Much wanting, so much wanting, in my-  
 self,  
 That I recoil and droop, and seek repose  
 In listlessness from vain perplexity,  
 Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,  
 Like a false steward who hath much  
 received  
 And renders nothing back.

Was it for this  
 That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved  
 To blend his murmurs with my nurse's  
 song,  
 And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,  
 And from his fords and shallows, sent a  
 voice  
 That flowed along my dreams? For this,  
 didst thou,  
 O Derwent! winding among grassy holms  
 Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,  
 Make ceaseless music that composed my  
 thoughts  
 To more than infant softness, giving me  
 Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind  
 A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm  
 That Nature breathes among the hills  
 and groves.

When he had left the mountains and  
 received  
 On his smooth breast the shadow of those  
 towers  
 That yet survive, a shattered monument  
 Of feudal sway, the bright blue river  
 passed  
 Along the margin of our terrace walk;  
 A tempting playmate whom we dearly  
 loved.  
 Oh, many a time have I, a five years'  
 child,  
 In a small mill-race severed from his  
 stream,  
 Made one long bathing of a summer's  
 day;  
 Basked in the sun, and plunged and  
 basked again  
 Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured  
 The sandy fields, leaping through flowery  
 groves  
 Of yellow ragwort; or when rock and  
 hill,  
 The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty  
 height,

Were bronzed with deepest radiance  
 stood alone  
 Beneath the sky, as if I had been born  
 On Indian plains, and from my mother  
 hut  
 Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport  
 A naked savage, in the thunder show.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I  
 up  
 Fostered alike by beauty and by fear  
 Much favoured in my birthplace, and  
 less  
 In that beloved Vale to which ere long  
 We were transplanted--there were we  
 loose  
 For sports of wider range. Ere I had  
 Ten birth-days, when among the mountain  
 slopes  
 Frost, and the breath of frosty wind,  
 snapped  
 The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my  
 With store of springes o'er my shoes  
 hung  
 To range the open heights where  
 cocks run  
 Among the smooth green turf. Through  
 half the night,  
 Scudding away from snare to snare  
 plied  
 That anxious visitation;-- moon and  
 Were shining o'er my head. I was  
 And seemed to be a trouble to the  
 That dwelt among them. Sometimes  
 befell  
 In these night wanderings, that a  
 desire  
 O'erpowered my better reason, as  
 bird  
 Which was the captive of another's  
 Became my prey; and when the  
 was done  
 I heard among the solitary hills  
 Low breathings coming after me  
 sounds  
 Of undistinguishable motion, steps  
 Almost as silent as the turf they trod  
 Nor less when spring had warmed  
 cultured Vale,  
 Moved we as plunderers where the  
 bird  
 Had in high places built her  
 though mean

If object and inglorious, yet the end  
 is not ignoble. Oh! when I have  
 hung  
 o'er the raven's nest, by knots of grass  
 and half-inch fissures in the slippery  
 rock  
 : ill sustained, and almost (so it  
 seemed)  
 suspended by the blast that blew amain,  
 crouching the naked crag, oh, at that  
 time  
 while on the perilous ridge I hung alone,  
 what strange utterance did the loud  
 dry wind  
 blow through my ear! the sky seemed  
 not a sky  
 earth—and with what motion moved  
 the clouds!

Just as we are, the immortal spirit  
 grows  
 a harmony in music; there is a dark  
 crutable workmanship that reconciles  
 discordant elements, makes them cling  
 together  
 in society. How strange that all  
 terrors, pains, and early miseries,  
 frets, vexations, lassitudes interfused  
 in my mind, should e'er have borne a  
 part,  
 that a needful part, in making up  
 calm existence that is mine when I  
 worthy of myself! Praise to the end!  
 thanks to the means which Nature  
 designed to employ:  
 whether her fearless visitings, or those  
 came with soft alarm, like hurtless  
 light  
 bringing the peaceful clouds; or she may  
 use  
 her interventions, ministry  
 palpable, as best might suit her  
 aim.

: summer evening (led by her) I  
 found  
 the boat tied to a willow tree  
 in a rocky cave, its usual home.  
 But I unloosed her chain, and step-  
 ping in  
 drew from the shore. It was an act of  
 health  
 troubled pleasure, nor without the  
 nice

Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;  
 Leaving behind her still, on either side,  
 Small circles glittering idly in the moon,  
 Until they melted all into one track  
 Of sparkling light. But now, like one  
 who rows,

Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point  
 With an unswerving line, I fixed my view  
 Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,  
 The horizon's utmost boundary; far above  
 Was nothing but the stars and the grey  
 sky.

She was an elfin pinnace; lustily  
 I dipped my oars into the silent lake,  
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat  
 Went heaving through the water like a  
 swan;

When, from behind that craggy steep till  
 then

The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black  
 and huge,

As if with voluntary power instinct  
 Upreared its head. I struck and struck  
 again,

And growing still in stature the grim  
 shape

Towered up between me and the stars,  
 and still,

For so it seemed, with purpose of its own  
 And measured motion like a living thing,  
 Strode after me. With trembling oars I  
 turned,

And through the silent water stole my  
 way

Back to the covert of the willow tree;  
 There in her mooring-place I left my  
 bark,—

And through the meadows homeward  
 went, in grave

And serious mood; but after I had seen  
 That spectacle, for many days, my brain  
 Worked with a dim and undetermined  
 sense

Of unknown modes of being; o'er my  
 thoughts

There hung a darkness, call it solitude,  
 Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes  
 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,  
 Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;  
 But huge and mighty forms, that do not  
 live

Like living men, moved slowly through  
 the mind

By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.



Wisdom and Spirit of the universe !  
 Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,  
 That givest to forms and images a breath  
 And everlasting motion, not in vain  
 By day or star-light thus from my first  
 dawn

Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
 The passions that build up our human  
 soul ;

Not with the mean and vulgar works of  
 man,

But with high objects, with enduring  
 things—

With life and nature—purifying thus  
 The elements of feeling and of thought,  
 And sanctifying, by such discipline,  
 Both pain and fear, until we recognise  
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.  
 Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
 With stinted kindness. In November  
 days,

When vapours rolling down the valley  
 made

A lonely scene more lonesome, among  
 woods,

At noon and 'mid the calm of summer  
 nights,

When, by the margin of the trembling  
 lake,

• Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I  
 went

In solitude, such intercourse was mine ;  
 Mine was it in the fields both day and  
 night,

And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun  
 Was set, and visible for many a mile  
 The cottage windows blazed through  
 twilight gloom,

I heeded not their summons : happy time  
 It was indeed for all of us—for me

It was a time of rapture ! Clear and  
 loud

The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled  
 about,

Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
 That cares not for his home. All shod  
 with steel,

We hissed along the polished ice in  
 games

Confederate, imitative of the chase  
 And woodland pleasures,—the resounding  
 horn,

The pack loud chiming, and the hum  
 bare.

So through the darkness and the cold  
 flew,

And not a voice was idle ; with the din  
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;  
 The leafless trees and every icy crag  
 Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills  
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
 Of melancholy not unnoticed, while  
 stars

Eastward were sparkling clear, and in  
 west

The orange sky of evening died away.  
 Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
 Into a silent bay, or sportively  
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumult  
 throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star  
 That fled, and, flying still before  
 gleamed

Upon the glassy plain ; and oftentimes  
 When we had given our bodies to  
 wind,

And all the shadowy banks on either  
 Came sweeping through the dark  
 spinning still

The rapid line of motion, then at once  
 Have I, reclining back upon my heel  
 Stopped short ; yet still the solitary  
 Wheeled by me—even as if the earth  
 rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round  
 Behind me did they stretch in se  
 train,

Feebler and feebler, and I stood  
 watched

Till all was tranquil as a dreamless

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky  
 And on the earth ! Ye Visions of  
 hills !

And Souls of lonely places ! can I  
 A vulgar hope was yours when ye  
 played

Such ministry, when ye through my  
 year

Haunting me thus among my  
 sports,

On caves and trees, upon the wood  
 hills,

Impressed upon all forms the character  
 Of danger or desire ; and thus did  
 The surface of the universal earth

With triumph and delight, with hope and  
fear,  
Work like a sea?

Not uselessly employed,  
I pursue this theme through every  
change  
Exercise and play, to which the year  
d summons us in his delightful round.

We were a noisy crew; the sun in  
heaven  
held not vales more beautiful than  
ours;  
I saw a band in happiness and joy  
her, or worthier of the ground they  
trod.

would record with no reluctant voice  
woods of autumn, and their hazel  
bowers

h milk-white clusters hung; the rod  
and line,

: symbol of hope's foolishness, whose  
strong

unreproved enchantment led us on  
ocks and pools shut out from every  
star,

he green summer, to forlorn cascades  
ng the windings hid of mountain  
brooks.

fading recollections! at this hour  
heart is almost mine with which I  
felt,

some hill-top on sunny afternoons,  
paper kite high among fleecy clouds

it her rein like an impetuous courser;  
rom the meadows sent on gusty  
ays,

d her breast the wind, then suddenly  
ed headlong, and rejected by the  
form.

lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,  
stration of your own was yours:

forget you, being as you were  
utiful among the pleasant fields

ich ye stood? or can I here forget  
lain and seemly countenance with  
rich

alt out your plain comforts? Yet  
d ye

ts and exultations of your own.

and never weary we pursued  
me-amusements by the warm peat-

At evening, when with pencil, and smooth  
slate

In square divisions parcelled out and all  
With crosses and with cyphers scribbled  
o'er,

We schemed and puzzled, head opposed  
to head

In strife too humble to be named in  
verse:

Or round the naked table, snow-white  
deal,

Cherry or maple, sate in close array,  
And to the combat, Loo or Whist, led on

A thick-ribbed army; not, as in the  
world,

Neglected and ungratefully thrown by  
Even for the very service they had

wrought,  
But husbanded through many a long  
campaign.

Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few  
Had changed their functions; some,

plebeian cards  
Which Fate, beyond the promise of their  
birth,

Had dignified, and called to represent  
The persons of departed potentates.

Oh, with what echoes on the board they  
fell!

Ironie diamonds,—clubs, hearts, diamonds,  
spades,

A congregation piteously akin!  
Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,

Those sooty knaves, precipitated down  
With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of  
heaven:

The paramount ace, a moon in her  
eclipse,

Queens gleaming through their splen-  
dour's last decay,

And monarchs surly at the wrongs sus-  
tained

By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad  
Incessant rain was falling, or the frost

Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth;  
And, interrupting oft that eager game,

From under Esthwaite's splitting fields of  
ice

The pent-up air, struggling to free itself,  
Gave out to meadow-grounds and hills a

loud  
Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves  
Howling in troops along the Bothnic

Main.

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace  
 How Nature by extrinsic passion first  
 Peopled the mind with forms sublime or  
 fair,  
 And made me love them, may I here omit  
 How other pleasures have been mine, and  
 joys  
 Of subtler origin ; how I have felt,  
 Not seldom even in that tempestuous time,  
 Those hallowed and pure motions of the  
 sense  
 Which seem, in their simplicity, to own  
 An intellectual charm ; that calm delight  
 Which, if I err not, surely must belong  
 To those first-born affinities that fit  
 Our new existence to existing things,  
 And, in our dawn of being, constitute  
 The bond of union between life and joy.

Yes, I remember when the changeful  
 earth,  
 And twice five summers on my mind had  
 stamped  
 The faces of the moving year, even then  
 I held unconscious intercourse with beauty  
 Old as creation, drinking in a pure  
 Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths  
 Of curling mist, or from the level plain  
 Of waters coloured by impending clouds.

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks  
 and bays  
 Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell  
 How, when the Sea threw off his evening  
 shade  
 And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills  
 Sent welcome notice of the rising moon,  
 How I have stood, to fancies such as  
 these  
 A stranger, linking with the spectacle  
 No conscious memory of a kindred sight,  
 And bringing with me no peculiar sense  
 Of quietness or peace ; yet have I stood,  
 Even while mine eye hath moved o'er  
 many a league  
 Of shining water, gathering as it seemed,  
 Through every hair-breadth in that field  
 of light,  
 New pleasure like a bee among the  
 flowers.

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy  
 Which, through all seasons, on a child's  
 pursuits

Are prompt attendants, 'mid that glad  
 bliss  
 Which, like a tempest, works along the  
 blood  
 And is forgotten ; even then I felt  
 Gleams like the flashing of a shield ;—  
 earth  
 And common face of Nature spake to  
 Rememberable things ; sometimes,  
 true,  
 By chance collisions and quaint accidents  
 (Like those ill-sorted unions, work  
 posed  
 Of evil-minded fairies), yet not vain  
 Nor profitless, if haply they impressed  
 Collateral objects and appearances,  
 Albeit lifeless then, and doomed to sle  
 Until maturer seasons called them forth  
 To impregnate and to elevate the mind  
 — And if the vulgar joy by its own weight  
 Wearing itself out of the memory,  
 The scenes which were a witness of  
 joy  
 Remained in their substantial lineaments  
 Depicted on the brain, and to the eye  
 Were visible, a daily sight ; and thus  
 By the impressive discipline of fear,  
 By pleasure and repeated happiness,  
 So frequently repeated, and by force  
 Of obscure feelings representative  
 Of things forgotten, these same scenes  
 bright,  
 So beautiful, so majestic in themselves  
 Though yet the day was distant,  
 become  
 Habitually dear, and all their forms  
 And changeful colours by invisible lines  
 Were fastened to the affections. I be  
 My story early not mislaid, I trust,  
 By an infirmity of love for days  
 Disowned by memory ere the broad  
 spring  
 Planting my snowdrops among the  
 snows ;  
 Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend  
 prompt  
 In sympathy, that I have lengthened  
 With fond and feeble tongue a tedious  
 Meanwhile, my hope has been, that  
 might fetch  
 Invigorating thoughts from former  
 Might fix the wavering balance  
 mind,

and haply meet reproaches too, whose  
 power  
 may spur me on, in manhood now  
 mature,  
 honourable toil. Yet should these  
 hopes  
 prove vain, and thus should neither I be  
 taught  
 understand myself, nor thou to know  
 with better knowledge how the heart was  
 framed  
 him thou lovest; need I dread from  
 thee  
 rash judgments, if the song be loth to  
 quit  
 those recollected hours that have the  
 charm  
 visionary things, those lovely forms  
 of sweet sensations that throw back our  
 life,  
 almost make remotest infancy  
 visible scene, on which the sun is  
 shining?

The end at least hath been attained;  
 my mind  
 hath been revived, and if this genial  
 mood  
 exert me not, forthwith shall be brought  
 down  
 enough later years the story of my life.  
 The road lies plain before me; 'tis a  
 theme  
 plain and of determined bounds; and  
 hence  
 choose it rather at this time, than work  
 simpler or more varied argument,  
 ere I might be discomfited and lost:  
 certain hopes are with me, that to  
 thee  
 labour will be welcome, honoured  
 Friend!

## BOOK SECOND.

## SCHOOL-TIME--(CONTINUED).

As far, O Friend! have we, though  
 leaving much  
 unsited, endeavoured to retrace  
 simple ways in which my childhood  
 walked;

Those chiefly that first led me to the love  
 Of rivers, woods, and fields. The passion  
 yet

Was in its birth, sustained as might  
 befall

By nourishment that came unsought; for  
 still

From week to week, from month to  
 month, we lived

A round of tumult. Duly were our games  
 Prolonged in summer till the day-light  
 failed:

No chair remained before the doors; the  
 bench

And threshold steps were empty; fast  
 asleep

The labourer, and the old man who had  
 sate

A later lingerer; yet the revelry

Continued and the loud uproar: at last,  
 When all the ground was dark, and  
 twinkling stars

Edged the black clouds, home and to bed  
 we went.

Feverish with weary joints and beating  
 minds.

Ah! is there one who ever has been young,  
 Nor needs a warning voice to tame the  
 pride

Of intellect and virtue's self-esteem?

One is there, though the wisest and the  
 best

Of all mankind, who covets not at times  
 Union that cannot be;—who would not  
 give,

If so he might, to duty and to truth  
 The eagerness of infantine desire?

A tranquillising spirit presses now

On my corporeal frame, so wide appears  
 The vacancy between me and those days  
 Which yet have such self-presence in my  
 mind,

That, musing on them, often do I seem  
 Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself  
 And of some other Being. A rude mass  
 Of native rock, left midway in the square  
 Of our small market village, was the goal  
 Or centre of these sports; and when, re-  
 turned

After long absence, thither I repaired,  
 Gone was the old grey stone, and in its  
 place

A smart Assembly-room usurped the  
 ground

That had been ours. There let the fiddle  
scream,  
And be ye happy! Yet, my Friends! I  
know  
That more than one of you will think  
with me  
Of those soft starry nights, and that old  
Dame  
From whom the stone was named, who  
there had sate,  
And watched her table with its huckster's  
wares  
Assiduous, through the length of sixty  
years.

We ran a boisterous course; the year  
span round  
With giddy motion. But the time ap-  
proached  
That brought with it a regular desire  
For calmer pleasures, when the winning  
forms  
Of Nature were collaterally attached  
To every scheme of holiday delight  
And every boyish sport, less grateful else  
And languidly pursued.

When summer came,  
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,  
To sweep along the plain of Windermere  
With rival oars; and the selected bourne  
Was now an Island musical with birds  
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister  
Isle  
Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert,  
sown  
With lilies of the valley like a field;  
And now a third small Island, where sur-  
vived

In solitude the ruins of a shrine  
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served  
Daily with chaunted rites. In such a race  
So ended, disappointment could be none,  
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy:  
We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,  
Conquered and conqueror. Thus the  
pride of strength,  
And the vain-glory of superior skill,  
Were tempered; thus was gradually pro-  
duced.

A quiet independence of the heart;  
And to my Friend who knows me I may  
add,  
Fearless of blame, that hence for future  
days

Ensued a diffidence and modesty,  
And I was taught to feel, perhaps  
much,  
The self-sufficing power of Solitude.

Our daily meals were frugal, Sat  
fare!  
More than we wished we knew the bl-  
ing then  
Of vigorous hunger - hence corpo-  
strength  
Unsapped by delicate viands; for, excl  
A little weekly stipend, and we lived  
Through three divisions of the quar-  
year  
In penniless poverty. But now to sch  
From the half-yearly holidays returne  
We came with weightier purses, i  
sufficed  
To furnish treats more costly than  
Dame  
Of the old grey stone, from her s-  
board, supplied.  
Hence rustic dinners on the cool gr-  
ground,  
Or in the woods, or by a river's side  
Or shady fountain's, while among  
leaves  
Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-day  
Unfelt shone brightly round us in our  
Nor is my aim neglected if I tell  
How sometimes, in the length of t-  
half-years,  
We from our funds drew largely; -pr  
to curb,  
And eager to spur on, the galloping ste-  
And with the courteous inn-keeper, wh  
stud  
Supplied our want, we haply might em-  
Sly subterfuge, if the adventure's bo-  
Were distant: some famed temple wt  
of yore  
The Druids worshipped, or the anti-  
walls  
Of that large abbey, where within the  
Of Nightshade, to St. Mary's hor-  
built,  
Stands yet a mouldering pile with t-  
tured arch,  
Belfry, and images, and living trees;  
A holy scene!—Along the smooth gr-  
turf  
Our horses grazed. To more than inh-  
peace,

fit by the west wind sweeping overhead  
 o'er a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers  
 that sequestered valley may be seen,  
 the silent and both motionless alike ;  
 the deep shelter that is there, and  
 such  
 a safeguard for repose and quietness.

Our steeds remounted and the summons  
 given,  
 the whip and spur we through the  
 chantry flew  
 mouth race, and left the cross-legged  
 knight,

the stone-abbot, and that single wren  
 which one day sang so sweetly in the nave  
 the old church, that—though from  
 recent showers

earth was comfortless, and, touched  
 by faint

mal breezes, sobbings of the place  
 respirations, from the roofless walls  
 shuddering ivy dripped large drops—  
 yet still

weetly 'mid the gloom the invisible  
 bird

to herself, that there I could have  
 made

dwelling-place, and lived for ever  
 here

hear such music. Through the walls  
 we flew

down the valley, and, a circuit made  
 antonness of heart, through rough

and smooth

campered homewards. Oh, ye rocks  
 and streams,

that still spirit shed from evening air !  
 in this joyous time I sometimes felt

presence, when with slackened step  
 we breathed

the sides of the steep hills, or when  
 led by gleams of moonlight from the

at with thundering hoofs the level  
 and.

way on long Winander's eastern  
 shore,

the crescent of a pleasant bay,  
 where stood : no homely-featured

use,  
 all like its neighbouring cottages,

as a splendid place, the door beset

With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and  
 within

Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red  
 wine.

In ancient times, and ere the Hall was  
 built

On the large island, had this dwelling been  
 More worthy of a poet's love, a hut,  
 Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore  
 shade.

But—though the rhymes were gone that  
 once inscribed

The threshold, and large golden char-  
 acters,

Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had  
 dislodged

The old Lion and usurped his place, in  
 slight

And mockery of the rustic painter's  
 hand—

Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear  
 With all its foolish pomp. The garden

lay

Upon a slope surmounted by a plain  
 Of a small bowling-green ; beneath us

stood

A grove, with gleams of water through  
 the trees

And over the tree-tops ; nor did we want  
 Refreshment, strawberries and mellow

cream.

There, while through half an afternoon we  
 played

On the smooth platform, whether skill  
 prevailed

Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of  
 glee

Made all the mountains ring. But, ere  
 nightfall,

When in our pinnace we returned at  
 leisure

Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach  
 Of some small island steered our course

with one,  
 The Minstrel of the Troop, and left him

there.

And rowed off gently, while he blew his  
 flute

Alone upon the rock—oh, then, the calm  
 And dead still water lay upon my mind

Even with a weight of pleasure, and the  
 sky,  
 Never before so beautiful, sank down  
 Into my heart, and held me like a dream !

Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and  
thus

Daily the common range of visible things  
Grew dear to me: already I began  
To love the sun; a boy I loved the sun,  
Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge  
And surety of our earthly life, a light  
Which we behold and feel we are alive;  
Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—  
But for this cause, that I had seen him  
lay

His beauty on the morning hills, had  
seen

The western mountain touch his setting  
orb,

In many a thoughtless hour, when, from  
excess

Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow  
For its own pleasure, and I breathed with  
joy.

And, from like feelings, humble though  
intense,

To patriotic and domestic love

Analogous, the moon to me was dear;

For I could dream away my purposes,

Standing to gaze upon her while she hung

Midway between the hills, as if she knew

No other region, but belonged to thee,

Yea, appertained by a peculiar right

To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear  
Vale!

Those incidental charms which first  
attached

My heart to rural objects, day by day

Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell

How Nature, intervenient till this time

And secondary, now at length was sought

For her own sake. But who shall parcel  
out

His intellect by geometric rules,

Split like a province into round and  
square?

Who knows the individual hour in which

His habits were first sown, even as a  
seed?

Who that shall point as with a wand and  
say

"This portion of the river of my mind

Came from yon fountain?" Thou, my  
Friend! art one

More deeply read in thy own thoughts;  
to thee

Not as our glory and our absolute boast  
But as a succedaneum, and a prop  
To our infirmity. No officious slave  
Art thou of that false secondary power  
By which we multiply distinctions, then  
Deem that our puny boundaries  
things

That we perceive, and not that we have  
made.

To thee, unblinded by these formal arts  
The unity of all hath been revealed,  
And thou wilt doubt, with me less acquainted  
skilled

Than many are to range the faculties  
In scale and order, class the cabinet  
Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase  
Run through the history and birth  
each

As of a single independent thing.

Hard task, vain hope, to analyse  
mind,

If each most obvious and partial  
thought,

Not in a mystical and idle sense,

But in the words of Reason duly  
weighed,

Hath no beginning.

Blest the infant Babe  
(For with my best conjecture I would  
trace

Our Being's earthly progress: blest  
Babe,

Nursed in his Mother's arms, who  
to sleep,

Rocked on his Mother's breast: who  
his soul

Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's

For him, in one dear Presence, that  
exists

A virtue which irradiates and exalts  
Objects through widest intercourse  
sense.

No outcast he, bewildered and depressed  
Along his infant veins are interwoven  
The gravitation and the filial bond  
Of nature that connect him with  
world.

Is there a flower, to which he points  
hand

Too weak to gather it, already loved  
Drawn from love's purest earthly  
for him

Hath beautified that flower; and  
shades

pity cast from inward tenderness  
 fall around him upon aught that bears  
 slightly marks of violence or harm.  
 phatically such a Being lives,  
 it creature as he is, helpless as frail,  
 inmate of this active universe :  
 feeling has to him imparted power  
 t through the growing faculties of  
 sense  
 h like an agent of the one great Mind  
 te, creator and receiver both,  
 king but in alliance with the works  
 ch it beholds.—Such, verily, is the  
 first  
 ic spirit of our human life,  
 niform control of after years,  
 ost, abated or suppressed : in some,  
 igh every change of growth and of  
 decay,  
 niment till death.

From early days,  
 ming not long after that first time  
 rich, a Babe, by intercourse of touch  
 I mute dialogues with my Mother's  
 eart.  
 e endeavoured to display the means  
 eby this infant sensibility,  
 birthright of our being, was in me  
 ented and sustained. Yet is a path  
 difficult before me ; and I fear  
 n its broken windings we shall need  
 chamois' sinews, and the eagle's  
 ing :  
 w a trouble came into my mind  
 unknown causes. I was left alone  
 g the visible world, nor knowing  
 y.  
 ops of my affections were removed,  
 et the building stood, as if sus-  
 ned  
 own spirit ! All that I beheld  
 ear, and hence to finer influxes  
 ind lay open, to a more exact  
 se communion. Many are our joys  
 h, but oh ! what happiness to live  
 every hour brings palpable access  
 wledge, when all knowledge is  
 ight,  
 row is not there ! The seasons  
 ne,  
 ery season wheresoe'er I moved  
 ed transitory qualities,  
 but for this most watchful power  
 ove,

Had been neglected ; left a register  
 Of permanent relations, else unknown.  
 Hence life, and change, and beauty, soli-  
 tude

More active even than "best society"—  
 Society made sweet as solitude  
 By silent inobtrusive sympathies,  
 And gentle agitations of the mind  
 From manifold distinctions, difference  
 Perceived in things, where, to the un-  
 watchful eye,  
 No difference is, and hence, from the  
 same source,

Sublimier joy ; for I would walk alone,  
 Under the quiet stars, and at that time  
 Have felt whate'er there is of power in  
 sound

To breathe an elevated mood, by form  
 Or image unprofaned : and I would stand,  
 If the night blackened with a coming  
 storm,

Beneath some rock, listening to notes  
 that are

The ghostly language of the ancient earth.  
 Or make their dim abode in distant  
 winds.

Thence did I drink the visionary power ;  
 And deem not profitless those fleeting  
 moods

Of shadowy exultation : not for this,  
 That they are kindred to our purer mind  
 And intellectual life : but that the soul,  
 Remembering how she felt, but what she  
 felt

Remembering not, retains an obscure  
 sense

Of possible sublimity, whereto  
 With growing faculties she doth aspire,  
 With faculties still growing, feeling still  
 That whatsoever point they gain, they  
 yet

Have something to pursue.

And not alone,  
 'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid  
 fair

And tranquil scenes, that universal power  
 And fitness in the latent qualities  
 And essences of things, by which the mind  
 Is moved with feelings of delight, to me  
 Came strengthened with a superadded  
 soul,

A virtue not its own. My morning walks  
 Were early ;—oft before the hours of  
 --hoor



I travelled round our little lake, five miles  
 Of pleasant wandering. Happy time !  
 more dear  
 For this, that one was by my side, a  
 Friend,  
 Then passionately loved ; with heart how  
 full  
 Would he peruse these lines ! For many  
 years  
 Have since flowed in between us, and, our  
 minds  
 Both silent to each other, at this time  
 We live as if those hours had never been.  
 Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch  
 Far earlier, ere one smoke-wreath had  
 risen  
 From human dwelling, or the vernal  
 thrush  
 Was audible ; and sate among the woods  
 Alone upon some jutting eminence,  
 At the first gleam of dawn-light, when the  
 Vale,  
 Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude.  
 How shall I seek the origin ? where find  
 Faith in the marvellous things which then  
 I felt ?  
 Oft in these moments such a holy calm  
 Would overspread my soul, that bodily  
 eyes  
 Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw  
 Appeared like something in myself, a  
 dream,  
 A prospect in the mind.  
 'Twere long to tell  
 What spring and autumn, what the winter  
 snows,  
 And what the summer shade, what day  
 and night,  
 Evening and morning, sleep and waking,  
 thought  
 From sources inexhaustible, poured forth  
 To feed the spirit of religious love  
 In which I walked with Nature. But let  
 this  
 Be not forgotten, that I still retained  
 My first creative sensibility ;  
 That by the regular action of the world  
 My soul was unsubdued. A plastic power  
 Abode with me ; a forming hand, at times  
 Rebellious, acting in a devious mood ;  
 A local spirit of his own, at war  
 With general tendency, but, for the most,  
 Subservient strictly to external things

With which it communed. An auxi-  
 \* light  
 Came from my mind, which on the set  
 sun  
 Bestowed new splendour ; the melodi-  
 birds,  
 The fluttering breezes, fountains that  
 on  
 Murmuring so sweetly in them-  
 selves obeyed  
 A like dominion, and the midnight star  
 Grew darker in the presence of my eye  
 Hence my obeisance, my devotion here  
 And hence my transport.  
 Nor should this, perchance  
 Pass unrecorded, that I still had loved  
 The exercise and produce of a toil,  
 Than analytic industry to me  
 More pleasing, and whose character  
 deem  
 Is more poetic as resembling more  
 Creative agency. The song would speak  
 Of that interminable building reared  
 By observation of affinities  
 In objects where no brotherhood exists  
 To passive minds. My seventeenth  
 was come ;  
 And, whether from this habit rooted  
 So deeply in my mind, or from excess  
 In the great social principle of life  
 Coercing all things into sympathy,  
 To unorganic natures were transferred  
 My own enjoyments ; or the power  
 truth  
 Coming in revelation, did converse  
 With things that really are ; I, at  
 time,  
 Saw blessings spread around me like a  
 Thus while the days flew by, and  
 passed on,  
 From Nature and her overflowing sea  
 I had received so much, that all  
 thoughts  
 Were steeped in feeling : I was only  
 Contented, when with bliss ineffable  
 I felt the sentiment of Being spread  
 O'er all that moves and all that sees  
 still ;  
 O'er all that, lost beyond the reach  
 thought  
 And human knowledge, to the human  
 Invisible, yet liveth to the heart ;  
 O'er all that leaps and runs, and sings  
 and sings.

beats the gladsome air ; o'er all that  
glides  
neath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,  
mighty depth of waters. Wonder not  
igh the transport, great the joy I felt  
mmuning in this sort through earth and  
heaven

h every form of creature, as it looked  
ards the Uncreated with a counte-  
nance  
doration, with an eye of love.  
song they sang, and it was audible,  
t audible, then, when the fleshly ear,  
come by humblest prelude of that  
strain,  
ot her functions, and slept undis-  
turbed.

this be error, and another faith  
easier access to the pious mind,  
vere I grossly destitute of all  
e human sentiments that make this  
arth  
ar, if I should fail with grateful voice  
eak of you, ye mountains, and ye  
akes  
sounding cataracts, ye mists and  
inds  
dwell among the hills where I was  
orn.

ny youth I have been pure in heart,  
ngling with the world, I am content  
my own modest pleasures, and have  
ed

God and Nature communing, re-  
oved  
little enmities and low desires.  
ft is yours ; if in these times of fear  
melancholy waste of hopes o'er-  
rown,

Indifference and apathy,  
cked exultation when good men  
ry side fall off, we know not how,  
ishness, disguised in gentle names  
e and quiet and domestic love,  
ngled not unwillingly with sneers  
onary minds ; if, in this time  
fiction and dismay, I yet  
not of our nature, but retain  
than Roman confidence, a faith  
ils not, in all sorrow my support.  
ssing of my life ; the gift is yours,  
ds and sounding cataracts ! 'tis  
rs,

Ye mountains ! thine, O Nature ! Thou  
hast fed

My lofty speculations ; and in thee,  
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find  
A never-failing principle of joy  
And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend ! wert reared  
In the great city, 'mid far other scenes ;  
But we, by different roads, at length have  
gained

The self-same bourne. And for this cause  
to thee

I speak, unapprehensive of contempt,  
The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,  
And all that silent language which so oft  
In conversation between man and man  
Blots from the human countenance all  
trace

Of beauty and of love. For thou hast  
sought

The truth in solitude, and, since the days  
That gave thee liberty, fully long desired,  
To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast  
been

The most assiduous of her ministers ;  
In many things my brother, chiefly here  
In this our deep devotion.

Fare thee well !

Health and the quiet of a healthful mind  
Attend thee ! seeking oft the haunts of  
men,

And yet more often living with thyself,  
And for thyself, so haply shall thy days  
Be many, and a blessing to mankind.

## BOOK THIRD.

### RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was a dreary morning when the wheels  
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with  
clouds,

And nothing cheered our way till first we  
saw

The long-roofed chapel of King's College  
lift

Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,  
Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road  
A student clothed in gown and tasselled,  
cap,

Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,  
Or covetous of exercise and air ;  
He passed—nor was I master of my eyes  
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.  
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,  
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's  
force.

Onward we drove beneath the Castle ;  
caught,  
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a  
glimpse of Cam ;  
And at the *Hoof* alighted, famous Inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were  
full of hope ;  
Some friends I had, acquaintances who  
there  
Seemed friends, poor simple schoolboys,  
now hung round  
With honour and importance : in a world  
Of welcome faces up and down I roved :  
Questions, directions, warnings and ad-  
vice,  
Flowed in upon me, from all sides : fresh  
day  
Of pride and pleasure ! to myself I seemed  
A man of business and expense, and went  
From shop to shop about my own affairs,  
To Tutor or to Tailor, as befell,  
From street to street with loose and care-  
less mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream ; I  
roamed  
Delighted through the motley spectacle :  
Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students,  
streets,  
Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gate-  
ways, towers :  
Migration strange for a stripling of the  
hills,  
A northern villager.

As if the change  
Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once  
Behold me rich in monies, and attired  
In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and  
hair  
Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is  
keen.  
My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,  
With other signs of manhood that sup-  
plied  
The lack of beard.—The weeks went  
roundly on,

With invitations, suppers, wine and  
Smooth housekeeping within, and  
without  
Liberal, and suiting gentleman's arra

The Evangelist St. John my patron  
Three Gothic courts are his, and in  
first

Was my abiding-place, a nook obscur  
Right underneath, the College kilt  
made

A humming sound, less tuneable  
bees,

But hardly less industrious : with  
notes

Of sharp command and scolding  
mixed.

Near me hung Trinity's loquacious  
Who never let the quarters, night or  
Slip by him unproclaimed, and tol  
hours

Twice over with a male and female  
Her pealing organ was my neighbour  
And from my pillow, looking for  
light

Of moon or favouring stars, I cou  
hold

The antechapel where the statue so  
Of Newton with his prism and siler  
The marble index of a mind for eve  
Voyaging through strange seas of Th  
alone.

Of College labours, of the Let  
room

All studded round, as thick as  
could stand,

With loyal students faithful to their  
Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusar  
And honest dunces—of important  
Examinations, when the man was  
As in a balance ! of excessive hop  
Tremblings withal and comm  
fears,

Small jealousies, and triumphs &  
bad—

Let others that know more speak  
know.

Such glory was but little sought by  
And little won. Yet from the fir  
days

Of settling time in this untried ab  
I was disturbed at times by  
thoughts,

'ishing to hope without a hope, some  
 fears  
 out my future worldly maintenance,  
 id, more than all, a strangeness in the  
 mind,  
 feeling that I was not for that hour,  
 or for that place. But wherefore be  
 cast down?  
 r (not to speak of Reason and her pure  
 flective acts to fix the moral law  
 ep in the conscience, nor of Christian  
 Hope,  
 wing her head before her sister Faith  
 one far mightier), hither I had come,  
 ar witness Truth, endowed with holy  
 powers  
 d faculties, whether to work or feel.  
 when the dazzling show no longer  
 new  
 d ceased to dazzle, oftentimes did I quit  
 comrades, leave the crowd, buildings  
 and groves,  
 d as I paced alone the level fields  
 from those lovely sights and sounds  
 sublime  
 h which I had been conversant, the  
 mind  
 oped not; but there into herself re-  
 turning,  
 h prompt rebound seemed fresh as  
 heretofore.  
 east I more distinctly recognised  
 native instincts: let me dare to speak  
 gher language, say that now I felt  
 it independent solaces were mine,  
 nitigate the injurious sway of place  
 circumstance, how far soever changed  
 outh, or to be changed in after years.  
 f awakened, summoned, roused, con-  
 strained,  
 ked for universal things: perused  
 common countenance of earth and  
 sky:  
 h, nowhere unembellished by some  
 trace  
 hat first Paradise whence man was  
 driven:  
 sky, whose beauty and bounty are  
 pressed  
 e proud name she bears—the name  
 of Heaven.  
 ed on both to teach me what they  
 ight;  
 ning the mind in upon herself,

Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread  
 my thoughts  
 And spread them with a wider creeping;  
 felt  
 Incumbencies more awful, visitings  
 Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,  
 That tolerates the indignities of Time,  
 And, from the centre of Eternity  
 All finite motions overruling, lives  
 In glory immutable. But peace! enough  
 Here to record that I was mounting now  
 To such community with highest truth—  
 A track pursuing, not untrod before,  
 From strict analogies by thought sup-  
 plied  
 Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.  
 To every natural form, rock, fruit, or  
 flower,  
 Even the loose stones that cover the high-  
 way,  
 I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,  
 Or linked them to some feeling: the great  
 mass  
 Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all  
 That I beheld respired with inward  
 meaning.  
 Add that whatever of Terror or of Love  
 Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on  
 From transitory passion, unto this  
 I was as sensitive as waters are  
 To the sky's influence in a kindred mood  
 Of passion: was obedient as a lute  
 That waits upon the touches of the wind.  
 Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most  
 rich—  
 I had a world about me—'twas my own:  
 I made it, for it only lived to me,  
 And to the God who sees into the heart.  
 Such sympathies, though rarely, were be-  
 trayed  
 By outward gestures and by visible looks:  
 Some called it madness—so indeed it was,  
 If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,  
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness ma-  
 tured  
 To inspiration, sort with such a name;  
 If prophecy be madness; if things viewed  
 By poets in old time, and higher up  
 By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,  
 May in these tutored days no more be  
 seen  
 With undisordered sight. But leaving  
 this,  
 It was no madness, for the bodily eye.

Amid my strongest workings evermore  
Was searching out the lines of difference  
As they lie hid in all external forms,  
Near or remote, minute or vast ; an eye  
Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered  
leaf,

To the broad ocean and the azure heavens  
Spangled with kindred multitudes of  
stars,  
Could find no surface where its power  
might sleep ;  
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,  
And by an unrelenting agency  
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend ! have I retraced  
my life

Up to an eminence, and told a tale  
Of matters which not falsely may be  
called

The glory of my youth. Of genius,  
power,

Creation and divinity itself

I have been speaking, for my theme has  
been

What passed within me. Not of outward  
things

Done visibly for other minds, words,  
signs,

• Symbols or actions, but of my own heart  
Have I been speaking, and my youthful  
mind.

O Heavens ! how awful is the might of  
souls,

And what they do within themselves  
while yet

The yoke of earth is new to them, the  
world

Nothing but a wild field where they were  
sown.

This is, in truth, heroic argument.

This genuine prowess, which I wished to  
touch

With hand however weak, but in the  
main

It lies far hidden from the reach of words.  
Points have we all of us within our souls

Where all stand single ; this I feel, and  
make •

Breathings for incommunicable powers ;

But is not each a memory to himself?—

And, therefore, now that we must quit  
this theme,

I am not heartless, for there's not a man

That lives who hath not known his  
like hours,  
And feels not what an empire we inherit  
As natural beings in the strength  
Nature.

No more : for now into a populous  
We must descend. A Traveller I am  
Whose tale is only of himself ; even so  
So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt  
To follow, and if thou, my honour  
Friend !

Who in these thoughts art ever at  
side,  
Support, as heretofore, my fainting

It hath been told, that when the  
delight

That flashed upon me from this  
show

Had failed, the mind returned into  
self ;

Yet true it is, that I had made a change  
In climate, and my nature's outward

Changed also slowly and insensibly.

Full oft the quiet and exalted thought  
Of loneliness gave way to empty noise

And superficial pastimes ; now and then  
Forced labour, and more frequently for

hopes ;

And, worst of all, a treasonable growth  
Of indecisive judgments, that impaired

And shook the mind's simplicity.—  
yet

This was a gladsome time. Could I  
hold

Who, less insensible than sodden clay  
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,

Could have beheld, with undelighted  
heart,

So many happy youths, so wide and full  
A congregation in its budding-time

Of health, and hope, and beauty, all  
once

So many divers samples from the growth  
Of life's sweet season—could have seen

unmoved  
That miscellaneous garland of wild flow

Decking the matron temples of a place  
So famous through the world ? To me

least,

It was a goodly prospect : for, in sooth  
Though I had learnt betimes to see

unimpaired.

independent musings pleased me so  
 at spells seemed on me when I was  
 alone,  
 could I only cleave to solitude  
 onely places ; if a throng was near  
 it way I leaned by nature ; for my  
 heart  
 ; social, and loved idleness and joy.

ot seeking those who might participate  
 deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,  
 ugh not unused to mutter lonesome  
 songs,  
 i with myself divided such delight,  
 xoked that way for aught that might  
 be clothed

uman language), easily I passed  
 i the remembrances of better things,  
 slipped into the ordinary works  
 reless youth, unburdened, unalarmed.  
 rns there were within my mind which  
 un  
 I never penetrate, yet did there not  
 store of leafy *arbours* where the  
 ght  
 t enter in at will. Companionships,  
 dships, acquaintances, were welcome  
 ll.

auntered, played, or rioted ; we  
 lked  
 iftable talk at morning hours ;  
 d about along the streets and  
 alks,  
 lazily in trivial books, went forth  
 llop through the country in blind  
 al  
 seless horsemanship, or on the breast  
 n sailed boisterously, and let the  
 us  
 forth, perhaps without one quiet  
 ought.

was the tenour of the second act  
 new life. Imagination slept,  
 t not utterly. I could not print  
 where the grass had yielded to  
 steps  
 rations of illustrious men,  
 ed. I could not always lightly  
 s  
 i the same gateways, sleep where  
 r had slept,  
 here they waked, range that in-  
 ure old,

That garden of great intellects, undis-  
 turbed.

Place also by the side of this dark sense  
 Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,  
 Even the great Newton's own ethereal  
 self,

Seemed humbled in these precincts thence  
 to be

The more endeared. Their several me-  
 mories here

(Even like their persons in their portraits  
 clothed

With the accustomed garb of daily life)

Put on a lowly and a touching grace  
 Of more distinct humanity, that left  
 All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington  
 I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn  
 shade ;

Heard him, while birds were warbling,  
 tell his tales

Of amorous passion. And that gentle  
 Bard,

Chosen by the Muses for their Page of  
 State --

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded  
 heaven

With the moon's beauty and the moon's  
 soft pace,

I called him Brother, Englishman, and  
 Friend !

Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,  
 Stood almost single ; uttering odious  
 truth --

Darkness before, and danger's voice be-  
 hind,

Soul awful -- if the earth has ever lodged  
 An awful soul -- I seemed to see him here  
 Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress  
 Bounding before me, yet a stripling  
 youth --

A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks  
 Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,  
 And conscious step of purity and pride.  
 Among the band of my compeers was one  
 Whom chance had stationed in the very  
 room

Honoured by Milton's name. O tempe-  
 rate Bard !

Be it confest that, for the first time,  
 seated

Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,  
 One of a festive circle, I poured out

Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride  
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain  
Never excited by the fumes of wine  
Before that hour, or since. Then, forth

I ran

From the assembly ; through a length of  
streets,

Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door  
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,  
Albeit long after the importunate bell  
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra  
voice

No longer haunting the dark winter night.  
Call back, O Friend ! a moment to thy  
mind.

The place itself and fashion of the rites.  
With careless ostentation shouldering up  
My surplice, through the inferior throng  
I clove

Of the plain Burghers, who in audience  
stood

On the last skirts of their permitted  
ground,

Under the pealing organ. Empty  
thoughts !

I am ashamed of them : and that great  
Bard,

And thou, O Friend ! who in thy ample  
mind

Hast placed me high above my best  
deserts,

Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,  
In some of its unworthy vanities,  
Brother to many more.

In this mixed sort

The months passed on, remissly, not given  
up

To wilful alienation from the right,  
Or walks of open scandal, but in vague

And loose indifference, easy likings, aims  
Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,

Yet Nature, or a happy course of things  
Not doing in their stead the needful work.

The memory languidly revolved, the heart  
Reposed in noontide rest, the inner pulse

Of contemplation almost failed to beat.  
Such life might not inaptly be compared

To a floating island, an amphibious spot  
Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal

Not wanting a fair face of water-weeds  
And pleasant flowers. The thirst of living

praise,

'Tis reverence for the glorious Dead, the

Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs  
Where mighty *minds* lie visibly entombed  
Have often stirred the heart of y  
and bred

A fervent love of rigorous discipline.  
Alas ! such high emotion touched not  
Look was there none within these  
o shame

My easy spirits, and discountenance  
Their light composure, far less to in-  
A calm resolve of mind, firmly addi-  
To puissant efforts. Nor was th  
blame

Of others but my own ; I should, in  
As far as doth concern my single se  
Misdeem most widely, lodging it  
where :

For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuri-  
Was a spoiled child, and, rambling  
the wind,

As I had done in daily intercourse  
With those crystalline rivers, &  
heights,

And mountains, ranging like a  
the air,

I was ill-tutored for captivity ;  
To quit my pleasure, and, from m  
month,

Take up a station calmly on the p  
Of sedentary peace. Those loves  
Had also left less space within m

Which, wrought upon instinctive  
found

A freshness in those objects of her  
A winning power, beyond all other  
Not that I slighted books. - that  
lack

All sense, - but other passions  
ruled,

Passions more fervent, making  
prompt

To in-door study than was wise or  
Or suited to those years. Yet I  
used

In magisterial liberty to rove.  
Culling such flowers of learning  
tempt

A random choice, could shadow  
place

(If now I yield not to a flattering  
Whose studious aspect should

me down

To instantaneous service ; shou  
Have made me pay to science !

mitted lore, acknowledged my liege  
 and, frankly offered up, like that  
 I had paid to Nature. Toil and  
 sins  
 recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,  
 spread from heart to heart; and  
 ately groves,  
 ic edifices, should not want  
 esponding dignity within.  
 ngregating temper that pervades  
 ripe years, not wasted, should be  
 ight  
 ister to works of high attempt -  
 which the enthusiast would per-  
 m with love.  
 should be awed, religiously pos-  
 sed  
 conviction of the power that waits  
 wledge, when sincerely sought and  
 red  
 own sake, on glory and on praise  
 y labour won, and fit to endure  
 ssing day; should learn to put  
 le  
 ppings here, should strip them off  
 shed  
 ntiquity and steadfast truth  
 ong book-mindedness: and over  
 y sound simplicity should reign.  
 plainness, name it what you will,  
 an or pious.

If these thoughts  
 atuitous emblazonry  
 cks the recreant age æt live in,

and False-seeming free to affect  
 r formal gait of discipline  
 ise them highest in their own  
 m—

I parade among the Schools at  
 he House of God. Was ever

s shepherd who persists to

thirsts not to a pool disliked?  
 ust surely hang on days begun  
 with such mockery. Be wise,  
 nts and Deans, and, till the

times revive, and youth be

At home in pious service, to your bells  
 Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound  
 Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;  
 And your officious doings bring disgrace  
 On the plain steeples of our English  
 Church,

Whose worship, 'mid remotest village  
 trees,  
 Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at  
 hand

In daily sight of this irreverence,  
 Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,  
 Loses her just authority, falls beneath  
 Collateral suspicion, else unknown.

This truth escaped me not, and I confess,  
 That having 'mid my native hills given  
 loose

To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a  
 pile

Upon the basis of the coming time,  
 That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what  
 joy

To see a sanctuary for our country's youth  
 Informed with such a spirit as might be  
 Its own protection: a primeval grove.  
 Where, though the shades with cheerful-  
 ness were filled,

Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds  
 In under-coverts, yet the countenance  
 Of the whole place should bear a stamp  
 of awe:

A habitation sober and demure  
 For ruminating creatures: a domain  
 For quiet things to wander in: a haunt  
 In which the heron should delight to feed  
 By the shy rivers, and the pelican  
 Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought  
 Might sit and sun himself.—Alas! alas!  
 In vain for such solemnity I looked;  
 Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies,  
 ears vexed

By chattering popinjays: the inner heart  
 Seemed trivial, and the impresses without  
 Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight,  
 Those venerable Doctors saw of old,  
 When all who dwelt within these famous  
 walls

Led in abstemiousness a studious life;  
 When, in forlorn and naked chambers  
 cooped

And crowded, o'er the ponderous books,  
 they hung  
 Like caterpillars eating out their way



In silence, or with keen devouring noise  
Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes  
then

At matins froze, and couched at curfew-  
time,

Trained up through piety and zeal to  
prize

Spare diet, patient labour, and plain  
weeds.

O seat of Arts ! renowned throughout the  
world !

Far different service in those homely days  
The Muses' modest nurslings underwent  
From their first childhood : in that glo-  
rious time

When Learning, like a stranger come  
from far,

Sounding through Christian lands her  
trumpet, roused

Peasant and king ; when boys and youths,  
the growth

Of ragged villages and crazy huts,  
Forsook their homes, and, errant in the  
quest

Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook,  
Where, pensioned, they in shelter might  
sit down,

From town to town and through wide  
scattered realms

Journeyed with ponderous folios in their  
hands ;

And often, starting from some covert place,  
Saluted the chance comer on the road,  
Crying, "An obolus, a penny give  
To a poor scholar !"—when illustrious  
men,

Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,  
Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, read  
Before the doors or windows of their cells  
By moonshine through mere lack of taper  
light.

But peace to vain regrets ! We see but  
darkly

Even when we look behind us, and best  
things

Are not so pure by nature that they needs  
Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,  
Their highest promise. If the mariner,  
When at reluctant distance he hath passed  
Some tempting island, could but know  
the ills

"That must have fallen upon him had he

His bark to land upon the wishe  
shore,

Good cause would oft be his to than  
surf

Whose white belt scared him then  
wind that blew

Inexorably adverse : for myself

I grieve not ; happy is the gown'd y

Who only misses what I missed, wh

No lower than I fell.

I did not love

Judging not ill perhaps, the timid co  
Of our scholastic studies ; could  
wished

To see the river flow with ampler ra  
And freer pace ; but more, far me  
grieved

To see displayed among an eager fe  
Who in the field of contest persevere  
Passions unworthy of youth's gen  
heart

And mounting spirit, pitiously repaid  
When so disturbed, whatever palm  
won.

From these I turned to travel wil  
shoal

Of more unthinking natures, easy m  
And pillowy ; yet not wanting love  
makes

The day pass lightly on, when fore  
sleeps,

And wisdom and the pledges intercha  
With our own inner being are forgot

Yet was this deep vacation not giv  
To utter waste. Hitherto I had sto  
In my own mind remote from social  
(At least from what we common  
name.)

Like a lone shepherd on a promont  
Who lacking occupation looks far fo  
Into the boundless sea, and rather r  
Than finds what he beholds. And  
it is,

That this first transit from the st  
delights

And wild outlandish walks of simple  
To something that resembles an app  
Towards human business, to a priv  
world

Within a world, a midway residence  
With all its intervenient imagery,  
Did better suit my visionary mind,  
For better than to have been bolted

st out abruptly into Fortune's way  
 ing the conflicts of substantial life ;  
 more just gradation did lead on  
 igher things ; more naturally ma-  
 ired,  
 ermanent possession, better fruits,  
 er of truth or virtue, to ensue.  
 ous mood, but oftener, I confess,  
 layful zest of fancy, did we note  
 could we less ?) the manners and the  
 ays  
 se who lived distinguished by the  
 dge  
 d or ill report : or those with whom  
 ne of Academic discipline  
 re perforce connected, men whose  
 ay  
 own authority of office served  
 our minds on edge, and did no  
 re.  
 nted we rich pastime of this kind,  
 everywhere, but chiefly in the ring  
 grave Elders, men unsoured,  
 tesque  
 icker, tricked out like aged trees  
 through the lapse of their in-  
 nity  
 dy place to any random seed  
 ooses to be reared upon their  
 ks.

on my view, confronting vividly  
 epherd swains whom I had lately

la different aspect of old age :  
 erent ! yet both distinctly marked.  
 embossed to catch the general

ictures for special use designed,  
 might seem, so aptly do they

ite Nature's book of rudiments -  
 e upheld as with maternal care  
 e would enter on her tender  
 ne  
 ig comprehension with delight,  
 igling playful with pathetic  
 hts.

faces of artificial life  
 ers finely wrought, the delicate

s, lurking, gleaming up and

Through that state arras woven with silk  
 and gold ;

This wily interchange of snaky hues,  
 Willingly or unwillingly revealed,  
 I neither knew nor cared for ; and as such  
 Were wanting here, I took what might be  
 found

Of less elaborate fabric. At this day  
 I smile, in many a mountain solitude  
 Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks  
 Of character, in points of wit as broad,  
 As aught by wooden images performed  
 For entertainment of the gaping crowd  
 At wake or fair. And oftentimes do flit  
 Remembrances before me of old men—  
 Old humourists, who have been long in  
 their graves.

And having almost in my mind put off  
 Their human names, have into phantoms  
 passed

Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer : 'tis enough to note  
 That here in dwarf proportions were  
 expressed

The limbs of the great world : its eager  
 strifes

Collaterally pourtrayed, as in mock fight,  
 A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt  
 Though short of mortal combat ; and  
 whate'er

Might in this pageant be supposed to hit  
 An artless rustic's notice, this way less,  
 More that way, was not wasted upon me—  
 And yet the spectacle may well demand  
 A more substantial name, no mimic show,  
 Itself a living part of a live whole.

A creek in the vast sea : for, all degrees  
 And shapes of spurious fame and short-  
 lived praise

Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms  
 Retainers won away from solid good ;  
 And here was Labour, his own bond-  
 slave : Hope,

That never set the pains against the prize ;  
 Idleness halting with his weary clog,  
 And poor misguided Shame, and witless  
 Fear,

And simple Pleasuræ foraging for Death ;  
 Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray ;  
 Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and  
 guile

Murmuring submission, and bald govern-  
 ment,

(The idol weak as the idolater),  
 And Decency and Custom starving Truth,  
 And blind Authority beating with his  
 staff  
 The child that might have led him ;  
 Emptiness  
 Followed as of good omen, and meek  
 Worth  
 Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices  
 I cannot say what portion is in truth  
 The naked recollection of that time,  
 And what may rather have been called to  
 life

By after-meditation. But delight  
 That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,  
 Is still with Innocence its own reward,  
 This was not wanting. Carelessly I  
 roamed

As through a wide museum from whose  
 stores

A casual rarity is singled out  
 And has its brief perusal, then gives way  
 To others, all supplanted in their turn ;  
 Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of  
 things

That are by nature most unneighbourly,  
 The head turns round and cannot right  
 itself :

And though an aching and a barren sense  
 Of gay confusion still be uppermost,  
 With few wise longings and but little love,  
 Yet to the memory something cleaves at  
 last,

Whence profit may be drawn in times to  
 come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend !  
 The labouring time of autumn, winter,  
 spring,

Eight months ! rolled pleasingly away ;  
 the ninth

Came and returned me to my native hills.

## • BOOK FOURTH.

### SUMMER VACATION.

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when  
 quickening steps  
 Followed each other till a dreary moor

Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb  
 whose top

Standing alone, as from a rampart  
 I overlooked the bed of Windermere  
 Like a vast river, stretching in the  
 With exultation, at my feet I saw  
 Lake, islands, promontories, gl  
 bays,

A universe of Nature's fairest form  
 Proudly revealed with instantaneous  
 Magnificent, and beautiful, and ga  
 I bounded down the hill shouting  
 For the old Ferryman ; to the sh  
 rocks

Replied, and when the Charon  
 flood

Had staid his oars, and touch  
 jutting pier,

I did not step into the well-known  
 Without a cordial greeting. Then  
 speed

Up the familiar hill I took my way  
 Towards that sweet Valley \* where  
 been reared ;

'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere  
 round

I saw the snow-white church up  
 hill

Sit like a throned Lady, sending on  
 A gracious look all over her domain  
 Yon azure smoke betrays the l  
 town ;

With eager footsteps I advance and  
 The cottage threshold where my j  
 closed.

Glad welcome had I, with some  
 perhaps,

From my old Dame, so kind and mo  
 While she perused me with a p  
 pride.

The thoughts of gratitude shall f  
 dew

Upon thy grave, good creature !  
 my heart

Can beat never will I forget thy na  
 Heaven's blessing be upon thee  
 thou liest

After thy innocent and busy stir  
 In narrow cares, thy little daily  
 Of calm enjoyments, after eight  
 And more than eighty, of untro  
 Childless, yet by the stranger  
 blood

\* Hawkshead.

ured with little less than filial love.  
 : joy was mine to see thee once  
 gain,  
 and thy dwelling, and a crowd of  
 things  
 at its narrow precincts all beloved,  
 many of them seeming yet my own !  
 should I speak of what a thousand  
 rearts  
 : felt, and every man alive can guess ?  
 rooms, the court, the garden were not  
 eft  
 unsaluted, nor the sunny seat  
 d the stone table under the dark  
 ine,  
 dly to studious or to festive hours ;  
 hat unruly child of mountain birth,  
 amous brook, who, soon as he was  
 oxd  
 n our garden, found himself at once,  
 y trick insidious and unkind,  
 ed of his voice and left to dimple  
 own  
 out an effort and without a will)  
 mel paved by man's officious care.  
 ed at him and smiled, and smiled  
 ain,  
 n the press of twenty thousand  
 oughts,  
 quoth I, "pretty prisoner, are you  
 ere !"  
 ight sarcastic Fancy then have  
 ispered,  
 nblem here behold of thy own life ;  
 te course of even days with all  
 mouth enthrallment : " but the heart  
 s full,  
 ll for that reproach. My aged  
 me  
 ' proudly at my side : she guided  
 ;  
 , nay — nay, wishing to be led.  
 face of every neighbour whom I  
 t  
 e a volume to me ; some were  
 led  
 ic road, some busy at their work,  
 nonious greetings interchanged  
 alf the length of a long field  
 reen.  
 my schoolfellows I scattered  
 id  
 ognitions, but with some con-  
 int

Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,  
 But with more shame, for my habiliments,  
 The transformation wrought by gay  
 attire.

Not less delighted did I take my place  
 At our domestic table : and, dear Friend !  
 In this endeavour simply to relate  
 A Poet's history, may I leave untold  
 The thankfulness with which I laid me  
 down

In my accustomed bed, more welcome  
 now

Perhaps than if it had been more desired  
 Or been more often thought of with  
 regret ;

That lowly bed whence I had heard the  
 wind

Roar, and the rain beat hard : where I so  
 oft

Had lain awake on summer nights to  
 watch

The moon in splendour couched among  
 the leaves

Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood :  
 Had watched her with fixed eyes while to  
 and fro

In the dark summit of the waving tree  
 She rocked with every impulse of the  
 breeze.

Among the favourites whom it pleased  
 me well

To see again, was one by ancient right  
 Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills :  
 By birth and call of nature pre-ordained  
 To hunt the badger and unearth the fox  
 Among the impervious crags, but having  
 been

From youth our own adopted, he had  
 passed

Into a gentler service. And when first  
 The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day  
 Along my veins I kindled with the stir,  
 The fermentation, and the vernal heat  
 Of poesy, affecting private shades  
 Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used  
 To watch me, an attendant and a friend,  
 Obsequious to my steps early and late,  
 Though often of such dilatory walk  
 Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.

A hundred times when, roving high and  
 low,

I have been harassed with the toil of verse,  
 Much pains and little progress, and at once

Some lovely Image in the song rose up  
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the  
sea ;

Then have I darted forwards to let loose  
My hand upon his back with stormy joy,  
Caressing him again and yet again.  
And when at evening on the public way  
I sauntered, like a river murmuring  
And talking to itself when all things else  
Are still, the creature trotted on before ;  
Such was his custom ; but whenc'er he  
met

A passenger approaching, he would turn  
To give me timely notice, and straight-  
way,

Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed  
My voice, composed my gait, and, with  
the air

And mien of one whose thoughts are free,  
advanced

To give and take a greeting that might  
save

My name from piteous rumours, such as  
wait

On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized  
and loved -

Regretted ! - that word, too, was on my  
tongue,

But they were richly laden with all good,  
And cannot be remembered but with  
thanks

And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart -  
Those walks in all their freshness now  
came back

Like a returning Spring. When first I  
made

Once more the circuit of our little lake,  
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,  
That day consummate happiness was  
mine,

Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contem-  
plative.

The sun was set, or setting, when I left  
Our cottage\* door, and evening soon  
brought on

A sober hour, not winning or serene,  
For cold and raw the air was, and un-  
tuned ;

But as a face we love is sweetest then  
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look  
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart  
Have fulness in herself ; even so with me

It fared that evening. Gently di-  
soul

Put off her veil, and, self-trans-  
stood

Naked, as in the presence of her Ge-  
While on I walked, a comfort seen  
touch

A heart that had not been disconsol-  
Strength came where weakness was  
known to be,

At least not felt ; and restoration ca-  
Like an intruder knocking at the de-  
Of unacknowledged weariness. I to-  
The balance, and with firm hand we  
myself.

---Of that external scene which rour-  
lay,

Little, in this abstraction, did I see  
Remembered less ; but I had in  
hopes

And swellings of the spirit, was rap-  
soothed,

Conversed with promises, had glir-  
ing views

How life pervades the undecaying r-  
How the immortal soul with Go-  
power

Informs, creates, and thaws the de-  
sleep

That time can lay upon her ; ho-  
earth

Man, if he do but live within the lig-  
Of high endeavours, daily spreads al-  
His being armed with strength that  
not fail.

Nor was there want of milder thou-  
of love,

Of innocence, and holiday repose ;  
And more than pastoral quiet, "m-  
stir

Of boldest projects, and a peaceful e-  
At last, or glorious, by endurance w-  
Thus musing, in a wood I sate me d-  
Alone, continuing there to muse :

slopes  
And heights meanwhile were slowly  
spread

With darkness, and before a rip-  
breeze

The long lake lengthened out its l-  
line,

And in the sheltered coppice wh-  
sate,

Around me from among the hazel le-



"A favourite boundary to their lengthened walks  
This church-yard was."



w here, now there, moved by the  
straggling wind,  
ne ever and anon a breath-like sound,  
ck as the pantings of the faithful dog,  
off and on companion of my walk ;  
such, at times, believing them to be,  
rmed my head to look if he were  
there ;  
n into solemn thought I passed once  
more.

freshness also found I at this time  
man Life, the daily life of those  
se occupations really I loved ;  
peaceful scene oft filled me with  
surprise  
ged like a garden in the heat of  
pring,  
an eight-days' absence. For (to  
mit

hings which were the same and yet  
ppeared  
therwise) amid this rural solitude,  
row Vale where each was known to  
l,

not indifferent to a youthful mind  
rk some sheltering bower or sunny  
ok,

an old man had used to sit alone,  
vacant ; pale-faced babes whom I  
d left

s, now rosy prattlers at the feet  
eased grandame tottering up and  
wn ;

rowing girls whose beauty, filched  
ay

ll its pleasant promises, was gone  
s some slighted playmate's homely  
ek.

had something of a subtler sense,  
en looking round was moved to  
les

a delicate work of humour breeds ;  
without design, the opinions,  
ights,

plain-living people now observed  
arer knowledge ; with another

quiet woodman in the woods,  
sherd roam the hills. With new  
ht,

fly, did I note my grey-haired  
ie ;

Saw her go forth to church or other work  
Of state, equipped in monumental trim ;  
Short velvet cloak, (her bonnet of the  
like),

A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers  
Wore in old time. Her smooth domestic  
life,

Affectionate without disquietude,  
Her talk, her business, pleased me ; and  
no less

Her clear though shallow stream of piety  
That ran on Sabbath days a fresher  
course ;

With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her  
read

Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,  
And loved the book, when she had  
dropped asleep

And made of it a pillow for her head.

Nor less do I remember to have felt,  
Distinctly manifested at this time,  
A human-heartedness about my love  
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth  
Of my own private being and no more ;  
Which I had loved, even as a blessed  
spirit

Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,  
Might love in individual happiness.

But now there opened on me other  
thoughts

Of change, congratulation or regret,  
A pensive feeling ! It spread far and  
wide ;

The trees, the mountains shared it, and  
the brooks,

The stars of Heaven, now seen in their  
old haunts—

White Sirius glittering o'er the southern  
crag,

Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven,  
Acquaintances of every little child,  
And Jupiter, my own beloved star !

Whatever shadings of mortality,  
Whatever imports from the world of  
death

Had come among these objects here-  
tofore,

Were, in the man, of mood less tender ;  
strong,

Deep, gloomy were they, and severe ;  
the scatterings

Of awe or tremulous dread, that had  
given way



In later youth to yearnings of a love  
Enthusiastic, to delight and hope.

As one who hangs down-bending from  
the side

Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast  
Of a still water, solacing himself  
With such discoveries as his eye can make  
Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,  
Sees many beauteous sights—weeds, fishes,  
flowers,

Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies  
more,

Yet often is perplexed and cannot part  
The shadow from the substance, rocks  
and sky,

Mountains and clouds, reflected in the  
depth

Of the clear flood, from things which  
there abide

In their true dwelling ; now is crossed by  
gleam

Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,  
And wavering motions sent he knows not  
whence,

Impediments that make his task more  
sweet ;

Such pleasant office have we long pursued  
Incumbent o'er the surface of past time  
With like success, nor often have ap-  
peared

Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned  
Than these to which the Tale, indulgent  
Friend !

Would now direct thy notice. Yet in  
spite

Of pleasure won, and knowledge not  
withheld,

There was an inner falling off—I loved,  
Loved deeply all that had been loved  
before,

More deeply even than ever : but a  
swarm

Of heady schemes jostling each other,  
gawds,

And feast and dance, and public revelry,  
And sports and games (too grateful in  
themselves,

Yet in themselves less grateful, I believe,  
Than as they were a badge glossy and  
fresh

Of manliness and freedom) all conspired  
To lure my mind from firm habitual  
quest

- Of feeding pleasures, to depress th  
And damp those yearnings whic  
once been mine—

A wild, unworldly-minded youth,  
up

To his own eager thoughts. It  
demand

Some skill, and longer time than I  
spared,

To paint these vanities, and how  
wrought

In haunts where they, till now, had  
unknown.

It seemed the very garments that I  
Preyed on my strength, and stopp  
quiet stream

Of self-forgetfulness.

Yes, that heartless  
Of trivial pleasures was a poor exc  
For books and nature at that early  
'Tis true, some casual knowledge  
be gained

Of character or life ; but at that tir  
Of manners put to school I took  
note,

And all my deeper passions la  
where.

Far better had it been to exalt the  
By solitary study, to uphold  
Intense desire through meditative  
And yet, for chastisement of the  
grets,

The memory of one particular hour  
Doth here rise up against me.

throng  
Of maids and youths, old mer  
matrons staid,

A medley of all tempers, I had pas  
The night in dancing, gaiety, and  
With din of instruments and shufflin  
And glancing forms, and tapers gli  
And unaimed prattle flying up and  
Spirits upon the stretch, and he  
there

Slight shocks of young love-liking  
spersed,

Whose transient pleasure mounted  
head,

And tingled through the veins. I  
retired,

The cock had crowed, and m  
eastern sky

Was kindling, not unseen, from I  
copse

id open field, through which the path-  
 way wound,  
 d homeward led my steps. Magni-  
 ficent  
 e morning rose, in memorable pomp,  
 rious as e'er I had beheld—in front,  
 e sea lay laughing at a distance ; near,  
 e solid mountains shone, bright as the  
 clouds,  
 in-tinctured, drenched in empyrean  
 light ;  
 l in the meadows and the lower  
 grounds  
 ; all the sweetness of a common  
 dawn—  
 s, vapours, and the melody of birds,  
 labourers going forth to till the  
 fields.  
 need I say, dear Friend ! that to the  
 brim  
 heart was full ; I made no vows, but  
 rows  
 : then made for me ; bond unknown  
 o me  
 given, that I should be, else sinning  
 reatly,  
 licated Spirit. On I walked  
 ankful blessedness, which yet sur-  
 ives.

unge rendezvous ! My mind was at  
 at time  
 i-coloured show of grave and gay,  
 and light, short-sighted and pro-  
 und ;  
 onsiderate habits and sedate,  
 rting in one mansion unreprieved.  
 orth I knew of powers that I  
 ssessed,  
 h slighted and too oft misused.  
 sides,  
 ummer, swarming as it did with  
 ights  
 nt and idle, lacked not intervals  
 Folly from the frown of fleeting  
 ne  
 and the mind experienced in her-

nity as just as that of old  
 end and written spirit of God's  
 ks,  
 t held forth in Nature or in Man,  
 e pregnant vision, separate or con-  
 ed.

When from our better selves we have  
 too long  
 Been parted by the hurrying world, and  
 droop,  
 Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,  
 How gracious, how benign, is Solitude ;  
 How potent a mere image of her sway ;  
 Most potent when impressed upon the  
 mind  
 With an appropriate human centre—  
 hermit,  
 Deep in the bosom of the wilderness ;  
 Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot  
 Is treading, where no other face is seen)  
 Kneeling at prayers ; or watchman on the  
 top  
 Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves ;  
 Or as the soul of that great Power is met  
 Sometimes embodied on a public road,  
 When, for the night deserted, it assumes  
 A character of quiet more profound  
 Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer  
 months  
 Were flown, and autumn brought its  
 annual show  
 Of oars with oars contending, sails with  
 sails,  
 Upon Winander's spacious breast, it  
 chanced  
 That—after I had left a flower-decked  
 room  
 (Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, sur-  
 vived  
 To a late hour), and spirits overwrought  
 Were making night do penance for a day  
 Spent in a round of strenuous idleness—  
 My homeward course led up a long ascent,  
 Where the road's watery surface, to the  
 top  
 Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon  
 And bore the semblance of another stream  
 Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook  
 That murmured in the vale. All else was  
 still ;  
 No living thing appeared in earth or air,  
 And, save the flowing water's peaceful  
 voice,  
 Sound there was none—but, lo ! an un-  
 couth shape,  
 Shown by a sudden turning of the road,  
 So near that, slipping back into the shade  
 Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him  
 well,

Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,  
 A span above man's common measure,  
 tall,  
 Stiff, lank, and upright ; a more meagre  
 man  
 Was never seen before by night or day.  
 Long were his arms, pallid his hands ;  
 his mouth  
 Looked ghastly in the moonlight : from  
 behind,  
 A mile-stone propped him ; I could also  
 ken  
 That he was clothed in military garb,  
 Though faded, yet entire. Companion-  
 less,  
 No dog attending, by no staff sustained,  
 He stood, and in his very dress appeared  
 A desolation, a simplicity,  
 To which the trappings of a gaudy world  
 Make a strange back-ground. From his  
 lips, ere long,  
 Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain  
 Or some uneasy thought ; yet still his  
 form  
 Kept the same awful steadiness—at his  
 feet  
 His shadow lay, and moved not. From  
 self-blame  
 Not wholly free, I watched him thus ; at  
 length  
 Subduing my heart's specious cowardice,  
 I left the shady nook where I had stood  
 And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-  
 place  
 He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm  
 In measured gesture lifted to his head  
 Returned my salutation ; then resumed  
 His station as before ; and when I asked  
 His history, the veteran, in reply,  
 Was neither slow nor eager ; but, un-  
 moved,  
 And with a quiet uncomplaining voice,  
 A stately air of mild indifference,  
 He told in few plain words a soldier's  
 tale—  
 That in the Tropic Islands he had served,  
 Whence he had landed scarcely three  
 weeks past ;  
 That on his landing he had been dis-  
 missed,  
 And now was travelling towards his native  
 home.  
 This heard, I said, in pity, "Come with  
 me."

He stooped, and straightway from  
 ground took up  
 An oaken staff by me yet unobserved  
 A staff which must have dropt from  
 slack hand  
 And lay till now neglected in the grass  
 Though weak his step and cautious  
 appeared  
 To travel without pain, and I beheld  
 With an astonishment but ill supplied  
 His ghostly figure moving at my side  
 Nor could I, while we journeyed  
 forbear  
 To turn from present hardships  
 past,  
 And speak of war, battle, and pestilence  
 Sprinkling this talk with questions,  
 spared,  
 On what he might himself have  
 felt.  
 He all the while was in demeanour  
 Concise in answer ; solemn and sul-  
 He might have seemed, but that in  
 said  
 There was a strange half-absence, as  
 Knowing too well the importance  
 theme,  
 But feeling it no longer. Our dis-  
 Soon ended, and together on we passed  
 In silence through a wood gloomy  
 still.  
 Up-turning, then, along an open field  
 We reached a cottage. At the door  
 knocked,  
 And earnestly to charitable care  
 Commended him as a poor friendless  
 Belated and by sickness overcome.  
 Assured that now the traveller  
 repose  
 In comfort, I entreated that henceforth  
 He would not linger in the public way  
 But ask for timely furtherance and  
 Such as his state required. At the  
 proof,  
 With the same ghastly mildness in  
 look,  
 He said, "My trust is in the Good  
 Heaven,  
 And in the eye of him who passes in  
 The cottage door was speedily  
 barred,  
 And now the soldier touched his hat  
 more

With his lean hand, and in a faltering  
voice,  
Those tone bespoke reviving interests  
Ill then unfelt, he thanked me; I re-  
turned  
The farewell blessing of the patient man,  
And so we parted. Back I cast a look,  
And lingered near the door a little space,  
When sought with quiet heart my distant  
home.

## BOOK FIFTH.

## BOOKS.

When Contemplation, like the night-  
calm felt  
Enough earth and sky, spreads widely,  
And sends deep  
The soul its tranquillising power,  
Then I sometimes grieve for thee,  
O Man,  
Thy's paramount Creature! not so much  
for woes  
Thou endurest; heavy though that  
weight be,  
I-like it mounts, or touched with  
light divine  
Melt away; but for those palms  
chieved,  
Through length of time, by patient exercise  
Solely and hard thought; there, there,  
Is  
Sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto,  
Progress through this Verse, my mind  
With looked  
The speaking face of earth and  
Heaven  
For prime teacher, intercourse with  
An  
Ish by the sovereign Intellect,  
Through that bodily image hath  
Fused,  
Might appear to the eye of fleeting  
Time,  
A less spirit. Thou also, man! hast  
Fought,  
Commerce of thy nature with herself,  
That aspire to unconquerable life;  
But we feel—we cannot choose but  
They must perish. Tremblings of  
Heart

It gives, to think that our immortal  
being  
No more shall need such garments; and  
yet man,  
As long as he shall be the child of earth,  
Might almost "weep to have" what he  
may lose,  
Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,  
Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate.  
A thought is with me sometimes, and I  
say,—  
Should the whole frame of earth by in-  
ward throes  
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far  
to scorch  
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up  
Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and  
bare,  
Yet would the living Presence still subsist  
Victorious, and composure would ensue,  
And kindlings like the morning—presage  
sure  
Of day returning and of life revived.  
But all the meditations of mankind,  
Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth  
By reason built, or passion, which itself  
Is highest reason in a soul sublime;  
The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,  
Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,  
Twin labourers and heirs of the same  
hopes;  
Where would they be? Oh! why hath  
not the Mind  
Some element to stamp her image on  
In nature somewhat nearer to her own?  
Why, gifted with such powers to send  
abroad  
Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so  
frail?

One day, when from my lips a like  
complaint  
Had fallen in presence of a studious  
friend,  
He with a smile made answer, that in  
truth  
'Twas going far to seek disquietude;  
But on the front of his reproof, confessed  
That he himself had oftentimes given  
way  
To kindred hauntings. Whereupon I  
told,  
That once in the stillness of a summer's  
noon,

While I was seated in a rocky cave  
By the sea-side, perusing, so it chanced,  
The famous history of the errant knight  
Recorded by Cervantes, these same  
thoughts

Beset me, and to height unusual rose,  
While listlessly I sate, and, having closed  
The book, had turned my eyes toward  
the wide sea.

On poetry and geometric truth,  
And their high privilege of lasting life,  
From all internal injury exempt,  
I mused; upon these chiefly: and at  
length,

My senses yielding to the sultry air,  
Sleep seized me, and I passed into a  
dream.

I saw before me stretched a boundless  
plain

Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,  
And as I looked around, distress and fear  
Came creeping over me, when at my side,  
Close at my side, an uncouth shape  
appeared

Upon a dromedary, mounted high,  
He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin  
tribes:

A lance he bore, and underneath one arm  
A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell  
Of a surpassing brightness. At the sight  
Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a  
guide

Was present, one who with unerring skill  
Would through the desert lead me; and  
while yet

I looked and looked, self-questioned what  
this freight

Which the new-comer carried through  
the waste

Could mean, the Arab told me that the  
stone

(To give it in the language of the dream)  
Was "Euclid's Elements;" and "This,"  
said he,

"Is something of more worth;" and at  
the word

Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in  
shape,

In colour so resplendent, with command  
That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,  
And heard that instant in an unknown  
tongue,

Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,  
A loud prophetic blast of harmony;

An Ode, in passion uttered, which  
told

Destruction to the children of the  
By deluge, now at hand. No sooner  
The song, than the Arab with calm  
declared

That all would come to pass of which  
voice

Had given forewarning, and that I  
self

Was going then to bury those two  
The one that held acquaintance with  
stars,

And wedded soul to soul in purest  
Of reason, undisturbed by space or  
The other that was a god, yea man  
Had voices more than all the wind  
power

To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe  
Through every clime, the heart of  
kind.

While this was uttering, strange as  
seem,

I wondered not, although I plainly  
The one to be a stone, the other a  
Nor doubted once but that the  
were books,

Having a perfect faith in all that passed  
Far stronger, now, grew the desire  
To cleave unto this man; but  
prayed

To share his enterprise, he hurried  
Reckless of me: I followed, not unwilling  
For oftentimes he cast a backward  
Grasping his twofold treasure.—Lest  
rest,

He rode, I keeping pace with him  
now

He, to my fancy, had become the  
Whose tale Cervantes tells; yet I  
knight,

But was an Arab of the desert too  
Of these was neither, and was I  
once.

His countenance, meanwhile, grew  
disturbed;

And, looking backwards when he  
mine eyes

Saw, over half the wilderness diffused  
A bed of glittering light: I asked  
cause:

"It is," said he, "the waters of the  
Gathering upon us;" quickening  
the pace

the unwieldy creature he bestrode,  
 left me : I called after him aloud ;  
 heeded not ; but, with his twofold  
 charge  
 in his grasp, before me, full in view,  
 not hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,  
 through the fleet waters of a drowning  
 world  
 chase of him ; whereat I waked in  
 terror,  
 I saw the sea before me, and the book,  
 which I had been reading, at my side.

all often, taking from the world of  
 sleep

Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,  
 semi-Quixote, I to him have given  
 substance, fancied him a living man,  
 idle dweller in the desert, crazed  
 love and feeling, and internal thought  
 acted among endless solitudes ;  
 I shaped him wandering upon this  
 quest !

I have I pitied him ; but rather felt  
 reverence was due to a being thus em-  
 ployed ;  
 I thought that, in the blind and awful  
 air

in a madness, reason did lie couched.  
 there are on earth to take in charge  
 wives, their children, and their  
 region loves,

whatsoever else the heart holds dear ;  
 to stir for these ; yea, will I say,  
 replating in soberness the approach  
 event so dire, by signs in earth  
 even made manifest, that I could  
 are

maniac's fond anxiety, and go  
 like errand. Oftentimes at least  
 with such strong entrancement over-  
 me,

I have held a volume in my hand,  
 richly casket of immortal verse,  
 Keats, or Milton, labourers divine !

and benign, indeed, must be the  
 'er

of nature, which could thus so

rest from the best of other guides  
 rest helpers, left unthanked, un-  
 sed,

the time of lisping infancy ;

And later down, in prattling childhood  
 even,

While I was travelling back among those  
 days,

How could I ever play an ingrate's part ?  
 Once more should I have made those  
 bowers resound,

By intermingling strains of thankfulness  
 With their own thoughtless melodies ; at  
 least

It might have well beseemed me to repeat  
 Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,  
 In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale  
 That did bewitch me then, and soothes  
 me now.

O Friend ! O Poet ! brother of my soul,  
 Think not that I could pass along un-  
 touched

By these remembrances. Yet wherefore  
 speak ?

Why call upon a few weak words to say  
 What is already written in the hearts  
 Of all that breathe ?—what in the path of  
 all

Drops daily from the tongue of every  
 child,

Wherever man is found ? The trickling  
 tear

Upon the cheek of listening Infancy  
 Proclaims it, and the insuperable look  
 That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave  
 There registered : whatever else of power  
 Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be  
 Peculiar to myself, let that remain  
 Where still it works, though hidden from  
 all search

Among the depths of time. Yet is it just  
 That here, in memory of all books which  
 lay

Their sure foundations in the heart of  
 man,

Whether by native prose, or numerous  
 verse,

That in the name of all inspired-souls—  
 From Homer the great Thunderer, from  
 the voice

That roars along the bed of Jewish song,  
 And that more varied and elaborate,  
 Those trumpet-tones of harmony that  
 shake

Our shores in England,—from those  
 loftiest notes

Down to the low and wren-like warblings,  
 made  
 For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,  
 And sun-burnt travellers resting their  
 tired limbs,  
 Stretched under wayside hedge-rows,  
 ballad tunes,  
 Food for the hungry ears of little ones,  
 And of old men who have survived their  
 joys—  
 'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,  
 And of the men that framed them,  
 whether known,  
 Or sleeping nameless in their scattered  
 graves,  
 That I should here assert their rights,  
 attest  
 Their honours, and should, once for all,  
 pronounce  
 Their benediction ; speak of them as  
 Powers  
 For ever to be hallowed ; only less,  
 For what we are and what we may  
 become,  
 Than Nature's self, which is the breath of  
 God,  
 Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I  
 stoop  
 To transitory themes ; yet I rejoice,  
 And, by these thoughts admonished, will  
 pour out  
 Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was  
 reared  
 Safe from an evil which these days have  
 laid  
 Upon the children of the land, a pest  
 That might have dried me up, body and  
 soul.  
 This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,  
 And things that teach as Nature teaches :  
 then,  
 Oh ! where had been the Man, the Poet  
 where,  
 Where had we been, we two, beloved  
 Friend !  
 If in the season of unperilous choice,  
 In lieu of wandering, as we did, through  
 vales  
 Rich with indigenous produce, open  
 ground  
 Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at  
 will,

We had been followed, hourly w  
 and noosed,  
 Each in his several melancholy w  
 Stringed like a poor man's heife  
 feed,  
 Led through the lanes in forlorn  
 tude ;  
 Or rather like a stallèd ox debarre  
 From touch of growing grass, th  
 not taste  
 A flower till it have yielded up its  
 A prelibation to the mower's scyth

Behold the parent hen amid he  
 Though fledged and feathered, a  
 pleased to part  
 And straggle from her presence  
 brood,  
 And she herself from the materna  
 Still undischarged ; yet doth she lit  
 Than move with them in tenderr  
 love,  
 A centre to the circle which they  
 And now and then, alike from  
 theirs  
 And call of her own natural appet  
 She scratches, ransacks up the e  
 food,  
 Which they partake at pleasure.  
 died  
 My honoured Mother, she who  
 heart  
 And hinge of all our learnings  
 loves :  
 She left us destitute, and, as we n  
 Trooping together. Little suits i  
 To break upon the sabbath of her  
 With any thought that looks at  
 blame ;  
 Nor would I praise her but in perf  
 Hence am I checked ; but let m  
 say,  
 In gratitude, and for the sake of  
 Unheard by her, that she, not  
 taught,  
 Fetching her goodness rather fro  
 past,  
 Than shaping novelties for times  
 Had no presumption, no such jea  
 Nor did by habit of her thoug  
 trust  
 Our nature, but had virtual faith  
 Who fills the mother's breast  
 nocent milk,

th also for our nobler part provide,  
 der His great correction and control,  
 innocent instincts, and as innocent  
 food ;  
 draws for minds that are left free to  
 trust  
 he simplicities of opening life  
 et honey out of spurned or dreaded  
 weeds.  
 ; was her creed, and therefore she was  
 pure  
 n anxious fear of error or mishap,  
 evil, overweeningly so called ;  
 not puffed up by false unnatural  
 ropes,  
 selfish with unnecessary cares,  
 with impatience from the season  
 asked  
 than its timely produce ; rather  
 oved  
 ours for what they are, than from  
 egard  
 ed on their promises in restless  
 ride.  
 was she—not from faculties more  
 rong  
 others have, but from the times,  
 rhaps,  
 oot in which she lived, and through  
 grace  
 dest meekness, simple-mindedness,  
 t that found benignity and hope,  
 itself benign.

My drift I fear  
 cely obvious ; but, that common  
 ise  
 y this modern system by its fruits,  
 let me take to place before her  
 ht  
 cimen pourtrayed with faithful  
 id.  
 ly trained to worship seemliness,  
 del of a child is never known  
 in quarrels ; that were far be-  
 th  
 ity ; with gifts he bubbles o'er  
 rous as a fountain ; selfishness  
 : come near him, nor the little  
 ng  
 g pleasures tempt him from his  
 ;  
 ndering beggars propagate his  
 ,  
 eatures find him tender as a nun,

And natural or supernatural fear,  
 Unless it leap upon him in a dream,  
 Touches him not. To enhance the wonder,  
 see

How arch his notices, how nice his sense  
 Of the ridiculous ; not blind is he  
 To the broad follies of the licensed world,  
 Yet innocent himself withal, though  
 shrewd,

And can read lectures upon innocence ;  
 A miracle of scientific lore,  
 Ships he can guide across the pathless  
 sea,

And tell you all their cunning ; he can  
 read

The inside of the earth, and spell the  
 stars ;

He knows the policies of foreign lands ;  
 Can string you names of districts, cities,  
 towns,

The whole world over, tight as beads of  
 dew

Upon a gossamer thread ; he sifts, he  
 weighs ;

All things are put to question ; he must  
 live

Knowing that he grows wiser every day

Or else not live at all, and seeing too

Each little drop of wisdom as it falls

Into the dimpling cistern of his heart : •

For this unnatural growth the trainer  
 blame,

Pity the tree.—Poor human vanity,  
 Wert thou extinguished, little would be  
 left

Which he could truly love ; but how 'es-  
 cape ?

For, ever as a thought of purer birth  
 Rises to lead him toward a better clime,  
 Some intermeddler still is on the watch  
 To drive him back, and pound him, like  
 a stray,

Within the pinfold of his own conceit.  
 Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved  
 to find

The playthings, which her love designed  
 for him,

Unthought of: in their woodland beds  
 the flowers•

Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.  
 Oh ! give us once again the wishing-cap  
 Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat  
 Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,  
 And Sabra in the forest with St. George !



The child, whose love is here, at least,  
doth reap  
One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,  
Who, with a broad highway, have over-  
bridged

The froward chaos of futurity,  
Tamed to their bidding ; they who have  
the skill

To manage books, and things, and make  
them act

On infant minds as surely as the sun  
Deals with a flower ; the keepers of our  
time,

The guides and wardens of our faculties,  
Sages who in their prescience would  
control

All accidents, and to the very road  
Which they have fashioned would confine  
us down,

Like engines ; when will their presump-  
tion learn,

That in the unreasoning progress of the  
world

A wiser spirit is at work for us,  
A better eye than theirs, most prodigal  
Of blessings, and most studious of our  
good,

Even in what seem our most unfruitful  
hours ?

There was a Boy : ye knew him well,  
ye cliffs

And islands of Winander !—many a time  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone  
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering  
lake,

And there, with fingers interwoven, both  
hands

Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his  
mouth

Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him ; and they  
would shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call, with quivering  
peals,

And long halloos and screams, and echoes  
loud,

Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild

Of jocund din ; and, when a len-  
pause

Of silence came and baffled his  
Then sometimes, in that silence  
hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild  
Has carried far into his heart the  
Of mountain torrents ; or the visit  
Would enter unawares into his m  
With all its solemn imagery, its  
Its woods, and that uncertain  
received

Into the bosom of the steady lake

This Boy was taken from his  
and died

In childhood, ere he was full twel-  
old.

Fair is the spot, most beautiful th  
Where he was born ; the grassy  
yard hangs

Upon a slope above the village s  
And through that churchyard v  
way has led

On summer evenings, I believe t  
A long half hour together I have  
Mute, looking at the grave in  
lies !

Even now appears before the mir-  
eye

That self-same village church ; I  
sit

(The thronèd Lady whom erev  
hailed)

On her green hill, forgetful of thi  
Who slumbers at her feet,—forge  
Of all her silent neighbourhood c  
And listening only to the gladsom  
That, from the rural school ascend  
Beneath her and about her. May  
Behold a race of young ones like  
With whom I herded !—(easily, i  
We might have fed upon a fatter  
Of arts and letters—but be that fo  
A race of real children ; not too  
Too learned, or too good ; but  
fresh,

And banded up and down by  
hate ;

Not unresentful where self-justifi  
Fierce, moody, patient, venturous  
shy ;

Mad at their sports like wither  
in winds ;

ough doing wrong and suffering, and  
full oft  
ding beneath our life's mysterious  
weight  
pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding  
not  
appiness to the happiest upon earth.  
plicity in habit, truth in speech,  
hese the daily strengtheners of their  
minds ;  
books and Nature be their early joy !  
knowledge, rightly honoured with  
that name—  
wledge not purchased by the loss of  
power !

ell do I call to mind the very week  
n I was first intrusted to the care  
at sweet Valley ; when its paths, its  
hores,  
brooks were like a dream of novelty  
ny half-infant thoughts ; that very  
week,  
e I was roving up and down alone,  
ng I knew not what, I chanced to  
ross  
of those open fields, which, shaped  
ke ears,  
green peninsulas on Esthwaite's  
ake :  
ght was coming on, yet through the  
loom  
red distinctly on the opposite  
ore  
p of garments, as if left by one  
might have there been bathing.  
ong I watched,  
one owned them ; meanwhile the  
lm lake  
dark with all the shadows on its  
east,  
ow and then, a fish up-leaping  
apped  
eathless stillness. The succeeding  
y,  
unclaimed garments telling a plain  
e  
o the spot an anxious crowd ; some  
ked  
ive expectation from the shore,  
from a boat others hung o'er the  
p  
g with grappling irons and long  
es

At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous  
scene  
Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright  
Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre  
shape  
Of terror ; yet no soul-debasing fear,  
Young as I was, a child not nine years old,  
Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen  
Such sights before, among the shining  
streams  
Of faery land, the forest of romance.  
Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle  
With decoration of ideal grace ;  
A dignity, a smoothness, like the works  
Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

A precious treasure had I long pos-  
sessed,  
A little yellow, canvas-covered book,  
A slender abstract of the Arabian tales ;  
And, from companions in a new abode,  
When first I learnt, that this dear prize  
of mine  
Was but a block hewn from a mighty  
quarry—  
That there were four large volumes, laden  
all  
With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in  
truth,  
A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,  
With one not richer than myself, I made  
A covenant that each should lay aside  
The moneys he possessed, and hoard up  
more,  
Till our joint savings had amassed enough  
To make this book our own. Through  
several months,  
In spite of all temptation, we preserved  
Religiously that vow ; but firmness failed,  
Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father's  
house  
The holidays returned me, there to find  
That golden store of books which I had  
left,  
What joy was mine ! How often in the  
course  
Of those glad respites, though a soft west  
wind  
Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish,  
For a whole day together, have I lain  
Down by thy side, O Derwent ! murmur-  
ing stream,

On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,  
And there have read, devouring as I read,  
Defrauding the day's glory, desperate !  
Till with a sudden bound of smart re-  
proach,  
Such as an idler deals with in his shame,  
I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,  
And o'er the heart of man : invisibly  
It comes, to works of unproved delight,  
And tendency benign, directing those  
Who care not, know not, think not what  
they do.

The tales that charm away the wakeful  
night

In Araby, romances ; legends penned  
For solace by dim light of monkish lamps ;  
Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised  
By youthful squires ; adventures endless,  
spun

By the dismantled warrior in old age,  
Out of the bowels of those very schemes  
In which his youth did first extravagate ;  
These spread like day, and something in  
the shape

Of these will live till man shall be no  
more.

Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are  
ours,

And *they must* have their food. Our  
childhood sits,

Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne  
That hath more power than all the ele-  
ments.

I guess not what this tells of Being past,  
Nor what it augurs of the life to come ;  
But so it is, and, in that dubious hour,  
That twilight when we first begin to see  
This dawning earth, to recognise, expect,  
And, in the long probation that ensues,  
The time of trial, ere we learn to live  
In reconciliation with our stinted powers ;  
To endure this state of meagre vassalage,  
Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,  
Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows  
To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed  
And humbled down ;—oh ! then we feel,  
we feel

We know where we have friends. Ye  
dreamers, then,

Forgers of daring tales ! we bless you then,  
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape  
Philosophy will call you : *then we feel*

With what, and how great might ye are ;  
league,

Who make our wish, our power, on  
thought a deed,

An empire, a possession,—ye whom time  
And seasons serve ; all Faculties to whom  
Earth crouches, the elements are potter  
clay,

Space like a heaven filled up with northern  
lights,

Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere :  
once.

Relinquishing this lofty eminence  
For ground, though humbler, not the le  
a tract

Of the same isthmus, which our spiri  
cross

In progress from their native continent  
To earth and human life, the Song mig  
dwell

On that delightful time of growing yout  
When craving for the marvellous giv  
way

To strengthening love for things that  
have seen ;

When sober truth and steady sympathie  
Offered to notice by less daring pens,  
Take firmer hold of us, and words the  
selves

Move us with conscious pleasure.

I am s  
At thought of raptures now for ever flow  
Almost to tears I sometimes could  
sad

To think of, to read over, many a page,  
Poems withal of name, which at that tim  
Did never fail to entrance me, and a  
now

Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre  
Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice fi  
years

Or less I might have seen, when first  
mind

With conscious pleasure opened to  
charm

Of words in tuneful order, found the  
sweet

For their own *sakes*, a passion, and  
power ;

And phrases pleased me chosen for  
light,

For pomp, or love. Oft, in the pa  
roads

et unfrequented, while the morning  
light  
as yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad  
with a dear friend, and for the better  
part  
two delightful hours we strolled along  
the still borders of the misty lake,  
repeating favourite verses with one voice,  
conning more, as happy as the birds  
that round us chaunted. Well might we  
be glad,  
lifted above the ground by airy fancies,  
more bright than madness or the dreams  
of wine ;  
and, though full oft the objects of our  
love  
were false, and in their splendour over-  
wrought,  
it was there surely then no vulgar  
power  
working within us,—nothing less, in  
truth,  
than that most noble attribute of man,  
rough yet untutored and inordinate,  
that wish for something loftier, more  
adorned,  
than is the common aspect, daily garb,  
human life. What wonder, then, if  
sounds  
exultation echoed through the groves !  
r, images, and sentiments, and words,  
and everything encountered or pursued  
that delicious world of poesy,  
that holiday, a never-ending show,  
with music, incense, festival, and flowers !  
Here must we pause : this only let me  
add,  
from heart-experience, and in humblest  
sense  
modesty, that he, who in his youth  
lively wanderer among woods and fields  
with living Nature hath been intimate,  
not only in that raw unpractised time  
stirred to ecstasy, as others are,  
glittering verse ; but further, doth  
receive,  
measure only dealt out to himself,  
knowledge and increase of enduring joy  
from the great Nature that exists in  
works  
mighty Poets. Visionary power  
ends the motions of the viewless winds,  
bodied in the mystery of words :

There, darkness makes abode, and all the  
host  
Of shadowy things work endless change:  
—there,  
As in a mansion like their proper home,  
Even forms and substances are circum-  
fused  
By that transparent veil with light divine  
And, through the turnings intricate of  
verse,  
Present themselves as objects recognised  
In flashes, and with glory not their own.

## BOOK SIXTH.

## CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

THE leaves were fading when to Esth-  
waite's banks  
And the simplicities of cottage life  
I bade farewell ; and, one among the  
youth  
Who, summoned by that season, reunite  
As scattered birds troop to the fowler's  
lure,  
Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so  
prompt  
Or eager, though as gay and undepressed  
In mind, as when I thence had taken  
flight  
A few short months before. I turned my  
face  
Without repining from the coves and  
heights  
Clothed in the sunshine of the withering  
fern ;  
Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence  
Of calmer lakes and louder streams ; and  
you,  
Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumber-  
land,  
You and your not unwelcome days of  
mirth  
Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,  
And in my own unlovely cell sate down  
In lightsome mood—such privilege has  
youth  
That cannot take long leave of pleasant  
thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society  
Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived

More to myself. Two winters may be  
passed

Without a separate notice ; many books  
Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously  
perused,

But with no settled plan. I was detached  
Internally from academic cares ;

Yet independent study seemed a course  
Of hardy disobedience towards friends  
And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.  
This spurious virtue, rather let it bear  
A name it now deserves, this cowardice,  
Gave treacherous sanction to that over-  
love

Of freedom which encouraged me to turn  
From regulations even of my own  
As from restraints and bonds. Yet who  
can tell—

Who knows what thus may have been  
gained, both then

And at a later season, or preserved ;  
What love of nature, what original  
strength

Of contemplation, what intuitive truths,  
The deepest and the best, what keen  
research,

Unbiassed, unbewildered, and unawed ?

The Poet's soul was with me at that  
time ;

Sweet meditations, the still overflow  
Of present happiness, while future years  
Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,  
No few of which have since been realised ;  
And some remain, hopes for my future  
life.

Four years and thirty, told this very week,  
Have I been now a sojourner on earth,  
By sorrow not unsmitten ; yet for me  
Life's morning radiance hath not left the  
hills,

Her dew is on the flowers. Those were  
the days

Which also first emboldened me to trust  
With firmness, hitherto but slightly  
touched

By such a daring thought, that I might  
leave

Some monument behind me which pure  
hearts

Should reverence. The instinctive hum-  
bleness,

Maintained even by the very name and  
thought

Of printed books and authorship, began  
To melt away ; and further, the dread awe  
Of mighty names was softened down and  
seemed

Approachable, admitting fellowship  
Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now  
Though not familiarly, my mind put on,  
Content to observe, to achieve, and to  
enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to  
choose,

Did I by night frequent the College  
groves

And tributary walks ; the last, and oft  
The only one, who had been lingering  
there

Through hours of silence, till the porter  
bell,

A punctual follower on the stroke of nine  
Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice  
Inexorable summons ! Lofty elms,

Inviting shades of opportune recess,  
Bestowed composure on a neighbour  
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree

With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisite  
wreathed,

Grew there ; an ash which Winter found  
himself

Decked as in pride, and with outlandish  
grace :

Up from the ground, and almost to the  
top,

The trunk and every master branch were  
green

With clustering ivy, and the lightest  
twigs

And outer spray profusely tipped with  
seeds

That hung in yellow tassels, while the air  
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have  
stood

Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree  
Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere  
Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance

May never tread ; but scarcely Spenser  
self

Could have more tranquil visions in his  
youth,

Or could more bright appearances create  
Of human forms with superhuman power

Than I beheld loitering on calm  
nights

Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth

On the vague reading of a truant youth  
 Were idle to descant. My inner judgment  
 Not seldom differed from my taste in  
 books,  
 as if it appertained to another mind,  
 and yet the books which then I valued  
 most  
 were dearest to me *now*; for, having  
 scanned,  
 heedlessly, the laws, and watched the  
 forms  
 of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed  
 standard, often usefully applied,  
 even when unconsciously, to things re-  
 moved  
 from a familiar sympathy.—In fine,  
 was a better judge of thoughts than  
 words,  
 misled in estimating words, not only  
 by common inexperience of youth,  
 but by the trade in classic niceties,  
 the dangerous craft of culling term and  
 phrase  
 from languages that want the living  
 voice  
 to carry meaning to the natural heart ;  
 to tell us what is passion, what is truth,  
 what reason, what simplicity and sense.

Yet may we not entirely overlook  
 the pleasure gathered from the rudi-  
 ments  
 of geometric science. Though advanced  
 in these enquiries, with regret I speak,  
 no farther than the threshold, there I  
 found  
 with elevation and composed delight :  
 with Indian awe and wonder, ignorance  
 pleased  
 with its own struggles, did I meditate  
 on the relation those abstractions bear  
 to Nature's laws, and by what process led,  
 those immaterial agents bowed their  
 heads  
 only to serve the mind of earth-born  
 man ;  
 from star to star, from kindred sphere to  
 sphere,  
 from system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source  
 I drew  
 pleasure quiet and profound, a sense

Of permanent and universal sway,  
 And paramount belief ; there, recognised  
 A type, for finite natures, of the one  
 Supreme Existence, the surpassing life  
 Which—to the boundaries of space and  
 time,

Of melancholy space and doleful time,  
 Superior, and incapable of change,  
 Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,  
 And hath the name of, God. Tran-  
 scendent peace

And silence did await upon these thoughts  
 That were a frequent comfort to my  
 youth.

'Tis told by one whom stormy waters  
 threw,  
 With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck  
 spared,

Upon a desert coast, that having brought  
 To land a single volume, saved by chance,  
 A treatise of Geometry, he wont,  
 Although of food and clothing destitute,  
 And beyond common wretchedness de-  
 pressed,

To part from company and take this book  
 (Then first a self-taught pupil in its  
 truths)

To spots remote, and draw his diagrams  
 With a long staff upon the sand, and thus  
 Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost  
 Forget his feeling : so (if like effect  
 From the same cause produced, 'mid  
 outward things

So different, may rightly be compared),  
 So was it then with me, and so will be  
 With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm  
 Of those abstractions to a mind beset  
 With images, and haunted by herself,  
 And specially delightful unto me  
 Was that clear synthesis built up aloft  
 So gracefully ; even then when it ap-  
 peared

Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy  
 To sense embodied : not the thing it is  
 In verity, an independent world,  
 Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine un-  
 earned  
 By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—  
 Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn  
 aptitudes.  
 And not to leave the story of that time

Imperfect, with these habits must be  
 joined  
 Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that  
 loved  
 A pensive sky, sad days, and piping  
 winds,  
 The twilight more than dawn, autumn  
 than spring ;  
 A treasured and luxurious gloom of  
 choice  
 And inclination mainly, and the mere  
 Redundancy of youth's contentedness.  
 —To time thus spent, add multitudes of  
 hours  
 Pilfered away, by what the Bard who  
 sang  
 Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called  
 "Good-natured lounging," and behold a  
 map  
 Of my collegiate life—far less intense  
 Than duty called for, or, without regard  
 To duty, *might* have sprung up of itself  
 By change of accidents, or even, to  
 speak  
 Without unkindness, in another place.  
 Yet why take refuge in that plea?—the  
 fault,  
 This I repeat, was mine ; mine be the  
 blame.

In summer, making quest for works of  
 art,  
 Or scenes renowned for beauty, I ex-  
 plored  
 That streamlet whose blue current works  
 its way  
 Beneath romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks ;  
 Pried into Yorkshire dales, or hidden  
 tracts  
 Of my own native region, and was blest  
 Between these sundry wanderings with a  
 joy  
 Above all joys, that seemed another morn  
 Risen on mid noon ; blest with the pres-  
 ence, Friend !  
 Of that sole Sister, her who hath been  
 long  
 Dear to thee also, thy true friend and  
 mine, •  
 Now, after separation desolate,  
 Restored to me—such absence that she  
 seemed  
 A gift then first bestowed. The varied  
 banks

Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,  
 And that monastic castle, 'mid tall tree  
 Low-standing by the margin of t  
 stream,  
 A mansion visited (as fame reports)  
 By Sidney, where, in sight of our H  
 vellyn,  
 Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he mig  
 pen  
 Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love  
 Inspired ;—that river and those mould  
 ing towers  
 Have seen us side by side, when, havi  
 clomb  
 The darksome windings of a broken str  
 And crept along a ridge of fractur  
 wall,  
 Not without trembling, we in saf  
 looked  
 Forth, through some Gothic windo  
 open space,  
 And gathered with one mind a r  
 reward  
 From the far-stretching landscape, by t  
 light  
 Of morning beautified, or purple eve ;  
 Or, not less pleased, lay on some tur  
 head,  
 Catching from tufts of grass and ha  
 bell flowers  
 Their faintest whisper to the passi  
 breeze,  
 Given out while mid-day heat oppress  
 the plains.

Another maid there was, who also sh  
 A gladness o'er that season, then to mi  
 By her exulting outside look of youth  
 And placid under-countenance, first  
 deared ;  
 That other spirit, Coleridge ! who is n  
 So near to us, that meek confiding hea  
 So revered by us both. O'er pa  
 and fields  
 In all that neighbourhood, through n  
 row lanes  
 Of eglantine, and through the 'sha  
 woods,  
 And o'er the Border Beacon, and  
 waste  
 Of naked pools, and common crags  
 lay  
 Exposed on the bare fell, were scatte  
 love,

the spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden gleam.

Friend! we had not seen thee at that time,

and yet a power is on me, and a strong confusion, and I seem to plant thee there.

Art thou wandered now in search of health

and milder breezes,—melancholy lot!

Art thou art with us, with us in the past, or present, with us in the times to come.

There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair, languor, no dejection, no dismay,

absence scarcely can there be, for those

no love as we do. Speed thee well! divide

th us thy pleasure; thy returning strength,

ceive it daily as a joy of ours;

we with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift

gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.

too, have been a wanderer; but, alas!

different the fate of different men.

ugh mutually unknown, yea, nursed and reared

in several elements, we were framed

end at last to the same discipline,

destined, if two beings ever were,

seek the same delights, and have one health,

happiness. Throughout this narrative,

sooner ended, I have borne in mind

whom it registers the birth, and

marks the growth,

gentleness, simplicity, and truth,

joyous loves, that hallow innocent days

peace and self-command. Of rivers, fields,

groves I speak to thee, my Friend!

o thee,

yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths

of a huge city, on the leaded roof

of a wide edifice, thy school and home,

used to lie and gaze upon the clouds

in heaven; or, of that pleasure

red,

To shut thine eyes, and by internal light  
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,

Far distant, thus beheld from year to year  
Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,

In this late portion of my argument,  
That scarcely, as my term of pupilage

Ceased, had I left those academic bowers  
When thou wert thither guided. From

the heart

Of London, and from cloisters there, thou  
camest,

And didst sit down in temperance and  
peace,

A rigorous student. What a stormy  
course

Then followed. Oh! it is a pang that  
calls

For utterance, to think what easy change  
Of circumstances might to thee have

spared

A world of pain, ripened a thousand  
hopes,

For ever withered. Through this retros-  
pect

Of my collegiate life I still have had

Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place

Present before my eyes, have played with  
times

And accidents as children do with cards,  
Or as a man, who, when his house is

built,

A frame locked up in wood and stone,  
doth still,

As impotent fancy prompts, by his fire-  
side,

Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought  
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,

And all the strength and plumage of thy  
youth,

Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse

Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms  
Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out

From things well-matched or ill, and  
words for things,

The self-created sustenance of a mind.

Debarred from Nature's living images,

Compelled to be a life unto herself,

And unrelentingly possessed by thirst

Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not  
alone,

Ah! surely not in singleness of heart

Should I have seen the light of evening  
fade



From smooth Cam's silent waters : had  
 we met,  
 Even at that early time, needs must I  
 trust  
 In the belief, that my maturer age,  
 My calmer habits, and more steady voice,  
 Would with an influence benign have  
 soothed,  
 Or chased away, the airy wretchedness  
 That batten'd on thy youth. But thou  
 hast trod  
 A march of glory, which doth put to  
 shame  
 These vain regrets ; health suffers in thee,  
 else  
 Such grief for thee would be the weakest  
 thought  
 That ever harboured in the breast of man.

A passing word erewhile did lightly  
 touch  
 On wanderings of my own, that now  
 embraced  
 With livelier hope a region wider far.

When the third summer freed us from  
 restraint,  
 A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,  
 Not slow to share my wishes, took his  
 staff,  
 And sallying forth, we journeyed side by  
 side,  
 Bound to the distant Alps. A hardy  
 slight  
 Did this unprecedented course imply  
 Of college studies and their set rewards ;  
 Nor had, in truth, the scheme been  
 formed by me

Without uneasy forethought of the pain,  
 The censures, and ill-omening of those  
 To whom my worldly interests were dear.  
 But Nature then was sovereign in my  
 mind,

And mighty forms, seizing a youthful  
 fancy,

Had given a charter to irregular hopes.  
 In any age of uneventful calm  
 Among the nations, surely would my heart  
 Have been possessed by similar desire ;  
 But Europe at that time was thrilled  
 with joy,  
 France standing on the top of golden  
 hours,  
 And human nature seeming born again.

Lightly equipped, and but a few  
 looks  
 Cast on the white cliffs of our na-  
 shore  
 From the receding vessel's deck,  
 chanced  
 To land at Calais on the very eve  
 Of that great federal day ; and there  
 saw,  
 In a mean city, and among a few,  
 How bright a face is worn when jo-  
 one  
 Is joy for tens of millions. South-  
 thence  
 We held our way, direct through ham-  
 towns,  
 Gaudy with reliques of that festival,  
 Flowers left to wither on triumphal a  
 And window-garlands. On the p  
 roads,  
 And, once, three days successively, the  
 paths  
 By which our toilsome journey  
 abridged,  
 Among sequestered villages we walk  
 And found benevolence and blessed  
 Spread like a fragrance everywhere,  
 spring  
 Hath left no corner of the land  
 touched :  
 Where elms for many and many a le  
 in files  
 With their thin umbrage, on the st  
 roads  
 Of that great kingdom, rustled o  
 heads,  
 For ever near us as we paced along  
 How sweet at such a time, with  
 delight  
 On every side, in prime of yo  
 strength,  
 To feed a Poet's tender melancholy  
 And fond conceit of sadness, wit  
 sound  
 Of undulations varying as might pl  
 The wind that swayed them ; once  
 more than once,  
 Unhoused beneath the evening st  
 saw  
 Dances of liberty, and, in late hour  
 Of darkness, dances in the open air  
 Deftly prolonged, though grey-  
 lookers on  
 Might waste their breath in chiding

Under hills—  
 vine-clad hills and slopes of Bâ-  
 rundy,  
 the bosom of the gentle Saone  
 glided forward with the flowing  
 stream.  
 Rhone! thou wert the *wings* on  
 which we cut  
 ding passage with majestic ease  
 en thy lofty rocks. Enchanting  
 low  
 woods and farms and orchards did  
 resent,  
 single cottages and lurking towns,  
 after reach, succession without end  
 ding and stately vales! A lonely pair  
 angers, till day closed, we sailed  
 on;  
 red together with a merry crowd  
 se emancipated, a blithe host  
 ellers, chiefly delegates returning  
 the great spousals newly solemnized  
 chief city, in the sight of Heaven.  
 es they swarmed, gaudy and gay  
 bees;  
 rapoured in the unruliness of joy,  
 ith their swords flourished as if to  
 ht  
 ucy air. In this proud company  
 ided—took with them our evening  
 al,  
 welcome almost as the angels were  
 aham of old. The supper done,  
 flowing cups elate and happy  
 ughts  
 e at signal given, and formed a  
 g  
 and in hand, danced round and  
 nd the board;  
 rts were open, every tongue was  
 d  
 nity and glee; we bore a name  
 ed in France, the name of English-  
 a,  
 pitably did they give us hail,  
 forerunners in a glorious course;  
 nd and round the board we danced  
 in.  
 ese blithe friends our voyage we  
 wed  
 dawn. The monastery bells  
 sweet jingling in our youthful ears;  
 id river flowing without noise,  
 h uprising or receding spire

Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals  
 Touching the heart amid the boisterous  
 crew  
 By whom we were encompassed. Taking  
 leave  
 Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by  
 side,  
 Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued  
 Our journey, and ere twice the sun had  
 set  
 Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and  
 there  
 Rested within an awful *solitude*:  
 Yes; for even then no other than a place  
 Of soul-affecting *solitude* appeared  
 That far-famed region, though our eyes  
 had seen,  
 As toward the sacred mansion we ad-  
 vanced,  
 Arms flashing, and a military glare  
 Of riotous men commissioned to expel  
 The blameless inmates, and belike subvert  
 That frame of social being, which so long  
 Had bodied forth the ghostliness of  
 things  
 In silence visible and perpetual calm.  
 —“Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!”—  
 The voice  
 Was Nature’s, uttered from her Alpine  
 throne;  
 I heard it then, and seem to hear it now—  
 “Your impious work forbear: perish what  
 may,  
 Let this one temple last, be this one spot  
 Of earth devoted to eternity!”  
 She ceased to speak, but while St. Bruno’s  
 pines  
 Waved their dark tops, not silent as they  
 waved,  
 And while below, along their several beds,  
 Murmured the sister streams of Life and  
 Death,  
 Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my  
 heart  
 Responded; “Honour to the patriot’s  
 zeal!  
 Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!  
 Hail to the mighty projects of the time!  
 Discerning sword that Justice wields, do  
 thou  
 Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging  
 fires,  
 Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,  
 Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.

But oh ! if Past and Future be the wings  
 On whose support harmoniously con-  
 joined  
 Moves the great spirit of human know-  
 ledge, spare  
 These courts of mystery, where a step  
 advanced  
 Between the portals of the shadowy rocks  
 Leaves far behind life's treacherous vani-  
 ties,  
 For penitential tears and trembling hopes  
 Exchanged—to equalise in God's pure  
 sight  
 Monarch and peasant : be the house re-  
 deemed  
 With its unworldly votaries, for the sake  
 Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved  
 Through faith and meditative reason,  
 resting  
 Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,  
 Calmly triumphant ; and for humbler  
 claim  
 Of that imaginative impulse sent  
 From these majestic floods, yon shining  
 cliffs,  
 The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,  
 Cerulean's ether's pure inhabitants,  
 These forests unapproachable by death,  
 That shall endure as long as man endures,  
 To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,  
 To struggle, to be lost within himself  
 In trepidation, from the blank abyss  
 To look with bodily eyes, and be con-  
 soled.”  
 • Not seldom since that moment have I  
 wished  
 That thou, O Friend ! the trouble or the  
 calm  
 Hadst shared, when, from profane regards  
 apart,  
 In sympathetic reverence we trod  
 The floors of those dim cloisters, till that  
 hour,  
 From their foundation, strangers to the  
 presence  
 Of unrestricted and unthinking man.  
 Abroad, how cheerfully the sunshine lay  
 Upon the open lawns ! Vallombre's  
 groves  
 Entering, we fed the soul with darkness ;  
 thence  
 Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,  
 • In different quarters of the bending sky,  
 The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if

Hands of angelic powers had fixed it  
 Memorial revered by a tho-  
 storms ;  
 Yet then, from the indiscriminating  
 And rage of one State whirlwind, ins

’Tis not my present purpose to re-  
 That variegated journey step by step  
 A march it was of military speed,  
 And Earth did change her imagi-  
 forms

Before us, fast as clouds are chan-  
 heaven.

Day after day, up early and down  
 From hill to vale we dropped, from  
 to hill

Mounted—from province on to pr-  
 swept,

Keen hunters in a chase of fe-  
 weeks,

Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship  
 Upon the stretch, when winds are b-  
 fair ;

Sweet coverts did we cross of pasto  
 Enticing valleys, greeted them and  
 Too soon, while yet the very fla-  
 gleam

Of salutation were not passed away  
 Oh ! sorrow for the youth who cou-  
 seen

Unchastened, unsubdued, unaw-  
 raised

To patriarchal dignity of mind,  
 And pure simplicity of wish and  
 Those sanctified abodes of peace  
 Pleased (though to hardship b-  
 compassed round

With danger, varying as the  
 change),

Pleased with his daily task, o-  
 pleased,

Contented, from the moment  
 dawn

(Ah ! surely not without attendant  
 Of soul-illumination) calls him fe-  
 To industry, by glistenings flung  
 Whose evening shadows lead  
 repose.

Well might a stranger look wil-  
 ing heart

Down on a green recess, the first  
 Of those deep haunts, an aborigi-  
 Quiet and lorded over and posse-

aked huts, wood-built, and sown like  
tents  
adian cabins over the fresh lawns  
by the river side.

That very day,  
a bare ridge we also first beheld  
died the summit of Mont Blanc, and  
grieved  
we a soulless image on the eye  
had usurped upon a living thought  
never more could be. The wondrous  
ale  
hamouny stretched far below, and  
xon  
its dumb cataracts and streams or  
e,  
ionless array of mighty waves,  
ivers broad and vast, made rich  
rends,  
econciled us to realities ;  
small birds warble from the leafy  
ees,  
igle soars high in the element,  
doth the reaper bind the yellow  
eaf,  
aiden spread the haycock in the  
n,  
Winter like a well-tamed lion  
ulks,  
iding from the mountain to make  
ort  
the cottages by beds of flowers.

te'er in this wide circuit we beheld,  
rd, was fitted to our unripe state  
flect and heart. With such a book  
our eyes, we could not choose but  
d  
of genuine brotherhood, the plain  
iversal reason of mankind,  
ths of young and old. Nor, side  
side  
to social pilgrims, or alone  
rith his humour, could we fail to  
and  
ms and fictions, pensively com-  
ed :  
n taken up for pleasure's sake,  
ilded sympathies, the willow  
ath,  
er posies of funereal flowers,  
d among those solitudes sublime  
imal gardens of the lady Sorrow,  
even many a meditative hour.

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries  
Mixed something of stern mood, an  
under-thirst

Of vigour seldom utterly allayed :  
And from that source how different a sad-  
ness

Would issue, let one incident make  
known.

When from the Vallais we had turned,  
and clomb

Along the Simplon's steep and rugged  
road,

Following a band of muleteers, we reached  
A halting-place, where all together took  
Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our  
guide,

Leaving us at the board ; awhile we  
lingered,

Then paced the beaten downward way  
that led

Right to a rough stream's edge, and there  
broke off ;

The only track now visible was one  
That from the torrent's further brink held  
forth

Conspicuous invitation to ascend  
A lofty mountain. After brief delay

Crossing the unbridged stream, that road  
we took,

And clomb with eagerness, till anxious  
fears

Intruded, for we failed to overtake  
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate

chance,

While every moment added doubt to  
doubt,

A peasant met us, from whose mouth we  
learned

That to the spot which had perplexed us  
first

We must descend, and there should find  
the road,

Which in the stony channel of the stream  
Lay a few steps, and then along its banks ;

And, that our future course, all plain to  
sight,

Was downwards, with the current of that  
stream.

Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,  
For still we had hopes that pointed to  
the clouds,

We questioned him again, and yet again ;  
But every word that from the peasant's  
lips

Came in reply, translated by our feelings,  
 Ended in this,—*that we had crossed the Alps.*

Imagination—here the Power so called  
 Through sad incompetence of human  
 speech,  
 That awful Power rose from the mind's  
 abyss  
 Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,  
 At once, some lonely traveller. I was  
 lost ;  
 Halted without an effort to break through ;  
 But to my conscious soul I now can say—  
 "I recognise thy glory:" in such strength  
 Of usurpation, when the light of sense  
 Goes out, but with a flash that has re-  
 vealed  
 The invisible world, doth greatness make  
 abide,  
 There harbours ; whether we be young or  
 old,  
 Our destiny, our being's heart and home,  
 Is with infinitude, and only there ;  
 With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
 Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
 And something evermore about to be.  
 Under such banners militant, the soul  
 Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no  
 spoils  
 That may attest her prowess, blest in  
 thoughts  
 That are their own perfection and reward,  
 Strong in herself and in beatitude  
 That hides her, like the mighty flood of  
 Nile  
 Poured from his fount of Abyssinian  
 clouds  
 To fertilise the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued  
 Upon those tidings by the peasant given  
 Was soon dislodged. Downwards we  
 hurried fast,  
 And, with the half-shaped road which we  
 had missed,  
 Entered a narrow chasm. The brook and  
 road  
 Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy  
 strait,  
 And with them did we journey several  
 hours  
 At a slow pace. The immeasurable height  
 Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,

The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
 And in the narrow rent at every turn  
 Winds thwarting winds, bewildered  
 forlorn,  
 The torrents shooting from the clear  
 sky,  
 The rocks that muttered close upon  
 ears,  
 Black drizzling crags that spake by  
 way-side  
 As if a voice were in them, the sick  
 And giddy prospect of the raving storm  
 The unfettered clouds and region of  
 Heavens,  
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and  
 light—  
 Were all like workings of one mind,  
 features  
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one  
 Character of the great Apocalypse,  
 The types and symbols of Eternity,  
 Of first, and last, and midst, and without  
 end.

That night our lodging was a  
 that stood  
 Alone, within the valley, at a point  
 Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent  
 swelled  
 The rapid stream whose margin we  
 trod ;  
 A dreary mansion, large beyond all  
 With high and spacious rooms, dark  
 and stunned  
 By noise of waters, making innocent  
 Lie melancholy among weary bones

Uprisen betimes, our journey  
 renewed,  
 Led by the stream, ere noon-day  
 Into a lordly river, broad and deep,  
 Dimpling along in silent majesty,  
 With mountains for its neighbours,  
 view  
 Of distant mountains and their  
 tops,  
 And thus proceeding to Locarno's  
 Fit resting-place for such a visitant  
 Locarno! spreading out in wide  
 Heaven,  
 How dost thou cleave to the poet's  
 Bask in the sunshine of the memory  
 And Como! thou, a treasure without  
 earth

s to herself, confined as in a depth  
 yssinian privacy. I spake  
 ee, thy chestnut woods, and garden  
 lots  
 ndian corn tended by dark-eyed  
 raids ;  
 lofty steepes, and pathways roofed  
 ith vines,  
 ing from house to house, from town  
 town,  
 ink that binds them to each other ;  
 alks,  
 e after league, and cloistral avenues,  
 e silence dwells if music be not  
 ere :  
 yet a youth undisciplined in verse,  
 gh fond ambition of that hour, I  
 rove  
 ant your praise ; nor can approach  
 u now  
 eted by a more melodious Song,  
 : tones of Nature smoothed by  
 arned Art  
 low in lasting current. Like a  
 eeze  
 beam over your domain I passed  
 ion without pause ; but ye have left  
 eauty with me, a serene accord  
 ms and colours, passive, yet en-  
 ewed  
 ir submissiveness with power as  
 eet  
 racious, almost might I dare to say,  
 ue is, or goodness ; sweet as love,  
 remembrance of a generous deed,  
 dest visitations of pure thought,  
 God, the giver of all joy, is thanked  
 usly, in silent blessedness ;  
 as this last herself, for such it is.

those delightful pathways we ad-  
 nced,  
 o days' space, in presence of the  
 ke,  
 stretching far among the Alps,  
 ured  
 acter more stern. The second  
 ght,  
 sleep awakened, and misled by  
 nd  
 church clock telling the hours with  
 okes  
 import then we had not learned,  
 rose

By moonlight, doubting not that day was  
 nigh,  
 And that meanwhiel, by no uncertain  
 path,  
 Along the winding margin of the lake,  
 Led, as before, we should behold the  
 scene,  
 Hushed in profound repose. We left the  
 town  
 Of Gravedona with this hope ; but soon  
 Were lost, bewildered among woods im-  
 mense,  
 And on a rock sate down, to wait for day.  
 An open place it was, and overlooked,  
 From high, the sullen water far beneath,  
 On which a dull red image of the moon  
 Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form  
 Like an uneasy snake. From hour to  
 hour  
 We sate and sate, wondering as if the  
 night  
 Had been ensnared by witchcraft. On  
 the rock  
 At last we stretched our weary limbs for  
 sleep,  
 But *could not* sleep, tormented by the  
 stings  
 Of insects, which with noise like that of  
 noon  
 Filled all the woods : the cry of unknown  
 birds ;  
 The mountains more by blackness visible  
 And their own size, than any outward  
 light ;  
 The breathless wilderness of clouds ; the  
 clock  
 That told, with unintelligible voice,  
 The widely parted hours ; the noise of  
 streams,  
 And sometimes rustling motions nigh at  
 hand,  
 That did not leave us free from personal  
 fear ;  
 And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that  
 set  
 Before us, while she still was high in  
 heaven ;—  
 These were our food ; and such a summer's  
 night  
 Followed that pair of golden days that  
 shed  
 On Como's Lake, and all that round it  
 lay,  
 Their fairest, softest, happiest influence.

But here I must break off, and bid  
farewell  
To days, each offering some new sight, or  
fraught  
With some untried adventure, in a course  
Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal  
snow

Checked our unwearied steps. Let this  
alone

Be mentioned as a parting word, that not  
In hollow exultation, dealing out  
Hyperboles of praise comparative ;  
Not rich one moment to be poor for  
ever ;

Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind  
Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner  
On outward forms—did we in presence  
stand

Of that magnificent region. On the front  
Of this whole Song is written that my  
heart

Must, in such Temple, needs have offered  
up

A different worship. Finally, whate'er  
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream  
That flowed into a kindred stream ; a gale,  
Confederate with the current of the soul,  
To speed my voyage ; every sound or  
sight,

In its degree of power, administered  
To grandeur or to tenderness,—to the one  
Directly, but to tender thoughts by means  
Less often instantaneous in effect ;  
Led me to these by paths that, in the  
main,  
Were more circuitous, but not less sure  
Duly to reach the point marked out by  
Heaven.

Oh, most beloved Friend ! a glorious  
time,

A happy time that was ; triumphant looks  
Were then the common language of all  
eyes ;

As if awaked from sleep, the Nations  
hailed

Their great expectancy : the life of war  
Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,

A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.  
We left the Swiss exulting in the fate

Of their near neighbours ; and, when  
shortening fast

Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from  
home,

We crossed the Brabant armies on  
fret

For battle in the cause of Liberty.  
A stripling, scarcely of the household  
Of social life, I looked upon these things  
As from a distance ; heard, and saw,  
felt,

Was touched, but with no intimate  
cern ;

I seemed to move along them, as a bi  
Moves through the air, or as a  
pursues

Its sport, or feeds in its proper element  
I wanted not that joy, I did not need  
Such help ; the ever-living universe,  
Turn where I might, was opening out  
glories,

And the independent spirit of pure  
Called forth, at every season, new delight  
Spread round my steps like sunshine  
green fields.

## BOOK SEVENTH.

### RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

SIX changeful years have vanished  
I first

Poured out (saluted by that quick  
breeze

Which met me issuing from the C  
walls)

A glad preamble to this Verse : I s  
Aloud, with fervour irresistible  
Of short-lived transport, like a t  
bursting,

From a black thunder-cloud, down  
fell's side

To rush and disappear. But soon  
forth

(So willed the Muse) a less impu  
stream,

That flowed awhile with unal  
strength,

Then stopped for years ; not a  
again

Before last primrose-time. But  
Friend !

The assurance which then cheered  
heavy thoughts

\* The City of Goslar in Lower Saxony

by departure to a foreign land  
 failed; too slowly moves the promised  
 work.  
 Though the whole summer have I been  
 at rest,  
 by from voluntary holiday,  
 part through outward hindrance.  
 But I heard,  
 the hour of sunset yester-even,  
 within doors between light and  
 dark,  
 a pair of redbreasts gathered somewhere  
 near  
 threshold,—minstrels from the distant  
 woods  
 in on Winter's service, to announce,  
 preparation artful and benign,  
 the rough lord had left the surly  
 North  
 accustomed journey. The delight,  
 of this timely notice, unawares  
 to me, and, listening, I in whispers  
 said,  
 heartsome Choristers, ye and I will  
 :  
 :ates, and, unscared by blustering  
 inds,  
 hant together." Thereafter, as the  
 ades  
 light deepened, going forth, I spied  
 r-worm underneath a dusky plume  
 copy of yet unwithered fern,  
 shining, like a hermit's taper seen  
 gh a thick forest. Silence touched  
 e here  
 e than sound had done before; the  
 ild  
 umer, lingering, shining, by herself,  
 viceless worm on the unfrequented  
 ls,  
 I sent on the same errand with the  
 air  
 iter that had warbled at my door,  
 e whole year breathed tenderness  
 d love.

last night's genial feeling over-  
 wed  
 this morning, and my favourite  
 we,  
 in sunshine its dark boughs  
 ft,  
 make the strong wind visible,  
 in me agitations like its own,

A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,  
 Which we will now resume with lively  
 hope,  
 Nor checked by aught of tamer argument,  
 That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion, soon I  
 bade  
 Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats  
 Of gown'd students, quitted hall and  
 bower,  
 And every comfort of that privileged  
 ground,  
 Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent  
 among  
 The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of  
 life  
 I should adhere, and seeming to possess  
 A little space of intermediate time  
 At full command, to London first I turned,  
 In no disturbance of excessive hope,  
 By personal ambition unenslaved,  
 Frugal as there was need, and, though  
 self-willed,  
 From dangerous passions free. Three  
 years had flown  
 Since I had felt in heart and soul the  
 shock  
 Of the huge town's first presence, and  
 had paced  
 Her endless streets, a transient visitant :  
 Now, fixed amid that concourse of man-  
 kind  
 Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,  
 And life and labour seemed but one, I  
 filled  
 An idler's place; an idler well content  
 To have a house (what matter for a  
 home?)  
 That owned him; living cheerfully abroad  
 With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,  
 And all my young affections out of doors.

There was a time when whatsoever, is  
 feigned  
 Of airy palaces, and gardens built  
 By Genii of romance; or hath in grave  
 Authentic history been sent forth of Rome,  
 Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis;  
 Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,  
 Of golden cities ten months' journey  
 deep



Among Tartarian wilds—fell short, far  
 short,  
 Of what my fond simplicity believed  
 And thought of London—held me by a  
 chain  
 Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.  
 Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy  
 shot  
 For me beyond its ordinary mark,  
 'Twere vain to ask ; but in our flock of  
 boys  
 Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom  
 chance  
 Summoned from school to London ;  
 fortunate  
 And envied traveller ! When the Boy  
 returned,  
 After short absence, curiously I scanned  
 His mien and person, nor was free, in  
 sooth,  
 From disappointment, not to find some  
 change  
 In look and air, from that new region  
 brought,  
 As if from Fairy-land. Much I ques-  
 tioned him ;  
 And every word he uttered, on my ears  
 Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,  
 That answers unexpectedly awry,  
 And mocks the prompter's listening.  
 Marvellous things  
 Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears  
 Almost as deeply seated and as strong  
 In a Child's heart as fear itself) con-  
 ceived  
 For my enjoyment. Would that I could  
 now  
 Recall what then I pictured to myself,  
 Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,  
 The King, and the King's Palace, and,  
 not last,  
 Nor least, Heaven bless him ! the re-  
 nowned Lord Mayor :  
 Dreams not unlike to those which once  
 begat .  
 A change of purpose in young Whit-  
 tington,  
 When he, a friendless and a drooping  
 boy,  
 Sate on a stone, and heard the bells  
 speak out  
 Articulate music. Above all, one thought  
 'Baffled my understanding : how men  
 lived

Even next-door neighbours, as we say,  
 still  
 Strangers, not knowing each the oth-  
 er's name.

O, wond'rous power of words, by sin-  
 cere  
 faith  
 Licensed to take the meaning that  
 love !  
 Vauxhall and Ranelagh ! I then  
 heard  
 Of your green groves, and wildernes  
 lamps  
 Dimming the stars, and fireworks mag-  
 And gorgeous ladies, under splen-  
 did  
 domes,  
 Floating in dance, or warbling high in  
 The songs of spirits ! Nor had I  
 fed  
 With less delight upon that other class  
 Of marvels, broad-day wonders per-  
 nent :  
 The River proudly bridged ; the dizzy  
 And Whispering Gallery of St. Pa-  
 trick's  
 the tombs  
 Of Westminster ; the Giants of Grin-  
 hall ;  
 Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at  
 gates,  
 Perpetually recumbent ; Statues—  
 And the horse under him—in gilded  
 Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid  
 squares ;  
 The Monument, and that Chamber-  
 layne  
 Tower  
 Where England's sovereigns sit in  
 array,  
 Their steeds bestriding,—every  
 shape  
 Cased in the gleaming mail the mo-  
 der-  
 wore,  
 Whether for gorgeous tournamen-  
 dressed,  
 Or life or death upon the battle-field  
 Those bold imaginations in due time  
 Had vanished, leaving others in  
 stead :  
 And now I looked upon the living !  
 Familiarly perused it ; oftentimes,  
 In spite of strongest disappoint-  
 ment  
 pleased  
 Through courteous self-submission  
 tax  
 Paid to the object by prescriptive

se up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain  
 too busy world ! Before me flow,  
 endless stream of men and moving things !  
 every-day appearance, as it strikes—  
 wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—

strangers, of all ages ; the quick dance  
 of colours, lights, and forms ; the deafening din ;

comers and the goers face to face,  
 after face ; the string of dazzling  
 vares,  
 after shop, with symbols, blazoned  
 names,  
 all the tradesman's honours over-  
 read :

fronts of houses, like a title-page,  
 letters huge inscribed from top to  
 oe,  
 med above the door, like guardian  
 aints ;

allegoric shapes, female or male,  
 physiognomies of real men.

warriors, kings, or admirals of the  
 ea,  
 , Shakspeare, Newton, or the attrac-  
 ive head

me quack-doctor, famous in his day.

anwhile the roar continues, till at  
 ngth,  
 ed as from an enemy, we turn  
 tly into some sequestered nook,  
 as a sheltered place when winds  
 low loud !

sure, thence, through tracts of thin  
 sort,  
 sights and sounds that come at  
 ervals,  
 ke our way. A raree-show is here,  
 children gathered round ; another  
 reet

its a company of dancing dogs,  
 medary, with an antic pair  
 nkeys on his back ; a minstrel band  
 oyards ; or, single and alone,  
 glish ballad-singer. Private courts,  
 ry as coffins, and unsightly lanes  
 ed by some female vendor's scream,  
 like

ry shrillest of all London cries,  
 en entangle our impatient steps ;

Conducted through those labyrinths, un-  
 awares,  
 To privileged regions and inviolate,  
 Where from their airy lodges studious  
 lawyers  
 Look out on waters, walks, and gardens  
 green.

Thence back into the throng, until we  
 reach,  
 Following the tide that slackens by  
 degrees,  
 Some half-frequented scene, where wider  
 streets

Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.  
 Here files of ballads dangle from dead  
 walls ;

Advertisements, of giant-size, from high  
 Press forward, in all colours, on the sight ;  
 These, bold in conscious merit, lower  
 down ;

*That*, fronted with a most imposing word,  
 Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.  
 As on the broadening causeway we ad-  
 vance,

Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and  
 strong

In lineaments, and red with over-toil.

'Tis one encountered here and every-  
 where ;

A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,  
 And stumping on his arms. In sailor's  
 garb

Another lies at length, beside a range  
 Of well-formed characters, with chalk  
 inscribed

Upon the smooth flat stones : the Nurse  
 is here,

The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,  
 The military Idler, and the Dame,  
 That field-ward takes her walk with  
 decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening  
 hubbub, where

See, among less distinguishable shapes,  
 The begging scavenger, with hat in hand ;  
 The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,  
 Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images  
 Upon his head ; with basket at his breast  
 The Jew ; the stately and slow-moving  
 Turk,

With freight of slippers piled beneath his  
 arm !

Enough ;—the mighty concourse I surveyed  
 With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note  
 Among the crowd all specimens of man,  
 Through all the colours which the sun bestows,  
 And every character of form and face :  
 The Swede, the Russian ; from the genial south,  
 The Frenchman and the Spaniard ; from remote  
 America, the Hunter-Indian ; Moors,  
 Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,  
 And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to day,  
 The spectacles within doors,—birds and beasts  
 Of every nature, and strange plants convened  
 From every clime ; and, next, those sights that ape  
 The absolute presence of reality,  
 Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,  
 And what earth is, and what she has to show.

I do not here allude to subtlest craft,  
 By means refined attaining purest ends,  
 But imitations, fondly made in plain  
 Confession of man's weakness and his loves.

Whether the Painter, whose ambitious skill

Submits to nothing less than taking in  
 A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,  
 Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,

Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,  
 Or in a ship on waters, with a world  
 Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,  
 Above, behind, far stretching and before ;  
 Or more mechanic artist represent  
 By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,  
 From blended colours also borrowing help,

Some miniature of famous spots or things,—

St. Peter's Church ; or, more aspiring aim,  
 In microscopic vision, Rome herself ;  
 Or, haply, some choice rural haunt,—the Falls

Of Tivoli ; and, high upon that steep,

The Sibyl's mouldering Temple-tree,  
 Villa, or cottage, lurking among rock  
 Throughout the landscape ; tuft, or scratch minute—  
 All that the traveller sees when there.

Add to these exhibitions, mute and Others of wider scope, where living n  
 Music, and shifting pantomimic scen  
 Diversified the allurements. Need I  
 To mention by its name, as in degree  
 Lowest of these and humblest in atte  
 Yet richly graced with honours of her  
 Half-rural Sadler's Wells? Though that time

Intolerant, as is the way of youth  
 Unless itself be pleased, here more once

Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to  
 With ample recompense) giants dwarfs,

Clowns, conjurors, posture-masters, h  
 quins,

Amid the uproar of the rabblement,  
 Perform their feats. Nor was it a delight

To watch crude Nature work in untam  
 minds ;

To note the laws and progress of bel  
 Though obstinate on this way, yet on  
 How willingly we travel, and how far  
 To have, for instance, brought upon scene

The champion, Jack the Giant-kill  
 He dons his coat of darkness : stage

Walks, and achieves his wonder  
 the eye

Of living Mortal covert, "as the m  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave"  
 Delusion bold ! and how can it be w  
 The garb he wears is black as de  
 word

"Invisible" flames forth upon his

Here, too, were "forms and p  
 of the time,"

Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy di  
 When Art was young ; dramas o  
 men,

And recent things yet warm with  
 sea-fight,

reck, or some domestic incident  
ged by Truth and magnified by  
ame ;  
as the daring brotherhood of late  
rth, too serious theme for that light  
lace—

n, O distant Friend ! a story drawn  
our own ground,—the Maid of  
uttermere,—

ow, unfaithful to a virtuous wife  
ted and deceived, the Spoiler came  
roved the artless daughter of the  
lls,

edded her, in cruel mockery  
e and marriage bonds. These words  
thee

needs bring back the moment when  
first,

broad world rang with the maiden's  
me,

her serving at the cottage inn ;  
stricken, as she entered or with-  
ew

dmiration of her modest mien  
arriage, marked by unexampled  
ace.

ce that time not unfamiliarly  
seen her,—her discretion have  
served,

it opinions, delicate reserve,  
tience, and humility of mind  
led by commendation and the  
ess

ic notice—an offensive light  
eek spirit suffering inwardly.

this memorial tribute to my theme  
sturning, when, with sundry forms  
ngled—shapes which met me in  
way

e must tread—thy image rose  
in,

of Buttermere ! She lives in  
ce

he spot where she was born and  
red ;

t contamination doth she live

ness, without anxiety :

the mountain-chapel, sleeps in

v-born infant, fearless as a lamb

ither driven from some unsheltered

ce,  
nderneath the little rock-like pile

When storms are raging. Happy are  
they both—

Mother and child !—These feelings, in  
themselves

Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I  
think

On those ingenuous moments of our youth  
Ere we have learnt by use to slight the  
crimes

And sorrows of the world. Those simple  
days

Are now my theme ; and, foremost of the  
scenes,

Which yet survive in memory, appears

One, at whose centre sate a lovely Boy,

A sportive infant, who, for six months'  
space,

Not more, had been of age to deal about

Articulate prattle—Child as beautiful

As ever clung around a mother's neck,

Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.

There, too, conspicuous for stature tall

And large dark eyes, beside her infant  
stood

The mother ; but, upon her cheeks dif-  
fused,

False tints too well accorded with the  
glare

From play-house lustres thrown without  
reserve

On every object near. The Boy had been

The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on

In whatsoever place, but seemed in this

A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.

Of lusty vigour, more than infantine

He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose

Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—  
if e'er,

By cottage-door on breezy mountain-side,

Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a  
babe

By Nature's gift so favoured. Upon a  
board

Decked with refreshments had this child  
been placed,

His little stage in the vast theatre,

And there he sate surrounded with \* a  
throng

Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute  
men

And shameless women, treated and  
caressed ;

Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses  
played,

While oaths and laughter and indecent  
speech

Were rife about him as the songs of birds  
Contending after showers. The mother  
now

Is fading out of memory, but I see  
The lovely Boy as I beheld him then  
Among the wretched and the falsely gay,  
Like one of those who walked with hair  
unsunged

Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and  
spells

Muttered on black and spiteful instigation  
Have stopped, as some believe, the kind-  
liest growths.

Ah, with how different spirit might a  
prayer

Have been preferred, that this fair crea-  
ture, checked

By special privilege of Nature's love,  
Should in his childhood be detained for  
ever!

But with its universal freight the tide  
Hath rolled along, and this bright inno-  
cent,

Mary! may now have lived till he could  
look

With envy on thy nameless babe that  
sleeps,

Beside the mountain-chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then  
been told

Since, travelling southward from our  
pastoral hills,

I heard, and for the first time in my life,  
The voice of woman utter blasphemy—  
Saw woman as she is, to open shape  
Abandoned, and the pride of public vice;  
I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once  
Thrown in, that from humanity divorced  
Humanity, splitting the race of man  
In twain, yet leaving the same outward  
form.

Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,  
And ardent meditation. Later years  
Brought to such spectacle a milder sad-  
ness,

Feelings of pure commiseration, grief  
For the individual and the overthrow  
Of her soul's beauty; farther I was then  
But seldom led, or wished to go; in truth  
The sorrow of the passion stopped me  
there.

But let me now, less moved, in  
take

Our argument. Enough is said to  
How casual incidents of real life,  
Observed while pastime only had

sought,  
Outweighed, or put to flight, the  
events

And measured passions of the  
albeit

By Siddons trod in the fulness of  
power.

Yet was the theatre my dear delight  
The very gilding, lamps and pa-  
scrolls,

And all the mean upholstery of the  
Wanted not animation, when the tide  
Of pleasure ebbed but to return as fast  
With the ever-shifting figures of  
scene,

Solemn or gay: whether some beau  
dame

Advanced in radiance through a  
recess

Of thick entangled forest, like the  
Opening the clouds; or sovereign  
announced

With flourishing trumpet, came  
blown state

Of the world's greatness, winding  
with train

Of courtiers, banners, and a lean  
guards;

Or captive led in abject weed  
jingling

His slender manacles; or romping  
Bounced, leapt, and pawed the  
mumbling sire,

A scare-crow pattern of old age dre  
In all the tatters of infirmity  
All loosely put together, hobbled  
Stumping upon a cane with wh  
smites,

From time to time, the solid bow  
makes them

Prate somewhat loudly of the whe  
Of one so overloaded with his yea  
But what of this! the laugh, the

grimace,

The antics striving to outstrip each  
Were all received, the least of the

lost,

With an unmeasured welcome.  
the night,

ween the show, and many-headed  
 mass  
 he spectators, and each several nook  
 d with its fray or brawl, how eagerly  
 with what flashes, as it were, the  
 mind  
 ed this way—that way! sportive and  
 alert  
 watchful, as a kitten when at play,  
 le winds are eddying round her,  
 among straws  
 rustling leaves. Enchanting age and  
 sweet!  
 antic almost, looked at through a  
 pace,  
 small, of intervening years! For  
 ben,  
 gh surely no mean progress had been  
 made  
 ditations holy and sublime,  
 smething of a girlish child-like gloss  
 vely survived for scenes like these;  
 ment haply handed down from  
 mes  
 at a country-playhouse, some rude  
 am  
 d out for that proud use, if I per-  
 vance  
 it, on a summer evening through a  
 ink  
 old wall, an unexpected glimpse  
 light, the bare thought of where I  
 as  
 ned me more than if I had been  
 i  
 dazzling cavern of romance,  
 ed with Genii busy among works  
 be looked at by the common sun.  
 matter that detains us now may  
 em,  
 ay, neither dignified enough  
 duous, yet will not be scorned by  
 em,  
 ooking inward, have observed the  
 and the perishable hours of life  
 o the other, and the curious props  
 ich the world of memory and  
 ight  
 and is sustained. More lofty  
 mes,  
 at least do wear a prouder face,  
 nor regard; but when I think

Of these, I feel the imaginative power  
 Languish within me; even then it slept,  
 When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the  
 heart  
 Was more than full; amid my sobs and  
 tears  
 It slept, even in the pregnant season of  
 youth.  
 For though I was most passionately moved  
 And yielded to all changes of the scene  
 With an obsequious promptness, yet the  
 storm  
 Passed not beyond the suburbs of the  
 mind;  
 Save when realities of act and mien,  
 The incarnation of the spirits that move  
 In harmony amid the Poet's world,  
 Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth  
 By power of contrast, made me recognise,  
 As at a glance, the things which I had  
 shaped,  
 And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely  
 seen,  
 When, having closed the mighty Shak-  
 speare's page,  
 I mused, and thought, and felt, in soli-  
 tude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are  
 such  
 Professedly, to others titled higher,  
 Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,  
 More near akin to those than names  
 imply,—  
 I mean the brawls of lawyers in their  
 courts  
 Before the ermined judge, or that great  
 stage  
 Where senators, tongue-favoured men,  
 perform,  
 Admired and envied. Oh! the beating  
 heart,  
 When one among the prime of these rose  
 up,—  
 One, of whose name from childhood we  
 had heard  
 Familiarly, a household term, like those,  
 The Bedfords, Glosters, Salisburys, of old  
 Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence!  
 hush!  
 This is no trifter, no short-flighted wit,  
 No stammerer of a minute, painfully  
 Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked  
 The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:

Thrice welcome Presence! how can patience e'er  
 Grow weary of attending on a track  
 That kindles with such glory! All are charmed,  
 Astonished; like a hero in romance,  
 He winds away his never-ending horn;  
 Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense:  
 What memory and what logic! till the strain  
 Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,  
 Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Burke! forgive the pen seduced  
 By specious wonders, and too slow to tell  
 Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered men,  
 Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,  
 And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,  
 Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent tongue—  
 Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave.  
 I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—  
 Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches start  
 Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe  
 The younger brethren of the grove. But some—  
 While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,  
 Against all systems built on abstract rights,  
 Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims  
 Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;  
 Declares the vital power of social ties  
 Endeared by Custom; and with high disdain,  
 Exploding upstart Theory, insists  
 Upon the allegiance to which men are born—  
 Some—say at once a froward multitude—  
 Murmur (for truth is hated, where not loved)  
 As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,  
 Galled by their monarch's chain. The times were big  
 With ominous change, which, night by night, provoked

Keen struggles, and black clouds  
 passion raised;  
 But memorable moments intervened,  
 When Wisdom, like the Goddess  
 Jove's brain,  
 Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,  
 Startling the Synod. Could a youth,  
 one  
 In ancient story versed, whose breast  
 heaved  
 Under the weight of classic eloquence  
 Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail  
 To achieve its higher triumph. Not felt  
 Were its admonishments, nor long heard  
 The awful truths delivered thence  
 tongues  
 Endowed with various power to sear the soul;  
 Yet ostentation, domineering, oft  
 Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of place!—  
 There have I seen a comely bachelor,  
 Fresh from a toilette of two hours, and  
 His rostrum, with seraphic glance looking  
 And, in a tone elaborately low  
 Beginning, lead his voice through  
 a maze  
 A minuet course; and, winding through  
 mouth,  
 From time to time, into an orifice  
 Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, smiling  
 And only not invisible, again  
 Open it out, diffusing thence a smile  
 Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.  
 Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah,  
 Moses, and he who penned, the other  
 The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and  
 Bard  
 Whose genius spangled o'er a general  
 theme  
 With fancies thick as his inspiring  
 And Ossian (doubt not—'tis the  
 truth)  
 Summoned from streamy Morven—  
 and all  
 Would, in their turns, lend ornament  
 and flowers  
 To entwine the crook of eloquence  
 helped.

pretty Shepherd, pride of all the plains,  
rule and guide his captivated flock.

glance but at a few conspicuous marks,  
ving a thousand others, that, in hall,  
rt, theatre, conventicle, or shop,  
public room or private, park or street,  
ch fondly reared on his own pedestal,  
oked out for admiration. Folly, vice,  
travagance in gesture, mien, and dress,  
d all the strife of singularity,  
s to the ear, and lies to every sense—  
these, and of the living shapes they  
wear,

ere is no end. Such candidates for  
regard,  
hough well pleased to be where they  
were found,

id not hunt after, nor greatly prize,  
r made unto myself a secret boast  
reading them with quick and curious  
eye ;

, as a common produce, things that  
are  
day, to-morrow will be, took of them  
h willing note, as, on some errand  
bound

it asks not speed, a traveller might  
bestow  
sea-shells that bestrew the sandy  
beach,  
laisies swarming through the fields of  
June.

ut foolishness and madness in parade,  
ugh most at home in this their dear  
domain,  
scattered everywhere, no rarities,  
n to the rudest novice of the Schools.  
rather, it employed, to note, and  
keep

emory, those individual sights  
ourage, or integrity, or truth,  
enderness, which there, set off by foil,  
pared more touching. One will I  
select ;

ather—for he bore that sacred name—  
saw I, sitting in an open square,  
n a corner-stone of that low wall,  
rein were fixed the iron pales that  
fenced

lacious grass-plot ; there, in silence,  
sate

This One Man, with a sickly babe out-  
stretched

Upon his knee, whom he had thither  
brought

For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher  
air.

Of those who passed, and me who looked  
at him,

He took no heed ; but in his brawny  
arms

(The Artificer was to the elbow bare,  
And from his work this moment had been  
stolen)

He held the child, and, bending over it,  
As if he were afraid both of the sun

And of the air, which he had come to  
seek,

Eyed the poor babe with love un-  
utterable.

As the black storm upon the mountain-  
top

Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so  
That huge fermenting mass of human-  
kind

Serves as a solemn background, or relief,  
To single forms and objects, whence they  
draw,

For feeling and contemplative regard,  
More than inherent liveliness and power.

How oft, amid those overflowing streets,  
Have I gone forward with the crowd, and  
said

Unto myself, "The face of every one  
That passes by me is a mystery !"

Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look,  
oppressed

By thoughts of what and whither, when  
and how,

Until the shapes before my eyes became  
A second-sight procession, such as glides  
Over still mountains, or appears in  
dreams ;

And once, far-travelled in such mood,  
beyond

The reach of common indication, lost.

Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten  
Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)

Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,  
Stood, propped against a wall, upon his  
chest

Wearing a written paper, to explain  
His story, whence he came, and who he  
was.



Caught by the spectacle my mind turned  
 round  
 As with the might of waters ; an apt type  
 This label seemed of the utmost we can  
 know,  
 Both of ourselves and of the universe ;  
 And, on the shape of that unmoving man,  
 His steadfast face and sightless eyes,  
 I gazed,  
 As if admonished from another world.

Though reared upon the base of out-  
 ward things,  
 Structures like these the excited spirit  
 mainly  
 Builds for herself ; scenes different there  
 are,  
 Full-formed, that take, with small internal  
 help,  
 Possession of the faculties,—the peace  
 That comes with night ; the deep solemn-  
 ity  
 Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,  
 When the great tide of human life stands  
 still ;  
 The business of the day to come, unborn,  
 Of that gone by, locked up, as in the  
 grave ;  
 The blended calmness of the heavens and  
 earth,  
 Moonlight and stars, and empty streets,  
 and sounds  
 Unfrequent as in deserts ; at late hours  
 Of winter evenings, when unwholesome  
 rains  
 Are falling hard, with people yet astir,  
 The feeble salutation from the voice  
 Of some unhappy woman, now and then  
 Heard as we pass, when no one looks  
 about,  
 Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear,  
 Are falsely catalogued ; things that are,  
 are not,  
 As the mind answers to them, or the  
 heart' .  
 Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say  
 you, then,  
 To times, when half the city shall break  
 out  
 Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or  
 fear ?  
 To executions, to a street on fire,  
 'Mobs, riots, or rejoicings ? From these  
 sights

Take one,—that ancient festival, the  
 Holden where martyrs suffered in  
 time,  
 And named of St. Bartholomew ; it  
 see  
 A work completed to our hands,  
 lays,  
 If any spectacle on earth can do,  
 The whole creative powers of man's art  
 For once, the Muse's help will we imp  
 And she shall lodge us, wafted on  
 wings,  
 Above the press and danger of the cr  
 Upon some showman's platform. I  
 a shock  
 For eyes and ears ! what anarchy  
 din,  
 Barbarian and infernal,—a phantasm  
 Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, s  
 sound !  
 Below, the open space, through e  
 nook  
 Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive  
 With heads ; the midway region,  
 above,  
 Is thronged with staring pictures  
 huge scrolls,  
 Dumb proclamations of the Prodigie  
 With chattering monkeys dangling  
 their poles,  
 And children whirling in their r  
 abouts ;  
 With those that stretch the neck  
 strain the eyes,  
 And crack the voice in rivalry  
 crowd  
 Inviting ; with buffoons against buff  
 Grimacing, writhing, screaming,  
 who grinds  
 The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weav  
 Rattles the salt-box, thumps the k  
 drum,  
 And him who at the trumpet puff  
 cheeks,  
 The silver-collared Negro with his tir  
 Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls  
 boys,  
 Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with  
 towering plumes.—  
 All moveables of wonder, from all  
 Are here—Albinos, painted  
 Dwarfs,  
 The Horse of knowledge, and the  
 Pig,

Stone-eater, the man that swallows  
fire,  
its, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl,  
Bust that speaks and moves its  
goggling eyes,  
Wax-work, Clock-work, all the mar-  
vellous craft  
modern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-  
shows,  
ut-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted  
hings,  
freaks of nature, all Promethean  
thoughts  
an, his dulness, madness, and their  
eats  
mblended up together, to compose  
rliament of Monsters. Tents and  
looths  
while, as if the whole were one vast  
ill,  
omitting, receiving on all sides,  
Women, three-years' Children, Babes  
arms.

blank confusion ! true epitome  
it the mighty City is herself,  
usands upon thousands of her sons,  
amid the same perpetual whirl  
al objects, melted and reduced  
identity, by differences  
ave no law, no meaning, and no  
l—  
sion, under which even highest  
ids  
bour, whence the strongest are  
free.  
gh the picture weary out the eye,  
re an unmanageable sight,  
wholly so to him who looks  
diness, who hath among least  
gs  
r-sense of greatest ; see the parts  
, but with a feeling of the whole.  
all acquisitions, first awaits  
dry and most widely different  
es  
ition, nor with least delight  
through which I passed. Atten-  
springs,  
prehensiveness and memory flow,  
rily converse with the works of  
ll regions ; chiefly where appear  
iously simplicity and power.

Think, how the everlasting streams and  
woods,  
Stretched and still stretching far and  
wide, exalt  
The roving Indian, on his desert sands :  
What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant  
show  
Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's  
eye :  
And, as the sea propels, from zone to  
zone,  
Its currents ; magnifies its shoals of life  
Beyond all compass ; spreads, and sends  
aloft  
Armies of clouds,—even so, its powers  
and aspects  
Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,  
The views and aspirations of the soul  
To majesty. Like virtue have the forms  
Perennial of the ancient hills ; nor less  
The changeful language of their coun-  
tenances  
Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids  
the thoughts,  
However multitudinous, to move  
With order and relation. This, if still,  
As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,  
Not violating any just restraint,  
As may be hoped, of real modesty,—  
This did I feel, in London's vast do-  
main.  
The Spirit of Nature was upon me there ;  
The soul of Beauty and enduring Life  
Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,  
Through meagre lines and colours, and  
the press  
Of self-destroying, transitory things,  
Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

## BOOK EIGHTH.

### RETROSPECT.—LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN.

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that  
are heard  
Up to thy summit, through the depth of  
air  
Ascending, as if distance had the power  
To make the sounds more audible ? What  
crowd

Covers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village  
green?  
Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee,  
Though but a little family of men,  
Shepherds and tillers of the ground—be-  
times  
Assembled with their children and their  
wives,  
And here and there a stranger inter-  
persed.  
They hold a rustic fair—a festival,  
Such as, on this side now, and now on  
that,  
Repeated through his tributary vales,  
Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,  
Sees annually, if clouds towards either  
ocean  
Blown from their favourite resting-place,  
or mists  
Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded  
head.  
Delightful day it is for all who dwell  
In this secluded glen, and eagerly  
They give it welcome. Long ere heat of  
noon,  
From byre or field the kine were brought;  
the sheep  
Are penned in cotes; the chaffering is  
begun.  
The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice  
Of a new master; bleat the flocks aloud.  
Booths are there none; a stall or two is  
here;  
A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,  
The other to make music; hither, too,  
From far, with basket, slung upon her  
arm,  
Of hawker's wares—books, pictures,  
combs, and pins—  
Some aged woman finds her way again,  
Year after year, a punctual visitant!  
There also stands a speech-maker by rote,  
Pulling the strings of his boxed raree-  
show;  
And in the lapse of many years may come  
Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he  
Whose wonders in a covered wain lie hid.  
But one there is, the loveliest of them all,  
Some sweet lass of the valley, looking  
out  
For gains, and who that sees her would  
not buy?  
Fruits of her father's orchard are her  
wares,

And with the ruddy produce she  
round  
Among the crowd, half pleased with,  
ashamed  
Of her new office, blushing restlessly.  
The children now are rich, for the ol  
day  
Are generous as the young; and, if  
tent  
With looking on, some ancient we  
pair  
Sit in the shade together, while  
gaze,  
"A cheerful smile unbends the wrink  
brow,  
The days departed start again to life,  
And all the scenes of childhood reapp  
Faint, but more tranquil, like the chan  
sun  
To him who slept at noon and wak  
eve."  
Thus gaiety and cheerfulness prevail,  
Spreading from young to old, from o  
young,  
And no one seems to want his sha  
Immense  
Is the recess, the circumambient wor  
Magnificent, by which they are embr  
They move about upon the soft  
turf:  
How little they, they and their d  
seem,  
And all that they can further or obs  
Through utter weakness pitiaably de  
As tender infants are: and yet how  
For all things serve them; the  
morning light  
Loves, as it glistens on the silent r  
And them the silent rocks, which  
from high  
Look down upon them; the re  
clouds;  
The wild brooks prattling from it  
haunts;  
And old Helvellyn, conscious of th  
Which animates this day their calm  
  
With deep devotion, Nature, dir  
In that enormous City's turbulent  
Of men and things, what benefit I  
To thee, and those domains of rura  
Where to the sense of beauty  
heart  
Was opened; tract more exquisit

that famed paradise of ten thousand  
rees,  
ehol's matchless gardens, for delight  
e Tartarian dynasty composed  
nd that mighty wall, not fabulous,  
's stupendous mound) by patient toil  
riads and boon nature's lavish help ;  
; in a clime from widest empire  
hosen,  
ing (could enchantment have done  
ore ?)  
ptuous dream of flowery lawns, with  
mes  
asure sprinkled over, shady dells  
stern monasteries, sunny mounts  
emples crested, bridges, gondolas,  
dens, and groves of foliage taught  
melt  
ach other their obsequious hues,  
ed and vanishing in subtle chase,  
e to be pursued ; or standing forth  
discordant opposition, strong  
rgeous as the colours side by side  
i among rich plumes of tropic  
rds ;  
ountains over all, embracing all ;  
l the landscape, endlessly enriched  
aters running, falling, or asleep.

ovelier far than this, the paradise  
I was reared ; in Nature's primi-  
e gifts  
ed no less, and more to every sense  
us, seeing that the sun and sky,  
ments, and seasons as they change,  
a worthy fellow-labourer there—  
e, man working for himself, with  
ice  
; and place, and object ; by his  
nts,  
nforts, native occupations, cares,  
lly led to individual ends  
d, and still followed by a train  
d, unthought-of even—simplicity,  
uty, and inevitable grace.

when a glimpse of those imperial  
vers  
o a child be transport over-great,  
ut a half-hour's roam through such  
ace  
eave behind a dance of images,  
all break in upon his sleep for  
ks ;

Even then the common haunts of the  
green earth,  
And ordinary interests of man,  
Which they embosom, all without regard  
As both may seem, are fastening on the  
heart  
Insensibly, each with the other's help.  
For me, when my affections first were led  
From kindred, friends, and playmates, to  
partake  
Love for the human creature's absolute  
self,  
That noticeable kindness of heart  
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding  
most,  
Where sovereign Nature dictated the  
tasks  
And occupations which her beauty  
adorned,  
And Shepherds were the men that pleased  
me first ;  
Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian  
wilds,  
With arts and laws so tempered, that  
their lives  
Left, even to us toiling in this late day,  
A bright tradition of the golden age ;  
Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses  
Sequestered, handed down among them-  
selves  
Felicity, in Grecian song renowned ;  
Nor such as—when an adverse fate had  
driven,  
From house and home, the courtly band  
whose fortunes  
Entered, with Shakspeare's genius, the  
wild woods  
Of Arden—amid sunshine or in shade  
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted  
hours,  
Ere Phœbe sighed for the false Gany-  
mede ;  
Or there where Perdita and Florizel  
Together danced, Queen of the feast, and  
King ;  
Nor such as Spenser fabled. True it is,  
That I had heard (what he perhaps had  
seen)  
Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far  
Their May-bush, and along the street in  
flocks  
Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,  
Aimed at the laggards slumbering within  
doors ;

Had also heard, from those who yet remembered,  
 Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths that decked  
 Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar ; and of youths,  
 Each with his maid, before the sun was up,

By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,  
 To drink the waters of some sainted well,  
 And hang it round with garlands. Love survives ;

But, for such purpose, flowers no longer grow :

The times, too sage, perhaps too proud, have dropped

These lighter graces ; and the rural ways  
 And manners which my childhood looked upon

Were the unluxuriant produce of a life  
 Intent on little but substantial needs,  
 Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.  
 But images of danger and distress,  
 Man suffering among awful Powers and Forms ;

Of this I heard, and saw enough to make  
 Imagination restless ; nor was free  
 Myself from frequent perils ; nor were tales

- Wanting,—the tragedies of former times,  
 Hazards and strange escapes, of which the rocks

Immutable, and everflowing streams,  
 Where'er I roamed, were speaking monuments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,  
 Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks

Of delicate Galesus ; and no less  
 Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores :

Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-white herd

To triumphs and to sacrificial rites  
 Devoted, on the inviolable stream  
 Of rich Clitumnus ; and the goat-herd lived

As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows  
 Of cool Lucretilis, where the pipe was heard

Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks  
 With tutelary music, from all harm

The fold protecting. I myself, mature  
 In manhood then, have seen a pasture tract

Like one of these, where Fancy might wild,

Though under skies less generous, serene :

There, for her own delight had Nature framed

A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse  
 Of level pasture, islanded with groves  
 And banked with woody risings ; but plain

Endless, here opening widely out, there

Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of law  
 And intricate recesses, creek or bay  
 Sheltered within a shelter, where at last  
 The shepherd strays, a rolling hut home.

Thither he comes with spring-time, abides

All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear  
 His flageolet to liquid notes of love  
 Attuned, or sprightly life resounding  
 Nook is there none, nor tract of that space

Where passage opens, but the same have

In turn its visitant, telling there his tale  
 In unlaborious pleasure, with no task  
 More toilsome than to carve a beech bowl

For spring or fountain, which the tract finds,

When through the region he pursues will

His devious course. A glimpse of sweet life

I saw when, from the melancholy vale  
 Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed  
 My daily walk along that wide vale

paigned,  
 That, reaching to her gates, spread and west,

And northwards, from beneath the mountainous verge

Of the Hercynian forest. Yet, hail  
 Moors, mountains, headlands, and hollow vales,

Ye long deep channels for the Adur voice,

Powers of my native region ! seize

heart with firmer grasp ! Your snows  
 and streams  
 governable, and your terrifying winds,  
 t h o w l so dismally for him who treads  
 companionless your awful solitudes !  
 't is the shepherd's task the winter  
 long  
 wait upon the storms : of their  
 approach  
 conscious, into sheltering coves he drives  
 flock, and thither from the homestead  
 bears  
 some burden up the craggy ways,  
 deals it out, their regular nourish-  
 ment  
 on the frozen snow. And when  
 he spring  
 s out, and all the pastures dance with  
 ambs,  
 when the flock, with warmer weather,  
 limbs  
 er and higher, him his office leads  
 atch their goings, whatsoever track  
 vanderers choose. For this he quits  
 his home  
 ay-spring, and no sooner doth the  
 un  
 to strike him with a fire-like heat,  
 he lies down upon some shining  
 ock,  
 reakfasts with his dog. When they  
 ave stolen,  
 their wont, a pittance from strict  
 me,  
 st not needed or exchange of love,  
 from his couch he starts ; and now  
 is feet  
 out a livelier fragrance from the  
 wers  
 wly thyme, by Nature's skill en-  
 rought  
 wild turf : the lingering dews of  
 orn  
 round him, as from hill to hill he  
 es,  
 aff protending like a hunter's spear,  
 its aid leaping from crag to crag,  
 er the brawling beds of unbridged  
 reams.  
 ophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,  
 design to follow him through what  
 : does  
 s in his day's march ; himself he  
 als,

In those vast regions where his service  
 lies,  
 A freeman, wedded to his life of hope  
 And hazard, and hard labour inter-  
 changed  
 With that majestic indolence so dear  
 To native man. A rambling schoolboy,  
 thus  
 I felt his presence in his own domain,  
 As of a lord and master, or a power,  
 Or genius, under Nature, under God,  
 Presiding ; and severest solitude  
 Had more commanding looks when he  
 was there.  
 When up the lonely brooks on rainy days  
 Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills  
 By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes  
 Have glanced upon him distant a few  
 steps,  
 In size a giant, stalking through thick  
 fog,  
 His sheep like Greenland bears ; or, as  
 he stepped  
 Beyond the boundary line of some hill-  
 shadow,  
 His form hath flashed upon me, glorified  
 By the deep radiance of the setting sun :  
 Or him have I descried in distant sky,  
 A solitary object and sublime,  
 Above all height ! like an aerial cross  
 Stationed alone upon a spiry rock  
 Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus  
 was man  
 Ennobled outwardly before my sight,  
 And thus my heart was early introduced  
 To an unconscious love and reverence  
 Of human nature ; hence the human  
 form  
 To me became an index of delight,  
 Of grace and honour, power and worthi-  
 ness.  
 Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost  
 As those of books, but more exalted far ;  
 Far more of an imaginative form  
 Than the gay Corin of the groves, who  
 lives  
 For his own fancies, or to dance by the  
 hour,  
 In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—  
 Was, for the purposes of kind, a man  
 With the most common ; husband, father ;  
 learned,  
 Could teach, admonish ; suffered with  
 the rest

From vice and folly, wretchedness and fear ;

Of this I little saw, cared less for it,  
But something must have felt.

Call ye these appearances—  
Which I beheld of shepherds in my youth,

This sanctity of Nature given to man—  
A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore  
On the dead letter, miss the spirit of things ;

Whose truth is not a motion or a shape  
Instinct with vital functions, but a block  
Or waxen image which yourselves have made,

And ye adore ! But blessèd be the God  
Of Nature and of Man that this was so ;  
That men before my inexperienced eyes  
Did first present themselves thus purified,  
Removed, and to a distance that was fit :

And so we all of us in some degree  
Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,  
And howsoever ; were it otherwise,  
And we found evil fast as we find good  
In our first years, or think that it is found,

How could the innocent heart bear up  
and live !

But doubly fortunate my lot ; not here

Alone, that something of a better life  
Perhaps was round me than it is the privilege

Of most to move in, but that first I  
looked

At man through objects that were great  
or fair ;

First communed with him by their help.  
And thus

Was founded a sure safeguard and defence

Against the weight of meanness, selfish cares,

Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that  
beat in

On all sides from the ordinary world  
In which we traffic. Starting from this point

I had my face turned toward the truth,  
began

With an advantage furnished by that  
kind

Of prepossession, without which the soul  
Receives no knowledge that can bring  
forth good,

No genuine insight ever comes to her.  
From the restraint of over-watchful eye  
Preserved, I moved about, year after ye  
Happy, and now most thankful that  
walk

Was guarded from too early intercourse  
With the deformities of crowded life,  
And those ensuing laughs and c  
tempts,

Self-pleasing, which, if we would wish  
think

With a due reverence on earth's right  
lord,

Here placed to be the inheritor  
heaven,

Will not permit us ; but pursue the m  
That to devotion willingly would rise,  
Into the temple and the temple's hear

Yet deem not, Friend ! that hun  
kind with me

Thus early took a place pre-eminent ;  
Nature herself was, at this unripe tim

But secondary to my own pursuits  
And animal activities, and all

Their trivial pleasures ; and when th  
had drooped

And gradually expired, and Nat  
prized

For her own sake, became my joy, e  
then —

And upwards through late youth, i  
not less

Than two-and-twenty summers had I  
told —

Was Man in my affections and regan  
Subordinate to her, her visible forms

And viewless agencies : a passion, sh  
A rapture often, and immediate love

Ever at hand ; he, only a delight  
Occasional, an accidental grace,

His hour being not yet come. Far  
had then

The inferior creatures, beast or I  
attuned

My spirit to that gentleness of love  
(Though they had long been care

observed),  
Won from me those minute obeisance

Of tenderness, which I may number  
With my first blessings. Neverth

on these  
The light of beauty did not fall in va

Or grandeur circumsfuse them to no t

But when that first poetic faculty  
 plain Imagination and severe,  
 no longer a mute influence of the soul,  
 nurtured, at some rash Muse's earnest  
 call,  
 try her strength among harmonious  
 words ;  
 to book-notions and the rules of art  
 knowingly conform itself ; there  
 came  
 on the simple shapes of human life  
 fullness of fancy and conceit :  
 Nature and her objects beautified  
 these fictions, as in some sort, in their  
 turn,  
 burnished her. From touch of this  
 new power  
 nothing was safe : the elder-tree that  
 grew  
 beside the well-known charnel-house had  
 then  
 a dismal look ; the yew-tree had its  
 ghost,  
 took his station there for ornament :  
 the dignities of plain occurrence then  
 were tasteless, and truth's golden mean,  
 at a point  
 where no sufficient pleasure could be  
 found.  
 If a widow, staggering with the  
 blow  
 of her distress, was known to have turned  
 her steps  
 to the cold grave in which her husband  
 slept,  
 at night, or haply more than one,  
 through pain  
 of self-insensate impotence of mind,  
 the fact was caught at greedily, and  
 here  
 must be visitant the whole year  
 through,  
 tinging the turf with never-ending tears.

rough quaint obliquities I might  
 pursue  
 : cravings ; when the foxglove, one  
 of my one,  
 grows through every stage of the tall  
 fern,  
 shaded beside the public way its bells,  
 stood of all dismantled, save the last  
 at the tapering ladder's top, that  
 seemed  
 wo.

To bend as doth a slender blade of grass  
 Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to  
 seat,  
 Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested  
 still  
 With this last relic, soon itself to fall,  
 Some vagrant mother, whose arch little  
 ones,  
 All unconcerned by her dejected plight,  
 Laughed as with rival eagerness their  
 hands  
 Gathered the purple cups that round them  
 lay,  
 Strewing the turf's green slope.

A diamond light  
 (Whene'er the summer sun, declining,  
 smote  
 A smooth rock wet with constant springs)  
 was seen  
 Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank that  
 rose  
 Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the  
 hearth  
 Seated, with open door, often and long  
 Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,  
 That made my fancy restless as itself.  
 'Twas now for me a burnished silver  
 shield  
 Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay  
 Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood :  
 An entrance now into some magic cave  
 Or palace built by fairies of the rock ;  
 Nor could I have been bribed to disen-  
 chant  
 The spectacle, by visiting the spot.  
 Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,  
 Engrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings  
 bred  
 By pure Imagination : busy Power  
 She was, and with her ready pupil  
 turned  
 Instinctively to human passions, then  
 Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent  
 swarm  
 Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich  
 As mine was through the bounty of a  
 grand  
 And lovely region, I had forms distinct  
 To steady me in each airy thought re-  
 volved  
 Round a substantial centre, which at once  
 Incited it to motion, and controlled.  
 I did not pine like one in cities bred,  
 As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend !



Great Spirit as thou art, in endless  
 dreams  
 Of sickliness, disjoining, joining, things  
 Without the light of knowledge. Where  
 the harm,  
 If, when the woodman languished with  
 disease  
 Induced by sleeping nightly on the  
 ground  
 Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,  
 I called the pangs of disappointed love,  
 And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,  
 To help him to his grave? Meanwhile  
 the man,  
 If not already from the woods retired  
 To die at home, was haply as I knew,  
 Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle  
 airs,  
 Birds, running streams, and hills so  
 beautiful  
 On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile  
 Breathed up its smoke, an image of his  
 ghost  
 Or spirit that full soon must take her  
 flight.  
 Nor shall we not be tending towards that  
 point  
 Of sound humanity to which our Tale  
 Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I  
 show  
 How Fancy, in a season when she wove  
 Those slender cords, to guide the uncon-  
 scious Boy  
 For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's  
 call  
 Some pensive musings which might well  
 beseech  
 Maturer years.

A grove there is whose boughs  
 Stretch from the western marge of Thur-  
 ston-mere,  
 With length of shade so thick, that whose  
 glides  
 Along the line of low-roofed water, moves  
 As in a cloister. Once—while, in that  
 shade  
 Loitering, I watched the golden beams of  
 light  
 Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed  
 In silent beauty on the naked ridge  
 Of a high eastern hill—thus flowed my  
 thoughts  
 In a pure stream of words fresh from the  
 heart:

Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er  
 close  
 My mortal course, there will I think  
 you;  
 Dying, will cast on you a back-  
 look;  
 Even as this setting sun (albeit the Ve-  
 Is no where touched by one mem-  
 gleam)  
 Doth with the fond remains of his  
 power  
 Still linger, and a farewell lustre shed  
 On the dear mountain-tops where first  
 rose.

Enough of humble arguments; rec-  
 My Song! those high emotions which  
 voice  
 Has heretofore made known; that be-  
 ing forth  
 Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,  
 When everywhere a vital pulse was felt  
 And all the several frames of things,  
 stars,  
 Through every magnitude distinguish'd  
 Shone mutually indebted, or half lost  
 Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy  
 Of life and glory. In the midst of  
 Man,  
 Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,  
 As, of all visible natures, crown, the  
 born  
 Of dust, and kindred to the worm  
 Being,  
 Both in perception and discernment;  
 In every capability of rapture,  
 Through the divine effect of power  
 love;  
 As, more than anything we know, in-  
 With godhead, and, by reason and  
 will,  
 Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains le-  
 moved,  
 Begirt, from day to day, with temp-  
 shapes  
 Of vice and folly thrust upon my view  
 Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn  
 Manners and characters discriminate  
 And little bustling passions that echo  
 As well they might, the imper-  
 thought,  
 The idea, or abstraction of the kind

Idler among academic bowers,  
 was my new condition, as at large  
 been set forth; yet here the vulgar  
 ight  
 resent, actual, superficial life,  
 ming through colouring of other  
 imes,  
 sages and local privilege,  
 welcome, softened, if not solemnised.  
 notwithstanding, being brought more  
 ear  
 ce and guilt, forerunning wretched-  
 ess,  
 ible,—thought, at times, of human  
 le  
 an indefinite terror and dismay,  
 as the storms and angry elements  
 red in me; but gloomier far, a dim  
 gy to uproar and misrule,  
 et, danger, and obscurity.

ight be told (but wherefore speak  
 things  
 on to all?) that, seeing, I was led  
 y to ponder—judging between good  
 il, not as for the mind's delight  
 'her guidance—one who was to *act*,  
 etimes to the best of feeble means  
 y human sympathy impelled;  
 rough dislike and most offensive  
 in,  
 the truth conducted; of this faith  
 forsaken. that, by acting well,  
 derstanding, I should learn to love  
 d of life, and everything we know.

e Teacher, stern Preceptress! for  
 times  
 inst put on an aspect most severe;  
 , to thee I willingly return.  
 e my verse played idly with the  
 vers  
 ght upon thy mantle; satisfied  
 at amusement, and a simple look  
 -like inquisition now and then  
 wards on thy countenance, to  
 xt  
 mer meanings which might har-  
 r there.  
 'could I in mood so light indulge,  
 -such fresh remembrance of the

aving thriddled the long labyrinth  
 suburban villages, I find

Entered thy vast dominion? On the roof  
 Of an itinerant vehicle I sate,  
 With vulgar men about me, trivial forms  
 Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and  
 things,—

Mean shapes on every side: but, at the  
 instant,

When to myself it fairly might be said,  
 The threshold now is overpast, (how  
 strange

That aught external to the living mind  
 Should have such mighty sway! yet so it  
 was),

A weight of ages did at once descend  
 Upon my heart; no thought embodied,  
 no

Distinct remembrances, but weight and  
 power,—

Power growing under weight: alas! I  
 feel

That I am trifling: 'twas a moment's  
 pause,—

All that took place within me came and  
 went

As in a moment; yet with Time it dwells,  
 And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open  
 day,

Hath passed with torches into some huge  
 cave,

The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den  
 In old time haunted by that Danish

Witch,  
 Yordas; he looks around and sees the  
 vault

Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he  
 sees,

Erelong, the massy roof above his head,  
 That instantly unsettles and recedes,—

Substance and shadow, light and dark-  
 ness, all

Commingle, making up a canopy  
 Of shapes and forms and tendencies to

shape  
 That shift and vanish, change and inter-  
 change

Like spectres,—ferment silent and sub-  
 lime!

That after a short space works less and  
 less,

Till, every effort, every motion gone,  
 The scene before him stands in perfect

Exposed, and lifeless as a written book !—  
But let him pause awhile, and look again,  
And a new quickening shall succeed, at  
first

Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,  
Till the whole cave, so late a senseless  
mass,

Busies the eye with images and forms  
Boldly assembled,—here is shadowed  
forth

From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,  
A variegated landscape,—there the shape  
Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail,  
The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,  
Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff:  
Strange congregation ! yet not slow to  
meet

Eyes that perceive through minds that  
can inspire.

Even in such sort had I at first been  
moved,

Nor otherwise continued to be moved,  
As I explored the vast metropolis,  
Fount of my country's destiny and the  
world's ;

That great emporium, chronicle at once  
And burial-place of passions, and their  
home

Imperial, their chief living residence.

With strong sensations teeming as it  
did

Of past and present, such a place must  
needs

Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at  
that time

Far less than craving power ; yet know-  
ledge came,

Sought or unsought, and influxes of  
power

Came, of themselves, or at her call  
derived

In fits of kindest apprehensiveness,  
From all sides, when whate'er was in  
itself

Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me  
A correspondent amplitude of mind ;

Such is the strength and glory of our  
youth !

The human nature unto which I felt

That I belonged, and revered with  
love,

Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit

Diffused through time and space, with  
derived

Of evidence from monuments, erect,  
Prostrate, or leaning towards their  
mon rest

In earth, the widely scattered,  
sublime

Of vanished nations, or more  
drawn

From books and what they picture  
record.

'Tis true, the history of our native  
With those of Greece compared  
popular Rome,

And in our high-wrought modern  
times

Stript of their harmonising soul, the  
Of manners and familiar incidents,  
Had never much delighted me. An  
Than other intellects had mine been  
To lean upon extrinsic circumstance  
Of record or tradition ; but a sense  
Of what in the Great City had been  
And suffered, and was doing, still  
still,

Weighed with me, could support the  
of thought ;

And, in despite of all that had gone  
Or was departing never to return,

There I conversed with majesty and  
Like independent natures. Hence  
place

Was thronged with impregnations of  
Wilds

In which my early feelings had  
nursed—

Bare hills and valleys, full of  
rocks,

And audible seclusions, dashing  
Echoes and waterfalls, and pointed

That into music touch the passing ;  
Here then my young imagination

No uncongenial element ; could I  
Among new objects serve or give  
mand,

Even as the heart's occasion  
require,

To forward reason's else too slow  
march.

The effect was, still more elevate  
Of human nature. Neither vice  
Debasement undergone by body  
Nor all the misery forced upon

ery not lightly passed, but sometimes  
scanned  
t feelingly, could overthrow my trust  
that we *may* become ; induce belief  
I was ignorant, had been falsely  
taught,  
litary, who with vain conceits  
been inspired, and walked about in  
dreams.

those sad scenes when meditation  
urned,  
everything that was indeed divine  
ined its purity inviolate,  
brighter shone, by this portentous  
floom  
ff ; such opposition as aroused  
mind of Adam, yet in Paradise  
gh fallen from bliss, when in the  
ast he saw  
ness ere day's mid course, and morn-  
ng light  
orient in the western cloud, that  
rew  
be blue firmament a radiant white,  
nding slow with something heavenly  
aught.

I also, that among the multitudes  
t huge city, oftentimes was seen  
ingly set forth, "more than else-  
here  
sible, the unity of man,  
pirit over ignorance and vice  
minant in good and evil hearts ;  
ense for moral judgments, as one  
e  
se sun's light. The soul when  
nitten thus  
ublime *idea*, whencesoe'er  
safed for union or communion,  
eds  
: pure bliss, and takes her rest with  
od.

s from a very early age, O Friend !  
oughts by slow gradations had  
en drawn  
nan-kind, and to the good and ill  
nan life : Nature had led me on ;  
t amid the "busy hum" I seemed  
vel independent of her help,  
had forgotten her ; but no,  
rld of human-kind outweighed not  
rs

In my habitual thoughts ; the scale of  
love,  
Though filling daily, still was light, com-  
pared  
With that in which *her* mighty objects  
lay.

## BOOK NINTH.

## RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

EVEN as a river,—partly (it might seem)  
Yielding to old remembrances, and  
swayed

In part by fear to shape a way direct,  
That would engulf him soon in the  
ravenous sea—

Turns, and will measure back his course,  
far back,

Seeking the very regions which he crossed  
In his first outset ; so have we, my  
Friend !

Turned and returned with intricate de-  
lay.

Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow  
Of some aerial Down, while there he halts  
For breathing-time, is tempted to review  
The region left behind him ; and, if  
aught

Deserving notice have escaped regard,  
Or been regarded with too careless eye,  
Strives, from that height, with one and  
yet one more

Last look, to make the best amends he  
may :

So have we lingered. Now we start  
afresh

With courage, and new hope risen on our  
toil.

Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,  
Whene'er it comes ! needful in work so  
long,

Thrice needful to the argument which  
now

Awaits us ! Oh, how much unlike the  
past !

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,  
I ranged at large, through London's wide  
domain,  
Month after month. Obscurely did I  
live,

Not seeking frequent intercourse with  
men,  
By literature, or elegance, or rank,  
Distinguished. Scarcely was a year thus  
spent  
Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,  
With less regret for its luxurious pomp,  
And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,  
Than for the humble book-stalls in the  
streets,  
Exposed to eye and hand where'er I  
turned.

France lured me forth ; the realm that  
I had crossed  
So lately, journeying toward the snow-  
clad Alps.  
But now, relinquishing the scrip and  
staff,  
And all enjoyment which the summer sun  
Sheds round the steps of those who meet  
the day  
With motion constant as his own, I went  
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town,  
Washed by the current of the stately  
Loire.

Through Paris lay my readiest course,  
and there  
Sojourning a few days, I visited  
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,  
The latter chiefly ; from the field of Mars  
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,  
And from Mont Martre southward to  
the Dome  
Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous  
Halls,  
The National Synod and the Jacobins,  
I saw the Revolutionary Power  
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by  
storms ;  
The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace  
huge  
Of Orleans ; coasted round and round the  
line  
Of Tavern, ' Brothel, Gaming-house, and  
' Shop,  
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the  
walk.  
Of all who had a purpose, or had not ;  
I stared and listened, with a stranger's  
ears,  
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub  
wild !

And hissing Factionists with ardent  
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not ;  
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is  
to wear,  
But seemed there present ; and I sc  
them all,  
Watched every gesture uncontrolla  
Of anger, and vexation, and despite  
All side by side, and struggling f  
face,  
With gaiety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported wi  
dust  
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open  
And from the rubbish gathered up a  
And pocketed the relic, in the guise  
Of an enthusiast ; yet, in honest tr  
I looked for something that I cou  
find,  
Affecting more emotion than I felt  
For 'tis most certain, that these  
sights,  
However potent their first shock  
me  
Appeared to recompense the tra  
pains  
Less than the painted Magdalene  
Brun,  
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with  
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and  
cheek  
Pale and bedropped with ever  
tears.

But hence to my more permanent  
I hasten ; there, by novelties in sp  
Domestic manners, customs, ge  
looks,  
And all the attire of ordinary life,  
Attention was engrossed ; and,  
amused,  
I stood, 'mid those concussions, I  
cerned,  
Tranquil almost, and careless as a  
Glassed in a greenhouse, or a f  
shrub  
That spreads its leaves in unne  
peace,  
While every bush and tree, the o  
through,  
Is shaking to the roots : indifferen  
Which may seem strange : but I w  
prepared

with needful knowledge, had abruptly  
passed  
to a theatre, whose stage was filled  
and busy with an action far advanced.  
Like others, I had skimmed, and some-  
times read

with care, the master-pamphlets of the  
day ;

nor wanted such half-insight as grew  
wild

from that meagre soil, helped out by  
talk

of public news ; but having never seen  
a chronicle that might suffice to show

whence the main organs of the public  
power

had sprung, their transmigrations, when  
and how

accomplished, giving thus unto events  
form and body ; all thing were to me

use and disjointed, and the affections  
left

without a vital interest. At that time,  
however, the first storm was overblown,

and the strong hand of outward violence  
laid up in quiet. For myself, I fear

was in connection with so great a theme  
speak (as I must be compelled to do)

one so unimportant ; night by night  
I frequent the formal haunts of men,

and, in the city, privilege of birth  
excluded from the rest, societies

gathered in arts, and in punctilio versed ;  
and, from deeper causes, all dis-  
course

of good and evil or the time was shunned  
with scrupulous care ; but these restric-  
tions soon

became tedious, and I gradually with-  
drew

from a noisier world, and thus ere long  
became a patriot ; and my heart was all

devoted to the people, and my love was  
theirs.

A band of military Officers,  
stationed in the city, were the chief

of my associates : some of these wore  
swords

that had been seasoned in the wars, and  
all

were men well-born ; the chivalry of  
France.

Age and temper differing, they had yet

One spirit ruling in each heart ; alike  
(Save only one, hereafter to be named)

Were bent upon undoing what was done :  
This was their rest and only hope ; there-  
with

No fear had they of bad becoming worse,  
For worst to them was come ; nor would

have stirred,  
Or deemed it worth a moment's thought  
to stir,

In anything, save only as the act  
Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by

years,  
Was in the prime of manhood, and ere-  
while

He had sate lord in many tender hearts ;  
Though heedless of such honours now,  
and changed :

His temper was quite mastered by the  
times,

And they had blighted him, had eaten  
away

The beauty of his person, doing wrong  
Alike to body and to mind : his port,

Which once had been erect and open, now  
Was stooping and contracted, and a face,

Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts  
Of symmetry and light and bloom, ex-  
pressed,

As much as any that was ever seen,  
A ravage out of season, made by thoughts

Unhealthy and vexatious. With the  
hour,

That from the press of Paris duly brought  
Its freight of public news, the fever

came,  
A punctual visitant, to shake this man,  
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow

cheek  
Into a thousand colours ; while he read,  
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his

touch  
Continually, like an uneasy place  
In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour

Of universal ferment ; mildest men  
Were agitated ; and commotions, strife

Of passions and opinions, filled the walls  
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.

The soil of common life, was, at that  
time,

Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,  
And not then only, "What a mockery

this  
Of history, the past and that to come ?

Now do I feel how all men are deceived,  
 Reading of nations and their works, in  
   faith,  
 Faith given to vanity and emptiness ;  
 Oh ! laughter for the page that would  
   reflect  
 To future times the face of what now is !"  
 The land all swarmed with passion, like  
   a plain  
 Devoured by locusts,—Carra, Gorsas,—  
   add  
 A hundred other names, forgotten now,  
 Nor to be heard of more ; yet, they were  
   powers,  
 Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day  
   by day,  
 And felt through every nook of town and  
   field.

Such was the state of things. Mean-  
   while the chief  
 Of my associates stood prepared for flight  
 To augment the band of emigrants in  
   arms  
 Upon the borders of the Rhine, and  
   leagued  
 With foreign foes mustered for instant  
   war.  
 This was their undisguised intent, and  
   they  
 'Were waiting with the whole of their  
   desires  
 The moment to depart.

                  An Englishman,  
 Born in a land whose very name appeared  
 Todicense some unruliness of mind ;  
 A stranger, with youth's further privilege,  
 And the indulgence that a half-learnt  
   speech  
 Wins from the courteous ; I, who had  
   been else  
 Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived  
 With these defenders of the Crown, and  
   talked,  
 And heard their notions ; nor did they  
   disdain  
 The wish to bring me over to their cause.

But though untaught by thinking or by  
   books  
 To reason well of polity or law,  
 And nice distinctions, then on every  
   tongue,  
 Of natural rights and civil ; and to acts

Of nations and their passing inter  
 (If with unworldly ends and ain  
   pared)  
 Almost indifferent, even the hi  
   tale  
 Prizing but little otherwise than I  
 Tales of the poets, as it made the  
 Beat high, and filled the fancy  
   forms,  
 Old heroes and their sufferings a  
   deeds ;  
 Yet in the regal sceptre, and the  
 Of orders and degrees, I nothing  
 Then, or had ever, even in crude  
 That dazzled me, but rather  
   mourned  
 And ill could brook, beholding  
   best  
 Ruled not, and feeling that they  
   rule.

For, born in a poor district, at  
   yet  
 Retaineth more of ancient homel  
 Than any other nook of English  
 It was my fortune scarcely to ha  
 Through the whole tenour of m  
   day time,  
 The face of one, who, whethe  
   man,  
 Was vested with attention or re  
 Through claims of wealth or bl  
   was it least  
 Of many benefits, in later years  
 Derived from academic institute  
 And rules, that they held some  
   to view  
 Of a Republic, where all stood t  
 Upon equal ground ; that we wer  
   all  
 In honour, as in one community  
 Scholars and gentlemen ; wher  
   more,  
 Distinction open lay to all that  
 And wealth and titles were in le  
 Than talents, worth, and prosp  
   dustry.  
 Add unto this, subservience  
   first  
 To presences of God's mysterio  
 Made manifest in Nature's sove  
 And fellowship with venerable  
 To sanction the proud workin  
   soul,

mountain liberty. It could not be  
 that one tutored thus should look  
 with awe  
 on the faculties of man, receive  
 the highest promises, and hail,  
 best, the government of equal rights  
 individual worth. And hence, O  
 Friend !  
 the first great outbreak I rejoiced  
 than might well befit my youth, the  
 cause  
 art lay here, that unto me the events  
 and nothing out of nature's certain  
 course,  
 fit that was come rather late than  
 soon.

Wonder, then, if advocates like these,  
 med by passion, blind with prejudice,  
 stung with injury, at this ripen day,  
 impotent to make my hopes put on  
 shape of theirs, my understanding  
 and  
 pour to their honour: zeal, which yet  
 slumbered, now in opposition burst  
 like a Polar summer: every word  
 uttered was a dart, by counter-  
 inds  
 back upon themselves; their reason  
 seemed  
 sion-stricken by a higher power  
 human understanding, their dis-  
 course  
 ed, spiritless; and, in their weak-  
 ness strong,  
 ighed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads  
 crowded with the bravest youth of  
 ance,  
 ll the promptest of her spirits,  
 lked  
 ant soldiership, and posting on  
 eet the war upon her frontier  
 unds.  
 this very moment do tears start  
 ine eyes: I do not say I weep—  
 not then,—but tears have dimmed  
 sight,  
 rory of the farewells of that time,  
 tic severings, female fortitude  
 rest separation, patriot love  
 lf-devotion, and terrestrial hope,  
 aged with a martyr's confidence;  
 iles of strangers merely seen but  
 e,

And for a moment, men from far with  
 sound  
 Of music, martial tunes, and banners  
 spread,  
 Entering the city, here and there a face,  
 Or person singled out among the rest,  
 Yet still a stranger and beloved as such;  
 Even by these passing spectacles my  
 heart  
 Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed  
 Arguments sent from Heaven to prove  
 the cause  
 Good, pure, which no one could stand up  
 against,  
 Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish,  
 proud,  
 Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,  
 Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one,  
 Already hinted at, of other mould—  
 A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,  
 And with an oriental loathing spurned,  
 As of a different caste. A meeker man  
 Than this lived never, nor a more benign,  
 Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries  
 Made him more gracious, and his nature  
 then  
 Did breathe its sweetness out most sen-  
 sibly,  
 As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,  
 When foot hath crushed them. He  
 through the events  
 Of that great change wandered in perfect  
 faith,  
 As through a book, an old romance, or  
 tale  
 Of Fairy, or some dream of actions  
 wrought  
 Behind the summer clouds. By birth he  
 ranked  
 With the most noble, but unto the poor  
 Among mankind he was in service bound,  
 As by some tie invisible, oaths professed  
 To a religious order. Man he loved  
 As man; and, to the mean and the  
 obscure,  
 And all the homely in their homely works,  
 Transferred a courtesy which had no air  
 Of condescension; but did rather seem  
 A passion and a gallantry, like that  
 Which he, a soldier, in his idler day  
 Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he  
 was,



Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,  
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy  
Diffused around him, while he was  
intent

On works of love or freedom, or revolved  
Complacently the progress of a cause,  
Whereof he was a part: yet this was  
meek

And placid, and took nothing from the  
man

That was delightful. Oft in solitude  
With him did I discourse about the end  
Of civil government, and its wisest forms;  
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,  
Custom and habit, novelty and change;  
Of self-respect, and virtue in the few  
For patrimonial honour set apart,  
And ignorance in the labouring multitude.  
For he, to all intolerance indisposed,  
Balanced these contemplations in his  
mind;

And I, who at that time was scarcely  
dipped

Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment  
Than later days allowed; carried about  
me,

With less alloy to its integrity,  
The experience of past ages, as, through  
help

Of books and common life, it makes sure  
way

To youthful minds, by objects over near  
Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled  
By struggling with the crowd for present  
ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to  
find

Error without excuse upon the side  
Of them who strove against us, more  
delight

We took, and let this freely be confessed,  
In painting to ourselves the miseries  
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life  
Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul  
The meanest thrives the most; where  
dignity,

True personal dignity, abideth not;  
A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off  
From the natural inlets of just sentiment,  
From lowly sympathy and chastening  
truth:

Where good and evil interchange their  
names,

And thirst for bloody spoils abroad  
paired  
With vice at home. We added de-  
themes—

Man and his noble nature, as it is  
The gift which God has placed within  
power,

His blind desires and steady faculties  
Capable of clear truth, the one to break  
Bondage, the other to build liberty  
On firm foundations, making social life  
Through knowledge spreading and  
perishable,

As just in regulation, and as pure  
As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honourable  
Of ancient Story, thought of each  
spot,

That would be found in all recorded  
Of truth preserved and error passed  
Of single spirits that catch the flame  
Heaven,

And how the multitudes of men will  
And fan each other; thought of  
how keen

They are to put the appropriate nature  
Triumphant over every obstacle  
Of custom, language, country, low  
hate,

And what they do and suffer for  
creed;

How far they travel, and how long  
dure;

How quickly mighty Nations have  
formed,

From least beginnings; how, together  
locked

By new opinions, scattered tribes  
made

One body, spreading wide as clouds  
heaven.

To aspirations then of our own minds  
Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld  
A living confirmation of the whole  
Before us, in a people from the depths  
Of shameful imbecility uprising,  
Fresh as the morning star. Else  
looked

Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest  
Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous  
And continence of mind, and seen  
right,

Uppermost in the midst of fiercest

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,  
 such retirement, Friend! as we have  
 known  
 the green dales beside our Rotha's  
 stream,  
 or Derwent, or some nameless rill,  
 ruminate, with interchange of talk,  
 rational liberty, and hope in man,  
 tice and peace. But far more sweet  
 such toil—

I, say I, for it leads to thoughts ab-  
 struse—

ature then be standing on the brink  
 some great trial, and we hear the voice  
 one devoted,—one whom circumstance  
 h called upon to embody his deep  
 sense

action, give it outwardly a shape,  
 that of benediction, to the world.  
 n doubt is not, and truth is more  
 than truth,—

ape it is, and a desire ; a creed  
 eal, by an authority Divine  
 tioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.

conversation, under Attic shades,  
 Dion hold with Plato ; ripened thus  
 a deliverer's glorious task,—and such  
 on that ministry already bound,  
 l with Eudemus and Timonides,  
 ounded by adventurers in arms,  
 n those two vessels with their daring  
 freight,

the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,  
 d from Zacythus,—philosophic war,  
 by Philosophers. With harder fate,  
 gh like ambition, such was he, O  
 Friend!

hom I speak. So BEAUPUY (let the  
 name

d near the worthiest of Antiquity)  
 ioned his life ; and many a long dis-  
 course,

like persuasion honoured, we main-  
 ained :

on his part, accoutred for the worst,  
 erished fighting, in supreme com-  
 mand,

the borders of the unhappy Loire,  
 berty, against deluded men,  
 fellow country-men ; and yet most  
 blessed

s, that he the fate of later times  
 not to see, nor what we now behold,  
 ave as ardent hearts as he had then.

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth  
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet  
 Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk ;  
 Or in wide forests of continuous shade,  
 Lofty and over-arched, with open space  
 Beneath the trees, clear footing many  
 a mile—

A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,  
 From earnest dialogues I slipped in  
 thought,

And let remembrance steal to other times,  
 When o'er those interwoven roots, moss-  
 clad,

And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,  
 Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed,  
 might pace

In sylvan meditation undisturbed ;  
 As on the pavement of a Gothic church  
 Walks a lone Monk, when service hath  
 expired,

In peace and silence. But if e'er was  
 heard,—

Heard, though unseen,—a devious traveller,  
 Retiring or approaching from afar  
 With speed and echoes loud of trampling  
 hoofs

From the hard floor reverberated, then  
 It was Angelica thundering through the  
 woods

Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid  
 Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.

Sometimes methought I saw a pair of  
 knights

Joust underneath the trees, that as in  
 storm

Rocked high above their heads ; anon,  
 the din

Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,  
 In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt  
 Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with  
 dance

Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,  
 A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.  
 The width of those huge forests, unto me  
 A novel scene, did often in this way  
 Master my fancy while I wandered on  
 With that revered companion And some-  
 times—

When to a convent in a meadow green,  
 By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,  
 And not by reverential touch of Time  
 Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—  
 In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,  
 In spite of real fervour, and of that

Less genuine and wrought up within  
myself—

I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,  
And for the Matin-bell to sound no more  
Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the  
cross

High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign  
(How welcome to the weary traveller's  
eyes !)

Of hospitality and peaceful rest.  
And when the partner of those varied  
walks

Pointed upon occasion to the site  
Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,  
To the imperial edifice of Blois,  
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped  
From my remembrance, where a lady  
lodged,

By the first Francis wooed, and bound to  
him

In chains of mutual passion, from the  
tower,

As a tradition of the country tells,  
Practised to commune with her royal  
knight

By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse  
'Twixt her high-seated residence and his  
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath ;  
Even here, though less than with the  
peaceful house

Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments  
Of Kings, their vices and their better  
deeds,

Imagination, potent to inflame  
At times with virtuous wrath and noble  
scorn,

Did also often mitigate the force  
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,  
So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind ;  
And on these spots with many gleams I  
looked

Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,  
Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one  
Is law for all, and of that barren pride  
In them who, by immunities unjust,  
Between the sovereign and the people  
stand,

His helper and not theirs, laid stronger  
hold

Daily upon me, mixed with pity too  
And love ; for where hope is, there love  
will be

For the abject multitude. And when we  
chanced

One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl  
Who crept along fitting her languid  
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord  
Tied to her arm, and picking thus  
the lane

Its sustenance, while the girl with  
hands

Was busy knitting in a heartless mood  
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend  
In agitation said, "'Tis against *that*  
That we are fighting," I with him  
lieved

That a benignant spirit was abroad  
Which might not be withstood,  
poverty

Abject as this would in a little time  
Be found no more, that we should see  
earth

Unthwarted in her wish to recompense  
The meek, the lowly, patient child  
All institutes for ever blotted out

That legalised exclusion, empty por  
Abolished, sensual state and cruel  
Whether by edict of the one or few  
And finally, as sum and crown of all  
Should see the people having a  
hand

In framing their own laws ; whence  
days

To all mankind. But, these thin  
apart,

Was not this single confidence enough  
To animate the mind that ever turns  
A thought to human welfare, -  
henceforth

Captivity by mandate without law  
Should cease ; and open accusation  
To sentence in the hearing of the world  
And open punishment, if not the air  
Be free to breathe in, and the heart  
man

Dread nothing ? From this height  
not stoop

To humbler matter that detained us  
In thought or conversation, public  
And public persons, and emotions within  
Within the breast, as ever-varying  
Of record or report swept over us ;  
But I might here, instead, repeat a  
Told by my Patriot friend, of sad  
That prove to what low depth had  
the roots,

How widely spread the boughs, the  
old tree

rich, as a deadly mischief, and a foul  
and black dishonour, France was weary of.

O, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus  
the story might begin,) oh, balmy time,  
which a love-knot on a lady's brow,  
fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!  
might—and with that prelude *did*  
begin  
the record; and, in faithful verse, was  
given  
the doleful sequel.

But our little bark  
a strong river boldly hath been  
launched;  
and from the driving current should we  
turn  
loiter wilfully within a creek,  
we'er attractive, Fellow voyager!  
wouldst thou not chide? Yet deem not  
my pains lost:  
for Vaudracour and Julia (so were  
named  
the ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will  
draw  
ears from the hearts of others, when  
their own  
will beat no more. Thou, also, there  
may'st read,  
in leisure, how the enamoured youth was  
driven,  
public power abased, to fatal crime,  
nature's rebellion against monstrous law;  
and, between heart and heart, oppression  
thrust  
for mandates, severing whom true love  
had joined,  
passing both; until he sank and  
pressed  
his couch his fate had made for him;  
and supine,  
when the stings of viperous remorse,  
striking their strength, enforced him to  
start up,  
fast and prayerless. Into a deep wood  
fled, to shun the haunts of human  
kind;  
there dwelt, weakened in spirit more  
and more;  
could the voice of Freedom, which  
passed through France,  
speedily resounded, public hope,  
personal memory of his own worst  
wrongs,

Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy  
shades,  
His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

## BOOK TENTH.

## RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.—

(CONTINUED).

It was a beautiful and silent day  
That overspread the countenance of earth,  
Then fading with unusual quietness,—  
A day as beautiful as e'er was given  
To soothe regret, though deepening what  
it soothed,  
When by the gliding Loire I paused, and  
cast  
Upon his rich domains, vineyard and  
tilth,  
Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured  
woods,  
Again, and yet again, a farewell look;  
Then from the quiet of that scene passed  
on,  
Bound to the fierce Metropolis. From  
his throne  
The King had fallen, and that invading  
host—  
Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front  
was written  
The tender mercies of the dismal wind  
That bore it—on the plains of Liberty  
Had burst innocuous. Say in bolder  
words,  
They—who had come elate as eastern  
hunters  
Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when  
he  
Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,  
Rajahs and Omrahs in his train, intent  
To drive their prey enclosed within a  
ring  
Wide as a province, but, the signal given,  
Before the point of the life-threatening  
spear  
Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash  
men,  
Had seen the anticipated quarry turned  
Into avengers, from whose wrath they  
fled  
In terror. Disappointment and dismay

Remained for all whose fancies had run  
wild  
With evil expectations ; confidence  
And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State, as if to stamp the final seal  
On her security, and to the world  
Show what she was, a high and fearless  
soul,  
Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung  
By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt  
With spiteful gratitude the baffled  
League,  
That had stirred up her slackening facul-  
ties  
To a new transition, when the King was  
crushed,  
Spared not the empty throne, and in  
proud haste  
Assumed the body and venerable name  
Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes,  
'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire  
work  
Of massacre, in which the senseless sword  
Was prayed to as a judge ; but these were  
past,  
Earth free from them for ever, as was  
thought,—  
Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once !  
Things that could only show themselves  
and die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I  
returned,  
And ranged, with ardour heretofore unfelt,  
The spacious city, and in progress passed  
The prison where the unhappy Monarch  
lay,  
Associate with his children and his wife  
In bondage ; and the palace, lately  
stormed  
With roar of cannon by a furious host.  
I crossed the square (an empty area then !)  
Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain  
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and  
gazed  
On this and other spots, as doth a man  
Upon a volume whose contents he knows  
Are memorable, but from him locked up,  
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,  
So that he questions the mute leaves with  
pain,  
And half upbraids their silence. But that  
night

I felt most deeply in what world I was,  
What ground I trod on, and what air  
breathed.

High was my room and lonely, near  
roof

Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge  
That would have pleased me in my  
quiet times ;

Nor was it wholly without pleasure the  
With unextinguished taper I kept watch  
Reading at intervals ; the fear gone by  
Pressed on me almost like a fear to come  
I thought of those September massacre  
Divided from me by one little month,  
Saw them and touched : the rest was con-  
jured up

From tragic fictions or true history,  
Remembrances and dim admonishment  
The horse is taught his manage, and  
star

Of wildest course but treads back his  
steps ;

For the spent hurricane the air provides  
As fierce a successor ; the tide retreats  
But to return out of its hiding-place  
In the great deep ; all things have second  
birth ;

The earthquake is not satisfied at once  
And in this way I wrought upon myself  
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried  
To the whole city, "sleep no more." " "

trance  
Fled with the voice to which it had given  
birth ;

But vainly comments of a calmer mind  
Promised soft peace and sweet forget-  
ness.

The place, all hushed and silent as it were  
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,  
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roared

With early morning towards the Palace  
walk

Of Orleans eagerly I turned ; as yet  
The streets were still ; not so those long  
Arcades ;

There, 'mid a peal of ill-matched sound  
and cries,

That greeted me on entering, I could  
hear

Shrill voices from the hawkers in the  
throng,

Bawling, "Denunciation of the Crime  
Of Maximilian Robespierre ;" the high

empt as the voice, held forth a printed speech,  
 same that had been recently pronounced,  
 en Robespierre, not ignorant for what mark  
 words of indirect reproof had been  
 ended, rose in hardihood, and dared  
 man who had an ill surmise of him  
 bring his charge in openness;  
 whereat,  
 in a dead pause ensued, and no one  
 stirred,  
 lence of all present, from his seat  
 yet walked single through the avenue,  
 took his station in the Tribune, saying,  
 Robespierre, accuse thee!" Well is  
 known  
 inglorious issue of that charge, and  
 how  
 who had launched the startling thunderbolt,  
 one bold man, whose voice the attack  
 had sounded,  
 left without a follower to discharge  
 perilous duty, and retire lamenting  
 Heaven's best aid is wasted upon  
 men  
 to themselves are false.

But these are things  
 rich I speak, only as they were storm  
 shine to my individual mind,  
 further. Let me then relate that  
 now—  
 me sort seeing with my proper eyes  
 Liberty, and Life, and Death would  
 soon  
 e remotest corners of the land  
 the arbitrement of those who ruled  
 apital City; what was struggled for,  
 by what combatants victory must be  
 on;  
 decision on their part whose aim  
 ed best, and the straightforward path  
 f those  
 in attack or in defence were strong  
 gh their impiety—my inmost soul  
 agitated; yea, I could almost  
 prayed that throughout earth upon  
 all men,  
 tient exercise of reason made  
 ty of liberty, all spirits filled  
 eal expanding in

The gift of tongues might fall, and power  
 arrive  
 From the four quarters of the winds to do  
 For France, what without help she could  
 not do,  
 A work of honour; think not that to this  
 I added, work of safety: from all doubt  
 Or trepidation for the end of things  
 Far was I, far as angels are from guilt.

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, but  
 thought  
 Of opposition and of remedies:  
 An insignificant stranger and obscure,  
 And one, moreover, little graced with  
 power  
 Of eloquence even in my native speech,  
 And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,  
 Yet would I at this time with willing  
 heart  
 Have undertaken for a cause so great  
 Service however dangerous. I revolved,  
 How much the destiny of Man had still  
 Hung upon single persons; that there  
 was,  
 Transcendent to all local patrimony,  
 One nature, as there is one sun in heaven;  
 That objects, even as they are great,  
 thereby  
 Do come within the reach of humblest  
 eyes;  
 That Man is only weak through his mis-  
 trust  
 And want of hope where evidence divine  
 Proclaims to him that hope should be  
 most sure;  
 Nor did the inexperience of my youth  
 Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong  
 In hope, and trained to noble aspira-  
 tions,  
 A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,  
 Is for Society's unreasoning herd  
 A domineering instinct, serves at once  
 For way and guide, a fluent receptacle  
 That gathers up each petty straggling rill  
 And vein of water, glad to be rolled on  
 In safe obedience; that a mind, whose  
 rest  
 Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,  
 In circumspection and simplicity,  
 Falls rarely in entire discomfiture  
 Below its aim, or meets with, from with-  
 out,

And, lastly, if the means on human will,  
Frail human will, dependent should  
betray

Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt  
That 'mid the loud distractions of the  
world

A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,  
Arbiter undisturbed of right and wrong,  
Of life and death, in majesty severe  
Enjoining, as may best promote the aims  
Of truth and justice, either sacrifice,  
From whatsoever region of our cares  
Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,  
Earnest and blind, against the stern  
decree.

On the other side, I called to mind  
those truths

That are the commonplaces of the  
schools—

(A theme for boys, too hackneyed for  
their sires,)

Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,  
In all their comprehensive bearings known  
And visible to philosophers of old,  
Men who, to business of the world un-  
trained,

Lived in the shade; and to Harmodius  
known

And his compeer Aristogiton, known  
To Brutus—that tyrannic power is weak,  
Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor  
love,

Nor the support of good or evil men  
To trust in; that the godhead which is  
ours

Can never utterly be charmed or stilled;  
That nothing hath a natural right to last  
But equity and reason; that all else  
Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best  
Lives only by variety of disease.

Well might my wishes be intense, my  
thoughts

Strong and perturbed, not doubting at  
that time

But that the virtue of one paramount  
mind

Would have abashed those impious crests  
—have quelled

Outrage and bloody power, and—in de-  
spite

Of what the People long had been and  
were.

Through ignorance and false teach-  
sadder proof

Of immaturity, and—in the teeth  
Of desperate opposition from without—  
Have cleared a passage for just gov-  
ernment,

And left a solid birthright to the State  
Redeemed, according to example given  
By ancient lawgivers.

In this frame of mind  
Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity  
So seemed it,—now I thankfully acknow-  
ledge,

Forced by the gracious providence  
Heaven,—

To England I returned, else (tho  
assured

That I both was and must be of sin-  
weight,

No better than a landsman on the deck  
Of a ship struggling with a hideous sea  
Doubtless, I should have then met  
common cause

With some who perished; haply perished  
too,

A poor mistaken and bewildered of  
ing,—

Should to the breast of Nature have given  
back,

With all my resolutions, all my hopes,  
A Poet only to myself, to men  
Useless, and even, beloved Friend  
soul

To thee unknown!

Twice had the trees let  
Their leaves, as often Winter had put  
His hoary crown, since I had seen  
surge

Beat against Albion's shore, since I  
mine

Had caught the accents of my  
speech

Upon our native country's sacred ground  
A patriot of the world, how could I  
Into communion with her sylvan shades  
Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It pleased  
me more

To abide in the great City, where I  
The general air still busy with the stir  
Of that first memorable onset made  
By a strong levy of humanity  
Upon the traffickers in Negro blood  
Effort which, though defeated, had  
called

notice old forgotten principles,  
 d through the nation spread a novel  
 heat  
 virtuous feeling. For myself, I own  
 at this particular strife had wanted  
 power  
 rivet my affections ; nor did now  
 unsuccessful issue much excite  
 sorrow ; for I brought with me the  
 faith  
 it, if France prospered, good men  
 would not long  
 fruitless worship to humanity,  
 l this most rotten branch of human  
 shame,  
 ect, so seemed it, of superfluous pains,  
 id fall together with its parent tree.  
 it, then, were my emotions, when in  
 arms  
 ain put forth her freeborn strength in  
 league,  
 pity and shame ! with those confede-  
 rate Powers !  
 in my single self alone I found,  
 in the minds of all ingenuous youth,  
 ge and subversion from that hour.  
 No shock  
 n to my moral nature had I known  
 n to that very moment ; neither lapse  
 turn of sentiment that might be  
 named  
 olution, save at this one time ;  
 else was progress on the self-same  
 path  
 hich, with a diversity of pace,  
 I been travelling : this a stride at  
 mce  
 another region. As a light  
 pliant harebell, swinging in the  
 breeze  
 ome grey rock—its birthplace—so  
 ad I  
 oned, fast rooted on the ancient  
 ower  
 y beloved country, wishing not  
 pier fortune than to wither there :  
 was I from that pleasant station torn  
 tossed about in whirlwind. I re-  
 jiced,  
 afterwards—truth most painful to  
 record !—  
 ed, in the triumph of my soul,  
 Englishmen by thousands were  
 urtherrown,

Left without glory on the field, or driven,  
 Brave hearts ! to shameful flight. It was  
 a grief,—

Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,—  
 A conflict of sensations without name,  
 Of which *he* only, who may love the sight  
 Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,  
 When in the congregation bending all  
 To their great Father, prayers were offered  
 up,

Or praises for our country's victories ;  
 And, 'mid the simple worshippers, per-  
 chance

I only, like an uninvited guest  
 Whom no one owned, sate silent, shall I  
 add,

Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.

Oh ! much have they to account for,  
 who could tear,  
 By violence, at one decisive rent,  
 From the best youth in England their  
 dear pride,

Their joy, in England ; this, too, at a time  
 In which worst losses easily might wean  
 The best of names, when patriotic love  
 Did of itself in modesty give way,  
 Like the Precursor when the Deity  
 Is come Whose harbinger he was ; a time  
 In which apostasy from ancient faith  
 Seemed but conversion to a higher creed ;  
 Withal a season dangerous and wild,  
 A time when sage Experience would have  
 snatched

Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose  
 A chaplet in contempt of his grey locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the  
 red-cross flag  
 In that unworthy service was prepared  
 To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,  
 A brood of gallant creatures, on the  
 deep ;

I saw them in their rest, a sojourner  
 Through a whole month of calm and glassy  
 days

In that delightful island which protects  
 Their place of convocation—there I heard,  
 Each evening, pacing by the still sea-  
 shore,

A monitory sound that never failed,—  
 The sunset cannon. While the orb went  
 down

In the tranquillity of nature. came



That voice, ill requiem ! seldom heard by  
me  
Without a spirit overcast by dark  
Imaginations, sense of woes to come,  
Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men, who, for their  
desperate ends,  
Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were  
glad  
Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong  
before  
In wicked pleas, were strong as demons  
now ;  
And thus, on every side beset with foes,  
The goaded land waxed mad ; the crimes  
of few  
Spread into madness of the many ; blasts  
From hell came sanctified like airs from  
heaven.

The sternness of the just, the faith of  
those  
Who doubted not that Providence had  
times  
Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned  
The human Understanding paramount  
And made of that their God, the hopes of  
men  
Who were content to barter short-lived  
pangs

For a paradise of ages, the blind rage  
Of insolent tempers, the light vanity  
Of intermeddlers, steady purposes  
Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,  
And all the accidents of life were pressed  
Into one service, busy with one work.  
The Senate stood aghast, her prudence  
quenched,  
Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,  
Her frenzy only active to extol  
Past outrages, and shape the way for new,  
Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole  
year  
With feast-days ; old men from the  
chimney-nook,  
The maiden from the bosom of her love,  
The mother from the cradle of her babe,  
The warrior from the field—all perished,  
all—  
Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages,  
ranks,  
Head after head, and never heads enough

For those that bade them fall. To  
found their joy,  
They made it proudly, eager as a child  
(If like desires of innocent little ones  
May with such heinous appetites be  
compared),  
Pleased in some open field to exercise  
A toy that mimics with revolving wing  
The motion of a wind-mill ; though the  
Do of itself blow fresh, and make  
vanes  
Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents  
not,  
But, with the plaything at arm's len,  
he sets  
His front against the blast, and  
amain,  
That it may whirl the faster.

Amid the de  
Of those enormities, even thinking mi  
Forgot, at seasons, whence they had  
being ;  
Forgot that such a sound was ever he  
As Liberty upon earth : yet all beneath  
Her innocent authority was wrought,  
Nor could have been, without her ble  
name.

The illustrious wife of Roland, in  
hour  
Of her composure, felt that agony,  
And gave it vent in her last words.  
Friend !

It was a lamentable time for man,  
Whether a hope had e'er been his or  
A woeful time for them whose ho  
survived

The shock ; most woeful for those  
who still  
Were flattered, and had trust in hu  
kind :

They had the deepest feeling of the  
Meanwhile the Invaders fared as  
deserved :

The Herculean Commonwealth ha  
forth her arms,  
And throttled with an infant godh  
might

The snakes about her cradle ; that  
well,  
And as it should be ; yet no cure for  
Whose souls were sick with pain of  
would be  
Hereafter brought in charge against  
kind.

st melancholy at that time, O Friend I  
 ere my day-thoughts,—my nights were  
 miserable ;  
 rough months, through years, long after  
 the last beat  
 those atrocities, the hour of sleep  
 me came rarely charged with natural  
 gifts,  
 h ghastly visions had I of despair  
 i tyranny, and implements of death ;  
 l innocent victims sinking under fear,  
 l momentary hope, and worn-out  
 prayer,  
 h in his separate cell, or penned in  
 crowds  
 sacrifice, and struggling with fond  
 mirth  
 levity in dungeons, where the dust  
 ; laid with tears. Then suddenly the  
 scene  
 aged, and the unbroken dream en-  
 tangled me  
 ng orations, which I strove to plead  
 re unjust tribunals,—with a voice  
 uring, a brain confounded, and a sense,  
 h-like, of treacherous desertion, felt  
 e last place of refuge—my own soul.

hen I began in youth's delightful  
 rime  
 ield myself to Nature, when that  
 strong  
 holy passion overcame me first,  
 lay nor night, evening or morn, was  
 ree  
 its oppression. But, O Power  
 upreme !  
 out Whose call this world would  
 ease to breathe,  
 from the Fountain of Thy grace dost  
 ll  
 eins that branch through every frame  
 f life,  
 ng man what he is, creature divine,  
 gle or in social eminence,  
 : the rest raised infinite ascents  
 reason that enables him to be  
 sequestered—what a change is here !  
 fferent ritual for this after-worship  
 countenance to promote this second  
 ve !  
 rst was service paid to things which  
 :  
 ed within the bosom of Thy will.

Therefore to serve was high beatitude ;  
 Tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear  
 Ennobling, venerable ; sleep secure,  
 And waking thoughts more rich than  
 happiest dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft  
 In vision, yet constrained by natural laws  
 With them to take a troubled human  
 heart,

Wanted not consolations, nor a creed  
 Of reconciliation, then when they de-  
 nounced,

On towns and cities, wallowing in the  
 abyss

Of their offences, punishment to come ;  
 Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,  
 Before them, in some desolated place,  
 The wrath consummate and the threat  
 fulfilled ;

So, with devout humility be it said,  
 So, did a portion of that spirit fall  
 On me uplifted from the vantage-ground  
 Of pity and sorrow to a state of being  
 That through the time's exceeding fierce-  
 ness saw

Glimpses of retribution, terrible,  
 And in the order of sublime behests :

But, even if that were not, amid the awe  
 Of unintelligible chastisement,  
 Not only acquiescences of faith  
 Survived, but daring sympathies with  
 power,

Motions not treacherous or profane, else  
 why

Within the folds of no ungentle breast  
 Their dread vibration to this hour pro-  
 longed ?

Wild blasts of music thus could find their  
 way

Into the midst of turbulent events ;  
 So that worst tempests might be listened  
 to.

Then was the truth received into my  
 heart,

That, under heaviest sorrow earth can  
 bring,

If from the affliction somewhere do not  
 grow

Honour which could not else have been,  
 a faith,

An elevation, and a sanctity,  
 If new strength be not given nor old  
 restored.

The blame is ours, not Nature's. When  
 a taunt  
 Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,  
 Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap  
 From popular government and equality,"  
 I clearly saw that neither these nor aught  
 Of wild belief engrafted on their names  
 By false philosophy had caused the woe,  
 But a terrific reservoir of guilt  
 And ignorance filled up from age to age,  
 That could no longer hold its loathsome  
 charge,  
 But burst and spread in deluge through  
 the land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the  
 sea  
 Small islands scattered amid stormy  
 waves,

So *that* disastrous period did not want  
 Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,  
 To which the silver wands of saints in  
 Heaven  
 Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not  
 the less,

For those examples, in no age surpassed  
 Of fortitude and energy and love,  
 And human nature faithful to herself  
 Under worst trials, was I driven to think  
 Of the glad times when first I traversed  
 France

A youthful pilgrim ; above all reviewed  
 That eventide, when under windows bright  
 With happy faces and with garlands hung,  
 And through a rainbow-arch that spanned  
 the street,

Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,  
 I paced, a dear companion at my side,  
 The town of Arras, whence with promise  
 high

Issued, on delegation to sustain  
 Humanity and right, *that* Robespierre,  
 He who thereafter, and in how short time !  
 Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.  
 When the calamity spread far and wide—  
 And this same city, that did then appear  
 To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned  
 Under the vengeance of her cruel son,  
 As Lear reproached the winds—I could  
 almost

Have quarrelled with that blameless  
 spectacle

For lingering yet an image in my mind  
 To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend ! few happier moments  
 been mine

Than that which told the downfall of  
 Tribe

So dreaded, so abhorred. The day  
 serves

A separate record. Over the smooth  
 Of Leven's ample estuary lay  
 My journey, and beneath a genial sur  
 With distant prospect among gleam  
 sky

And clouds, and intermingling moun  
 tops,

In one inseparable glory clad,  
 Creatures of one ethereal substance  
 In consistory, like a diadem  
 Or crown of burning seraphs as they  
 In the empyrean. Underneath that p  
 Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vale  
 Among whose happy fields I had g  
 up

From childhood. On the fulgent s  
 tacle,

That neither passed away nor chan  
 I gazed

Enrapt ; but brightest things are wo  
 draw

Sad opposites out of the inner heart,  
 As even their pensive influence drew  
 mine.

How could it otherwise ? for not in  
 That very morning had I turned asid  
 To seek the ground where, 'mid a th  
 of graves,

An honoured teacher of my youth  
 laid,

And on the stone were graven by  
 desire

Lines from the churchyard elegy of C  
 This faithful guide, speaking from  
 death-bed,

Added no farewell to his parting cou  
 But said to me, "My head will soo  
 low ;"

And when I saw the turf that c  
 him,

After the lapse of full eight years  
 words,

With sound of voice and counten  
 the Man,

Came back upon me, so that so  
 tears

Fell from me in my own despite  
 now

ought, still traversing that widespread  
 plain,  
 his tender pleasure of the verses graven  
 on his tombstone, whispering to my-  
 self :  
 loved the Poets, and, if now alive,  
 would have loved me, as one not desti-  
 tute  
 promise, nor belying the kind hope  
 that he had formed, when I, at his com-  
 mand,  
 ran to spin, with toil, my earliest  
 songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt  
 gentleness and peace. Upon a small  
 rocky island near, a fragment stood  
 (like a sea rock) the low remains  
 of shells encrusted, dark with briny  
 weeds)  
 a dilapidated structure, once  
 a domish chapel, where the vested priest  
 sat matins at the hour that suited those  
 who crossed the sands with ebb of  
 morning tide.  
 far from that still ruin all the plain  
 spotted with a variegated crowd  
 of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,  
 lying beneath the conduct of their  
 guide  
 those procession through the shallow  
 stream  
 island waters ; the great sea mean-  
 while  
 stood at safe distance, far retired. I  
 paused,  
 longing for skill to paint a scene so  
 bright  
 cheerful, but the foremost of the  
 band  
 as I approached, no salutation given  
 in the familiar language of the day,  
 but, "Robespierre is dead !" —nor was  
 a doubt,  
 a strict question, left within my  
 mind  
 he and his supporters all were  
 alien.

eat was my transport, deep my  
 gratitude  
 everlasting Justice, by this fiat  
 is manifest. "Come now, ye golden  
 times,"

Said I forth-pouring on those open sands  
 A hymn of triumph : "as the morning  
 comes

From out the bosom of the night, come ye :  
 Thus far our trust is verified ; behold !

They who with clumsy desperation  
 brought

A river of Blood, and preached that  
 nothing else

Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the  
 night

Of their own helper have been swept  
 away ;

Their madness stands declared and  
 visible ;

Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and  
 earth

March firmly towards righteousness and  
 peace."—

Then schemes I framed more calmly,  
 when and how

The madding factions might be tran-  
 quillised,

And how through hardships manifold and  
 long

The glorious renovation would proceed.

Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts

Of exultation, I pursued my way  
 Along that very shore which I had,  
 skimmed

In former days, when—spurring from the  
 Vale

Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering  
 fane,

And the stone abbot, after circuit made

In wantonness of heart, a joyous band

Of schoolboys hastening to their distant  
 home

Along the margin of the moonlight sea—  
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level  
 sand.

## BOOK ELEVENTH.

FRANCE.—(CONCLUDED).

FROM that time forth, Authority in France  
 Put on a milder face ; Terror had ceased,  
 Yet everything was wanting that might  
 give  
 Courage to them who looked for good by

Of rational Experience, for the shoots  
And hopeful blossoms of a second spring :  
Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired ;  
The Senate's language, and the public acts  
And measures of the Government, though  
both

Weak, and of heartless omen, had not  
power  
To daunt me ; in the People was my  
trust,  
And in the virtues which mine eyes had  
seen.

I know that wound external could not  
take  
Life from the young Republic ; that new  
foes

Would only follow, in the path of shame,  
Their brethren, and her triumphs be in  
the end

Great, universal, irresistible.

This intuition led me to confound  
One victory with another, higher far, —  
Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,  
And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still  
Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought  
That what was in degree the same was  
likewise

The same in quality, — that, as the worse  
Of the two spirits then at strife remained  
Untired, the better, surely, would pre-  
serve

The heart that first had roused him.  
Youth maintains,

In all conditions of society,  
Communion more direct and intimate  
With Nature, — hence, oftentimes, with  
reason too —

Than age or manhood, even. To Nature,  
then,

Power had reverted : habit, custom, law,  
Had left an interregnum's open space  
For *her* to move about in, uncontrolled.  
Hence could I see how Babel-like their  
task,

Who, by the recent deluge stupefied,  
With their whole souls went culling from  
the day

Its petty promises, to build a tower  
For their own safety ; laughed with my  
compeers

At gravest heads, by enmity to France  
Distempered, till they found, in every blast  
Forced from the street-disturbing news-  
man's horn,

For her great cause record or proph-  
Of utter ruin. How might we believe  
That wisdom could, in any shape, or  
near

Men clinging to delusions so insane?  
And thus, experience proving that no  
Of our opinions had been just, we too  
Like credit to ourselves where less  
due,

And thought that other notions were  
sound,

Yea, could not but be right, because  
saw

That foolish men opposed them.

To a st  
More animated I might here give way  
And tell, since juvenile errors are  
theme,

What in those days through Britain  
performed

To turn *all* judgments out of their  
course ;

But this is passion over-near ourselve  
Reality too close and too intense,  
And intermixed with something, in  
mind,

Of scorn and condemnation personal,  
That would profane the sanctity of  
Our Shepherds, this say merely, at  
time

Acted, or seemed at least to act, like  
Thirsting to make the guardian crow  
law

A tool of murder ; they who ruled  
State, —

Though with such awful proof before  
their eyes

That he, who would sow death, reaped  
death, or worse,

And can reap nothing better, — child  
longed

To imitate, not wise enough to avoid  
Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)

The plain straight road, for one no longer  
chosen

Than if their wish had been to under-  
Justice, and make an end of Liberty

But from these bitter truths I  
return

To my own history. It hath been told  
That I was led to take an eager part  
In arguments of civil polity,  
Abruptly, and indeed before my time

and approached, like other youths, the shield

human nature from the golden side,  
would have fought, even to the death, to attest  
quality of the metal which I saw.  
It there is best in individual man,  
rise in passion, and sublime in power,  
volent in small societies,  
great in large ones, I had oft resolved,  
deeply, but not thoroughly understood

reason : nay, far from it ; they were yet,  
ause was given me afterwards to earn,  
proof against the injuries of the day ;  
ed only at the sanctuary's door,  
safe within its bosom. Thus prepared,  
with such general insight into evil,  
of the bounds which sever it from good,  
soks and common intercourse with  
fe

needs have given—to the inexperienced mind,  
the world travels in a beaten road,  
faithful as is needed.—I began  
dilate with ardour on the rule  
management of nations ; what it is  
ought to be ; and strove to learn  
how far  
power or weakness, wealth or  
werty,  
happiness or misery, depends  
their laws, and fashion of the State.

pleasant exercise of hope and joy !  
ghly were the auxiliars which then  
rod  
our side, us who were strong in  
re !  
as it in that dawn to be alive,  
be young was very Heaven ! O  
res,  
ch the meagre, stale, forbidding  
ys  
om, law, and statute, took at once  
raction of a country in romance !  
Reason seemed the most to assert  
rights  
most intent on making of herself  
e enchantress—to assist the work,

Which then was going forward in her name !

Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth,

The beauty wore of promise—that which sets

(As at some moments might not be unfelt

Among the bowers of Paradise itself)

The budding rose above the rose full blown.

What temper at the prospect did not wake

To happiness unthought of ? The inert  
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away !

They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,

The play-fellows of fancy, who had made  
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength

Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
And dealt with whatsoever they found there

As if they had within some lurking right  
To wield it ;—they, too, who of gentle mood

Had watched all gentle motions, and to these

Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful selves ;—

Now was it that *both* found, the meek and lofty

Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire,

And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,—

Were called upon to exercise their skill,

Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—

Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where !

But in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,  
We find our happiness, or not at all !

Why should I not confess that Earth was then

To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,  
Seems, when the first time visited, to one  
Who thither comes to find in it his home ?

He walks about and looks upon the spot  
 With cordial transport, moulds it and  
     remoulds,  
 And is half pleased with things that are  
     amiss,  
 'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked  
 From every object pleasant circumstance  
 To suit my ends ; I moved among man-  
     kind

With genial feelings still predominant ;  
 When erring, erring on the better part,  
 And in the kinder spirit ; placable,  
 Indulgent, as not uninformed that men  
 See as they have been taught—Antiquity  
 Gives rights to error ; and aware, no less,  
 That throwing off oppression must be  
     work

As well of License as of Liberty ;  
 And above all—for this was more than  
     all—

Not caring if the wind did now and then  
 Blow keen upon an eminence that gave  
 Prospect so large into futurity ;  
 In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,  
 Diffusing only those affections wider  
 That from the cradle had grown up with  
     me,

And losing, in no other way than light  
 Is lost in light, the weak in the more  
     strong.

In the main outline, such it might be  
     said

Was my condition, till with open war  
 Britain opposed the liberties of France.  
 This threw me first out of the pale of love ;  
 Soured and corrupted, upwards to the  
     source,

My sentiments ; was not, as hitherto,  
 A swallowing up of lesser things in great  
 But change of them into their contraries ;  
 And thus a way was opened for mistakes  
 And false conclusions, in degree as gross,  
 In kind more dangerous. What had been  
     a pride,

Was now a shame ; my likings and my  
     loves

Ran in new channels, leaving old ones  
     dry ;

And hence a blow that, in maturer age,  
 Would but have touched the judgment,  
     struck more deep

Into sensations near the heart : in  
     time,  
 As from the first, wild theories  
     afloat,

To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,  
 I had but lent a careless ear, assured  
 That time was ready to set all th  
     right,

And that the multitude, so long  
     pressed,  
 Would be oppressed no more.

But when e  
 Brought less encouragement, and  
     these

The immediate proof of principle  
     more

Could be entrusted, while the e  
     themselves,

Worn out in greatness, stripped  
     novelty,

Less occupied the mind, and sentiment  
 Could through my understanding's na  
     growth

No longer keep their ground, by  
     maintained

Of inward consciousness, and hope  
     laid

Her hand upon her object—evidence  
 Safer, of universal application, such  
 As could not be impeached, was s  
     elsewhere.

But now, become oppressors in  
     turn,

Frenchmen had changed a war of  
     defence

For one of conquest, losing sight of  
 Which they had struggled for : upmo  
     now,

Openly in the eye of earth and heav  
 The scale of liberty. I read her do  
 With anger vexed, with disappoint  
     sore,

But not dismayed, nor taking  
     shame

Of a false prophet. While rest  
     rose

Striving to hide, what nought cou  
     the wounds

Of mortified presumption, I adher  
 More firmly to old tenets, and, to  
 Their temper, strained them mor  
     thus, in heat

Of contest, did opinions every day







c wo. "A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-flock,  
Would watch my motions with suspicious stare."

w into consequence, till round my  
mind  
y clung, as if they were its life, nay  
more,  
very being of the immortal soul.

is was the time, when, all things  
tending fast  
'pravation, speculative schemes—  
promised to abstract the hopes of  
Man

of his feelings, to be fixed thence-  
forth

ever in a purer element—

'd ready welcome. Tempting region  
'hat

'eal to enter and refresh herself,  
'e passions had the privilege to work,  
never hear the sound of their own  
names.

speaking more in charity, the dream  
red the young, pleased with ex-  
remes, nor least

that which makes our Reason's  
aked self

bject of its fervour. What delight !  
glorious ! in self-knowledge and  
self-rule,

ok through all the frailties of the  
orld,

with a resolute mastery shaking off  
ities of nature, time, and place,  
social upon personal Liberty,

to the blind restraints of general  
ws

or, magisterially adopts  
guide, the light of circumstances,  
ished

an independent intellect.

expectation rose again ; thus hope.  
her first ground expelled, grew  
oud once more.

my thoughts were turned to  
an kind,  
indifference ; but, inflamed with  
ist

ure intelligence, and sick  
or longing, I pursued what seemed  
exalted nature ; wished that Man  
start out of his earthy, worm-like  
ite,

read abroad the wings of Liberty,  
f himself, in undisturbed delight—  
e aspiration ! yet I feel

(Sustained by worthier as by wiser  
thoughts)

The aspiration, nor shall ever cease  
To feel it ;—but return we to our course.

Enough, 'tis true—could such a plea  
excuse

Those aberrations—had the clamorous  
friends

Of ancient Institutions said and done

To bring disgrace upon their very names ;  
Disgrace, of which, custom and written  
law,

And sundry moral sentiments as props  
Or emanations of those institutes,

Too justly bore a part. A veil had been  
Uplifted ; why deceive ourselves ? in sooth,

'Twas even so ; and sorrow for the man  
Who either had not eyes wherewith to  
see,

Or, seeing, had forgotten ! A strong shock  
Was given to old opinions ; all men's  
minds

Had felt its power, and mine was both let  
loose,

Let loose and goaded. After what hath  
been

Already said of patriotic love,

Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat  
stern

In temperament, withal a happy man,  
And therefore bold to look on painful  
things,

Free likewise of the world, and thence  
more bold,

I summoned my best skill, and toiled,  
intent

To anatomise the frame of social life ;

Yea, the whole body of society

Searched to its heart. Share with me,  
Friend ! the wish

That some dramatic tale, endowed with  
Gifted shapes,

Lives, and bringing out less guarded  
words

Than the work of fashion, might set  
forth

What then I learned, or think I learned,  
NOT TO EXHIBIT

And the errors into which I fell, betrayed  
my present objects, and by reasonings  
false

From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn  
Out of a heart that had been turned aside

From Nature's way by outward accidents,  
And which was thus confounded, more  
and more

Misguided, and misguiding. So I fared,  
Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims,  
creeds,

Like culprits to the bar ; calling the mind,  
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day  
Her titles and her honours ; now believ-  
ing,

Now disbelieving ; endlessly perplexed  
With impulse, motive, right and wrong,  
the ground

Of obligation, what the rule and whence  
The sanction ; till, demanding formal  
*proof,*

And seeking it in everything, I lost  
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,  
Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,  
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,  
This the soul's last and lowest ebb ; I  
drooped,

Deeming our blessèd reason of least use  
Where wanted most : "The lordly attri-  
butes

Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed,  
"What are they but a mockery of a Being  
• Who hath in no concerns of his a test

Of good and evil ; knows not what to fear  
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun ;  
And who, if those could be discerned,  
would yet

Be little profited, would see, and ask  
Where is the obligation to enforce ?

And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,  
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss ;  
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not  
walk

With scoffers, seeking light and gay re-  
venge.

From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate  
down

In reconciliation with an utter waste  
Of intellect ; such sloth I could not brook,  
(Too well I loved, in that my spring of  
life,

Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their  
• dear reward)

But turned to abstract science, and there  
sought

Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned  
Where the disturbances of space and  
time—

Whether in matters various, properties  
Inherent, or from human will and power  
Derived—find no admission. Then it was—  
Thanks to the bounteous Giver of a  
good !—

That the belovèd Sister in whose sight  
Those days were passed, now speaking  
a voice

Of sudden admonition—like a brook  
That did but *cross* a lonely road, at  
now

Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every  
turn,

Companion never lost through many  
league—

Maintained for me a saving intercourse  
With my true self ; for, though bedimmed  
and changed

Much, as it seemed, I was no further  
changed

Than as a clouded and a waning moon  
She whispered still that brightness would  
return,

She, in the midst of all, preserved me  
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name  
And that alone, my office upon earth

And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown  
If willing audience fail not, Nature's  
By all varieties of human love

Assisted, led me back through open  
day

To those sweet counsels between I  
and heart

Whence grew that genuine knowledge  
fraught with peace,

Which, through the later sinkings of  
cause,

Hath still upheld me, and upholds me  
In the catastrophe (for so they dream

And nothing less), when, finally to close  
And seal up all the gains of Frank

Pope

Is summoned in to crown an Emperor  
This last opprobrium, when we

people,  
That once looked up in faith, as

Heaven

For manna, take a lesson from the  
Returning to his vomit ; when the

That rose in splendour, was alive  
moved

exultation with a living pomp  
 clouds--his glory's natural retinue--  
 th dropped all functions by the gods  
 bestowed,  
 turned into a gewgaw, a machine,  
 like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Friend !  
 ough times of honour and through  
 times of shame  
 ending, have I faithfully retraced  
 perturbations of a youthful mind  
 er a long-lived storm of great events--  
 ry destined for thy ear, who now,  
 ng the fallen of nations, dost abide  
 re Etna, over hill and valley, casts  
 hadow stretching towards Syracuse,  
 city of Timoleon ! Righteous Heaven !  
 are the mighty prostrated ? They first,  
 first of all that breathe should have  
 waked  
 the great voice was heard from out  
 the tombs  
 cient heroes. If I suffered grief  
 l-requested France, by many deemed  
 er only in her proudest day ;  
 been distressed to think of what  
 ie once  
 sed, now is : a far more sober cause  
 eyes must see of sorrow in a land,  
 reanimating influence lost  
 mory, to virtue lost and hope,  
 h with the wreck of loftier years  
 strewn.

indignation works where hope is  
 t,  
 ou, O Friend ! wilt be refreshed.  
 ere is  
 eat society alone on earth :  
 ble Living and the noble Dead.

e be such converse strong and  
 native,  
 r for thy spirit to reascend  
 th and joy and pure contentedness ;  
 the grief confined, that thou art  
 ie  
 is last spot of earth, where Free-  
 n now  
 single in her only sanctuary ;  
 r wanderer art gone, by pain  
 led and sickness, at this latter day,  
 rowful reverse for all mankind.  
 r thee, must utter what I feel ;

The sympathies erewhile in part dis-  
 charged,  
 Gather afresh, and will have vent again :  
 My own delights do scarcely seem to me  
 My own delights ; the lordly Alps them-  
 selves,  
 Those rosy peaks, from which the Morn-  
 ing looks  
 Abroad on many nations, are no more  
 For me that image of pure gladsomeness  
 Which they were wont to be. Through  
 kindred scenes,  
 For purpose, at a time, how different !  
 Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart  
 and soul  
 That Nature gives to Poets, now by thought  
 Matured, and in the summer of their  
 strength.  
 Oh ! wrap him in your shades, ye giant  
 woods,  
 On Etna's side ; and thou, O flowery field  
 Of Enna ! is there not some nook of thine,  
 From the first playtime of the infant world  
 Kept sacred to restorative delight,  
 When from afar invoked by anxious love ?

Child of the mountains, among shep-  
 herds reared,  
 Ere yet familiar with the classic page,  
 I learnt to dream of Sicily ; and lo,  
 The gloom, that, but a moment past, was  
 deepened  
 At thy command, at her command gives  
 way :  
 A pleasant promise, wafted from her  
 shores,  
 Comes o'er my heart : in fancy I behold  
 Her seas yet smiling, her once happy  
 vales ;  
 Nor can my tongue give utterance to a  
 name  
 Of note belonging to that honoured isle,  
 Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles.  
 Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul !  
 That doth not yield a solace to my grief :  
 And, O Theocritus, so far have some  
 Prevailed among the powers of heaven  
 and earth,  
 By their endowments, good or great, that  
 they  
 Have had, as thou reportest, miracles  
 Wrought for them in old time : yea, not  
 unmoved,  
 When thinking on my own beloved friend,

I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed  
 Divine Comates, by his impious lord  
 Within a chest imprisoned; how they  
     came  
 Laden from blooming grove or flowery  
     field,  
 And fed him there, alive, month after  
     month,  
 Because the goatherd, blessed man! had  
     lips  
 Wet with the Muses' nectar.

Thus I soothe  
 The pensive moments by this calm fire-  
     side,  
 And find a thousand bounteous images  
 To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and  
     mine.

Our prayers have been accepted; thou  
     wilt stand

On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,  
 Triumphant, winning from the invaded  
     heavens

Thoughts without bound, magnificent de-  
     signs,

Worthy of poets who attuned their harps  
 In wood or echoing cave, for discipline  
 Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,  
 'Mid temples, served by sapient priests,  
     and choirs

Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in  
     vain

Those temples, where they in their ruins  
     yet

Survive for inspiration, shall attract  
 Thy solitary steps: and on the brink  
 Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse;  
 Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,  
 Then, near some other spring—which by  
     the name

Thou gratest, willingly deceived—  
 I see thee linger a glad votary,  
 And not a captive pining for his home.

## BOOK TWELFTH.

### IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED.

LONG time have human ignorance and  
     guilt  
 Detained us, on what spectacles of woe

Compelled to look, and inwardly  
     pressed

With sorrow, disappointment, and  
     thoughts,

Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed  
 And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself  
 And things to hope for! Not with  
     began

Our song, and not with these our  
     must end.—

Ye motions of delight, that haunt  
     sides

Of the green hills; ye breezes and  
     airs,

Whose subtle intercourse with breezes  
     flowers,

Feelingly watched, might teach the  
     haughty race

How without injury to take, to give  
 Without offence; ye who, as if to seal

The wondrous influence of power  
     used,

Bend the complying heads of lordly  
 And, with a touch, shift the stupor  
     clouds

Through the whole compass of the  
     ye brooks,

Muttering along the stones, a busy  
 By day, a quiet sound in silent night

Ye waves, that out of the great deep  
     forth

In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly  
 Not mute, and then retire, fearful  
     storm;

And you, ye groves, whose ministrants  
 To interpose the covert of your shade

Even as a sleep, between the heart  
 And outward troubles, between man  
     self,

Not seldom, and his own uneasy  
 Oh! that I had a music and a voice

Harmonious as your own, that I might  
 What ye have done for me. The sun  
     shines,

Nor heedeth Man's perverseness;  
     returns,—

I saw the Spring return, and could  
 In common with the children of the  
 Piping on boughs, or sporting in  
     fields,

Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer  
 On wings that navigate cerulean  
 So neither were complacency, nor  
 Nor tender yearnings, wanting for

h these distracted times ; in Na-  
e still  
g. I found a counterpoise in her,  
when the spirit of evil reached its  
ght,  
ined for me a secret happiness.

narrative, my Friend ! hath chiefly  
ld  
llectual power, fostering love,  
ising truth, and, over men and  
ings,

reason yet might hesitate, diffusing  
etic sympathies of genial faith :

I favoured—such my happy lot—  
hat natural graciousness of mind  
ray to overpressure from the times  
air disastrous issues. What availed,  
spells forbade the voyager to land,  
agrant notice of a pleasant shore  
, at intervals, from many a bower  
ful gratitude and fearless love ?  
avow that wish was mine to see,  
pe that future times *would* surely

,  
n to come, parted, as by a gulph,  
im who had been ; that I could no  
re

ie elevation which had made me  
e

ie great family that still survives  
ninate the abyss of ages past,  
arrior, patriot, hero ; for it seemed  
eir best virtues were not free from  
it

ething false and weak, that could  
stand

in eye of Reason. Then I said,  
the Poets, they will speak to thee  
rectly of purer creatures ;—yet  
n be nobility in man,

ht be more ignoble than the man  
hey delight in, blinded as he is  
adice, the miserable slave  
mbition or distempered love ?”

h strange passion, if I may once  
e  
the past, I warred against my—

to a new idolatry—  
owled monk who hath forsworn  
world,  
y laboured to cut off my heart

From all the sources of her former  
strength ;

And as, by simple waving of a wand,  
The wizard instantaneously dissolves  
Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul  
As readily by syllogistic words  
Those mysteries of being which have  
made,  
And shall continue evermore to make,  
Of the whole human race one brother-  
hood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far  
Perverted, even the visible Universe  
Fell under the dominion of a taste  
Less spiritual, with microscopic view  
Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral  
world ?

O Soul of Nature ! excellent and fair !  
That didst rejoice with me, with whom I,  
too,

Rejoiced through early youth, before the  
winds

And roaring waters, and in lights and  
shades

That marched and countermarched about  
the hills

In glorious apparition, Powers on whom  
I daily waited, now all eye and now  
All ear ; but never long without the heart  
Employed, and man's unfolding intellect :  
O Soul of Nature ! that, by laws divine  
Sustained and governed, still dost over-  
flow

With an impassioned life, what feeble  
ones

Walk on this earth ! how feeble have I  
been

When thou wert in thy strength ! Nor  
this through stroke

Of human suffering, such as justifies  
Remissness and inaptitude of mind,  
But through presumption ; even in plea-  
sure pleased

Unworthily, disliking here, and there •  
Liking ; by rules of mimic art transferred  
To things above all art ; but more,—for  
this, •

Although a strong infection of the age,  
Was never much my habit—giving way  
To a comparison of scene with scene, •  
Bent overmuch on superficial things,  
Pampering myself with meagre novelties

Of colour and proportion ; to the moods  
 Of time and season, to the moral power,  
 The affections and the spirit of the place,  
 Insensible. Nor only did the love  
 Of sitting thus in judgment interrupt  
 My deeper feelings, but another cause,  
 More subtle and less easily explained,  
 That almost seems inherent in the crea-  
 ture,

A twofold frame of body and of mind.  
 I speak in recollection of a time  
 When the bodily eye, in every stage of  
 life

The most despotic of our senses, gained  
 Such strength in *me* as often held my  
 mind

In absolute dominion. Gladly here,  
 Entering upon abstruser argument,  
 Could I endeavour to unfold the means  
 Which Nature studiously employs to  
 thwart

This tyranny, summons all the senses  
 each

To counteract the other, and themselves,  
 And makes them all, and the objects with  
 which all

Are conversant, subservient in their turn  
 To the great ends of Liberty and Power.  
 But leave we this: enough that my  
 delights

(Such as they were) were sought insati-  
 ably.

Vivid the transport, vivid though not pro-  
 found ;

I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to  
 rock,

Still craving combinations of new forms,  
 New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,  
 Proud of her own endowments, and re-  
 joiced

To lay the inner faculties asleep.

Amid the turns and counterturns, the  
 strife

And various trials of our complex being,  
 As we grow up, such thralldom of that  
 sense

Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a  
 maid,

A young enthusiast, who escaped these  
 bonds ;

Her eye was not the mistress of her  
 heart ;

Far less did rules prescribed by passive  
 taste,

Or barren intermeddling subtleties,  
 Perplex her mind ; but, wise as w  
 are

When genial circumstance hath fav  
 them,

She welcomed what was given, and c  
 no more ;

Whate'er the scene presented to her  
 That was the best, to that she was at  
 By her benign simplicity of life,  
 And through a perfect happiness of  
 Whose variegated feelings were in i  
 Sisters, that they were each some  
 delight.

Birds in the bower, and lambs  
 green field,

Could they have known her, would  
 loved ; methought

Her very presence such a swe  
 breathed,

That flowers, and trees, and eve  
 silent hills,

And everything she looked on,  
 have had

An intimation how she bore herself  
 Towards them and to all creatures.  
 delights

In such a being ; for, her co  
 thoughts

Are piety, her life is gratitude.

Even like this maid, before I was  
 forth

From the retirement of my native l  
 I loved whate'er I saw : nor  
 loved,

But most intensely ; never drea  
 aught

More grand, more fair, more exq  
 framed

Then those few nooks to which my  
 feet

Were limited. I had not at that ti  
 Lived long enough, nor in the lea  
 vived

The first diviner influence of this w  
 As it appears to unaccustomed eye  
 Worshipping then among the de  
 things,

As piety ordained ; could I submit  
 To measured admiration, or to any  
 That should preclude humility and  
 I felt, observed, and pondered ; d  
 judge,

the strong wind. When, in the blessed  
hours

early love, the loved one at my side  
oamed, in daily presence of this scene,  
on the naked pool and dreary crags,  
d on the melancholy beacon, fell  
spirit of pleasure and youth's golden  
gleam ;

and think ye not with radiance more  
sublime

or these remembrances, and for the  
power

they had left behind ? So feeling comes  
in aid

feeling, and diversity of strength  
tends us, if but once we have been  
strong.

! mystery of man, from what a depth  
ceeded thy honours. I am lost, but see  
simple childhood something of the  
base

which thy greatness stands ; but this  
I feel,

at from thyself it comes, that thou  
must give,

never canst receive. The days gone  
by

turn upon me almost from the dawn  
life : the hiding-places of man's power

in ; I would approach them, but they  
close.

by glimpses now ; when age comes  
on,

scarcely see at all ; and I would give,  
yet we may, as far as words can

give,  
stance and life to what I feel, enshrining,

is my hope, the spirit of the Past  
future restoration.—Yet another

these memorials :—

One Christmas time  
glad eve of its dear holidays,

sh, and tired, and restless, I went  
th

e fields, impatient for the sight  
led palfreys that should bear us

me ;  
others and myself. There rose a

ig,  
from the meeting-point of two  
highways

ing, overlooked them both, far  
etched ;

Thither, uncertain on which road to fix  
My expectation, thither I repaired,  
Scout-like, and gained the summit ; 'twas  
a day

Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the  
grass

I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall ;  
Upon my right hand couched a single

sheep,  
Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood ;

With those companions at my side, I  
watched,

Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist  
Gave intermitting prospect of the copse

And plain beneath. Ere we to school  
returned,—

That dreary time,—ere we had been ten  
days

Sojourners in my father's house, he died,  
And I and my three brothers, orphans

then,  
Followed his body to the grave. The

event,  
With all the sorrow that it brought,

appeared  
A chastisement ; and when I called to

mind  
That day so lately past, when from the

crag  
I looked in such anxiety of hope ;

With trite reflections of morality,  
Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low

To God, Who thus corrected my desires ;  
And, afterwards, the wind and sleety rain,

And all the business of the elements,  
The single sheep, and the one blasted

tree,  
And the bleak music from that old stone

wall,  
The noise of wood and water, and the

mist  
That on the line of each of those two

roads  
Advanced in such indisputable shapes ;

All these were kindred spectacles and  
sounds

To which I oft repaired, and thence  
would drink,

As at a fountain ; and on winter nights,  
Down to this very time, when storm and

rain  
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,

While in a grove I walk, whose lofty  
trees,



Yea, never thought of judging ; with the gift.

Of all this glory filled and satisfied.  
And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps

Roaming, I carried with me the same heart :

In truth, the degradation—howsoe'er  
Induced, effect, in whatsoe'er degree,  
Of custom that prepares a partial scale  
In which the little of outweighs the great ;

Or any other cause that hath been named ;

Or lastly, aggravated by the times  
And their impassioned sounds, which well might make

The milder minstrelsies of rural scenes  
Inaudible—was transient ; I had known  
Too forcibly, too early in my life,  
Visitings of imaginative power  
For this to last : I shook the habit off  
Entirely and for ever, and again  
In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,

A sensitive being, a *creative* soul.

There are in our existence spots of time,

That with distinct pre-eminence retain  
A renovating virtue, whence, depressed  
By false opinion and contentious thought,  
Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight,

In trivial occupations, and the round  
Of ordinary intercourse, our minds  
Are nourished and invisibly repaired ;  
A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced,  
That penetrates, enables us to mount,  
When high, more high, and lifts us up  
when fallen.

This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks  
Among those passages of life that give  
Profoundest knowledge to what point,  
and how,

The mind is lord and master—outward sense

The obedient servant of her will. Such moments

Are scattered everywhere, taking their date

From our first childhood. I remember well,  
That once, while yet my inexperienced hand

Could scarcely hold a bridle, with hopes

I mounted, and we journeyed towards the hills :

An ancient servant of my father's house  
Was with me, my encourager and guide  
We had not travelled long, ere some mischance

Disjoined me from my comrade ; through fear

Dismounting, down the rough and stony moor

I led my horse, and stumbling over length

Came to a bottom, where in former times  
A murderer had been hung in iron chains  
The gibbet-mast had mouldered down to the bones

And iron case were gone : but on turf,

Hard by, soon after that fell deed wrought,

Some unknown hand had carved the murderer's name.

The monumental letters were inscribed  
In times long past ; but still, from year to year,

By superstition of the neighbourhood  
The grass is cleared away, and to the hour

The characters are fresh and visible  
A casual glance had shown them, as they fled,

Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road :

Then, reascending the bare common,  
A naked pool that lay beneath the hill  
The beacon on the summit, and, I thought, near,

A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head  
And seemed with difficult steps to tread her way

Against the blowing wind. It was a truth,

An ordinary sight ; but I should need  
Colours and words that are unknown to man,

To paint the visionary dreariness  
Which, while I looked all round for a lost guide,

Invested moorland waste, and naked  
The beacon crowning the lone crag  
The female and her garments vexed and tossed

den with summer's thickest foliage,  
 rock  
 a strong wind, some working of the  
 spirit,  
 inward agitations thence are brought,  
 at'er their office, whether to beguile  
 nights over busy in the course they  
 took,  
 animate an hour of vacant ease.

## BOOK THIRTEENTH.

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW  
 IMPAIRED AND RESTORED. —  
 (CONCLUDED).

Nature doth emotion come, and  
 moods  
 calmness equally are Nature's gift :  
 is her glory ; these two attributes  
 sister horns that constitute her  
 strength.  
 ce Genius, born to thrive by inter-  
 change  
 ease and excitation, finds in her  
 best and purest friend : from her  
 receives  
 energy by which he seeks the truth,  
 her that happy stillness of the  
 mind  
 h fits him to receive it when un-  
 ought.

h benefit the humblest intellects  
 ke of, each in their degree ; 'tis mine  
 eak, what I myself have known and  
 elt ;  
 th task ! for words find easy way,  
 inspired  
 attitude, and confidence in truth.  
 time in search of knowledge did I  
 ange  
 field of human life, in heart and  
 mind  
 hted ; but, the dawn beginning  
 ow  
 -appear, 'twas proved that not in  
 tin  
 been taught to reverence a Power  
 s the visible quality and shape  
 nage of right reason ; that matures  
 to.

Her processes by steadfast laws ; gives  
 birth

To no impatient or fallacious hopes,  
 No heat of passion or excessive zeal,  
 No vain conceits ; provokes to no quick  
 turns

Of self-applauding intellect ; but trains  
 To meekness, and exalts by humble faith ;  
 Holds up before the mind intoxicate

With present objects, and the busy dance  
 Of things that pass away, a temperate show  
 Of objects that endure ; and by this course  
 Disposes her, when over-fondly set

On throwing off incumbrances, to seek  
 In man, and in the frame of social life,  
 Whate'er there is desirable and good,  
 Of kindred permanence, unchanged in  
 form

And function, or, through strict vicissi-  
 tude

Of life and death, revolving. Above all  
 Were re-established now those watchful  
 thoughts

Which, seeing little worthy or sublime  
 In what the Historian's pen so much  
 delights

To blazon—power and energy detached  
 From moral purpose—early tutored me  
 To look with feelings of fraternal love  
 Upon the unassuming things that hold  
 A silent station in this beauteous world

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found  
 Once more in Man an object of delight,  
 Of pure imagination, and of love ;  
 And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,  
 Again I took the intellectual eye  
 For my instructor, studious more to see  
 Great truths, than touch and handle little  
 ones.

Knowledge was given accordingly ; my  
 trust  
 Became more firm in feelings that had  
 stood

The test of such a trial ; clearer far  
 My sense of excellence—of right and  
 wrong :

The promise of the present time retired  
 Into its true proportion ; sanguine schemes,  
 Ambitious projects, pleased me less ; I  
 sought

For present good in life's familiar face,  
 And built thereon my hopes of good to  
 come.

With settling judgments now of what  
would last

And what would disappear ; prepared to  
find

Presumption, folly, madness, in the men  
Who thrust themselves upon the passive  
world

As Rulers of the world ; to see in these,  
Even when the public welfare is their aim,  
Plans without thought, or built on theories  
Vague and unsound ; and having brought  
the books

Of modern statists to their proper test,  
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims  
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended  
rights,

Mortal, or those beyond the reach of  
death ;

And having thus discerned how dire a  
thing

Is worshipped in that idol proudly named  
"The Wealth of Nations," *where* alone  
that wealth

Is lodged, and how increased ; and having  
gained

A more judicious knowledge of the worth  
And dignity of individual man,

No composition of the brain, but man

Of whom we read, the man whom we  
behold

With our own eyes—I could not but  
enquire—

Not with less interest than heretofore,  
But greater, though in spirit more sub-  
dued—

Why is this glorious creature to be found  
One only in ten thousand ? What one is,  
Why may not millions be ? What bars  
are thrown

By Nature in the way of such a hope ?

Our animal appetites and daily wants,

Are these obstructions insurmountable ?

If not, then others vanish into air.

"Inspect the basis of the social pile :

Enquire," said I, "how much of mental  
power

And genuine virtue they possess who live

By bodily toil, labour exceeding far

Their due proportion, under all the weight

Of that injustice which upon ourselves

Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame  
I chiefly looked (what need to look  
beyond ?)

Among the natural abodes of men,

Fields with their rural works ; recall  
mind

My earliest notices ; with these com-  
The observations made in later youth  
And to that day continued.—For  
time

Had never been when throes of m  
Nations

And the world's tumult unto me  
yield,

How far so'er transported and posse-  
Full measure of content ; but si-  
craved

An intermingling of distinct regards  
And truths of individual sympathy  
Nearer ourselves. Such often mig-  
gleaned

From the great City, else it must  
proved

To me a heart-depressing wilderness  
But much was wanting : therefore  
turn

To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely n  
Sought you enriched with everythi  
prized,

With human kindnesses and simple

Oh ! next to one dear state of  
vouchsafed .

Alas ! to few in this untoward world,  
The bliss of walking daily in life's pr  
Through field or forest with the mai  
love,

While yet our hearts are young, while  
we breathe

Nothing but happiness, in some lone r  
Deep vale, or anywhere, the home of f  
From which it would be misery to st

Oh ! next to such enjoyment of our ye  
In my esteem, next to such dear deli  
Was that of wandering on from da  
day

Where I could meditate in peace,  
cull

Knowledge that step by step might  
me on

To wisdom ; or, as lightsome as a bi  
Wafted upon the wind from distant la  
Sing notes of greeting to strange field  
groves,

Which lacked not voice to welcome  
turn :

And, when that pleasant toil had c  
to please,

verse with men, where if we meet a  
face  
almost meet a friend, on naked heaths  
a long long ways before, by cottage  
bench,  
well-spring where the weary traveller  
rests.

ho doth not love to follow with his eye  
windings of a public way? the sight,  
familiar object as it is, hath wrought  
my imagination since the morn-  
ing childhood, when a disappearing line,  
daily present to my eyes, that crossed  
the naked summit of a far-off hill  
and the limits that my feet had trod,  
like an invitation into space  
aimless, or guide into eternity.  
something of the grandeur which  
invests  
the mariner who sails the roaring sea  
through storm and darkness, early in my  
mind  
imaged, too, the wanderers of the  
earth;  
as much, and loveliness far  
more.  
have I been by strolling Bedlam-  
ists;  
many other uncouth vagrants  
passed  
they have walked with quicker step;  
it why  
note of this? When I began to  
inquire,  
asked and question those I met, and  
asked  
it reserve to them, the lonely roads  
open schools in which I daily read  
most delight the passions of man-  
kind,  
either by words, looks, sighs, or tears,  
revealed;  
saw into the depth of human souls,  
that appear to have no depth at all  
to these eyes. And—now convinced  
of heart  
of those formalities, to which  
intervening trust alone we give  
the name of Education, have to do  
with feeling and just sense; how vain  
correspondence with the talking world  
to the most; and called to make  
a search

If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked  
With toil, be therefore yoked with igno-  
rance;

If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,  
And intellectual strength so rare a boon—  
I prized such walks still more, for there I  
found

Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure  
peace

And steadiness, and healing and repose  
To every angry passion. There I heard,  
From mouths of men obscure and lowly,  
truths

Replete with honour; sounds in unison  
With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong af-  
fection, love  
Known by whatever name, is falsely  
deemed

A gift, to use a term which they would use,  
Of vulgar nature; that its growth requires  
Retirement, leisure, language purified  
By manners studied and elaborate;  
That whoso feels such passion in its  
strength

Must live within the very light and air  
Of courteous usages refined by art.

True is it, where oppression worse than  
death,

Salutes the being at his birth, where grace  
Of culture hath been utterly unknown,  
And poverty and labour in excess  
From day to day pre-occupy the ground  
Of the affections, and to Nature's self  
Oppose a deeper nature; there, indeed,  
Love cannot be; nor does it thrive with  
ease

Among the close and overcrowded haunts  
Of cities, where the human heart is sick,  
And the eye feeds it not, and cannot  
feed.

—Yes, in those wanderings deeply did  
I feel

How we mislead each other; above all,  
How books mislead us, seeking their re-  
ward

From judgments of the wealthy Few,  
who see

By artificial lights; how they debase  
The Many for the pleasure of those Few;  
Effeminately level down the truth  
To certain general notions, for the sake  
Of being understood at once, or else

Through want of better knowledge in the  
heads  
That framed them ; flattering self-conceit  
with words,  
That, while they most ambitiously set  
forth  
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks  
Whereby society has parted man  
From man, neglect the universal heart.

Here calling up to mind what then  
I saw,  
A youthful traveller, and see daily now  
In the familiar circuit of my home,  
Here might I pause, and bend in reve-  
rence  
To Nature, and the power of human  
minds,  
To men as they are men within them-  
selves.  
How oft high service is performed within,  
When all the external man is rude in  
show,—  
Not like a temple rich with pomp and  
gold,  
But a mere mountain-chapel, that protects  
Its simple worshippers from sun and  
shower.  
Of these, said I, shall be my song ; of  
these,  
If future years mature me for the task,  
Will I record the praises, making verse  
Deal boldly with substantial things ; in  
truth  
And sanctity of passion, speak of these,  
That justice may be done, obeisance paid  
Where it is due : thus haply shall I teach,  
Inspire ; through unadulterated ears  
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope,—my  
theme  
No other than the very heart of man,  
As found among the best of those who  
live—  
Not unexalted by religious faith,  
Nor uninformed by books, good books,  
though few—  
In Nature's presence : thence may I  
select  
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight ;  
And miserable love, that is not pain  
To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
Therefrom to human kind, and what we  
are.  
Be mine to follow with no timid step

Where knowledge leads me : it sh  
, my pride  
That I have dared to tread this  
ground,  
Speaking no dream, but things ora-  
Matter not lightly to be heard by th  
Who to the letter of the outward  
mise  
Do read the invisible soul ; by men  
In speech, and for communion wi  
world  
Accomplished ; minds whose facult  
then  
Most active when they are most clo  
And elevated most when most admi  
Men may be found of other moult  
these,  
Who are their own upholders, to  
selves  
Encouragement, and energy, and w  
Expressing liveliest thoughts in  
words  
As native passion dictates. Others  
There are among the walks of home  
Still higher, men for contemp  
framed,  
Shy, and unpractised in the str  
phrase ;  
Meek men, whose very souls pe  
would sink  
Beneath them, summoned to such  
course :  
Theirs is the language of the heaver  
power,  
The thought, the image, and the siler  
Words are but under-agents in  
souls ;  
When they are grasping with their  
est strength,  
They do not breathe among them  
I speak  
In gratitude to God, Who feeds  
hearts  
For His own service ; knoweth, love  
When we are unregarded by the wo  
Also, about this time did I receive  
Convictions still more strong than b  
fore,  
Not only that the inner frame is goo  
And graciously composed, but t  
less,  
Nature for all conditions war  
power

consecrate, if we have eyes to see,  
 outside of her creatures, and to  
 breathe  
 endeavour upon the very humblest face  
 human life. I felt that the array  
 of fact and circumstance, and visible form,  
 mainly to the pleasure of the mind  
 that passion makes them; that mean-  
 while the forms  
 of Nature have a passion in themselves,  
 intermingles with those works of  
 man  
 which she summons him; although  
 the works  
 mean, have nothing lofty of their own;  
 that the Genius of the Poet hence  
 boldly take his way among mankind  
 where Nature leads; that he hath  
 stood  
 Nature's side among the men of old,  
 so shall stand for ever. Dearest  
 friend!  
 you partake the animating faith  
 Poets, even as Prophets, each with  
 each  
 selected in a mighty scheme of truth,  
 each his own peculiar faculty,  
 Nature's gift, a sense that fits him to  
 perceive  
 is unseen before, thou wilt not  
 name  
 humblest of this band who dares to  
 cope  
 into him hath also been vouchsafed  
 right that in some sort he possesses,  
 the privilege whereby a work of his,  
 coming from a source of untaught  
 things,  
 true and enduring, may become  
 as like one of Nature's. To a hope  
 as ambitious once among the wilds  
 of Nature's Plain, my youthful spirit was  
 seduced;  
 as I ranged at will the pastoral  
 downs  
 smooth and smooth, or paced the bare  
 stony roads  
 opening in solitude their dreary line,  
 with his retinue of ages fled  
 away, nor checked his flight until I  
 saw  
 the ancestral Past in vision clear;  
 the multitudinous of men, and, here and  
 there,

A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,  
 With shield and stone-axe, stride across  
 the wold;  
 The voice of spears was heard, the rattling  
 spear  
 Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in  
 strength,  
 Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty.  
 I called on Darkness—but before the word  
 Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed  
 to take  
 All objects from my sight; and lo! again  
 The Desert visible by dismal flames;  
 It is the sacrificial altar, fed  
 With living men—how deep the groans!  
 the voice  
 Of those that crowd the giant wicker  
 thrills  
 The monumental hillocks, and the pomp  
 Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.  
 At other moments—(for through that  
 wide waste  
 Three summer days I roamed) where'er  
 the Plain  
 Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or  
 mounds,  
 That yet survive, a work, as some divine,  
 Shaped by the Druids, so to represent  
 Their knowledge of the heavens, and  
 image forth  
 The constellations—gently was I charmed  
 Into a waking dream, a reverie  
 That, with believing eyes, where'er I  
 turned,  
 Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white  
 wands  
 Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky,  
 Alternately, and plain below, while breath  
 Of music swayed their motions, and the  
 waste  
 Rejoiced with them and me in those  
 sweet sounds.

This for the past, and things that may  
 be viewed  
 Or fancied in the obscurity of years  
 From monumental hints: and thou, O  
 Friend!  
 Pleased with some unpremeditated strains  
 That served those wanderings to beguile,  
 hast said  
 That then and there my mind had exer-  
 cised  
 Upon the vulgar forms of present things,

The actual world of our familiar days,  
Yet higher power ; had caught from them  
a tone,

An image, and a character, by books  
Not hitherto reflected. Call we this  
A partial judgment—and yet why? for  
*then*

We were as strangers ; and I may not  
speak

Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude,  
Which on thy young imagination, trained  
In the great City, broke like light from far.  
Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself  
Witness and judge ; and I remember well  
That in life's every-day appearances  
I seemed about this time to gain clear sight  
Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit  
To be transmitted, and to other eyes  
Made visible ; as ruled by those fixed laws  
Whence spiritual dignity originates,  
Which do both give it being and maintain  
A balance, an ennobling interchange  
Of action from without and from within ;  
The excellence, pure function, and best  
power

Both of the object seen, and eye that sees.

## BOOK FOURTEENTH.

### CONCLUSION.

In one of those excursions (may they ne'er  
Fade from remembrance!) through the  
Northern tracts

Of Cambria ranging with a youthful  
friend,

I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,  
And westward took my way, to see the  
sun

Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the  
door

Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base  
We came, and roused the shepherd who  
attends

The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty  
guide ;

Then, cheered by short refreshment, sal-  
lied forth.

It was a close, warm, breeziless summer  
night,

Wan, dull, and glaring, with a d  
fog

Low-hung and thick that covered  
sky ;

But, undiscouraged, we began to c  
The mountain-side. The mist so  
us round,

And, after ordinary travellers' talk  
With our conductor, pensively we  
Each into commerce with his  
thoughts :

Thus did we breast the ascent,  
myself

Was nothing either seen or hear  
checked

Those musings or diverted, save th  
The shepherd's lurcher, who, amo  
crag,

Had to his joy unearthed a bed  
teased

His coiled-up prey with barkings  
lent.

This small adventure, for even s  
seemed

In that wild place and at the d  
night,

Being over and forgotten, on we w

In silence as before. With forehea

Earthward, as if in opposition set

Against an enemy, I panted up

With eager pace, and no less  
thoughts.

Thus might we wear a midnight  
away,

Ascending at loose distance each  
each,

And I, as chanced, the foremost  
band ;

When at my feet the ground appe  
brighten,

And with a step or two seemed  
still ;

Nor was time given to ask or le  
cause,

For instantly a light upon the turf

Fell like a flash, and lo ! as I look

The Moon hung naked in a firmam

Of azure without cloud, and at my

Rested a silent sea of hoary mist

A hundred hills their dusky backs up

All over this still ocean ; and beyon

Far, far beyond, the solid vapours

In headlands, tongues, and  
shapes,

he main Atlantic, that appeared  
rindle, and give up his majesty,  
ed upon far as the sight could  
ach.

o the ethereal vault ; encroachment  
one

there, nor loss ; only the inferior  
tars  
disappeared, or shed a fainter light  
e clear presence of the full-orbed  
foon,

from her sovereign elevation, gazed  
the billowy ocean, as it lay  
eek and silent, save that through a  
fit—

istant from the shore whereon we  
ood,  
ed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-  
ace—

ed the roar of waters, torrents,  
reams  
erable, roaring with one voice !

over earth and sea, and, in that  
ur,  
o it seemed, felt by the starry  
avens.

n into air had partially dissolved  
ision, given to spirits of the night  
ree chance human wanderers, in  
m thought

ed, it appeared to me the type  
ajestic intellect, its acts  
s possessions, what it has and  
ves,

itself it is, and would become.  
beheld the emblem of a mind  
eds upon infinity, that broods  
e dark abyss, intent to hear  
es issuing forth to silent light  
continuous stream ; a mind sus-  
ied

gnitions of transcendent power,  
conducting to ideal form,  
of more than mortal privilege.

ction, above all, of such a mind  
ature shadowed there, by putting  
h,

umstances awful and sublime,  
tual domination which she loves  
upon the face of outward things,

lded, joined, abstracted, so en-  
ed  
exchangeable supremacy,

That men, least sensitive, see, hear, per-  
ceive,

And cannot choose but feel. The power,  
which all

Acknowledge when thus moved, which  
Nature thus

To bodily sense exhibits, is the express  
Resemblance of that glorious faculty  
That higher minds bear with them as  
their own.

This is the very spirit in which they deal  
With the whole compass of the universe !  
They from their native selves can send  
abroad

Kindred mutations ; for themselves create  
A like existence ; and, when'er it dawns  
Created for them, catch it, or are caught  
By its inevitable mastery,

Like angels stopped upon the wing by  
sound

Of harmony from Heaven's remotest  
spheres.

Them the enduring and the transient  
both

Serve to exalt ; they build up greatest  
things

From least suggestions ; ever on the  
watch,

Willing to work and to be wrought upon,  
They need not extraordinary calls

To rouse them ; in a world of life they  
live,

By sensible impressions not enthralled,  
And by their quickening impulse made  
more prompt

To hold fit converse with the spiritual  
world,

And with the generations of mankind  
Spread over time, past, present, and to  
come,

Age after age, till Time shall be no more.  
Such minds are truly from the Deity,

For they are Powers ; and hence the  
highest bliss

That flesh can know is theirs—the con-  
sciousness

Of Whom they are, habitually infused  
Through every image and through every  
thought,

And all affections by communion raised  
From earth to heaven, from human to  
divine ;

Hence endless occupation for the Soul,  
Whether discursive or intuitive ;



Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,  
Emotions which best foresight need not  
fear,

Most worthy then of trust when most  
intense.

Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs  
that crush

Our hearts—if here the words of Holy  
Writ

May with fit reverence be applied—that  
peace

Which passeth understanding, that repose  
In moral judgments which from this pure  
source

Must come, or will by man be sought in  
vain.

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life  
long

Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in him-  
self?

For this alone is genuine liberty:

Where is the favoured being who hath  
held

That course unchecked, unerring, and un-  
tired,

In one perpetual progress smooth and  
bright?—

A humbler destiny have we retraced,

And told of lapse and hesitating choice,

And backward wanderings along thorny  
ways:

Yet—compassed round by mountain soli-  
tudes,

Within whose solemn temple I received

My earliest visitations, careless then

Of what was given me; and which now I  
range,

A meditative, oft a suffering, man—

Do I declare—in accents which, from  
truth

Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend  
Their modulation with these vocal  
streams—

That, whatsoever falls my better mind,

Revolving with the accidents of life,

May have sustained, that, howsoe'er mis-  
led,

Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,  
Tamper with conscience from a private  
aim;

Nor was in any public hope the dupe

Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield

Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits,

But shrunk with apprehensive jealousy  
From every combination which might  
The tendency, too potent in itself,  
Of use and custom to bow down the  
Under a growing weight of vulgar set  
And substitute a universe of death  
For that which moves with light and  
informed,

Actual, divine, and true. To fear and  
To love as prime and chief, for their  
ends,

Be this ascribed; to early intercourses  
In presence of sublime or beautiful  
With the adverse principles of pair  
joy—

Evil as one is rashly named by men  
Who know not what they speak. By  
subsists

All lasting grandeur, by pervading life  
That gone, we are as dust.—Behold  
fields

In balmy spring-time full of rising life  
And joyous creatures; see that pair  
lamb

And the lamb's mother, and their te-  
ways

Shall touch thee to the heart; thou  
est this love,

And not inaptly so, for love it is,  
Far as it carries thee. In some g-  
bower

Rest, and be not alone, but have thou  
The One who is thy choice of all  
world:

There linger, listening, gazing, with  
light

Impassioned, but delight how pitiable  
Unless this love by a still higher love

Be hallowed, love that breathes not  
out awe;

Love that adores, but on the knee  
prayer,

By heaven inspired; that frees  
chains the soul,

Lifted, in union with the purest, best,  
Of earth-born passions, on the wing

praise

Bearing a tribute to the Almi-  
Throne.

This spiritual Love acts not  
exist

Without Imagination, which, in truth,  
Is but another name for absolute power

d clearest insight, amplitude of mind,  
 d Reason in her most exalted mood.  
 is faculty hath been the feeding source  
 our long labour: we have traced the  
 stream  
 in the blind cavern whence is faintly  
 heard  
 natal murmur; followed it to light  
 open day; accompanied its course  
 on the ways of Nature, for a time  
 sight of it bewildered and engulfed;  
 n given it greeting as it rose once  
 more  
 strength, reflecting from its placid  
 breast  
 works of man and face of human life;  
 lastly, from its progress have we  
 drawn  
 h in life endless, the sustaining  
 thought  
 human Being, Eternity, and God.

agination having been our theme,  
 so hath that intellectual Love,  
 they are each in each, and cannot  
 stand  
 dually.—Here must thou be. O Man!  
 r to thyself; no Helper hast thou  
 ere;  
 keepest thou in singleness thy state:  
 ther can divide with thee this work:  
 econdary hand can intervene  
 shion this ability; 'tis thine,  
 rime and vital principle is thine  
 e recesses of thy nature, far  
 any reach of outward fellowship,  
 is not thine at all. But joy to him.  
 oy to him who here hath sown, hath  
 aid  
 the foundation of his future years!  
 ll that friendship, all that love can  
 o,  
 at a darling countenance can look  
 ar voice utter, to complete the man,  
 t him, made imperfect in himself,  
 all be his: and he whose soul hath  
 sen  
 the height of feeling intellect  
 want no humbler tenderness; his  
 art  
 der as a nursing mother's heart;  
 nable softness shall his life be full,  
 nble cares and delicate desires,  
 nterests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents! Sister of my soul  
 Thanks in sincerest verse have been else  
 where  
 Poured out for all the early tenderness  
 Which I from thee imbibed: and 'tis mos  
 true  
 That later seasons owed to thee no less;  
 For, spite of thy sweet influence and the  
 touch  
 Of kindred hands that opened out the  
 springs  
 Of genial thought in childhood, and in  
 spite  
 Of all that unassisted I had marked  
 In life or nature of those charms minute  
 That win their way into the heart by  
 stealth,  
 (Still to the very going-out of youth)  
 I too exclusively esteemed *that* love.  
 And sought *that* beauty, which, as Milton  
 sings,  
 Hath terror in it. Thou didst soften down  
 This over-sternness; but for thee, dear  
 Friend!  
 My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had  
 stood  
 In her original self too confident,  
 Retained too long a countenance severe;  
 A rock with torrents roaring, with the  
 clouds  
 Familiar, and a favourite of the stars:  
 But thou didst plant its crevices with  
 flowers,  
 Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the  
 breeze,  
 And teach the little birds to build their  
 nests  
 And warble in its chambers. At a time  
 When Nature, destined to remain so long  
 Foremost in my affections, had fallen back  
 Into a second place, pleased to become  
 A handmaid to a nobler than herself,  
 When every day brought with it some  
 new sense  
 Of exquisite regard for common things,  
 And all the earth was budding with these  
 gifts  
 Of more refined humanity, thy breath,  
 Dear Sister! was a kind of gentler spring  
 That went before my steps. Thereafter  
 came  
 One whom with thee friendship had early  
 paired;  
 She came, no more a phantom to adorn

A moment, but an inmate of the heart,  
And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined  
To penetrate the lofty and the low ;  
Even as one essence of pervading light  
Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand  
stars,

And, the meek worm that feeds her lonely  
lamp

Couched in the dewy grass.

With such a theme,  
Coleridge ! with this my argument, of  
thee

Shall I be silent ? O capacious Soul !  
Placed on this earth to love and under-  
stand,

And from thy presence shed the light of  
love,

Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of ?  
Thy kindred influence to my heart of  
hearts

Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed  
Her overweening grasp ; thus thoughts  
and things

In the self-haunting spirit learned to take  
More rational proportions ; mystery,  
The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,  
Of life and death, time and eternity,  
Admitted more habitually a mild  
Interposition—a serene delight

\* In closer gathering cares, such as be-  
come

A human creature, howso'er endowed,  
Poet, or destined for a humbler name ;  
And so the deep enthusiastic joy,  
The rapture of the hallelujah sent  
From all that breathes and is, was chas-  
tened, stemmed

And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust  
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay  
Of Providence ; and in reverence for  
duty,

Here, if need be, struggling with storms,  
and there

Strewing in peace life's humblest ground  
with herbs,

At every season green, sweet at all hours.

And now, O Friend ! this history is  
brought

To its appointed close : the discipline  
And consummation of a Poet's mind,  
In everything that stood most prominent,  
Have faithfully been pictured ; we have  
reached

The time (our guiding object first)

When we may, not presumptuous  
hope,

Suppose my powers so far confirm  
such

My knowledge, as to make me cap-  
Of building up a Work that shall  
Yet much hath been omitted, a  
was ;

Of books how much ! and even  
other wealth

That is collected among woods and  
Far more : for Nature's secondary  
Hath hitherto been barely touched  
The charm more superficial than at  
Her works, as they present to  
choice

Apt illustrations of the moral work  
Caught at a glance, or traced with  
pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend  
speak

With due regret) how much is over  
In human nature and her subtle way  
As studied first in our own heart  
then

In life among the passions of mankind  
Varying their composition and their  
Where'er we move, under the  
shapes

That individual character presents  
To an attentive eye. For progress  
Along this intricate and difficult path  
Whate'er was wanting, something  
gained,

As one of many schoolfellows comp-  
In hardy independence, to stand up  
Amid conflicting interests, and the  
Of various tempers ; to endure and  
What was not understood, though  
to be ;

Among the mysteries of love and hate  
Honour and shame, looking to right  
left,

Unchecked by innocence too delicate  
And moral notions too intolerant,  
Sympathies too contracted. Hence  
called

To take a station among men, the  
Was easier, the transition more so.  
More profitable also ; for the mind  
Learns from such timely exercise

esome separation the two natures,  
; that feels, the other that observes.

ne word more of personal con-  
a ;—

withdrew unwillingly from France,  
undomestic wanderer's life,  
lon chiefly harboured, whence I  
ned,

; at will in many a pleasant spot  
England's cultivated vales  
ibrian solitudes. A youth—(he

ne of Calvert—it shall live, if  
ls

can give it life,) in firm belief  
endowments not from me with-

ight be furthered—in his last  
y

uest sufficient for my needs  
me to pause for choice, and

and unrestrained, nor damped  
don

l cares. Himself no Poet, yet  
common follower of the world,  
d that my pursuits and labours

m all that leads to wealth, or

ry maintenance insures,  
ome hazard to the finer sense ;  
d a passage for me, and the  
a  
the bent of Nature.

Having now  
best merits mention, further

at purpose seems not to require,  
; other tasks. Recall to mind  
in which this labour was begun,  
The termination of my course  
now, much nearer ; yet even

traction and intense desire,  
the life which I had lived,  
thou? Hear I not a voice from

reproach to hear? Anon I rose  
wings, and saw beneath me  
ed  
ect of the world which I had

And was ; and hence this Song, which like  
a lark

I have protracted, in the unwearied  
heavens

Singing, and often with more plaintive  
voice

To earth attempered and her deep-drawn  
sighs,

Yet centring all in love, and in the end  
All gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,  
And, with life, power to accomplish aught  
of worth,

That will be deemed no insufficient plea  
For having given the story of myself,  
Is all uncertain : but, beloved Friend !

When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer  
view

Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,  
That summer, under whose indulgent  
skies,

Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we  
roved

Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan  
combs,

Thou in bewitching words, with happy  
heart,

Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient  
Man,

The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes  
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel ;

And I, associate with such labour, steeped  
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,  
Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was  
found,

After the perils of his moonlight ride,  
Near the loud waterfall ; or her who sate  
In misery near the miserable Thorn :—

When thou dost to that summer turn thy  
thoughts,

And hast before thee all which then we  
were,

To thee, in memory of that happiness,  
It will be known, by thee at least, my

Friend !

Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind  
Is labour not unworthy of regard :

To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift  
Have been prepared, not with the buoy-  
ant spirits  
That were our daily portion when we first

Together wantoned in wild Poesy,  
 But, under pressure of a private grief,  
 Keen and enduring, which the mind and  
     heart,  
 That in this meditative history  
 Have been laid open, needs must make  
     me feel  
 More deeply, yet enable me to bear  
 More firmly ; and a comfort now hath  
     risen  
 From hope that thou art near, and wilt be  
     soon  
 Restored to us in renovated health ;  
 When, after the first mingling of our  
     tears  
 'Mong other consolations, we may draw  
 Some pleasure from this offering of my  
     love.

Oh ! yet a few short years of useful life,  
 And all will be complete, thy race be  
     run,  
 Thy monument of glory will be raised ;  
 Then, though (too weak to tread the ways  
     of truth)  
 This age fall back to old idolatry,  
 Though men return to servitude as fast  
 As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame

By nations sink together, we shall  
 Find solace—knowing what we  
     learnt to know,  
 Rich in true happiness if allowed to  
 Faithful alike in forwarding a day  
 Of firmer trust, joint labourers in  
     work  
 (Should Providence such grace  
     vouchsafe)  
 Of their deliverance, surely yet to  
 Prophets of Nature, we to them  
     speak  
 A lasting inspiration, sanctified  
 By reason, blest by faith : what we  
     loved,  
 Others will love, and we will teach  
     how ;  
 Instruct them how the mind of  
     becomes  
 A thousand times more beautiful  
     the earth  
 On which he dwells, above this  
     things  
 (Which, 'mid all revolution in the  
 And fears of men, doth still remain  
     changed)  
 In beauty exalted, as it is itself  
 Of quality and fabric more divine.

•

# THE EXCURSION.

---

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G.,  
ETC., ETC.

OF, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer !  
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent ;  
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,  
Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clear.  
—Now, by thy care befriended, I appear  
Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work present,  
A token (may it prove a monument !)  
Of high respect and gratitude sincere.  
Gladly would I have waited till my task  
Had reached its close ; but Life is insecure,  
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream :  
Therefore, for what is here produced, I ask  
Thy favour ; trusting that thou wilt not deem  
The offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,  
*July 29, 1814.*

## PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1814.

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Title-page announces that this is a portion of a poem ; and the Reader be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious work, which is to consist of three parts.—The Author will candidly acknowledge that the first of these had been committed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his mind, he should have preferred a natural order of publication, and given that to the world first ; but, the second division of the Work was intended to refer more to passing events, than an existing state of things, than others were meant to do, more consistent exertion was naturally bestowed, and greater progress made here than the rest of the poem ; and as this does not depend upon the preceding, an agreeable which will materially injure no peculiar interest, the Author,

complying with the earnest entreaties of some valued Friends, presents the following pages to the Public.

It may be proper to state whence the poem, of which "The Excursion" is a part, derives its Title of THE RECLUSE.—Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary Work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such employment. As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them. That Work, addressed to a dear Friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's Intellect is

deeply indebted, has been long finished ; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society ; and to be entitled, "The Recluse;" as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.—The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself ; and the two Works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces, which have been long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished, or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labour bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the Public, entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavours to please and, he would hope, to benefit his countrymen.—Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of "The Recluse" will consist chiefly of meditations in the Author's own person ; and that in the intermediate part ("The Excursion") the intervention of characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system : it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course ; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the

system for himself. And in the time, the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of *Recluse*," may be acceptable as a *Prospectus* of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

"On Man, on Nature, and on Human  
Musing in solitude, I oft perceive  
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,  
Accompanied by feelings of delight  
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mix  
And I am conscious of affecting thought  
And dear remembrances, whose power  
soothes

Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh  
The good and evil of our mortal state.  
—To these emotions, whence e'er they  
Whether from breath of outward circumstances  
Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself  
I would give utterance in numerous verse  
Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love  
Hope,  
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith ;  
Of blessed consolations in distress ;  
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power  
Of joy in widest commonality spread ;  
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own  
Inviolable retirement, subject there  
To Conscience only, and the law supreme  
Of that Intelligence which governs all—  
I sing :—' fit audience let me find though I

"So prayed, more gaining than he as  
the Bard—

In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need  
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such  
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven  
For I must tread on shadowy ground, and  
sink

Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in  
To which the heaven of heavens is but a  
All strength—all terror, single or in bar  
That ever was put forth in personal form  
Jehovah—with his thunder, and the cho  
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thr  
I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, nor  
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,  
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out  
By help of dreams—can breed such fear  
awe

As fall upon us often when we look  
Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man—  
My haunt, and the main region of my soul  
—Beauty—a living Presence of the earth  
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms  
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed  
From earth's materials—waits upon and

as her tents before me as I move,  
 uly neighbour. Paradise, and groves  
 n, Fortunate Fields—like those of old  
 t in the Atlantic Main—why should they

ory only of departed things,  
 ere fiction of what never was?  
 e discerning intellect of Man,  
 wedded to this goodly universe  
 e and holy passion, shall find these  
 le produce of the common day.

long before the blissful hour arrives,  
 ld chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse  
 is great consummation :—and, by words  
 h speak of nothing more than what we  
 ire,

d I arouse the sensual from their sleep  
 eath, and win the vacant and the vain.  
 ble raptures ; while my voice proclaims  
 exquisitely the individual Mind  
 the progressive powers perhaps no less  
 : whole species) to the external World  
 ed :—and how exquisitely, too—

e this but little heard of among men—  
 xternal World is fitted to the Mind ;  
 he creation (by no lower name  
 t be called) which they with blended  
 ight

plish :—this is our high argument.  
 i grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft  
 urn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes  
 lowships of men,\* and see ill sights  
 dding passions mutually inflamed ;  
 ear Humanity in fields and groves  
 olitary anguish ; or must hang

Brooding above the fierce confederate storm  
 Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore  
 Within the walls of cities—may these sounds  
 Have their authentic comment ; that even these  
 Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn !—  
 Descend, prophetic Spirit ! that inspir'd  
 The human Soul of universal earth,  
 Dreaming on things to come ; and dost possess  
 A metropolitan temple in the hearts  
 Of mighty Poets : upon me bestow  
 A gift of genuine insight ; that my Song  
 With star-like virtue in its place may shine,  
 Shedding benignant influence, and secure,  
 Itself, from all malevolent effect  
 Of those mutations that extend their sway  
 Throughout the nether sphere !—And if with  
 this

I mix more lowly matter : with the thing  
 Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man  
 Contemplating ; and who, and what he was—  
 The transitory Being that beheld  
 This Vision ; when and where, and how he  
 lived :—

Be not this labour useless. If such theme  
 May sort with highest objects, then—dread  
 Power !

Whose gracious favour is the primal source  
 Of all illumination,—may my Life  
 Express the image of a better time,  
 More wise desires, and simpler manners ;—  
 nurse

My Heart in genuine freedom :—all pure,  
 thoughts

Be with me :—so shall thy unfailing love  
 Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end !”

## BOOK FIRST.

### THE WANDERER.

#### ARGUMENT.

mer forenoon.—The Author reaches a ruined Cottage upon a Common, and there meets  
 evered Friend, the Wanderer, of whose education and course of life he gives an account.—  
 anderer, while resting under the shade of the Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the  
 of its last Inhabitant.

summer, and the sun had mounted  
 gh :  
 ard the landscape indistinctly  
 ured  
 h a pale stream ; but all the north-  
 l downs,  
 rest air ascending, showed far off  
 ace dappled o'er with shadows  
 ng

From brooding clouds ; shadows that lay  
 in spots  
 Determined and unmoved, with steady  
 beams  
 Of bright and pleasant sunshine inter-  
 posed ;  
 To him most pleasant who on soft cool  
 moss  
 Extends his careless limbs along the front



Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling  
casts  
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,  
Where the wren warbles, while the dream-  
ing man,  
Half conscious of the soothing melody,  
With side-long eye looks out upon the  
scene,  
By power of that impending covert,  
thrown  
To finer distance. Mine was at that hour  
Far other lot, yet with good hope that  
soon  
Under a shade as grateful I should find  
Rest, and be welcomed there to livelier  
joy.  
Across a bare wide Common I was toiling  
With languid steps that by the slippery  
turf  
Were baffled ; nor could my weak arm  
disperse  
The host of insects gathering round my  
face,  
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,  
The wished-for port to which my course  
was bound.  
Thither I came, and there, amid the  
gloom  
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,  
Appeared a roofless Hut ; four naked  
walls  
That stared upon each other !—I looked  
round,  
And to my wish and to my hope espied  
The Friend I sought ; a Man of reverend  
age,  
But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired.  
There was he seen upon the cottage-  
bench,  
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep ;  
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

Him had I marked the day before—  
alone  
And stationed in the public way, with  
face  
Turned toward the sun then setting, while  
that staff  
Afforded, to the figure of the man  
Detained for contemplation or repose,  
Graceful support ; his countenance as he  
stood

Was hidden from my view, and he  
mained  
Unrecognised ; but, stricken by the  
With slackened footsteps I advanced  
soon  
A glad congratulation we exchanged  
At such unthought-of meeting.—For  
night  
We parted, nothing willingly ; and he  
He by appointment waited for me here  
Under the covert of these clustering

We were tried Friends : amid a  
sant vale,  
In the antique market-village where  
passed  
My school-time, an apartment he  
owned,  
To which at intervals the Wanderer  
And found a kind of home or haunt  
there.  
He loved me ; from a swarm of roses  
Singled out me, as he in sport would  
For my grave looks, too thoughtful for  
years.  
As I grew up, it was my best delight  
To be his chosen comrade. Many a  
On holidays, we rambled through  
woods :  
We sat—we walked ; he pleased me  
report  
Of things which he had seen ; and he  
touched  
Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the  
Turned inward ; or at my request  
sing  
Old songs, the product of his native  
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,  
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed  
As cool refreshing water, by the care  
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused  
Through a parched meadow-ground,  
time of drought.  
Still deeper welcome found his pure  
course :  
How precious when in riper days  
learned  
To weigh with care his words, and  
rejoice  
In the plain presence of his dignity !  
  
Oh ! many are the Poets that are  
By Nature ; men endowed with his  
gifts,

sion and the faculty divine ;  
 nting the accomplishment of verse,  
 y, in the docile season of their  
 ath,  
 denied them to acquire, through  
 k  
 re and the inspiring aid of books,  
 ly by a temper too severe,  
 ce backwardness afraid of shame)  
 ing e'er, as life advanced, been led  
 instance to take unto the height  
 asure of themselves, these favoured  
 ngs,  
 a scattered few, live out their  
 e,  
 ding that which they possess  
 in,  
 , to the grave, unthought of.  
 ngest minds  
 n those of whom the noisy world  
 ast ; else surely this Man had not

es unrevealed and unproclaimed.  
 he mind was filled with inward  
 ;  
 ithout distinction had he lived,  
 and honoured—far as he was  
 vn.

e small portion of his eloquent  
 ch,  
 ething that may serve to set in

ng pleasures of his loneliness.  
 rvations, and the thoughts his

It with—I will here record in  
 ;  
 with truth it correspond, and

venerable Nature leads,  
 and tender Muses shall accept  
 ous smile, deliberately pleased,  
 ning Time reward with sacred  
 .

the hills of Athol he was born ;  
 a small hereditary farm,  
 luctive slip of rugged ground,  
 nts, with their numerous off-  
 ; dwelt ;  
 i household, though exceeding

s were they all, austere and

And fearing God ; the very children  
 taught  
 Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's  
 word,  
 And an habitual piety, maintained  
 With strictness scarcely known on  
 English ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I  
 speak,  
 In summer, tended cattle on the hills ;  
 But, through the inclement and the peril-  
 ous days  
 Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,  
 Equipped with satchel, to a school, that  
 stood  
 Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,  
 Remote from view of city spire, or sound  
 Of minster clock ! From that bleak tene-  
 ment

He, many an evening, to his distant home  
 In solitude returning, saw the hills  
 Grow larger in the darkness ; all alone  
 Beheld the stars come out above his head,  
 And travelled through the wood, with no  
 one near  
 'To whom he might confess the things he  
 saw.

So the foundations of his mind were  
 laid.  
 In such communion, not from terror free,  
 While yet a child, and long before his  
 time,  
 Had he perceived the presence and the  
 power  
 Of greatness ; and deep feelings had im-  
 pressed  
 So vividly great objects that they lay  
 Upon his mind like substances, whose  
 presence  
 Perplexed the bodily sense. He had  
 received  
 A precious gift ; for, as he grew in years,  
 With these impressions would he still  
 compare  
 All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes,  
 and forms ;  
 And, being still unsatisfied with aught  
 Of dimmer character, he thence attained  
 An active power to fasten images  
 Upon his brain ; and on their pictured  
 lines  
 Intensely brooded, even till they acquired

The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,  
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness

Incessantly to turn his ear and eye  
On all things which the moving seasons brought

To feed such appetite—nor this alone  
Appeased his yearning :—in the after-day  
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,

And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags

He sate, and even in their fixed lineaments

Or from the power of a peculiar eye,  
Or by creative feeling overborne,  
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,  
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments

He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,  
Expression ever varying !

Thus informed,  
He had small need of books ; for many a tale

Traditionary round the mountains hung,  
And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,

Nourished Imagination in her growth,  
And gave the Mind that apprehensive power

By which she is made quick to recognise  
The moral properties and scope of things.  
But eagerly he read, and read again,  
Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied ;

The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,

With will inflexible, those fearful pangs  
Triumphantly displayed in records left  
Of persecution, and the Covenant—times  
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour !

And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved •

A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,

That left half-told the preternatural tale,  
Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,  
Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts  
Strange and uncouth ; dire faces, figures  
• dire,

Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,

With long and ghostly shanks—  
• which once seen  
Could never be forgotten !

In his  
Where Fear sate thus, a cherished vi  
Was wanting yet the pure delight o  
By sound diffused, or by the breathi  
Or by the silent looks of happy thir  
Or flowing from the universal face  
Of earth and sky. But he had f  
power

Of Nature, and already was prepar  
By his intense conceptions, to receiv  
Deeply the lesson deep of love whic  
Whom Nature, by whatever mean  
taught  
To feel intensely, cannot but receiv

Such was the Boy—but for the gn  
Youth

What soul was his, when, from the  
top

Of some bold headland, he beheld th  
Rise up, and bathe the world in l  
He looked—

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of  
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness  
Beneath him :—Far and wide the d  
were touched, •

And in their silent faces could be r  
Unutterable love. Sound needed  
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit dr  
The spectacle : sensation, soul, and  
All melted into him ; they swallow  
His animal being ; in them did he  
And by them did he live ; they were  
In such access of mind, in such high  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not ; in enjoyment  
pired.

No thanks he breathed, he proffer  
request ;

Rapt into still communion that trans  
The imperfect offices of prayer and p  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the  
That made him ; it was blessedness  
love !

A Herdsman on the lonely moor  
tops,  
Such intercourse was his, and in th  
Was his existence oftentimes fused  
• then how beautiful, how bright  
peared

written promise! Early had he  
 earned  
 erence the volume that displays  
 ystery, the life which cannot die;  
 the mountains did he *feel* his faith.  
 ngs, responsive to the writing, there  
 ed immortality, revolving life,  
 eatness still revolving; infinite:  
 littleness was not; the least or  
 ings  
 d infinite; and there his spirit  
 aped  
 respects, nor did he believe,—he  
 it.

wonder if his being thus became  
 e and comprehensive! Low desires,  
 oughths had there no place; yet  
 s his heart  
 ; for he was meek in gratitude,  
 he called those ecstasies to mind,  
 ence they flowed; and from them  
 acquired  
 n, which works thro' patience;  
 nce he learned  
 ecurring hours of sober thought  
 on Nature with a humble heart,  
 stioned where it did not under-  
 rd,  
 h a superstitious eye of love.

ssed the time; yet to the nearest  
 n  
 went with what small overplus  
 nings might supply, and brought  
 y  
 ok that most had tempted his  
 res  
 t the stall he read. Among the  
 ;  
 d upon that mighty orb of song,  
 ne Milton. Lore of different kind,  
 ual savings of a toilsome life,  
 oolmaster supplied; books that  
 ain  
 er elements of truth involved  
 and numbers, and, by charm  
 re,  
 lly perceived where nature droops  
 ling is suppressed) preserve the  
 d  
 solitude and poverty.  
 ccupations oftentimes deceived  
 ess hours, while in the hollow

Hollow and green, he lay on the green  
 turf

In pensive idleness. What could he do,  
 Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,  
 With blind endeavours? Yet, still upper-  
 most,

Nature was at his heart as if he felt,  
 Though yet he knew not how, a wasting  
 power

In all things that from her sweet influence  
 Might tend to wean him. Therefore with  
 her hues,

Her forms, and with the spirit of her  
 forms,

He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.  
 While yet he lingered in the rudiments  
 Of science, and among her simplest laws,  
 His triangles—they were the stars of  
 heaven,

The silent stars! Oft did he take delight  
 To measure the altitude of some tall crag  
 That is the eagle's birthplace, or some  
 peak

Familiar with forgotten years, that shows  
 Inscribed upon its visionary sides,  
 The history of many a winter storm,  
 Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth year  
 was told,

Accumulated feelings pressed his heart  
 With still increasing weight; he was o'er-  
 powered

By Nature; by the turbulence subdued  
 Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,  
 And the first virgin passion of a soul  
 Communing with the glorious universe.  
 Full often wished he that the winds might  
 rage

When they were silent; far more fondly  
 now

Than in his earlier season did he love  
 Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the  
 sounds

That live in darkness. From his intellect  
 And from the stillness of abstracted  
 thought

He asked repose; and, failing oft to win  
 The peace required, he scanned the laws  
 of light

Amid the roar of torrents, where they  
 send

From hollow clefts up to the clearer air  
 A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun

Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,  
And vainly by all other means, he strove  
To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent  
thought,  
Thus was he reared ; much wanting to  
assist  
The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,  
And every moral feeling of his soul  
Strengthened and braced, by breathing in  
content  
The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,  
And drinking from the well of homely life.  
—But, from past liberty, and tried re-  
straints,  
He now was summoned to select the  
course  
Of humble industry that promised best  
To yield him no unworthy maintenance.  
Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach  
A village-school—but wandering thoughts  
were then  
A misery to him ; and the Youth resigned  
A task he was unable to perform.

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who con-  
strains  
The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,  
• The freeborn Swiss to leave his narrow  
vales,  
(Spirit attached to regions mountainous  
Like their own steadfast clouds) did now  
impel  
His restless mind to look abroad with  
hope.  
—An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,  
Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting  
storm,  
A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load  
Bent as he moves, and needing frequent  
rest ;  
Yet do such travellers find their own  
delight ;  
And their hard service, deemed debasing  
poor,  
Gained merited respect in simpler times ;  
When squire, and priest, and they who  
round them dwelt  
In rustic sequestration—all dependent  
Upon the PEDLAR'S toil—supplied their  
wants,  
• Or pleased their fancies, with the wares  
he brought.

Not ignorant was the Youth that  
few

Of his adventurous countrymen  
By perseverance in this track of  
To competence and ease:—to him  
Attractions manifold—and this  
—His Parents on the enterprise  
Their farewell benediction, but with  
Foreboding evil. From his native  
He wandered far ; much did he  
men,

Their manners, their enjoyments  
pursuits,  
Their passions and their feelings  
those

Essential and eternal in the heart  
That, 'mid the simpler forms of  
Exist more simple in their elements  
And speak a plainer language.  
woods,

A lone Enthusiast, and among the  
Itinerant in this labour, he had found  
The better portion of his time ; a  
Spontaneously had his affections  
Amid the bounties of the year, the  
And liberty of nature ; there he felt  
In solitude and solitary thought  
His mind in a just equipoise of life  
Serene it was, unclouded by the  
Of ordinary life ; unvexed, unwarped  
By partial bondage. In his stead  
No piteous revolutions had he felt  
No wild varieties of joy and grief  
Unoccupied by sorrow of its own  
His heart lay open ; and, by nature  
And constant disposition of his thoughts  
To sympathy with man, he was a  
To all that was enjoyed where  
went,

And all that was endured ; for, in  
Happy, and quiet in his cheerful  
He had no painful pressure from  
That made him turn aside from  
ness

With coward fears. He could not  
suffer

With those whom he saw suffer.  
it came

That in our best experience he was  
And in the wisdom of our daily life  
For hence, minutely, in his various  
He had observed the progress and  
Of many minds, of minds and blood  
The history of many families ;

they had prospered ; how they were  
 yethrown  
 assion or mischance, or such misrule  
 ng the unthinking masters of the  
 arth  
 akes the nations groan.

This active course  
 allowed till provision for his wants  
 been obtained ;—the Wanderer then  
 resolved  
 ass the remnant of his days, untasked  
 needless services, from hardship  
 free.

alling laid aside, he lived at ease :  
 till he loved to pace the public roads  
 the wild paths ; and, by the sum-  
 mer's warmth

ed, often would he leave his home  
 journey far, revisiting the scenes  
 to his memory were most endeared.  
 rorous in health, of hopeful spirits,  
 ndamped  
 ordly-mindedness or anxious care ;  
 rvant, studious, thoughtful, and re-  
 freshed

nowledge gathered up from day to  
 ay ;  
 had he lived a long and innocent life.

a Scottish Church, both on himself,  
 nd those  
 whom from childhood he grew up,  
 ad held  
 strong hand of her purity ; and still  
 watched him with an unrelenting eye.  
 re remembered in his riper age  
 gratitude, and reverential thoughts.  
 y the native vigour of his mind,  
 s habitual wanderings out of doors,  
 neliness, and goodness, and kind  
 orks,  
 'er, in docile childhood or in youth,  
 id imbibed of fear or darker thought  
 melted all away ; so true was this.  
 sometimes his religion seemed to me  
 ught, as of a dreamer in the woods ;  
 o the model of his own pure heart  
 d his belief, as grace divine inspired,  
 uman reason dictated with awe.  
 surely never did there live on earth  
 n of kindlier nature. The rough  
 orts  
 easing ways of children vexed not  
 m ;

Indulgent listener was he to the tongue  
 Of garrulous age ; nor did the sick man's  
 tale,

To his fraternal sympathy addressed,  
 Obtain reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb ;  
 Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared  
 For sabbath duties ; yet he was a man  
 Whom no one could have passed without  
 remark.

Active and nervous was his gait ; his  
 limbs  
 And his whole figure breathed intelli-  
 gence.

Time had compressed the freshness of his  
 cheek

Into a narrower circle of deep red,  
 But had not tamed his eye ; that, under  
 brows

Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it  
 brought

From years of youth ; which, like a Being  
 made

Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill  
 To blend with knowledge of the years to  
 come,

Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

---

So was He framed ; and such his course  
 of life

Who now, with no appendage but a staff,  
 The prized memorial of relinquished toils,  
 Upon that cottage-bench reposed his  
 limbs,

Screened from the sun. Supine the Wan-  
 derer lay,

His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,  
 The shadows of the breezy elms above  
 Dappling his face. He had not heard the  
 sound

Of my approaching steps, and in the  
 shade

Unnoticed did I stand some minutes'  
 space.

At length I hailed him, seeing that his  
 hat

Was moist with water-drops, as if the  
 brim

Had newly scooped a running stream. He  
 rose,

And ere our lively greeting into peace  
 Had settled, "'Tis," said I, "a burning  
 day ;

My lips are parched with thirst, but you,  
 it seems,  
 Have somewhere found relief." He, at  
 the word,  
 Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me  
 climb  
 The fence where that aspiring shrub looked  
 out  
 Upon the public way. It was a plot  
 Of garden ground run wild, its matted  
 weeds  
 Marked with the steps of those, whom, as  
 they passed,  
 The gooseberry trees that shot in long  
 lank slips,  
 Or currants, hanging from their leafless  
 stems,  
 In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap  
 The broken wall. I looked around, and  
 there,  
 Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder  
 boughs  
 Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a  
 well  
 Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy  
 fern.  
 My thirst I slaked, and, from the cheer-  
 less spot  
 Withdrawing, straightway to the shade  
 returned  
 Where sate the old Man on the cottage-  
 bench ;  
 And, while, beside him, with uncovered  
 head,  
 I yet was standing, freely to respire,  
 And cool my temples in the fanning air,  
 Thus did he speak. "I see around me  
 here  
 Things which you cannot see : we die, my  
 Friend,  
 Nor we alone, but that which each man  
 loved  
 And prized in his peculiar nook of earth  
 Dies with him, or is changed ; and very  
 soon •  
 Even, of the good is no memorial left.  
 —The Poets, in their elegies and songs  
 Lamenting the departed, call the groves,  
 They call upon the hills, and streams to  
 mourn,  
 And senseless rocks ; nor idly ; for they  
 speak,  
 In these their invocations, with a voice  
 Obedient to the strong creative power

Of human passion. Sympathies that  
 More tranquil, yet perhaps of  
 birth,  
 That steal upon the meditative mind  
 And grow with thought. Beside  
 spring I stood,  
 And eyed its waters till we seemed  
 One sadness, they and I. For  
 bond  
 Of brotherhood is broken : time has  
 When, every day, the touch of  
 hand  
 Dislodged the natural sleep that  
 them up  
 In mortal stillness ; and they minister  
 To human comfort. Stooping down  
 drink,  
 Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied  
 The useless fragment of a wooden  
 Green with the moss of years, and  
 only  
 To the soft handling of the elements  
 There let it lie—how foolish are  
 thoughts !  
 Forgive them ;— never—never do  
 steps  
 Approach this door but she who  
 within  
 A daughter's welcome gave me,  
 loved her  
 As my own child. Oh, Sir ! the girl  
 first,  
 And they whose hearts are dry as  
 dust  
 Burn to the socket. Many a passer  
 Hath blessed poor Margaret for  
 gentle looks,  
 When she upheld the cool refreshment  
 drawn  
 From that forsaken spring ; and  
 came  
 But he was welcome ; no one went  
 But that it seemed she loved him.  
 dead,  
 The light extinguished of her lonely  
 The hut itself abandoned to decay,  
 And she forgotten in the quiet grave

"I speak," continued he, "of One  
 stock  
 Of virtues bloomed beneath this  
 roof.  
 She was a Woman of a steady mind  
 Tender and deep in her excess of love

speaking much, pleased rather with  
 the joy  
 of own thoughts : by some especial  
 are  
 temper had been framed, as it to  
 take  
 ing, who by adding love to peace  
 live on earth a life of happiness.  
 vedded Partner lacked not on his  
 de  
 humble worth that satisfied her  
 part :  
 l, affectionate, sober, and withal  
 y industrious. She with pride would  
 ll  
 ie was often seated at his loom,  
 mer, ere the mower was abroad  
 y the dewy grass,—in early spring,  
 ie last star had vanished.—They  
 to passed  
 ning, from behind the garden fence  
 hear his busy spade, which he  
 ould ply,  
 is daily work, until the light  
 ailed, and every leaf and flower  
 re lost  
 dark hedges. So their days were  
 ent  
 e and comfort ; and a pretty boy  
 eir best hope, next to the God in  
 even.

twenty years ago, but you I think  
 arcely bear it now in mind, there  
 ne  
 ighting seasons, when the fields  
 e left  
 alf a harvest. It pleased Heaven  
 add  
 : affliction in the plague of war :  
 appy Land was stricken to the  
 rt !  
 lerer then among the cottages,  
 ny freight of winter raiment, saw  
 dships of that season : many rich  
 own, as in a dream, among the  
 r :  
 he poor did many cease to be,  
 ir place knew them not. Mean-  
 e, abridged  
 comforts, gladly reconciled  
 ous self-denials, Margaret  
 ruggling on through those cala-  
 us years

With cheerful hope, until the second  
 autumn,  
 When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed  
 lay,  
 Smitten with perilous fever. In disease  
 He lingered long ; and, when his strength  
 returned,  
 He found the little he had stored, to meet  
 The hour of accident or crippling age,  
 Was all consumed. A second infant now  
 Was added to the troubles of a time  
 Laden, for them and all of their degree,  
 With care and sorrow : shoals of artisans  
 From ill-requested labour turned adrift  
 Sought daily bread from public charity,  
 They, and their wives and children—hap-  
 pier far  
 Could they have lived as do the little  
 birds  
 That peck along the hedge-rows, or the  
 kite  
 That makes her dwelling on the moun-  
 tain rocks !

“ A sad reverse it was for him who long  
 Had filled with plenty, and possessed in  
 peace,  
 This lonely Cottage. At the door he stood,  
 And whistled many a snatch of merry  
 tunes  
 That had no mirth in them ; or with his  
 knife  
 Carved uncouth figures on the heads of  
 sticks—  
 Then, not less idly, sought, through every  
 nook  
 In house or garden, any casual work  
 (Of use or ornament ; and with a strange,  
 Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,  
 He mingled, where he might, the various  
 tasks  
 Of summer, autumn, winter, and of  
 spring.  
 But this endured not ; his good humour  
 soon  
 Became a weight in which no pleasure  
 was :  
 And poverty brought on a petted mood  
 And a sore temper : day by day he  
 drooped,  
 And he would leave his work—and to the  
 town  
 Would turn without an errand his slack  
 steps ;



Or wander here and there among the fields.

One while he would speak lightly of his babes,

And with a cruel tongue : at other times  
He tossed them with a false unnatural joy :

And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks  
Of the poor innocent children. 'Every  
smile,'

Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,

'Made my heart bleed.'"

At this the Wanderer paused ;  
And, looking up to those enormous elms,  
He said, "'Tis now the hour of deepest  
noon.

At this still season of repose and peace,  
This hour when all things which are not  
at rest

Are cheerful ; while this multitude of flies  
With tuneful hum is filling all the air ;  
Why should a tear be on an old Man's  
cheek ?

Why should we thus, with an untoward  
mind,

And in the weakness of humanity,  
From natural wisdom turn our hearts  
away ;

• To natural comfort shut our eyes and  
ears ;

And, feeding on disquiet thus disturb  
The calm of nature with our restless  
thoughts ?"

•

He spake with somewhat of a solemn  
tone ;

But, when he ended, there was in his face  
Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,  
That for a little time it stole away  
All recollection ; and that simple tale  
Passed from my mind like a forgotten  
sound.

A while on trivial things we held dis-  
course,

To me soon tasteless. In my own despite,  
I thought of that poor Woman as of one  
Whom I had known and loved. He had  
rehearsed

Her homely tale with such familiar power,  
With such an active countenance, an eye  
So busy, that the things of which he  
spake

Seemed present ; and, attention  
relaxed,

A heart-felt chilliness crept along  
veins.

I rose ; and, having left the breezy  
Stood drinking comfort from the w  
sun,

That had not cheered me long  
looking round

Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned  
And begged of the old Man that, for  
sake,

He would resume his story.

He re-

"It were a wantonness, and would  
mand

Severe reproof, if we were men  
hearts

Could hold vain dalliance with the  
Even of the dead ; contented they  
draw

A momentary pleasure, never mark  
By reason, barren of all future good  
But we have known that there is  
found

In mournful thoughts, and always  
be found,

A power to virtue friendly ; were't  
I am a dreamer among men, indeed

An idle dreamer ! 'Tis a common  
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,

A tale of silent suffering, hardly clo  
In bodily form. — But without  
bidding

I will proceed.

While thus it fared with  
To whom this cottage, till those  
years,

Had been a blessèd home, it was  
chance

To travel in a country far remote ;  
And when these lofty elms once  
appeared

What pleasant expectations lured  
O'er the flat Common ! With quick

I reached  
The threshold, lifted with light hand  
latch ;

But, when I entered, Margaret look  
me

A little while ; then turned her head  
Speechless,—and, sitting down in  
chair,



"Between his hands he holds a smooth blue stone,  
On whose capacious surface see outspread  
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted trouts."



bitterly. I wist not what to do,  
 now to speak to her. Poor Wretch!  
 t last  
 ose from off her seat, and then,—  
 ) Sir!

not tell how she pronounced my  
 ame:—

fervent love, and with a face of grief  
 erably helpless, and a look  
 seemed to cling upon me, she  
 required

id seen her husband. As she spake  
 nge surprise and fear came to my  
 eart,

ad I power to answer ere she told  
 e had disappeared—not two months  
 me.

ft his house: two wretched days  
 id past,

the third, as wistfully she raised  
 ead from off her pillow, to look  
 th,

re in trouble, for returning light,  
 her chamber-casement she espied

d paper, lying as if placed  
 et her waking eyes. This trem-

ngly  
 ened—found no writing, but be-

d  
 of money carefully enclosed,  
 and gold. 'I shuddered at the

ht,'  
 argaret, 'for I knew it was his

id  
 ust have placed it there; and ere

t day  
 ided, that long anxious day, I

ned,  
 ne who by my husband had been

t  
 e sad news, that he had joined

oop  
 ers, going to a distant land.

ft me thus—he could not gather  
 rt

a farewell of me; for he feared  
 ould follow with my babes, and

the misery of that wandering

ale did Margaret tell with many

en she ended, I had little power

To give her comfort, and was glad to  
 take

Such words of hope from her own mouth  
 as served

To cheer us both. But long we had not  
 talked

Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,  
 And with a brighter eye she looked around

As if she had been shedding tears of joy.  
 We parted.—'Twas the time of early

spring;  
 I left her busy with her garden tools;

And well remember, o'er that fence she  
 looked by—

and, while I paced along the foot-way  
 St Basil's Pathway, saw

Called out, and sent a blessing after me,  
 With a cheerfulness, and with a

voice  
 That seemed the very sound of happy

And moved o'er many a hill and many a  
 dale,

With my accustomed load; in heat and  
 cold,

Through many a wood and many an open  
 ground,

In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,  
 Drooping or blithe of heart, as might

befall;  
 My best companions now the driving

winds,  
 And now the 'trotting brooks' and whis-

pering trees,  
 And now the music of my own sad steps,

With many a short-lived thought that  
 passed between,

And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way,  
 When, in the warmth of midsummer, the

wheat  
 Was yellow; and the soft and bladed

grass,  
 Springing afresh, had o'er the hay-field

spread  
 Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,

I found that she was absent. In the  
 shade,

Where now we sit, I waited her return.  
 Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore

Its customary look,—only, it seemed,  
 The honeysuckle, crowding round the

porch,

Hung down in heavier tufts ; and that  
 bright weed,  
 The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take  
 root  
 Along the window's edge, profusely grew  
 Blinding the lower panes. I turned  
 aside,  
 And strolled into her garden. It ap-  
 peared  
 To lag behind the season, and had lost  
 Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and  
 thrift  
 Had broken their trim border lines, and  
 straggled  
 O'er paths they used, to deck : carnations,  
 once  
 Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less  
 For the peculiar pains they had required,  
 Declined their languid heads, wanting  
 support.  
 The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths  
 and bells,  
 Had twined about her two small rows of  
 peas,  
 And dragged them to the earth.

Ere this an hour  
 Was wasted.—Back I turned my restless  
 steps ;

A stranger passed ; and, guessing whom  
 I sought,

He said that she was used to ramble far.—  
 The sun was sinking in the west ; and now  
 I sate with sad impatience. From within  
 Her solitary infant cried aloud ;  
 Then, like a blast that dies away self-  
 stilled,

The voice was silent. From the bench I  
 rose ;

But neither could divert nor soothe my  
 thoughts.

The spot, though fair, was very desolate—  
 The longer I remained, more desolate :  
 And, looking round me, now I first  
 observed

The corner stones, on either side the  
 porch,

With dull red stains discoloured, and  
 stuck o'er

With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the  
 sheep,

That fed upon the Common, thither came  
 Familiarly, and found a couching-place  
 Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows  
 fell

From these tall elms ; the cottage  
 struck eight ;—

I turned, and saw her distant a few  
 Her face was pale and thin—her  
 too,

Was changed. As she unlocked the  
 she said,

'It grieves me you have waited  
 long,

But, in good truth, I've wandered  
 of late ;

And, sometimes—to my shame I  
 have need

Of my best prayers to bring me  
 again.'

While on the board she spread our  
 meal,

She told me—interrupting not the  
 Which gave employment to her  
 hands—

That she had parted with her elder  
 To a kind master on a distant farm  
 Now happily apprenticed.—'I perceive  
 You look at me, and you have  
 to-day

I have been travelling far ; and  
 days

About the fields I wander, knowing  
 Only, that what I seek I cannot find  
 And so I waste my time ; for  
 changed ;

And to myself,' said she, 'have  
 much wrong

And to this helpless infant. I have  
 Weeping, and weeping have I watched  
 tears

Have flowed as if my body were  
 As others are ; and I could never

But I am now in mind and in my  
 More easy ; and I hope,' said she  
 God

Will give me patience to endure  
 things

Which I behold at home.'

It would have

Your very soul to see her. Sir, I

The story linger in my heart ; I feel

'Tis long and tedious ; but my

clings

To that poor Woman :—so familiar

Do I perceive her manner, and her

And presence ; and so deeply do I

Her goodness, that, not seldom,

walks

mentary trance comes over me ;  
 to myself I seem to muse on One  
 now laid asleep ; or borne away,  
 man being destined to awake  
 man life, or something very near  
 man life, when he shall come again  
 whom she suffered. Yes, it would  
 ave grieved  
 very soul to see her : evermore  
 eyelids drooped, her eyes downward  
 ere cast ;  
 when she at her table gave me food,  
 did not look at me. Her voice was  
 w,  
 ody was subdued. In every act  
 ning to her house affairs, appeared  
 areless stillness of a thinking mind  
 occupied ; to which all outward  
 ings  
 re an idle matter. Still she sighed,  
 t no motion of the breast was seen,  
 aving of the heart. While by the  
 e  
 re together, sighs came on my ear,  
 not how, and hardly whence they  
 me.

my departure, to her care I gave,  
 son's use, some tokens of regard,  
 with a look of welcome she re-  
 ved :  
 shorted her to place her trust  
 s good love, and seek his help by  
 yer.  
 my staff, and, when I kissed her  
 e,  
 rs stood in her eyes. I left her  
 n  
 e best hope and comfort I could  
 : :  
 asked me for my wish ;—but for my  
 e  
 d she did not thank me.

I returned,  
 k my rounds along this road again  
 n its sunny bank the primrose  
 er  
 forth, to give an earnest of the  
 ng.  
 her sad and drooping : she had  
 red  
 ss of her husband ; if he lived,  
 w not that he lived ; if he were  
 b

She knew not he was dead. She seemed  
 the same  
 In person and appearance ; but her house  
 Bespake a sleepy hand of negligence ;  
 The floor was neither dry nor neat, the  
 hearth  
 Was comfortless, and her small lot of  
 books,  
 Which, in the cottage-window, heretofore  
 Had been piled up against the corner  
 panes  
 In seemly order, now, with straggling  
 leaves  
 Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,  
 As they had chanced to fall. Her infant  
 Babe  
 Had from its mother caught the trick of  
 grief,  
 And sighed among its playthings. I  
 withdrew,  
 And once again entering the garden saw,  
 More plainly still, that poverty and grief  
 Were now come nearer to her : weeds  
 defaced  
 The hardened soil, and knots of withered  
 grass :  
 No ridges there appeared of clear black  
 mould,  
 No winter greenness ; of her herbs and  
 flowers,  
 It seemed the better part were gnawed  
 away  
 Or trampled into earth ; a chain of straw,  
 Which had been twined about the slender  
 stem  
 Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root ;  
 The bark was nibbled round by truant  
 sheep.  
 —Margaret stood near, her infant in her  
 arms,  
 And, noting that my eye was on the tree,  
 She said, 'I fear it will be dead and gone  
 Ere Robert come again.' When to the  
 House  
 We had returned together, she enquired  
 If I had any hope :—but for her babe,  
 And for her little orphan boy, she said  
 She had no wish to live, that she must  
 die  
 Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom  
 Still in its place ; his Sunday garments  
 hung  
 Upon the self-same nail ; his very staff  
 Stood undisturbed behind the door.

And when,  
In bleak December, I retraced this way,  
She told me that her little babe was dead,  
And she was left alone. She now, released  
From her maternal cares, had taken up  
The employment common through these  
wolds, and gained,  
By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;  
And for this end had hired a neighbour's  
boy  
To give her needful help. That very time  
Most willingly she put her work aside,  
And walked with me along the miry road,  
Heedless how far; and, in such piteous  
sort  
That any heart had ached to hear her,  
begged  
That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask  
For him whom she had lost. We parted  
then—  
Our final parting; for from that time  
forth  
Did many seasons pass ere I returned  
Into this tract again.

Nine tedious years;  
From their first separation, nine long  
years,  
She lingered in unquiet widowhood;  
A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have  
been  
A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my  
Friend,  
That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate  
Alone, through half the vacant Sabbath  
day;  
And, if a dog passed by, she still would  
quit  
The shade, and look abroad. On this old  
bench  
For hours she sate; and evermore her eye  
Was busy in the distance, shaping things  
That made her heart beat quick. You  
see that path,  
Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its  
grey line;  
There, to and fro, she paced through  
many a day  
Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp  
That girded her waist, spinning the long-  
drawn thread  
With backward steps. Yet ever as there  
she passed  
A man whose garments showed the sol-  
dier's red,

Or crippled mendicant in soldier's garb;  
The little child who sate to turn the  
Ceased from his task; and she wit-  
tering voice  
Made many a fond enquiry; and  
they,  
Whose presence gave no comfort,  
gone by,  
Her heart was still more sad. A  
yon gate,  
That bars the traveller's road, she  
stood,  
And when a stranger horseman can  
latch  
Would lift, and in his face look wist  
Most happy, if, from aught discerned  
there  
Of tender feeling, she might dare re-  
The same sad question. Meanwhi-  
poor Hut  
Sank to decay; for he was gone  
hand,  
At the first nipping of October frost  
Closed up each chink, and with  
bands of straw  
Chequered the green-grown thatch,  
so she lived  
Through the long winter, reckless  
alone;  
Until her house by frost, and thaw  
rain,  
Was sapped; and while she slept  
nightly damps  
Did chill her breast; and in the si-  
day  
Her tattered clothes were ruffled by  
wind,  
Even at the side of her own fire-  
still  
She loved this wretched spot, nor  
for worlds  
Have parted hence; and still that  
of road,  
And this rude bench, one torturing  
endeared,  
Fast rooted at her heart; and her  
Friend,—  
In sickness she remained; and her  
died;  
Last human tenant of these ruined walls

The old Man ceased: he saw that  
moved;  
From that low bench, rising insti-

med aside in weakness, nor had  
 power  
 rank him for the tale which he had  
 told.  
 od, and leaning o'er the garden wall  
 ewed that Woman's sufferings ; and  
 t seemed  
 omfort me while with a brother's  
 ove  
 sed her in the impotence of grief.  
 towards the cottage I returned ; and  
 raged  
 ly, though with an interest more  
 mild,  
 secret spirit of humanity  
 b, 'mid the calm oblivious tenden-  
 ies  
 ture, 'mid her plants, and weeds,  
 nd flowers,  
 ilent overgrowings, still survived.  
 ld Man, noting this, resumed, and  
 id,  
 Friend ! enough to sorrow you have  
 ven,  
 rposes of wisdom ask no more :  
 ore would she have craved as due  
 One  
 in her worst distress, had ofttimes  
 t  
 nbounded might of prayer ; and  
 rned, with soul  
 on the Cross, that consolation  
 rings,  
 sources deeper far than deepest  
 in,  
 : meek Sufferer. Why then should  
 read  
 rms of things with an unworthy  
 :?  
 eps in the calm earth, and peace is  
 e.  
 emember that those very plumes,

Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on  
 that wall,  
 By mist and silent rain-drops silvered  
 o'er,  
 As once I passed, into my heart conveyed  
 So still an image of tranquillity,  
 So calm and still, and looked so beautiful  
 Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled  
 my mind,  
 That what we feel of sorrow and despair  
 From ruin and from change, and all the  
 grief  
 That passing shows of Being leave be-  
 hind,  
 Appeared an idle dream, that could main-  
 tain,  
 Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened  
 spirit  
 Whose meditative sympathies repose  
 Upon the breast of Faith. I turned  
 away,  
 And walked along my road in happiness."

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining  
 shot  
 A slant and mellow radiance, which began  
 To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,  
 We sate on that low bench : and now we  
 felt,  
 Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming  
 on.  
 A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,  
 A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,  
 At distance heard, peopled the milder air.  
 The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly  
 mien  
 Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff ;  
 Together casting then a farewell look  
 Upon those silent walls, we left the shade ;  
 And, ere the stars were visible, had  
 reached  
 A village-inn,—our evening resting-place.



## BOOK SECOND.

## THE SOLITARY.

## ARGUMENT.

The Author describes his travels with the Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated by a Morning scene, and view of a Village Wake.—Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he pur-  
 to visit.—View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat.  
 Sound of singing from below.—A funeral procession.—Descent into the Valley.—Observations  
 drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley.  
 Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary.—Wanderer's description of the mode of life in  
 this mountainous district.—Solitary contrasts with this, that of the individual carried a few miles  
 before from the cottage.—The cottage entered.—Description of the Solitary's apartment.—  
 there.—View, from the window, of two mountain summits; and the Solitary's description of the  
 companionship they afford him.—Account of the departed inmate of the cottage.—Description of the  
 grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind.—Leave the house

IN days of yore how fortunately fared  
 The Minstrel ! wandering on from hall to  
 hall,

Baronial court or royal ; cheered with gifts  
 Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise ;  
 Now meeting on his road an armed  
 knight,

Now resting with a pilgrim by the side  
 Of a clear brook ;—beneath an abbey's  
 roof

- One evening sumptuously lodged ; the  
 next,

Humbly in a religious hospital ;  
 Or with some merry outlaws of the wood ;  
 Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.  
 Him, sleeping or awake, the robber  
 spared ;

He walked—protected from the sword of  
 war

By virtue of that sacred instrument  
 His harp, suspended at the traveller's  
 side ;

His dear companion wheresoe'er he went  
 Opening from land to land an easy way  
 By melody, and by the charm of verse.  
 Yet not the goblest of that honoured Race  
 Drew happier, loftier, more empassioned,  
 thoughts

From his long journeyings and eventful  
 life, •

Than this obscure Itinerant had skill  
 To gather, ranging through the tamer  
 ground

Of these our unimaginative days ;  
 Both while he trod the earth in humblest

Accoutred with his burthen and his  
 And now, when free to move with li-  
 pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose fav-  
 school

Hath been the fields, the roads, and  
 lanes,

Looked on this guide with rever-  
 love?

Each with the other pleased, we  
 pursued

Our journey, under favourable skies  
 Turn wheresoe'er we would, he v-  
 light

Unfailing : not a hamlet could we p-  
 Rarely a house that did not yield to  
 Remembrances ; or from his tongu-  
 forth

Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less  
 Accompanied those strains of apt  
 course,

Which nature's various objects  
 inspire ;

And in the silence of his face I read  
 His overflowing spirit. Birds and b-  
 And the mute fish that glances in

stream,  
 And harmless reptile coiling in the s-  
 And gorgeous insect hovering in the  
 The fowl domestic, and the hous-

dog—  
 In his capacious mind, he loved the  
 Their rights acknowledging he fel-

all.  
 given me to per-

the calm pleasures of the pasturing  
 herd  
 happy contemplation soothed his  
 walk ;

the poor brute's condition, forced to  
 run  
 course of suffering in the public road,  
 contrast ! all too often smote his  
 heart

h unavailing pity. Rich in love  
 | sweet humanity, he was, himself,  
 the degree that he desired, beloved.  
 les of good-will from faces that he  
 knew

eted us all day long ; we took our  
 seats  
 many a cottage-hearth, where he re-  
 ceived

welcome of an Inmate from afar,  
 I at once forgot I was a Stranger.  
 or was he loth to enter ragged huts,  
 ; where his charity was blest ; his  
 voice  
 d as the voice of an experienced  
 friend.

sometimes—where the poor man  
 held dispute

his own mind, unable to subdue  
 tience through inaptness to perceive  
 ral distress in his particular lot ;  
 erishing resentment, or in vain  
 gling against it ; with a soul per-  
 plexed,

finding in herself no steady power  
 'aw the line of comfort that divides  
 nity, the chastisement of Heaven,  
 the injustice of our brother men—  
 m appeal was made as to a judge ;  
 with an understanding heart, allayed  
 perturbation ; listened to the plea ;  
 ved the dubious point ; and sentence  
 ave

rounded, so applied, that it was  
 eard  
 softened spirit, even when it con-  
 demned.

h intercourse I witnessed, while we  
 roved,  
 as his choice directed, now as mine ;  
 th, with equal readiness of will,  
 ource submitting to the changeful  
 reeze  
 ident. But when the rising sun

Had three times called us to renew our  
 walk,

My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,  
 As if the thought were but a moment old,  
 Claimed absolute dominion for the day.

We started—and he led me toward the  
 hills,

Up through an ample vale, with higher  
 hills

Before us, mountains stern and desolate ;  
 But, in the majesty of distance, now  
 Set off, and to our ken appearing fair  
 Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,  
 And beautified with morning's purple  
 beams.

The wealthy, the luxurious, by the stress  
 Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their  
 time,

May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs  
 Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise  
 From earth the dust of morning, slow to  
 rise ;

And they, if blest with health and hearts  
 at ease,

Shall lack not their enjoyment :—but how  
 faint

Compared with ours ! who, pacing side  
 by side,

Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all •  
 That we beheld ; and lend the listening  
 sense

To every grateful sound of earth and air ;  
 Pausing at will—our spirits braced, our  
 thoughts

Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,  
 And pure as dew bathing their crimson  
 leaves.

Mount slowly, sun ! that we may journey  
 long,

By this dark hill protected from thy  
 beams !

Such is the summer pilgrim's frequent  
 wish ;

But quickly from among • our morning  
 thoughts

'Twas chased away : for, toward the  
 western side

Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,  
 We saw a throng of people ;—wherefore  
 met ?

Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose  
 On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising, yield

Prompt answer ; they proclaim the annual  
 Wake,  
 Which the bright season favours.—Tabor  
 and pipe  
 In purpose join to hasten or reprove  
 The laggard Rustic ; and repay with  
 boons  
 Of merriment a party-coloured knot,  
 Already formed upon the village-green.  
 —Beyond the limits of the shadow cast  
 By the broad hill, glistened upon our  
 sight  
 That gay assemblage. Round them and  
 above,  
 Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,  
 Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of  
 trees  
 Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver  
 steam  
 Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs  
 By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like  
 a mast  
 Of gold, the Maypole shines ; as if the  
 rays  
 Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,  
 With gladsome influence could re-animate  
 The faded garlands dangling from its  
 sides.

• Said I, "The music and the sprightly  
 scene  
 Invite us ; shall we quit our road, and  
 join  
 These festive matins?"—He replied,  
 "Not loth  
 To linger I would here with you partake,  
 Not one hour merely, but till evening's  
 close,  
 The simple pastimes of the day and place.  
 By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,  
 The turf of yon large pasture will be  
 skimmed ;  
 There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall con-  
 tend :  
 But know we not that he, who intermits  
 The appointed tasks and duties of the day,  
 Unthines full oft the pleasures of the day ;  
 Checking the finer spirits that refuse  
 To flow, when purposes are lightly  
 changed ?  
 A length of journey yet remains un-  
 traced :  
 Let us proceed." Then, pointing with his  
 staff

Raised toward those craggy summit  
 intent  
 He thus imparted :—

"In a spot the  
 Among yon mountain fastnesses  
 cealed,  
 You will receive, before the hour of  
 Good recompense, I hope, for this  
 toil,  
 From sight of One who lives sec  
 there,  
 Lonesome and lost : of whom, and i  
 past life,  
 (Not to forestall such knowledge as m  
 More faithfully collected from himse  
 This brief communication shall suffi

"Though now sojourning there, he  
 myself,  
 Sprang from a stock of lowly parent  
 Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tr  
 Where many a sheltered and well-te  
 plant  
 Bears, on the humblest ground of socia  
 Blossoms of piety and innocence.  
 Such grateful promises his youth  
 played :  
 And, having shown in study for  
 zeal,  
 He to the Ministry was duly called ;  
 And straight, incited by a curious mi  
 Filled with vague hopes, he under  
 the charge  
 Of Chaplain to a military troop  
 Cheered by the Highland bagpipe, as i  
 marched  
 In plaided vest,—his fellow-countryme  
 This office filling, yet by native power  
 And force of native inclination made  
 An intellectual ruler in the haunts  
 Of social vanity, he walked the world,  
 Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety ;  
 Lax, buoyant—less a pastor with his fl  
 Than a soldier among soldiers—lived a  
 roamed  
 Where Fortune led :—and Fortune, i  
 oft proves  
 The careless wanderer's friend, to b  
 made known  
 A blooming Lady—a conspicuous flow  
 Admired for beauty, for her sweet  
 praised ;  
 Whom he had sensibility to love,  
 Ambition to attempt, and skill to win

For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts  
 of mind,  
 sparingly endowed with worldly  
 wealth,  
 office he relinquished; and retired  
 in the world's notice to a rural home.  
 In this season yet with him was scarcely  
 past,

she was in youth's prime. How free  
 their love,  
 full their joy! Till, pitiable doom!  
 the short course of one undreaded year,  
 was blasted all. Death suddenly o'er-  
 threw

lovely Children—all that they  
 possessed!

Mother followed:—miserably bare  
 one Survivor stood; he wept, he  
 prayed  
 his dismissal, day and night, com-  
 mended  
 old communion with the grave, and  
 peace

pain the regions of eternity.  
 Complaining apathy displaced  
 anguish; and, indifferent to delight,  
 aim and purpose, he consumed his  
 days,  
 private interest dead, and public care.  
 He died; so he might have died.

But now,  
 the wide world's astonishment, ap-  
 peared  
 various opening, the unlooked-for  
 dawn,  
 promised everlasting joy to France!  
 The voice of social transport reached even  
 him!

Tooke from his contracted bounds,  
 paired  
 great City, an emporium then  
 ten expectations, and receiving  
 its every day from a new world of  
 peace.

For his popular talents he trans-  
 ferred;  
 on the pulpit, zealously maintained  
 use of Christ and civil liberty,  
 and moving to one glorious end.  
 His service! I might say  
 his service; for he was sincere  
 in his and fondness for applause,  
 few and shapeless wishes, would  
 have  
 done.

"That righteous cause (such power  
 hath freedom) bound,  
 For one hostility, in friendly league,  
 Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves;  
 Was served by rival advocates that came  
 From regions opposite as heaven and  
 hell.

One courage seemed to animate them  
 all:

And, from the dazzling conquests daily  
 gained

By their united efforts, there arose  
 A proud and most presumptuous con-  
 fidence

In the transcendent wisdom of the age,  
 And her discernment; not alone in rights,  
 And in the origin and bounds of power  
 Social and temporal; but in laws divine,  
 Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.  
 An overweening trust was raised; and  
 fear

Cast out, alike of person and of thing.  
 Plague from this union spread, whose  
 subtle bane

The strongest did not easily escape;  
 And He, what wonder! took a mortal  
 taint.

How shall I trace the change, how bear  
 to tell

That he broke faith with them whom he  
 had laid

In earth's dark chambers, with a Chris-  
 tian's hope!

An infidel contempt of holy writ  
 Stole by degrees upon his mind; and  
 hence

Life, like that Roman Janus, double-  
 faced;

Vilest hypocrisy—the laughing, gay  
 Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but  
 pride.

Smooth words he had to wheedle simple  
 souls;

But, for disciples of the inner school,  
 Old freedom was old servitude, and they  
 The wisest whose opinions stooped the  
 least

To known restraints; and who most  
 boldly drew

Hopeful prognostications from a creed,  
 That, in the light of false philosophy,  
 Spread like a halo round a misty moon,  
 Widening its circle as the storms ad-  
 vanced.

"His sacred function was at length  
renounced ;  
And every day and every place enjoyed  
The unshackled layman's natural liberty ;  
Speech, manners, morals, all without dis-  
guise.

I do not wish to wrong him ; though the  
course

Of private life licentiously displayed  
Unhallowed actions—planted like a crown  
Upon the insolent aspiring brow  
Of spurious notions—worn as open signs  
Of prejudice subdued—still he retained  
'Mid much abasement, what he had  
received

From nature, an intense and glowing  
mind.

Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew  
weak,

And mortal sickness on her face appeared,  
He coloured objects to his own desire  
As with a lover's passion. Yet his moods  
Of pain were keen as those of better  
men,

Nay keener, as his fortitude was less :  
And he continued, when worse days were  
come,

To deal about his sparkling eloquence,  
Struggling against the strange reverse  
with zeal

That showed like happiness. But, in  
despite

Of all this outside bravery, within,  
He neither felt encouragement nor hope :  
For moral dignity, and strength of mind,  
Were wanting ; and simplicity of life ;  
And reverence for himself ; and, last and  
best,

Confiding thoughts, through love and fear  
of Him

Before whose sight the troubles of this  
world

Are vain, as billows in a tossing sea.

"The glory of the times fading away—  
The splendour, which had given a festal  
air

To self-importance, hallowed it, and  
veiled

From his own sight—this gone, he for-  
feited

All joy in human nature ; was consumed,  
And vexed, and chafed, by levity and

And fruitless indignation ; galled  
pride ;

Made desperate by contempt of men  
throve

Before his sight in power or fame  
won,

Without desert, what he desired ;  
men,

Too weak even for his envy or his hate  
Tormented thus, after a wandering

Of discontent, and inwardly oppressed  
With malady—in part, I fear, provoked

By weariness of life—he fixed his home  
Or, rather say, sate down by very chance

Among these rugged hills ; where he  
dwells,

And wastes the sad remainder of his  
Steeped in a self-indulging spleen

wants not  
Its own voluptuousness ;—on that

solved,  
With this content, that he will live

die  
Forgotten,—at safe distance from

world  
Not moving to his mind."

These serious

Closed the preparatory notices  
That served my Fellow-traveller

guile  
The way, while we advanced up

wide vale.  
Diverging now (as if his quest had

Some secret of the mountains, to  
fall

Of water, or some lofty eminence,  
Renowned for splendid prospect (

wide)  
We scaled, without a track to our

steps,  
A steep ascent ; and reached a

plain,  
With a tumultuous waste of heath

tops  
Before us ; savage region ! which

Dispirited : when, all at once, beneath  
Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale

A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high  
Among the mountains ; even as

spot  
Had been from eldest time by

theirs  
So placed, to be shut out from

world !

like it was in shape, deep as an urn ;  
rocks encompassed, save that to the  
south

one small opening, where a heath-  
clad ridge

marked a boundary less abrupt and  
close ;

quiet treeless nook, with two green  
fields,

quid pool that glittered in the sun,  
one bare dwelling ; one abode, no

more !  
emed the home of poverty and toil,

ugh not of want : the little fields,  
made green

usbandry of many thrifty years,  
cheerful tribute to the moorland

house.  
ere crows the cock, single in his

lomain :  
small birds find in spring no thicket

here  
roud them ; only from the neigh-

bouring vales  
uckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,

eth faint tidings of some gladder  
lace.

! what a sweet •Recess, thought I,  
here !

tly throwing down my limbs at  
ise

a bed of heath ;—full many a spot  
den beauty have I chanced to espy

the mountains ; never one like  
is ;

esome, and so perfectly secure ;  
elancholy—no, for it is green,

ight, and fertile, furnished in itself  
the few needful things that life

quires.  
ugged arms how softly does it lie,

nderly protected ! Far and near  
ve an image of the pristine earth,

met in its nakedness : were this  
only dwelling, sole appointed seat,

ast, and single, in the breathing  
rid,

I not be more quiet : peace is here  
here ; days unruffled by the gale

ic news or private ; years that pass  
ully ; uncalled upon to pay

mon penalties of mortal life,  
s ; or accident, or grief, or pain.

On these and kindred thoughts intent  
I lay

In silence musing by my Comrade's  
side,

He also silent ; when from out the heart  
Of that profound abyss a solemn voice,

Or several voices in one solemn sound,  
Was heard ascending ; mournful, deep,

and slow  
The cadence, as of psalms—a funeral

dirge !  
We listened, looking down upon the hut,

But seeing no one : meanwhile from  
below

The strain continued, spiritual as before ;  
And now distinctly could I recognise

These words :—“*Shall in the grave thy  
love be known,*

*In death thy faithfulness ?*”—“God rest  
his soul !”

Said the old man, abruptly breaking  
silence,—

“He is departed, and finds peace at  
last !”

This scarcely spoken, and those holy  
strains

Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a  
band

Of rustic persons, from behind the hut  
Bearing a coffin in the midst, with which

They shaped their course along the  
sloping side

Of that small valley, singing as they  
moved ;

A sober company and few, the men  
Bare-headed, and all decently attired !

Some steps when they had thus advanced,  
the dirge

Ended ; and, from the stillness that en-  
sued

Recovering, to my Friend I said, “You  
spake,

Methought, with apprehension that these  
rites

Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat  
This day we purposed to intrude.”—“I

did so,  
But let us hence, that we may learn the

truth :  
Perhaps it is not he but some one else

For whom this pious service is per-  
formed ;

Some other tenant of the solitude.”

So, to a steep and difficult descent  
 Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag  
 to crag,  
 Where passage could be won ; and, as the  
 last  
 Of the mute train, behind the heathy top  
 Of that off-sloping outlet, disappeared,  
 I, more impatient in my downward  
 course,  
 Had landed upon easy ground ; and there  
 Stood waiting for my Comrade. When  
 behold  
 An object that enticed my steps aside !  
 A narrow, winding, entry opened out  
 Into a platform—that lay, sheepfold-wise,  
 Enclosed between an upright mass of rock  
 And one old moss-grown wall ;—a cool  
 recess,  
 And fanciful ! For where the rock and  
 wall  
 Met in an angle, hung a penthouse,  
 framed  
 By thrusting two rude staves into the wall  
 And overlaying them with mountain  
 sods ;  
 To weather-fend a little turf-built seat  
 Whereon a full-grown man might rest,  
 nor dread  
 The burning sunshine, or a transient  
 shower ;  
 But the whole plainly wrought by chil-  
 dren's hands !  
 Whose skill had thronged the floor with a  
 proud show  
 Of baby-houses, curiously arranged ;  
 Nor wanting ornament of walks between,  
 With mimic trees inserted in the turf,  
 And gardens interposed. Pleased with  
 the sight,  
 I could not choose but beckon to my  
 Guide,  
 Who, entering, round him threw a care-  
 less glance  
 Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,  
 "Lo ! what is here ?" and, stooping down,  
 'drew forth  
 A book, that, in the midst of stones and  
 moss  
 And wreck of party-coloured earthenware,  
 Aptly disposed, had lent its help to raise  
 One of those petty structures. "His it  
 must be !"  
 Exclaimed the Wanderer, "cannot but be

And he is gone !" The book, with  
 my hand  
 Had opened of itself (for it was sw  
 With searching damp, and seeming  
 lain  
 To the injurious elements exposed  
 From week to week), I found to  
 work  
 In the French tongue, a No  
 Voltaire,  
 His famous Optimist. "Unhappy  
 Exclaimed my Friend : "here th  
 been to him  
 Retreat within retreat, a sheltering  
 Within how deep a shelter ! He  
 Even to the last, of genuine tende  
 And loved the haunts of children  
 no doubt,  
 Pleasing and pleased, he share  
 simple sports,  
 Or sate companionless ; and h  
 book,  
 Left and forgotten in his careless  
 Must by the cottage-children ha  
 found :  
 Heaven bless them, and their inco  
 work !  
 To what odd purpose have the  
 turned  
 This sad memorial of their hapless

"Me," said I, "most doth it  
 to find  
 Such book in such a place !"—"it is,"  
 He answered, "to the Person suit  
 Though little suited to surr  
 things :  
 'Tis strange, I grant ; and stran  
 had been  
 To see the Man who owned it, i  
 here,  
 With one poor shepherd, far fro  
 world !—  
 Now, if our errand hath been  
 away,  
 As from these intimations I foreb  
 Grieved shall I be—less for my s  
 yours,  
 And least of all for him who is no  
 By this, the book was in the ol  
 hand ;  
 And he continued, glancing on the

re of scorn :—"The lover," said he,  
doomed  
ve when hope hath failed him—  
from no depth  
ivacy is deep enough to hide,  
yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,  
hat is joy to him. When change of  
mes

summoned kings to scaffolds, do  
it give  
ithful servant, who must hide his  
ad  
forth in whatsoever nook he may,  
chief sprinkled with his master's  
ood,

ie too hath his comforter. How  
or,

all poverty how destitute,  
hat Man have been left, who,  
her driven,  
or seeking, could yet bring with him  
rer relique, and no better stay,  
is dull product of a scoffer's pen,  
conceits discharging from a heart  
ed by impious pride!—"I did not  
r

you with this journey ;"—mildly  
i

erable Friend, as forth we stepped  
presence of the cheerful light—  
have knowledge that you do not  
nk  
oving spectacles ;—but let us on."

aking, on he went, and at the word  
d, till he made a sudden stand :  
in view, approaching through a

ned from the enclosure of green  
s

rough uncultivated ground,  
he Man whom he had fancied

from his deportment, mien, and  
s,

ould be no other ; a pale face,  
person, tall, and in a garb

—dull and faded like himself !  
us not, though distant but few  
;

as busy, dealing, from a store  
oad leaf carried, choicest strings  
pe currants ; gift by which he  
;

With intermixture of endearing words,  
To soothe a Child, who walked beside  
him, weeping  
As if disconsolate.—"They to the grave  
Are bearing him, my Little-one," he said,  
"To the dark pit ; but he will feel no  
pain ;  
His body is at rest, his soul in heaven."

More might have followed—but my  
honoured Friend  
Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank  
And cordial greeting.—Vivid was the  
light

That flashed and sparkled from the other's  
eyes ;

He was all fire : no shadow on his brow  
Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.  
Hands joined he with his Visitant,—a  
grasp,

An eager grasp ; and many moments'  
space—

•When the first glow of pleasure was no  
more,

And, of the sad appearance which at  
once

Had vanished, much was come and com-  
ing back—

An amicable smile retained the life  
Which it had unexpectedly received,  
Upon his hollow cheek. "How kind,"  
he said,

"Nor could your coming have been better  
timed ;

For this, you see, is in our narrow world  
A day of sorrow. I have here a charge"—  
And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly  
The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping  
child—

"A little mourner, whom it is my task  
To comfort ;—but how came ye?—if yon  
track

(Which doth at once befriend us and  
betray)

Conducted hither your most welcome feet,  
Ye could not miss the funeral train—  
they yet

Have scarcely disappeared." "This  
blooming Child,"

Said the old Man, "is of an age to weep  
At any grave or solemn spectacle,  
Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,  
He knows not wherefore ;—but the boy  
to-day.



Perhaps is shedding orphan's tears ; you  
also  
Must have sustained a loss."—"The hand  
of Death,"  
He answered, "has been here ; but could  
not well  
Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen  
Upon myself."—The other left these  
words  
Unnoticed, thus continuing.—

"From yon crag  
Down whose steep sides we dropped into  
the vale,  
We heard the hymn they sang—a solemn  
sound  
Heard anywhere ; but in a place like this  
'Tis more than human ! Many precious  
rites  
And customs of our rural ancestry  
Are gone, or stealing from us ; this, I  
hope,  
Will last for ever. Oft on my way have I  
Stood still, though but a casual passenger,  
So much I felt the awfulness of life,  
In that one moment when the corse is  
lifted  
In silence, with a hush of decency ;  
Then from the threshold moves with song  
of peace,

And confidential yearnings, tow'rd its  
home,  
Its final home on earth. What traveller—  
who—

(How far so'er a stranger) does not own  
The bond of brotherhood, when he sees  
them go,

A mute procession on the houseless road ;  
Or passing by some single tenement  
Or clustered dwellings, where again they  
raise

The monitory voice ? But most of all  
It touches, it confirms, and elevates,  
Then, when the body, soon to be con-  
signed

Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,  
Is raised from the church-aisle, and for-  
ward borne

Upon the shoulders of the next in love,  
The nearest in affection or in blood ;  
Yea, by the very mourners who had knelt  
Beside the coffin, resting on its lid

In silent grief their unuplifted heads,  
And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's  
mournful plaint.

And that most awful scripture,  
declares

We shall not sleep, but we shall  
changed !

—Have I not seen—ye likewise may  
seen—

Son, husband, brothers—brothers si-  
side,

And son and father also, side by side  
Rise from that posture :—and in ex-  
move

On the green turf following the  
Priest,

Four dear supporters of one sen-  
weight,

From which they do not shrink  
under which

They faint not, but advance toward  
open grave

Step after step—together, with their  
Unhidden faces : he that suffers mo-

He outwardly, and inwardly perhap  
The most serene, with most unda-  
eye !—

Oh ! blest are they who live and d-  
these,

Loved with such love, and with  
sorrow mourned."

"That poor Man taken hence to  
replied

The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic  
Which did not please me, "mu-

deemed, I fear,

Of the unblest ; for he will surely si-

Into his mother earth without such

Of grief, depart without occasion gi-

By him for such array of fortitude.

Full seventy winters hath he lived

mark !

This simple Child will mourn in

short hour,

And I shall miss him ; scanty tr-

yet,

This wanting, he would leave the si-

men,

If love were his sole claim upon

care,

Like a ripe date which in the deser-

Without a hand to gather it." At it

I interposed, though loth to spea-

said,

"Can it be thus among so small"

ye must needs be here? in such a place  
could not willingly, methinks, lose sight  
of a departing cloud."—"Twas not for love"—

viewed the sick Man with a careless voice—

at I came hither; neither have I found

any associates who have power of speech,

in such other converse as is here,

temptation so prevailing as to change  
the mood, or undermine my first resolve."

and, speaking in like careless sort, he said

my benign Companion,—"Pity 'tis

your fortune did not guide you to this house

many days earlier; then would you have seen

the stuff the Dwellers in a solitude,

seems by Nature hollowed out to be  
seat and bosom of pure innocence,

made of; an ungracious matter this!  
Oh, for truth's sake, yet in remem-

brance too  
past discussions with this zealous friend

advocate of humble life, I now

force upon his notice; undeterred

by the example of his own pure course,  
that respect and deference which a

poor  
fairly claim, by niggard age enriched  
at the most doth value, love of God

is frail creature Man;—but ye shall  
hear.

—and ye are standing in the sun  
for refreshment!"

Quickly had he spoken,  
with light steps still quicker than  
his words,

ward the Cottage. Homely was  
the spot;

on my feeling, ere we reached the  
door,

most a forbidding nakedness;

but, I grant, even painfully less fair,  
it appeared when from the beeting

cloud  
I looked down upon it. All within;

As left by the departed company,  
Was silent; save the solitary clock  
That on mine ear ticked with a mournful  
sound.—

Following our Guide, we clomb the  
cottage-stairs

And reached a small apartment dark and  
low,

Which was no sooner entered than our  
Host

Said gaily, "This is my domain, my cell,  
My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—

I love it better than a snail his house.  
But now ye shall be feasted with our

best."

So, with more ardour than an unripe girl  
Left one day mistress of her mother's

stores,

He went about his hospitable task.

My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no  
less,

And pleased I looked upon my grey-  
haired Friend,

As if to thank him; he returned that look,  
Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What

a wreck  
Had we about us! scattered was the floor,  
And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and

shelf,

With books, maps, fossils, withered plants  
and flowers,

And tufts of mountain moss. Mechanic  
tools

Lay intermixed with scraps of paper,  
some

Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-  
rod

And shattered telescope, together linked  
By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;

And instruments of music, some half-  
made,

Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the  
walls.

But speedily the promise was fulfilled;  
A feast before us, and a courteous Host

Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.  
A napkin, white as foam of that rough

brook  
By which it had been bleached, o'erspread  
the board;

And was itself half-covered with a store  
Of dainties,—oaten bread, curd, cheese,

and cream;

And cakes of butter curiously embossed,  
Butter that had imbibed from meadow-  
flowers

A golden hue, delicate as their own  
Faintly reflected in a lingering stream.  
Nor lacked, for more delight on that  
warm day,

Our table, small parade of garden fruits,  
And whortle-berries from the mountain  
side.

The Child, who long ere this had stilled  
his sobs,

Was now a help to his late comforter,  
And moved, a willing Page, as he was  
bid,

Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,

While at our pastoral banquet thus we  
sate

Fronting the window of that little cell,  
I could not, ever and anon, forbear  
To glance an upward look on two huge  
Peaks,

That from some other vale peered into  
this.

"Those lusty twins," exclaimed our host,  
"if here

It were your lot to dwell, would soon  
become

Your prized companions.—Many are the  
notes

Which, in his tuneful course, the wind  
draws forth

From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and  
dashing shores ;

And well those lofty brethren bear their  
part

In the wild concert—chiefly when the  
storm

Rides high ; then all the upper air they  
fill

With roaring sound, that ceases not to  
flow,

Like smoke, along the level of the blast,  
In mighty current ; theirs, too, is the song  
Of stream and headlong flood that seldom  
fails ;

And, in the grim and breathless hour of  
noon,

Methinks that I have heard them echo  
back

The thunder's greeting. Nor have nature's  
laws

Left them ungifted with a power to yield

Music of finer tone ; a harmony,  
So do I call it, though it be the har-  
Of silence, though there be no vo-  
the clouds,

The mist, the shadows, light of ;  
suns,

Motions of moonlight, all come thi-  
touch,

And have an answer—thither com-  
shape

A language not unwelcome to sick  
And idle spirits :—there the sun his

At the calm close of summer's longe  
Rests his substantial orb ;—between

heights  
And on the top of either pinnacle,

More keenly than elsewhere in  
blue vault,

Sparkle the stars, as of their :  
proud.

Thoughts are not busier in the m-  
man

Than the mute agents stirring th-  
alone

Here do I sit and watch.—"

A fall of

Regretted like the nightingale's las  
Had scarcely closed this high-w

strain of rapture  
Ere with inviting smile the Wa-

said :  
"Now for the tale with which you-

ened us !"

"In truth the threat escaped m-  
awares :

Should the tale tire you, let this cha-  
stand

For my excuse. Dissevered from  
kind,

As to your eyes and thoughts we  
have seemed

When ye looked down upon us fr-  
crag,

Islanders 'mid a stormy mountain s-  
We are not so ;—perpetually we tou-

Upon the vulgar ordinances of the  
And he, whom this our cottage ha-

day  
Relinquished, lived dependent fr-

bread  
Upon the laws of public charity.

The Housewife, tempted by such sl-  
gains

As might from that occasion be dist-

ned, as she before had done for me,  
 or doors to admit this homeless Pen-  
 sioner;  
 e portion gave of coarse but whole-  
 some fare  
 hich appetite required—a blind dull  
 nook,  
 ch as she had, the *kennel* of his rest!  
 is, in itself not ill, would yet have  
 been  
 borne in earlier life; but his was now  
 e still contentedness of seventy years.  
 m did he sit under the wide-spread  
 tree  
 his old age; and yet less calm and  
 meek,  
 mingly meek or venerably calm,  
 in slow and torpid; paying in this  
 wise  
 enalty, if penalty it were,  
 spendthrift feats, excesses of his  
 prime.  
 ved the old Man, for I pitied him!  
 sk it was, I own, to hold discourse  
 h one so slow in gathering up his  
 thoughts,  
 he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes;  
 l, inoffensive, ready in *his* way,  
 helpful to his utmost power: and  
 there  
 housewife knew full well what she  
 possessed!  
 as her vassal of all labour, tilled  
 garden, from the pasture fetched her  
 kine;  
 one among the orderly array  
 y-makers, beneath the burning sun  
 tained his place; or heedfully pur-  
 sued  
 course, on errands bound, to other  
 ales,  
 ing sometimes an inexperienced child  
 young for any profitable task.  
 oved he like a shadow that per-  
 formed  
 tantial service. Mark me now, and  
 earn  
 hat reward!—The moon her monthly  
 ound  
 not completed since our dame, the  
 queen  
 is one cottage and this lonely dale,  
 my little sanctuary rushed—  
 : to a rueful treble humanised,

And features in deplorable dismay.  
 I treat the matter lightly, but, alas!  
 It is most serious: persevering rain  
 Had fallen in torrents; all the mountair  
 tops  
 Were hidden, and black vapours course  
 their sides;  
 This had I seen, and saw; but, till sh  
 spake,  
 Was wholly ignorant that my ancien  
 Friend—  
 Who at her bidding early and alone,  
 Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland  
 turf  
 For winter fuel—to his noontide meal  
 Returned not, and now, haply, on the  
 heights  
 Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.  
 ‘Inhuman!’—said I, ‘was an old Man’s  
 life  
 Not worth the trouble of a thought?—  
 alas!  
 This notice comes too late.’ With joy I  
 saw  
 Her husband enter—from a distant vale.  
 We sallied forth together; found the  
 tools  
 Which the neglected veteran had dropped,  
 But through all quarters looked for him  
 in vain.  
 We shouted—but no answer! Darkness  
 fell  
 Without remission of the blast or shower,  
 And fears for our own safety drove us  
 home.

“I, who weep little, did, I will confess,  
 The moment I was seated here alone,  
 Honour my little cell with some few  
 tears  
 Which anger and resentment could not  
 dry.  
 All night the storm endured: and, soon  
 as help  
 Had been collected from the neighbour-  
 ing vale,  
 With morning we renewed our quest:  
 the wind  
 Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills  
 Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist;  
 And long and hopelessly we sought in  
 vain:  
 Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass  
 A heap of ruin—almost without walls

And wholly without roof (the bleached  
remains

Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,  
The peasants of these lonely valleys used  
To meet for worship on that central  
height)—

We there espied the object of our search,  
Lying full three parts buried among tufts  
Of heath-plant, under and above him  
strewn,

To baffle, as he might, the watery storm :  
And there we found him breathing peace-  
ably,

Snug as a child that hides itself in sport  
'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.  
We spake—he made reply, but would not  
stir

At our entreaty ; less from want of power  
Than apprehension and bewildering  
thoughts

“So was he lifted gently from the  
ground,  
And with their freight homeward the  
shepherds moved

Through the dull mist, I following --when  
a step,  
A single step, that freed me from the  
skirts

Of the blind vapour, opened to my view  
Glory beyond all glory ever seen  
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul !  
The appearance, instantaneously dis-  
closed,

Was of a mighty city--boldly say  
A wilderness of building, sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a boundless  
depth,

Far sinking into splendour-- without end !  
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of  
gold,

With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high  
Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,  
In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt  
With battlements that on their restless  
fronts

Bore stars—illumination of all gems !  
By earthly nature had the effect been  
wrought

Upon the dark materials of the storm  
Now pacified ; on them, and on the coves  
And mountain-steeps and summits, where-  
unto

The vapours had receded, taking t  
Their station under a cerulean sky.  
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight !  
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rock  
emerald turf,  
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sa  
sky,

Confused, commingled, mutuall  
flamed,  
Molten together, and composing th  
Each lost in each, that marvellous  
Of temple, palace, citadel, and hug  
Fantastic pomp of structure v  
name,

In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrap  
Right in the midst, where inte  
appeared

Of open court, an object like a thr  
Under a shining canopy of state  
Stood fixed ; and fixed resemblance  
seen

To implements of ordinary use.  
But vast in size, in substance glorif  
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were  
In vision--forms uncouth of mi  
power

For admiration and mysterious awe  
This little Vale, a dwelling-place of  
Lay low beneath my feet : 'twas vis  
I saw not, but I felt that it was ther  
That which I *saw* was the re  
abode

Of Spirits in beatitude : my heart  
Swelled in my breast.—‘I have  
dead,’ I cried,  
‘And now I live ! Oh ! wherefore  
live ?’

And with that pang I prayed to  
more !—

--But I forget our Charge, as utter  
I then forgot him :--there I stood  
gazed :

The apparition faded not away,  
And I descended,

Having reached the l  
I found its rescued inmate safely lod  
And in serene possession of himself,  
Beside a fire whose genial warmth se  
met

By a faint shining from the hea  
gleam

Of comfort, spread over his pallid fa  
Great show of joy the housewife !  
and truly

glad to find her conscience set at ease ;  
 not less glad, for sake of her good name,  
 the poor Sufferer had escaped with fe.  
 though he seemed at first to have received  
 arm, and uncomplaining as before  
 through his usual tasks, a silent change  
 showed itself: he lingered three short weeks ;  
 from the cottage hath been borne o-day.

"So ends my dolorous tale, and glad I am  
 That it is ended." At these words he turned—  
 And, with blithe air of open fellowship,  
 Brought from the cupboard wine and stouter cheer,  
 Like one who would be merry. Seeing this,  
 My grey-haired Friend said courteously—  
 "Nay, nay,  
 You have regaled us as a hermit ought ;  
 Now let us forth into the sun !"—Our Host  
 Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we went.

## BOOK THIRD.

## DESPONDENCY.

## ARGUMENT.

ges in the Valley.—Another Recess in it entered and described.—Wanderer's sensations.—Sol-  
 excited by the same objects.—Contrast between these.—Despondency of the Solitary gently  
 ad.—Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he  
 upon his own History at length.—His domestic felicity.—Afflictions.—Dejection.—Roused by  
 ach Revolution.—Disappointment and disgust.—Voyage to America.—Disappointment and  
 pursue him.—His return.—His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the  
 uths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind.

AMING BEE—a little tinkling rill—  
 of falcons wheeling on the wing,  
 morous agitation, round the crest  
 all rock, their airy citadel—  
 h and all of these the pensive ear  
 reeted, in the silence that ensued,  
 through the cottage-threshold we  
 id passed,  
 leep within that lonesome valley,  
 od  
 nore beneath the concave of a blue  
 oudless sky.—Anon exclaimed our  
 ost,  
 hantly dispersing with the taunt  
 ade of discontent which on his  
 ow  
 athered,—“Ye have left my cell,—  
 t see  
 Nature hems you in with friendly  
 ns!  
 y her help ye are my prisoners!  
 ll,  
 ich way shall I lead you?—how  
 trive,

In spot so parsimoniously endowed,  
 That the brief hours, which yet remain,  
 may reap  
 Some recompense of knowledge or de-  
 light?”  
 So saying, round he looked, as if per-  
 plexed ;  
 And, to remove those doubts, my grey-  
 haired Friend  
 Said—“Shall we take this pathway for  
 our guide?—  
 Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,  
 Its line had first been fashioned by the  
 flock  
 Seeking a place of refuge at the root  
 Of yon black Yew-tree, whose protruded  
 boughs  
 Darken the silver bosom of the crag,  
 From which she draws her meagre sus-  
 tenance.  
 There in commodious shelter may we rest.  
 Or let us trace this streamlet to its  
 source ;  
 Feebly it tinkles with an earthy sound

And a few steps may bring us to the spot  
 Where, haply, crowned with flowerets and  
   green herbs,  
 The mountain infant to the sun comes  
   forth,  
 Like human life from darkness."—A quick  
   turn  
 Through a strait passage of encumbered  
   ground,  
 Proved that such hope was vain :—for  
   now we stood  
 Shut out from prospect of the open vale,  
 And saw the water, that composed this  
   rill,  
 Descending, disembodied, and diffused  
 O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag,  
 Lofty, and steep, and naked as a tower.  
 All further progress here was barred ;—  
   And who,  
 Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,  
 Here would not linger, willingly de-  
   tained?  
 Whether to such wild objects he were led  
 When copious rains have magnified the  
   stream  
 Into a loud and white-robed waterfall,  
 Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,  
 \* The hidden nook discovered to our view  
 A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay  
 Right at the foot of that moist precipice,  
 A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that  
   rests  
 Fearless of winds and waves. Three  
   several stones  
 Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike  
 To monumental pillars : and, from these  
 Some little space disjoined, a pair were  
   seen,  
 That with united shoulders bore aloft  
 A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth :  
 Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared  
 A tall and shining holly, that had found  
 A hospitable chink, and stood upright,  
 As if inserted by some human hand  
 In mockery, to wither in the sun,  
 Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,  
 The first that entered. But no breeze did  
   now  
 Find entrance ;—high or low appeared no  
   trace  
 Of motion, save the water that descended,  
 Diffused adown that barrier of steep rock.

And softly creeping, like a breath  
 Such as is sometimes seen, an  
   seen,  
 To brush the still breast of a cry

"Behold a cabinet for sages b  
 Which kings might envy!"—[  
   this effect  
 Broke from the happy old Man's  
   lip ;  
 Who to the Solitary turned, and  
 "In sooth, with love's familiar pr  
 You have decreed the wealth  
   your own.

Among these rocks and stones, n  
   I see  
 More than the heedless impr  
   belongs  
 To lonely nature's casual work ; th  
 A semblance strange of power int  
 And of design not wholly worn av  
 Boldest of plants that ever fac  
   wind,

How gracefully that slender shrub  
   forth  
 From its fantastic birthplace!  
   own,  
 Some shadowy intimations haunt n  
 That in these shows a chronicle su  
 Of purposes akin to those of Man,  
 But wrought with mightier arm th  
   prevails.

—Voiceless the stream descends i  
   gulf  
 With timid lapse ;—and lo ! while  
   strait

I stand—the chasm of sky above m  
 Is heaven's profoundest azure ; no d  
 For fickle, short-lived clouds to occ  
 Or to pass through ; but rather an  
 In which the everlasting stars abide  
 And whose soft gloom, and bow  
   depth, might tempt

The curious eye to look for them by  
 —Hail Contemplation ! from the st  
   towers,

Reared by the industrious hand of bu  
   art

To lift thee high above the misty air  
 And turbulence of murmuring cities  
 From academic groves, that have  
   thee  
 Been planted, hither come and fa

which thou may'st resort for holier  
place,—  
whose calm centre thou, through  
height or depth,  
it penetrate, wherever truth shall  
lead;  
ring through all degrees, until the  
cale  
re and conscious nature disappear,  
n unsearchable eternity!"

ause ensued; and with minuter care  
anned the various features of the  
ene:  
oon the Tenant of that lonely vale  
courteous voice thus spake—

"I should have grieved  
fter, not escaping self-reproach,  
my poor retirement ye had gone  
g this nook unvisited: but, in sooth,  
unexpected presence had so roused  
irits, that they were bent on enter-  
ise;  
ke an ardent hunter, I forgot,  
ll I say?—disdained, the game that  
ks  
own door. The shapes before our  
es  
eir arrangement, doubtless must be  
amed  
ort of Nature, aided by blind  
ance  
to mock the works of toiling Man.  
nce, this upright shaft of unhewn  
ne,  
Fancy, willing to set off her stores  
nding titles, hath acquired the  
ne  
pey's pillar; that I gravely style  
aban obelisk; and, there, behold  
d cromlech!—thus I entertain  
iquarian humour, and am pleased  
along the surfaces of things,  
ig harmlessly the listless hours.  
e spirit be oppressed by sense  
bility, revolt, decay,  
ange, and emptiness, these freaks  
Nature  
r blind helper Chance, do *then*  
ice  
ken, and to aggravate—to feed  
l scorn, and melancholy pride,  
s than that huge Pile (from some  
ss

Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)  
Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks  
Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind,  
round and round

Eddying within its vast circumference,  
On Sarum's naked plain—than pyramid  
Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved—  
Or Syria's marble ruins towering high  
Above the sandy desert, in the light  
Of sun or moon.—Forgive me, if I say  
That an appearance which hath raised  
your minds

To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause  
Different effect producing) is for me  
Fraught rather with depression than  
delight,

Though shame it were, could I not look  
around,

By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.  
Yet happier in my judgment, even than  
you

With your bright transports fairly may be  
deemed,

The wandering Herbalist,—who clear  
alike

From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing  
thoughts,

Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,  
Upon these uncouth Forms a slight  
regard

Of transitory interest, and peeps round  
For some rare floweret of the hills, or  
plant

Of craggy fountain; what he hopes for  
wins,

Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be won:  
Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed  
hound

By soul-engrossing instinct driven along  
Through wood or open field, the harmless  
Man

Departs, intent upon his onward quest!—  
Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,  
Less to be envied, (you may trace him oft  
By scars which his activity has left  
Beside our roads and pathways, though,  
thank Heaven!

This covert nook reports not of his hand)  
He who with pocket-hammer smites the  
edge

Of luckless rock or prominent stone,  
disguised

In weather-stains or crusted o'er by  
Nature



With her first growths, detaching by the stroke

A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts;  
And, with that ready answer satisfied,  
The substance classes by some barbarous name,

And hurries on; or from the fragments picks

His specimen, if but haply interveined  
With sparkling mineral, or should crystal cube

Lurk in its cells—and thinks himself enriched,

Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before!

Earned safely each to his pursuit,  
Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill  
Range; if it please them, speed from clime to clime;

The mind is full—and free from pain  
their pastime."

"Then," said I, interposing. "One is near,

Who cannot but possess in your esteem  
Place worthier still of envy. May I name,

Without offence, that fair-faced cottage-boy?

• Dame Nature's pupil of the lowest form,  
Youngest apprentice in the school of art!

Him, as we entered from the open glen,  
You might have noticed, busily engaged,  
Heart, soul, and hands,—in mending the defects

Left in the fabric of a leaky dam  
Raised for enabling this penurious stream  
To turn a slender mill (that new-made plaything)

For his delight—the happiest he of all!"

"Far happiest," answered the desponding Man,

"If, such as now he is, he might remain!  
Ah! what avails imagination high

Or question deep? what profits all that earth,

Or heaven's blue vault, is suffered to put forth

Of impulse or allurements, for the Soul  
To quit the beaten track of life, and soar  
Far as she finds a yielding element  
In past or future; far as she can go

Through time or space—if neither one,

Nor in the other region; nor in aught  
That Fancy, dreaming o'er the things,

Hath placed beyond these pene bounds,

Words of assurance can be heard nowhere

A habitation, for consummate good,  
Or for progressive virtue, by the sea  
Can be attained,—a better sanctuary  
From doubt and sorrow, than the less grave?"

"Is this," the grey-haired War mildly said,

"The voice, which we so lately overheard  
To that same child, addressing tender  
The consolations of a hopeful mind  
'His body is at rest, his soul in heaven'  
These were your words; and, methinks

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we  
Than when we soar."—

The Other, not displeased,  
Promptly replied—"My notion is the same.

And I, without reluctance, could detect  
All act of inquisition whence we rise  
And what, when breath hath ceased, may become.

Here are we, in a bright and beautiful world.

Our origin, what matters it? In lack  
Of worthier explanation, say at once  
With the American (a thought suits

The place where now we stand) certain men

Leapt out together from a rocky cavern  
And these were the first parents of kind:

Or, if a different image be recalled  
By the warm sunshine, and the joyful voice

Of insects chirping out their careless  
On these soft beds of thyme-bespri turf,

Choose, with the gay Athenian, as a  
As sound—blithe race! whose members  
were bedecked

With golden grasshoppers, in which they

sprung, like those bright creatures,  
from the soil  
on their endless generations dwelt.  
top! these theoretic fancies jar  
erious minds: then, as the Hindoos  
law

holy Ganges from a skyeey fount,  
so deduce the stream of human life  
seats of power divine; and hope,  
r trust,

our existence winds her stately  
course  
with the sun, like Ganges, to make part  
iving ocean; or, to sink engulfed,  
Niger, in impenetrable sands  
utter darkness: thought which may  
e faced.  
gh comfortless!—

Not of myself I speak;  
acquiescence neither doth imply,  
, a meekly-bending spirit soothed  
tural piety; nor a lofty mind,  
ilosophic discipline prepared  
In subjection to acknowledged law;  
d to have been, contented not to be.  
salms I boast not;—no! to me, who  
id,  
wing my past way, much to condemn,  
to praise, and nothing to regret,  
some remembrances of dream-like  
ys  
scarcely seem to have belonged to  
e)  
ust take my choice between the  
ir  
ule alternately the weary hours,  
is than day more acceptable; sleep  
in my estimate of good, appear  
er state than waking; death than  
rep:  
gly sweet is stillness after storm,  
h under covert of the wormy  
ound!

: be it said, in justice to myself,  
a more genial times, when I was  
lore the destiny of human kind  
an intellectual game pursued  
urious subtilty, from wish to cheat  
e sensations; but by love of truth  
on, or haply by intense delight  
ling thought, wherever thought  
ild feed)

I did not rank with those (too dull or  
nice,

For to my judgment such they then  
appeared,

Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)  
Who, in this frame of human life, perceive  
An object whereunto their souls are tied  
In discontented wedlock; nor did e'er,  
From me, those dark impervious shades,  
that hang

Upon the region whither we are bound,  
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams  
Of present sunshine.—Deities that float  
On wings, angelic Spirits! I could muse  
O'er what from eldest time we have been  
told

Of your bright forms and glorious facul-  
ties,

And with the imagination rest content,  
Not wishing more; repining not to tread  
The little sinuous path of earthly care,  
By flowers embellished, and by springs  
refreshed.

—'Blow winds of autumn!—let your  
chilling breath

Take the live herbage from the mead,  
and strip

The shady forest of its green attire,—  
And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse  
The gentle brooks!—Your desolating  
sway,

Sheds.' I exclaimed, 'no sadness upon me,  
And no disorder in your rage I find.

What dignity, what beauty, in this change  
From mild to angry, and from sad to  
gay,

Alternate and revolving! How benign,  
How rich in animation and delight,  
How bountiful these elements—compared  
With aught, as more desirable and fair,  
Devised by fancy for the golden age;  
Or the perpetual warbling that prevails  
In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,  
Through the long year in constant quiet  
bound,

Night hushed as night, and day serene as  
day!'

—But why this tedious record?—Age, we  
know.

Is garrulous; and solitude is apt  
To anticipate the privilege of Age.  
From far ye come; and surely with a  
hope

Of better entertainment:—let us hence!"

Loth to forsake the spot, and still more  
 loth  
 To be diverted from our present theme,  
 I said, "My thoughts, agreeing, Sir, with  
 yours,  
 Would push this censure farther ;—for, if  
 smiles  
 Of scornful pity be the just reward  
 Of Poesy thus courteously employed  
 In framing models to improve the scheme  
 Of Man's existence, and recast the world,  
 Why should not grave Philosophy be  
 styled,  
 Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock,  
 A dreamer yet more spiritless and dull ?  
 Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts  
 Establish sounder titles of esteem  
 For her, who (all too timid and reserved  
 For onset, for resistance too inert,  
 Too weak for suffering, and for hope too  
 tame)  
 Placed, among flowery gardens curtained  
 round  
 With world-excluding groves, the brother-  
 hood  
 Of soft Epicureans, taught—if they  
 The ends of being would secure, and win  
 The crown of wisdom—to yield up their  
 souls  
 To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring  
 Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,"  
 I cried, "more worthy of regard, the  
 Power,  
 Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed  
 The Stoic's heart against the vain ap-  
 proach  
 Of admiration, and all sense of joy ?"

His countenance gave notice that my  
 zeal  
 Accorded little with his present mind ;  
 I ceased, and he resumed.—"Ah ! gentle  
 Sir,  
 Slight, if you will, the *means* ; but spare  
 to slight . . .  
 The *end* of those, who did, by system,  
 rank,  
 As the prime object of a wise man's aim,  
 Security from shock of accident,  
 Release from fear ; and cherished peace-  
 ful days  
 For their own sakes, as mortal life's chief  
 good,  
 And only reasonable felicity.

What motive drew, what impulse, I  
 ask,  
 Through a long course of later ages, did  
 The hermit to his cell in forest wide ;  
 Or what detained him, till his closing  
 Took their last farewell of the sun  
 stars,  
 Fast anchored in the desert ?—Not a  
 Dread of the persecuting sword, rem-  
 Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged  
 And unavengeable, defeated pride,  
 Prosperity subverted, maddening war  
 Friendship betrayed, affection unreturn-  
 Love with despair, or grief in agony ;  
 Not always from intolerable pangs  
 He fled ; but, compassed round by  
 sure, sighed  
 For independent happiness ; crav-  
 peace,  
 The central feeling of all happiness,  
 Not as a refuge from distress or pain,  
 A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce  
 But for its absolute self ; a life of pea-  
 Stability without regret or fear ;  
 That hath been, is, and shall be  
 more !—  
 Such the reward he sought ; and  
 out life,  
 There, where on few external things  
 heart  
 Was set, and those his own ; or, if  
 his,  
 Subsisting under nature's steadfast law

"What other yearning was the man  
 tie  
 Of the monastic brotherhood, upon the  
 Aerial, or in green secluded vale,  
 One after one, collected from afar,  
 An undissolving fellowship ?—What  
 this,  
 The universal instinct of repose,  
 The longing for confirmed tranquillity  
 Inward and outward ; humble, yet  
 lime :  
 The life where hope and memory are  
 one ;  
 Where earth is quiet and her face  
 changed  
 Save by the simplest toil of human life  
 Or season's difference ; the immortal  
 Consistent in self-rule ; and heaven  
 vealed  
 To meditation in that quietness !—"

was their scheme : and though the  
 wished-for end  
 multitudes was missed, perhaps at-  
 tained  
 one, they for the attempt, and pains  
 employed,  
 my present censure, stand redeemed  
 the unqualified disdain, that once  
 had been cast upon them by my  
 voice  
 ering her decisions from the seat  
 forward youth—that scruples not to  
 solve  
 ts, and determine questions, by the  
 iles  
 xperienced judgment, ever prone  
 erweening faith ; and is inflamed,  
 rage, to demand from real life  
 st of act and suffering, to provoke  
 ity—how dreadful when it comes,  
 er affliction be the foe, or guilt !

child of earth, I rested, in that  
 stage  
 past course to which these thoughts  
 vert,  
 earth's native energies ; forgetting  
 ine was a condition which required  
 ergy, nor fortitude—a calm  
 vicissitude ; which, if the like  
 een presented to my view else-  
 ere,  
 have even been tempted to de-  
 se.  
 -for the serene was also bright ;  
 ed happiness with joy o'erflowing,  
 y, and—oh ! that memory should  
 rive  
 ik the word—with rapture ! Na-  
 's boon,  
 ruine inspiration, happiness  
 what rules can teach, or fancy  
 n ;  
 as all possessions *are* abused  
 e not prized according to their  
 th.  
 what worth ? what good is given  
 ten,  
 did than the gilded clouds of  
 en ?  
 y more lasting than a vernal  
 er ?—  
 is the general plaint of human

In solitude : and mutually addressed  
 From each to all, for wisdom's sake :—

This truth

The priest announces from his holy seat :  
 And, crowned with garlands in the sum-  
 mer grove,

The poet fits it to his pensive lyre.  
 Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,  
 Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom  
 Of this same life, compelling us to grieve  
 That the prosperities of love and joy  
 Should be permitted, oftentimes to endure  
 So long, and be at once cast down for  
 ever.

Oh ! tremble, ye, to whom hath been as-  
 signed

A course of days composing happy  
 months,

And they as happy years ; the present  
 still

So like the past, and both so firm a pledge  
 Of a congenial future, that the wheels  
 Of pleasure move without the aid of hope :  
 For Mutability is Nature's bane ;  
 And slighted Hope *will* be avenged ; and,  
 when

Ye need her favours, ye shall find her not ;  
 But in her stead—fear—doubt—and  
 agony !”

This was the bitter language of the  
 heart :

But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone  
 of voice,

Though discomposed and vehement, were  
 such

As skill and graceful nature might suggest  
 To a proficient of the tragic scene  
 Standing before the multitude, beset  
 With dark events. Desirous to divert  
 Or stem the current of the speaker's  
 thoughts,

We signified a wish to leave that place  
 Of stillness and close privacy, a nook  
 That seemed for self-examination made ;  
 Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,  
 Hidden from all men's view. To our  
 attempt

He yielded not ; but, pointing to a slope  
 Of mossy turf defended from the sun,  
 And on that couch inviting us to rest,  
 Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned  
 A serious eye, and his speech thus re-  
 newed.

"You never saw, your eyes did never  
 look  
 On the bright form of Her whom once I  
 loved :—  
 Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,  
 A sound unknown to you ; else, honoured  
 Friend !  
 Your heart had borne a pitiable share  
 Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,  
 And suffer now, not seldom, from the  
 thought  
 That I remember, and can weep no more.—  
 Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit  
 Of self-esteem ; and by the cutting blasts  
 Of self-reproach familiarly assailed ;  
 Yet would I not be of such wintry bare-  
 ness  
 But that some leaf of your regard should  
 hang  
 Upon my naked branches :—lively  
 thoughts  
 Give birth, full often, to unguarded words ;  
 I grieve that, in your presence, from my  
 tongue  
 Too much of frailty hath already dropped ;  
 But that too much demands still more.  
 You know,  
 Revered Compatriot—and to you, kind  
 Sir,  
 (Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come  
 Following the guidance of these welcome  
 feet  
 To our secluded vale) it may be told—  
 That my demerits did not sue in vain  
 To One on whose mild radiance many  
 gazed  
 With hope, and all with pleasure. This  
 fair Bride—  
 In the devotedness of youthful love,  
 Preferring me to parents, and the choir  
 Of gay companions, to the natal roof,  
 And all known places and familiar sights  
 (Resigned with sadness gently weighing  
 down,  
 Her trembling expectations, but no more  
 Than did to her due honour, and to me  
 Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime  
 In what I had to build upon)—this Bride,  
 Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led  
 To a low cottage in a sunny bay,  
 Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,  
 And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,  
 On Devon's leafy shores ;—a sheltered  
 hold.

In a soft clime encouraging the soil  
 To a luxuriant bounty !—As our step  
 Approach the embowered abode  
 chosen seat—  
 See, rooted in the earth, her kindly  
 The unendangered myrtle, decked  
 flowers,  
 Before the threshold stands to welcom  
 While, in the flowering myrtle's :  
 bourhood,  
 Not overlooked but courting no reg  
 Those native plants, the holly ar  
 yew,  
 Gave modest intimation to the mine  
 How willingly their aid they would  
 With the green myrtle, to ender  
 hours  
 Of winter, and protect that pleasant  
 —Wild were the walks upon those  
 Downs,  
 Track leading into track ; how m  
 how worn  
 Into bright verdure, between fen  
 gorse,  
 Winding away its never-ending line  
 On their smooth surface, evidenc  
 none :  
 But, there, lay open to our daily ha  
 A range of unappropriated earth,  
 Where youth's ambitious feet might  
 at large ;  
 Whence, unmolested wanderers, we l  
 The shining giver of the day diffuse  
 His brightness o'er a tract of sea an  
 Gay as our spirits, free as our desir  
 As our enjoyments, boundless.—  
 those heights  
 We dropped, at pleasure, into :  
 combs ;  
 Where arbours of impenetrable sha  
 And mossy seats, detained us side b  
 With hearts at ease, and knowled  
 our hearts  
 'That all the grove and all the da  
 ours.'

"O happy time ! still happier  
 hand ;  
 For Nature called my Partner to re  
 Her share in the pure freedom of  
 life,  
 Enjoyed by us in common.—To my  
 To my heart's wish, my tender Ma  
 came

Thankful captive of maternal bonds ;  
 Those wild paths were left to me  
 alone.

Could I meditate on follies past ;  
 Like a weary voyager escaped  
 Risk and hardship, inwardly retrace  
 The use of vain delights and thoughtless  
 Idleness, self-indulgence—without shame pur-  
 sued.

Undisturbed, could think of and  
 Would thank

Those submissive spirit was to me  
 And restraint—my guardian—shall

May earthly Providence, whose guiding  
 The

A port of rest had lodged me safe ;  
 From temptation, and from danger

Followed of acknowledgment ad-  
 dressed

Authority enthroned above  
 Out of sight ; from whom, as from

Its source,  
 All visible ministers of good

Walk the earth—Father of heaven  
 On earth,

And king, and judge, adored and  
 Pled!

Acts of mind, and memory, and  
 Art,

It—interrupted and relieved  
 Excursions transient as the glance

Of sunbeams, or to the outward  
 World

With power inherent and intense,  
 Minute insect fixed upon the plant

The soft leaves it hangs, and from  
 Its cup

Its nourishment imperceptibly—  
 And my wanderings ; and the

Her's kiss  
 Her's smile awaited my return.

Privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,  
 Days daily, often all day long ;

Guided by fortune within easy reach  
 Of intercourse, nor wishing aught

But the allowance of our own fireside,  
 And within our happy cottage born,

And heirs of our united love ;  
 Naturally by difference of sex,

No wider interval of time

Between their several births than served  
 For one

To establish something of a leader's sway ;  
 Yet left them joined by sympathy in age ;

Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.  
 On these two pillars rested as in air

Our solitude.

It soothes me to perceive,  
 Your courtesy withholds not from my  
 Words

Attentive audience. But, oh ! gentle  
 Friends,

As times of quiet and unbroken peace,  
 Though, for a nation, times of blessed-

ness,  
 Give back faint echoes from the historian's  
 Page ;

So, in the imperfect sounds of this dis-  
 course,

Depressed I hear, how faithless is the  
 voice

Which those most blissful days rever-  
 berate.

What special record can, or need, be given  
 To rules and habits, whereby much was

done,  
 But all within the sphere of little things ;

Of humble, though, to us, important  
 cares,

And precious interests? Smoothly did  
 our life

Advance, swerving not from the path  
 prescribed :

Her annual, her diurnal, round alike  
 Maintained with faithful care. And you

divine  
 The worst effects that our condition saw

If you imagine changes slowly wrought,  
 And in their process unperceivable ;

Not wished for ; sometimes noticed with  
 a sigh,

(Whatever of good or lovely they might  
 bring)

Sighs of regret, for the familiar good  
 And loveliness endeared which they re-

moved.

“ Seven years of occupation undisturbed  
 Established seemingly a right to hold

That happiness ; and use and habit gave  
 To what an alien spirit had acquired

A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,  
 With thoughts and wishes bounded to  
 this world,

I lived and breathed ; most grateful—if  
 to enjoy  
 Without repining or desire for more,  
 For different lot, or change to higher  
 sphere,  
 (Only except some impulses of pride  
 With no determined object, though upheld  
 By theories with suitable support)—  
 Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy  
 Be proof of gratitvde for what we have ;  
 Else, I allow, most thankless.—But, at  
 once,  
 From some dark seat of fatal power was  
 urged  
 A claim that shattered all.—Our blooming  
 girl,  
 Caught in the gripe of death, with such  
 brief time  
 To struggle in as scarcely would allow  
 Her cheek to change its colour, was  
 conveyed  
 From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions  
 Whose height, or depth, admits not the  
 approach  
 Of living man, though longing to pursue.  
 —With even as brief a warning—and how  
 soon,  
 With what short interval of time between,  
 I tremble yet to think of—our last prop,  
 Our happy life's only remaining stay—  
 The brother followed ; and was seen no  
 more !

“Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless  
 winds

Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,  
 The Mother now remained ; as if in her,  
 Who, to the lowest region of the soul,  
 Had been erewhile unsettled and dis-  
 turbed,

This second visitation had no power  
 To shake ; but only to bind up and seal ;  
 And to establish thankfulness of heart  
 In Heaven's determinations, ever just.  
 The eminence whereon her spirit stood,  
 Mine was unable to attain. Immense  
 The space that severed us ! But, as the  
 sight

Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs  
 Incalculably distant ; so, I felt  
 That consolation may descend from far  
 (And that is intercourse, and union, too,)  
 While, overcome with speechless grati-  
 tude,

And, with a holier love inspired, I  
 On her—at once superior to my wo  
 And partner of my loss.—O heavy ch  
 Dimness o'er this clear luminary cre  
 Insensibly ;—the immortal and divi  
 Yielded to mortal reflux ; her pure  
 As from the pinnacle of worldly sta  
 Wretched ambition drops astounde  
 Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,  
 And keen heart-anguish—of its  
 shamed,  
 Yet obstinately cherishing itself ;  
 And, so consumed, she melted fro  
 arms ;  
 And left me, on this earth, disconsc

“What followed cannot be review  
 thought ;

Much less, retraced in words. I  
 of life

Blameless, so intimate with love an  
 And all the tender motions of the s  
 Had been supplanted, could I ha  
 stand—

Infirm, dependent, and now destitut  
 I called on dreams and visions, to di  
 That which is veiled from waking the  
 conjured

Eternity, as men constrain a ghost  
 To appear and answer ; to the g  
 spake

Implovingly ;—looked up, and aske  
 Heavens

If Angels traversed their cerulean fi  
 If fixed or wandering star could t  
 yield

Of the departed spirit—what abode  
 It occupies—what consciousness ret  
 Of former loves and interests. The  
 soul

Turned inward,—to examine of wha  
 Time's fetters are composed ; and li  
 put

To inquisition long and profitless !  
 By pain of heart—now checked—an  
 impelled—

The intellectual power, through  
 and things,

Went sounding on, a dim and perilous  
 And from those transports, and the  
 abstruse,

Some trace am I enabled to retain  
 Of time, else lost ;—existing unto m  
 Only by records in myself not form

From that abstraction I was roused,—  
 and how?  
 as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash  
 of lightning startled in a gloomy cave  
 these wild hills. For, lo! the dread  
 Bastille,  
 ... all the chambers in its horrid  
 towers,  
 to the ground :—by violence over-  
 thrown  
 indignation; and with shouts that  
 drowned  
 crash it made in falling! From the  
 wreck  
 an olden palace rose, or seemed to rise,  
 appointed seat of equitable law  
 mild paternal sway, The potent  
 shock  
 : the transformation I perceived,  
 marvellously seized as in that moment  
 on, from the blind mist issuing, I  
 beheld  
 —beyond all glory ever seen,  
 vision infinite of heaven and earth,  
 filling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic  
 harps  
 every grove were ringing, 'War shall  
 cease;  
 ye not hear that conquest is abjured?  
 garlands, bring forth choicest  
 flowers, to deck  
 tree of Liberty.'—My heart re-  
 rounded;  
 melancholy voice the chorus joined;  
 joyful all ye nations: in all lands,  
 it are capable of joy be glad!  
 forth, whatever is wanting to your-  
 selves  
 where ye shall promptly find;—and  
 I,  
 led by mutual and reflected wealth,  
 with one heart honour their common  
 end.

Thus was I reconverted to the world;  
 I became my glittering bride,  
 my hopes my children.—From the  
 depths  
 of moral passion, seemingly escaped,  
 she diffused herself in wide embrace  
 of institutions, and the forms of things;  
 I exist, in mutable array,  
 on life's surface. What, though in my  
 veins

There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I  
 breathed  
 The air of France, not less than Gallic  
 zeal  
 Kindled and burnt among the sapless  
 twigs  
 Of my exhausted heart. If busy men  
 In sober conclave met, to weave a web  
 Of amity, whose living threads should  
 stretch  
 Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,  
 There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise  
 And acclamation, crowds in open air  
 Expressed the tumult of their minds, my  
 voice  
 There mingled, heard or not. The powers  
 of song  
 I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,  
 Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive  
 lay  
 Of thanks and expectation, in accord  
 With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule  
 Returned,—a progeny of golden years  
 Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.  
 —With promises the Hebrew Scriptures  
 teem:  
 I felt their invitation; and resumed  
 A long-suspended office in the House  
 Of public worship, where, the glowing  
 phrase  
 Of ancient inspiration serving me,  
 I promised also,—with undaunted trust  
 Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;  
 The admiration winning of the crowd;  
 The help desiring of the pure devout. •

"Scorn and contempt forbid me to  
 proceed!  
 But History, time's slavish scribe, will tell  
 How rapidly the zealots of the cause  
 Disbanded—or in hostile ranks appeared;  
 Some, tired of honest service; these, out-  
 done,  
 Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by aims  
 Of fiercer zealots—so confusion reigned,  
 And the more faithful were compelled to  
 exclaim,  
 As Brutus did to Virtue, 'Liberty,  
 I worshipped thee, and find thee but a  
 Shade!'

"Such recantation had for me no charm,  
 Nor would I bend to it; who should have  
 grieved



At aught, however fair, that bore the mien  
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.

Why then conceal, that, when the simply  
good

In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought  
Other support, not scrupulous whence it  
came ;

And, by what compromise it stood, not  
nice ?

Enough if notions seemed to be high-  
pitched,

And qualities determined.—Among men  
So charactered did I maintain a strife  
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every  
hour ;

But, in the process, I began to feel  
That, if the emancipation of the world  
Were missed, I should at least secure my  
own,

And be in part compensated. For rights,  
Widely—inveterately usurped upon,  
I spake with vehemence ; and promptly  
seized

All that Abstraction furnished for my  
needs

Or purposes ; nor scrupled to proclaim,  
And propagate, by liberty of life,  
Those new persuasions. Not that I re-  
joiced,

Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant  
course,

For its own sake ; but farthest from the  
walk

Which I had trod in happiness and  
peace,

Was most inviting to a troubled mind ;  
That, in a struggling and distempered  
world,

Saw a seductive image of herself.

Yet, mark the contradictions of which  
Man

Is still the sport ! Here Nature was my  
guide,

The Nature of the dissolute ; but thee,  
O fostering Nature ! I rejected—smiled  
At others' tears in pity ; and in scorn  
At those, which thy soft influence some-  
times drew

From my unguarded heart.—The tran-  
quil shores

Of Britain circumscribed me ; else, per-  
haps

I might have been entangled among  
deeds,

Which, now, as infamous, I should  
Despise, as senseless : for m  
relished

Strangely the exasperation of tha  
Which turned an angry beak ag  
down

Of her own breast ; confounded i  
Of disencumbering thus her fretfi

“ But all was quieted by iron b  
Of military sway. The shifting  
The moral interests, the creative  
The varied functions and high at  
Of civil action, yielded to a powe  
Formal, and odious, and contemp  
—In Britain, ruled a panic c  
change ;

The weak were praised, reward  
advanced ;

And, from the impulse of a just d  
Once more did I retire into myse  
There feeling no contentment, I :  
To fly, for safeguard, to some  
shore,

Remote from Europe ; from her  
hopes ;

Her fields of carnage, and polluti

“ Fresh blew the wind, when  
Atlantic Main

The ship went gliding with her  
less crew ;

And who among them but an Ex  
From discontent, indifferent, pl  
sit

Among the busily-employed, not  
With obligation charged, with  
taxed,

Than the loose pendant—to the i  
Upon the tall mast streaming.

Powers  
Of soul and sense mysteriously a  
O, never let the Wretched, if a d  
Be left him, trust the freight  
distress

To a long voyage on the silent de  
For, like a plague, will memory b  
And, in the blank and solitude of  
Upon his spirit, with a fever's str  
Will conscience prey.—Feebly n  
have felt

Who, in old time, attired with sn  
whips

The vengeful Furies. Beautiful

turned on me—the face of her I  
 loved ;  
 Wife and Mother pitifully fixing  
 der reproaches, insupportable !  
 ere now that boasted liberty ? No  
 welcome  
 n unknown objects I received ; and  
 those,  
 wn and familiar, which the vaulted  
 sky  
 in the placid clearness of the night,  
 lose, had accusations to prefer  
 inst my peace. Within the cabin  
 stood  
 it volume—as a compass for the soul—  
 ered among the nations. I implored  
 guidance ; but the infallible support  
 faith was wanting. Tell me, why  
 refused  
 One by storms annoyed and adverse  
 winds ;  
 lexed with currents ; of his weakness  
 sick ;  
 ain endeavours tired ; and by his own,  
 by his nature's, ignorance, dismayed !

Long wished-for sight, the Western  
 World appeared ;  
 when the ship was moored, I leaped  
 ashore  
 , manly—resolved to be a man,  
 , having o'er the past no power,  
 would live  
 nger in subjection to the past,  
 , object mind—from a tyrannic lord  
 ing penance, fruitlessly endured :  
 ke a fugitive, whose feet have cleared  
 : boundary, which his followers may  
 not cross  
 osecution of their deadly chase,  
 iring I looked round.—How bright  
 he sun,  
 breeze how soft ! Can any thing  
 roduced  
 e old World compare, thought I, for  
 ower  
 majesty with this gigantic stream,  
 ig from the desert ? And behold  
 . city  
 , youthful, and aspiring ! What are  
 these  
 e, or I to them ? As much, at least  
 : desires that they should be, whom  
 reads

And waves have wafted to this distant  
 shore,  
 In the condition of a damaged seed,  
 Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take  
 root.  
 Here may I roam at large ;—my business  
 is,  
 Roaming at large, to observe, and not to  
 feel  
 And, therefore, not to act—convinced  
 that all  
 Which bears the name of action, how-  
 soe'er  
 Beginning, ends in servitude—still pain-  
 ful,  
 And mostly profitless. And, sooth to  
 say,  
 On nearer view, a motley spectacle  
 Appeared, of high pretensions—unre-  
 proved  
 But by the obstreperous voice of higher  
 still ;  
 Big passions strutting on a petty stage ;  
 Which a detached spectator may regard  
 Not unamused.—But ridicule demands  
 Quick change of objects ; and, to laugh  
 alone,  
 At a composing distance from the haunts  
 Of strife and folly, though it be a treat  
 As choice as musing Leisure can bestow ;  
 Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,  
 To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,  
 Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,  
 Of all unsocial courses, is least fit  
 For the gross spirit of mankind,—the  
 one  
 That soonest fails to please, and quickest  
 turns  
 Into vexation.

Let us, then, I said,  
 Leave this unknit Republic to the scourge  
 Of her own passions ; and to regions haste,  
 Whose shades have never felt the en-  
 croaching axe,  
 Or soil endured a transfer in the mart  
 Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,  
 Primeval Nature's child. A creature weak  
 In combination, (wherefore else driven  
 back  
 So far, and of his old inheritance  
 So easily deprived ?) but, for that cause,  
 More dignified, and stronger in himself ;  
 Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.  
 True, the intelligence of social art

Hath overpowered his forefathers, and  
soon  
Will sweep the remnant of his line away ;  
But contemplations, worthier, nobler far  
Than her destructive energies, attend  
His independence, when along the side  
Of Mississippi, or that northern stream  
That spreads into successive seas, he  
walks ;  
Pleased to perceive his own unshackled  
life,  
And his innate capacities of soul,  
There imaged : or when, having gained  
the top  
Of some commanding eminence, which yet  
Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys  
Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast  
Expanse of unappropriated earth,  
With mind that sheds a light on what he  
sees ;  
Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,  
Pouring above his head its radiance down  
Upon a living and rejoicing world !

“ So, westward, tow'rd the unviolated  
woods  
I bent my way ; and, roaming far and  
wide,  
Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-  
bird ;  
And, while the melancholy Muccawiss  
(The sportive bird's companion in the  
grove)  
Repeated o'er and o'er his plaintive cry,  
I sympathised at leisure with the sound ;  
But that pure archetype of human great-  
ness,  
I found him not. There, in his stead,  
appeared  
A creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure ;  
Remorseless, and submissive to no law  
But superstitious fear, and abject sloth.

“ Enough is told ! Here am I—ye have  
heard . . .  
What evidence I seek, and vainly seek ;  
What from my fellow-beings I require,

And either they have not to give, or  
Lack virtue to receive ; what I myself  
To oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost  
Nor can regain. How languidly I look  
Upon this visible fabric of the world  
May be divined—perhaps it hath  
said :—

But spare your pity, if there be in me  
Aught that deserves respect : for I care  
Within myself, not comfortless-  
tenour

Which my life holds, he readily may  
ceive

Who'er hath stood to watch a mot  
brook

In some still passage of its course  
seen,

Within the depths of its capacious bow  
Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and  
sky ;

And, on its glassy surface, specks of  
And conglobated bubbles undissolve  
Numerous as stars ; that, by their or  
lapse,

Betray to sight the motion of the stream  
Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is  
A softened roar, or murmur ; and  
sound

Though soothing, and the little flow  
isles

Though beautiful, are both by Nature  
charged

With the same pensive office ; and  
known

Through what perplexing labyrinth  
abrupt

Precipitations, and untoward straits,  
The earth-born wanderer hath passed  
and quickly,

That respite o'er, like traverses and  
Must he again encounter.—Such a struggle  
Is human Life ; and so the Spirit fares  
In the best quiet to her course allow  
And such is mine,—save only for a breath  
That my particular current soon will  
The unfathomable gulf, where all  
still ! ”

BOOK FOURTH.

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

ARGUMENT.

of feeling produced by the foregoing Narrative.—A belief in a superintending Providence  
adequate support under affliction.—Wanderer's ejaculation.—Acknowledges the difficulty  
faith.—Hence immoderate sorrow.—Exhortations.—How received.—Wanderer applies  
to that other cause of dejection in the Solitary's mind.—Disappointment from the  
Revolution.—States grounds of hope, and insists on the necessity of patience and fortitude  
respect to the course of great revolutions.—Knowledge the source of tranquillity.—Rural  
favourable to knowledge of the inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and ways recom-  
d; exhortation to bodily exertion and communion with Nature.—Morbid Solitude pitiable.—  
tion better than apathy.—Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy of society.—The  
modes of Religion prevented it.—Illustrated in the Jewish, Persian, Babylonian, Chaldean,  
recian modes of belief.—Solitary interposes.—Wanderer points out the influence of religious  
maginative feeling in the humble ranks of society, illustrated from present and past times.—  
principles tend to recall exploded superstitions and Popery.—Wanderer rebuts this charge,  
ntrasts the dignities of the Imagination with the presumptuous littleness of certain modern  
phers.—Recommends other lights and guides.—Asserts the power of the Soul to regenerate  
Solitary asks how.—Reply.—Personal appeal.—Exhortation to activity of body renewed.—  
commune with Nature.—Wanderer concludes with a legitimate union of the imagination,  
ns, understanding, and reason.—Effect of his discourse.—Evening; Return to the Cottage.

closed the Tenant of that lonely  
le  
ournful narrative—commenced in  
in,  
n commenced, and ended without  
ace:  
empered, not unfrequently, with  
ains  
ive feeling, grateful to our minds;  
elding surely some relief to his,  
we sate listening with compassion  
e.  
e of silence followed; then, with  
ice  
id not falter though the heart was  
wed,  
anderer said:—

“One adequate support  
calamities of mortal life  
—one only; an assured belief  
ie procession of our fate, how'er  
disturbed, is ordered by a Being  
ite benevolence and power;  
everlasting purposes embrace  
dents, converting them to good.  
larts of anguish fix not where the  
t  
ring hath been thoroughly fortified  
iescence in the Will supreme  
e and for eternity: by faith,

Faith absolute in God, including hope,  
And the defence that lies in boundless  
love  
Of his perfections; with habitual dread  
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured  
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,  
To the dishonour of his holy name.  
Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the  
world!  
Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of  
heart;  
Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
Their lost affections unto thee and  
thine!”

Then, as we issued from that covert  
nook,  
He thus continued, lifting up his eyes  
To heaven:—“How beautiful this dome  
of sky;  
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed  
At thy command, how awful! Shall the  
Soul,  
Human and rational, report of thee  
Even less than these!—Be mute who will,  
who can,  
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned  
voice:  
My lips, that may forget thee in the  
crowd,

Cannot forget thee here ; where thou hast  
built,

For thy own glory, in the wilderness !  
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,  
In such a temple as we now behold  
Reared for thy presence ; therefore am I  
bound

To worship, here, and everywhere—as one  
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced  
to tread,

From childhood up, the ways of poverty ;  
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,  
And from debasement rescued.—By thy  
grace

The particle divine remained unquenched ;  
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,  
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless  
flowers,

From paradise transplanted : wintry age  
Impends ; the frost will gather round my  
heart ;

If the flowers wither, I am worse than  
dead !

—Come, labour, when the worn-out frame  
requires

Perpetual sabbath ; come, disease and  
want ;

And sad exclusion through decay of  
sense ;

• But leave me unabated trust in thee—  
And let thy favour, to the end of life,  
Inspire me with ability to seek  
Repose and hope among eternal things—  
Father of heaven and earth ! and I am  
rich,  
And will possess my portion in content !

“And what are things eternal?—powers  
depart,”

The grey-haired Wanderer steadfastly  
replied,

Answering the question which himself  
had asked,

“Possessions vanish, and opinions change,  
And passions hold a fluctuating seat :

But, by the storms of circumstance un-  
shaken,

And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
Duty exists ;—immutably survive,

For our support, the measures and the  
forms,

Which an abstract intelligence supplies ;  
Whose kingdom is, where time and space  
are not.

Of other converse which mind, sou  
heart,

Do, with united urgency, require,  
What more that may not perish?—  
dread source,

Prime, self-existing cause and end  
That in the scale of being fill their  
Above our human region, or below,  
Set and sustained ;—thou, who didst  
the cloud

Of infancy around us, that thyself,  
Therein, with our simplicity awhile  
Might'st hold, on earth, commun-  
disturbed ;

Who from the anarchy of dreaming  
Or from its death-like void, with pu  
care,

And touch as gentle as the morning  
Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of  
And reason's steadfast rule—thou  
alone

Art everlasting, and the blessed Spi  
Which thou includest, as the se  
waves :

For adoration thou endur'st ; endur  
For consciousness the motions c  
will ;

For apprehension those trans-  
truths

Of the pure intellect, that stand as  
(Submission constituting strength  
power)

Even to thy Being's infinite majesty  
This universe shall pass away—a w  
Glorious ! because the shadow o  
might,

A step, or link, for intercourse with  
Ah ! if the time must come, in whi  
feet

No more shall stray where medi  
leads,

By flowing stream, through woo  
craggy wild,

Loved haunts like these ; the  
prisoned Mind

May yet have scope to range amon  
own,

Her thoughts, her images, her high de  
If the dear faculty of sight should fail

Still, it may be allowed me to remem-  
What visionary powers of eye and

In youth were mine ; when, station  
the top

Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld

sun rise up, from distant climes  
 returned  
 kness to chase, and sleep ; and bring  
 the day  
 bounteous gift ! or saw him toward  
 the deep  
 with a retinue of flaming clouds  
 ended ; then, my spirit was entranced  
 joy exalted to beatitude ;  
 measure of my soul was filled with  
 bliss,  
 holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with  
 light,  
 pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

Those fervent raptures are for ever  
 flown ;  
 since their date, my soul hath under-  
 gone  
 age manifold, for better or for worse :  
 cease I not to struggle, and aspire  
 onward ; and chide the part of me  
 that flags,  
 though sinful choice ; or dread necessity  
 human nature from above imposed.  
 by comparison, an easy task  
 to despise ; but, to converse with  
 heaven—  
 is not easy :—to relinquish all  
 love, or hope, of happiness and joy,  
 stand in freedom loosened from this  
 world,  
 is not arduous ; but must needs  
 confess  
 tis a thing impossible to frame  
 options equal to the soul's desires ;  
 the most difficult of tasks to keep  
 its which the soul is competent to  
 win.  
 is of dust : ethereal hopes are his,  
 when they should sustain them-  
 selves aloft,  
 due consistence ; like a pillar of  
 noke,  
 with majestic energy from earth  
 but, having reached the thinner  
 air,  
 and dissolves, and is no longer seen.  
 his infirmity of mortal kind  
 proceeds, which else were not ;  
 least,  
 if be something hallowed and or-  
 dained,  
 proportion, it be just and meet.

Yet, through this weakness of the general  
 heart,

It is enabled to maintain its hold  
 In that excess which conscience dis-  
 approves.

For who could sink and settle to that  
 point

Of selfishness ; so senseless who could be  
 As long and perseveringly to mourn  
 For any object of his love, removed  
 From this unstable world, if he could fix  
 A satisfying view upon that state  
 Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,  
 Which reason promises, and holy writ  
 Ensures to all believers?—Yet mistrust  
 Is of such incapacity, methinks,  
 No natural branch ; despondency far less ;  
 And, least of all, is absolute despair.

—And, if there be whose tender frames  
 have drooped

Even to the dust ; apparently, through  
 weight

Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power  
 An agonizing sorrow to transmute ;  
 Deem not that proof is here of hope with-  
 held

When wanted most ; a confidence im-  
 paired

So pitifully, that, having ceased to see  
 With bodily eyes, they are borne down  
 by love

Of what is lost, and perish through regret.  
 Oh ! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees  
 Too clearly ; feels too vividly ; and longs  
 To realize the vision, with intense  
 And over-constant yearning ;—there—  
 there lies

The excess, by which the balance is  
 destroyed.

Too, too contracted are these walls of  
 flesh,

This vital warmth too cold, these visual  
 orbs,

Though inconceivably endowed, too dim  
 For any passion of the soul that leads  
 To ecstasy ; and all the crooked paths  
 Of time and change disdaining, takes its  
 course

Along the line of limitless desires.

I, speaking now from such disorder free,  
 Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled  
 peace,

I cannot doubt that they whom you  
 deplore

Are glorified ; or, if they sleep, shall  
wake  
From sleep, and dwell with God in end-  
less love.  
Hope, below this, consists not with be-  
lief  
In mercy, carried infinite degrees  
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts :  
Hope, below this, consists not with belief  
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest  
power,  
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

“ Here then we rest ; not fearing for  
our creed  
The worst that human reasoning can  
achieve,  
To unsettle or perplex it : yet with pain  
Acknowledging, and grievous self-re-  
proach,  
That, though immovably convinced, we  
want  
Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith  
As soldiers live by courage ; as, by  
strength

Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.  
Alas ! the endowment of immortal power  
Is matched unequally with custom, time,  
And domineering faculties of sense  
• *In all* ; in most with superadded foes,  
Idle temptations ; open vanities,  
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing  
world ;  
And, in the private regions of the mind,  
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,  
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,  
Distress and care. What then remains !—

To seek  
Those helps for his occasions ever near  
Who lacks not will to use them ; vows  
renewed  
On the first motion of a holy thought ;  
Vigils of contemplation ; praise ; and  
prayer—  
A stream, which, from the fountain of  
the heart  
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows  
Without access of unexpected strength.  
But, above all, the victory is most sure  
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue,  
strives

To yield entire submission to the law  
Of conscience—conscience revered and  
obeyed,

As God's most intimate presence in  
soul,  
And his most perfect image in the w  
—Endeavour thus to live ; these  
regard ;  
These helps solicit ; and a steadfast  
Shall then be yours among the happy  
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe  
real air,  
Sons of the morning. For your nobler  
Ere disencumbered of her mortal ch  
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble ch  
away ;  
With only such degree of sadness lef  
As may support longings of pure des  
And strengthen love, rejoicing secret  
In the sublime attractions of the gra

While, in this strain, the venerable  
Poured forth his aspirations, and  
nounced

His judgments, near that lonely hou  
paced

A plot of green-sward, seemingly  
served

By nature's care from wreck of scatt  
stones,

And from encroachment of encin  
heath :

Small space ! but, for reiterated step  
Smooth and commodious ; as a st  
deck

Which to and fro the mariner is used  
To tread for pastime, talking with  
mates,

Or haply thinking of far-distant friend  
While the ship glides before a so  
breeze.

Stillness prevailed around us : and  
voice

That spake was capable to lift the so  
Toward regions yet more tranquil  
methought,

That he, whose fixed despondency  
given

Impulse and motive to that strong  
course.

Was less upraised in spirit than ab  
Shrinking from admonition, like a  
Who feels that to exhort is to repro  
Yet not to be diverted from his aim  
The Sage continued :—

“ For that other  
The loss of confidence in social

the unexpected transports of our age  
 ried so high, that every thought, which  
 looked  
 and the temporal destiny of the Kind,  
 many seemed superfluous—as, no  
 cause  
 led e'er for such exalted confidence  
 t; so, none is now for fixed despair:  
 two extremes are equally disowned  
 eason: if, with sharp recoil, from one  
 have been driven far as its opposite,  
 reen them seek the point whereon to  
 build  
 d expectations. So doth he advise  
 shared at first the illusion; but was  
 soon  
 from the pedestal of pride by shocks  
 h Nature gently gave, in woods and  
 fields;  
 unproved by Providence, thus  
 speaking  
 e inattentive children of the world:  
 glorious Generation! what new  
 owers  
 ou have been conferred? what gifts,  
 withheld  
 your progenitors, have ye received,  
 ompense of new desert? what claim  
 e prepared to urge, that my decrees  
 ou should undergo a sudden change;  
 he weak functions of one busy day,  
 iming and extirpating, perform  
 all the slowly-moving years of time,  
 their united force, have left undone?  
 ture's gradual processes be taught;  
 ry be confounded! Ye aspire  
 e, to fall once more; and that false  
 uit,  
 y, to your overweening spirits, yields  
 of a flight celestial, will produce  
 and shame. But Wisdom of her  
 ns  
 ot the less, though late, be justifi-  
 d'

ch timely warning," said the Wan-  
 rer, "gave  
 isionary voice; and, at this day,  
 a Tartarean darkness overspreads  
 aning nations; when the impious  
 e,  
 or by established ordinance,  
 on dire agents, and constrain the  
 d

To acts which they abhor; though I  
 bewail  
 This triumph, yet the pity of my heart  
 Prevents me not from owning, that the  
 law,  
 By which mankind now suffers, is most  
 just.  
 For by superior energies; more strict  
 Affiance in each other; faith more firm  
 In their unhallowed principles; the bad  
 Have fairly earned a victory o'er the  
 weak,  
 The vacillating, inconsistent good.  
 Therefore, not unconsoled, I wait—in  
 hope  
 To see the moment, when the righteous  
 cause  
 Shall gain defenders zealous and devout  
 As they who have opposed her; in which  
 Virtue  
 Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds  
 That are not lofty as her rights; aspiring  
 By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.  
 That spirit only can redeem mankind;  
 And when that sacred spirit shall appear,  
 Then shall *our* triumph be complete as  
 theirs.  
 Yet, should this confidence prove vain,  
 the wise  
 Have still the keeping of their proper  
 peace;  
 Are guardians of their own tranquillity.  
 They act, or they recede, observe, and  
 feel;  
 'Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
 The centre of this world, about the which  
 Those revolutions of disturbances  
 Still roll; where all the aspects of misery  
 Predominate; whose strong effects are  
 such  
 As he must bear, being powerless to  
 redress;  
 And that unless above himself he can  
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!'

"Happy is he who lives to understand,  
 Not human nature only, but explores  
 All natures,—to the end that he may find  
 The law that governs each; and where  
 begins  
 The union, the partition where, what  
 makes  
 Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;  
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties,



Which they inherit,—cannot step beyond,—

And cannot fall beneath ; that do assign  
To every class its station and its office,  
Through all the mighty commonwealth of things ;

Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.

Such converse, if directed by a meek,  
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love :  
For knowledge is delight ; and such delight

Breeds love : yet, suited as it rather is  
To thought and to the climbing intellect,  
It teaches less to love, than to adore ;  
If that be not indeed the highest love !”

“Yet,” said I, tempted here to interpose,

“The dignity of life is not impaired  
By aught that innocently satisfies  
The humbler cravings of the heart ; and he

Is still a happier man, who, for those heights

Of speculation not unfit, descends ;  
And such benign affections cultivates  
Among the inferior kinds ; not merely those

That he may call his own, and which depend,

As individual objects of regard,  
Upon his care, from whom he also looks  
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond ;  
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,  
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.  
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life

And solitude, that they do favour most,  
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,

These pure sensations ; that can penetrate

The obstreperous city ; on the barren seas  
Are not unfelt ; and much might recommend,

How much they might inspirit and endear,

The loneliness of this sublime retreat !”

“Yes,” said the Sage, resuming the discourse

Again directed to his downcast Friend,  
“If with the froward will and grovelling soul

Of man, offended, liberty is here,  
And invitation every hour renewed,  
To mark *their* placid state, who heard

Of a command which they have power to break,

Or rule which they are tempted to transgress :

These with a soothed or elevated heart  
May we behold ; their knowledge regulates  
Observe their ways ; and, free from finding

Complacency there :—but wherefore to you ?

I guess that, welcome to your little hearth,

The redbreast, ruffled up by winter's  
Into a ‘feathery bunch,’ feeds at hand :

A box, perchance, is from your case hung

For the small wren to build in ;—in vain,

The barriers disregarding that surround  
This deep abiding place, before your  
Mounts on the breeze the butterfly soars,

Small creature as she is, from the bright flowers,

Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reels  
In the waste wilderness : the Soul as  
Drawn towards her native firmament heaven,

When the fresh eagle, in the month of  
Upborne, at evening, on replenished  
This shaded valley leaves ; and leaves dark

Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewed  
A proud communication with the sun  
Low sunk beneath the horizon !—Little

I heard,  
From yon huge breast of rock, a  
sent forth

As if the visible mountain made the  
Again !”—The effect upon the soul  
such

As he expressed : from out the mountain  
heart

The solemn voice appeared to startle

The blank air—for the region all around  
Stood empty of all shape of life, and  
Save for that single cry, the universal  
bleat

poor lamb—left somewhere to itself,  
plaintive spirit of the solitude !  
paused, as if unwilling to proceed,  
ough consciousness that silence in  
such place  
best, the most affecting eloquence.  
soon his thoughts returned upon  
themselves,  
in soft tone of speech, thus he re-  
sumed.

Ah ! if the heart, too confidently  
raised,  
chance too lightly occupied, or lulled  
easily, despise or overlook  
vassalage that binds her to the earth,  
sad dependence upon time, and all  
trepidations of mortality,  
at place so destitute and void—but  
there  
little flower her vanity shall check ;  
trailing worm reprove her thought-  
less pride ?

These craggy regions, these chaotic  
wilds,  
s that benignity pervade, that warms  
mole contented with her darksome  
walk  
he cold ground ; and to the emmet  
gives  
foresight, and intelligence that makes  
tiny creatures strong by social league ;  
ports the generations, multiplies  
tribes, till we behold a spacious plain  
rassy bottom, all, with little hills—  
r labour, covered, as a lake with  
waves ;  
sands of cities, in the desert place  
up of life, and food, and means of  
life !  
wanting here, to entertain the thought,  
tures that in communities exist  
as might seem, for general guardian-  
ship  
ough dependence upon mutual aid,  
y participation of delight  
strict love of fellowship, combined.  
other spirit can it be that prompts  
lded summer flies to mix and weave  
ports together in the solar beam,  
he gloom of twilight hum their joy ?  
obviously the self-same influence  
les

The feathered kinds ; the fieldfare's pen-  
sive flock,  
The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from  
afar,  
Hovering above these inland solitudes,  
By the rough wind unscattered, at whose  
call  
Up through the trenches of the long-  
drawn vales  
Their voyage was begun : nor is its power  
Unfelt among the sedentary fowl  
That seek yon pool, and there prolong  
their stay  
In silent congress ; or together roused  
Take flight ; while with their clang the  
air resounds.  
And, over all, in that ethereal vault,  
Is the mute company of changeeful clouds ;  
Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,  
The rainbow smiling on the faded storm ;  
The mild assemblage of the starry hea-  
vens ;  
And the great sun, earth's universal lord !

“ How bountiful is Nature ! he shall find  
Who seeks not ; and to him, who hath not  
asked,  
Large measures shall be dealt. Three  
sabbath-days  
Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent  
Of mere humanity, you clomb those  
heights ;  
And what a marvellous and heavenly  
show  
Was suddenly revealed !—the swains  
moved on,  
And heeded not : you lingered, you per-  
ceived  
And felt, deeply as living man could feel.  
There is a luxury in self-dispraise ;  
And inward self-disparagement affords  
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.  
Trust me, pronouncing on your own  
desert,  
You judge unthankfully : distempered  
nerves  
Infect the thoughts ; the languor of the  
frame  
Depresses the soul's vigour. Quit your  
couch—  
Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell ;  
Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed  
from heaven  
Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye .

Look down upon your taper, through a  
 watch  
 Of midnight hours, unseasonably twink-  
 ling  
 In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star  
 Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.  
 Take courage, and withdraw yourself  
 from ways  
 That run not parallel to nature's course.  
 Rise with the lark! your matins shall  
 obtain  
 Grace, be their composition what it may,  
 If but with hers performed; climb once  
 again,  
 Climb every day, those ramparts; meet  
 the breeze  
 Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee  
 That from your garden thither soars, to  
 feed  
 On new-blown heath; let yon command-  
 ing rock  
 Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the  
 stone  
 In thunder down the mountains; with all  
 your might  
 Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red  
 deer  
 Fly to those harbours, driven by hound  
 and horn  
 Loud echoing, add your speed to the  
 pursuit;  
 So, wearied to your hut shall you return,  
 And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills  
 A kindling eye:—accordant feelings  
 rushed  
 Into my bosom, whence these words  
 broke forth:  
 "Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous  
 health,  
 To have a body (this our vital frame  
 With shrinking sensibility endued,  
 And all the nice regards of flesh and  
 blood) \* \*  
 And to the elements surrender it  
 As if it were a spirit!—How divine,  
 The liberty, for frail, for mortal, man  
 To roam at large among unpeopled glens  
 And mountainous retirements, only trod  
 By devious footsteps; regions consecrate  
 To blindest time! and, reckless of the storm  
 That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,  
 Be as a presence or a motion—one

Among the many there; and whi  
 mists  
 Flying, and rainy vapours, call out:  
 And phantoms from the crags and  
 earth  
 As fast as a musician scatters sound  
 Out of an instrument; and whi  
 streams  
 (As at a first creation and in haste  
 To exercise their untried faculties)  
 Descending from the region of the  
 And starting from the hollows  
 earth  
 More multitudinous every moment,  
 Their way before them—what a  
 roam  
 An equal among mightiest energies  
 And haply sometimes with art  
 voice,  
 Amid the deafening tumult, se  
 heard  
 By him that utters it, exclaim aloud  
 'Rage on, ye elements! let moon and  
 Their aspects lend, and mingle in  
 turn  
 With this commotion (ruinous tho  
 be)  
 From day to night, from night to  
 prolonged!"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking  
 my lips  
 The strain of transport, "whose  
 youth  
 Has, through ambition of his soul,  
 way  
 To such desires, and grasped at  
 delight,  
 Shall feel congenial stirrings late  
 long,  
 In spite of all the weakness the  
 brings,  
 Its cares and sorrows; he, thought  
 to own  
 The tranquillizing power of time,  
 wake,  
 Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness  
 Loving the sports which once he g  
 in.

"Compatriot, Friend, remote are  
 ry's hills,  
 The streams far distant of your  
 glen;

is their form and image here expressed  
 brotherly resemblance. Turn your  
 steps  
 never fancy leads ; by day, by night,  
 various engines working, not the  
 same  
 hose with which your soul in youth  
 was moved, •  
 by the great Artificer endowed  
 no inferior power. You dwell  
 alone ;  
 walk, you live, you speculate alone ;  
 loth remembrance, like a sovereign  
 prince,  
 you a stately gallery maintain  
 gay or tragic pictures. You have  
 seen,  
 acted, suffered, travelled far, ob-  
 served  
 no incurious eye ; and books are  
 ours,  
 in whose silent chambers treasure  
 lies  
 rived from age to age ; more precious  
 in  
 that accumulated store of gold  
 orient gems, which, for a day of  
 need,  
 Sultan hides deep in ancestral  
 tombs.  
 hoards of truth you can unlock at  
 will ;  
 music waits upon your skilful touch,  
 from which the wandering shepherd  
 won these heights  
 , and forgets his purpose ;—fur-  
 shed thus,  
 can you droop, if willing to be up-  
 ised ?

piteous lot it were to flee from  
 an—  
 it rejoice in Nature. He, whose  
 ours  
 domestic pleasure uncaressed  
 reinvigorated ; who exists whole years  
 from benefits received or done  
 by the transactions of the bustling  
 world ;  
 either hears, nor feels a wish to hear,  
 world's interests—such a one hath  
 led  
 sick fancy and an active heart,

That, for the day's consumption, books  
 may yield  
 Food not unwholesome ; earth and air  
 correct  
 His morbid humour, with delight sup-  
 plied  
 Or solace, varying as the seasons change.  
 —Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her  
 haunts of ease  
 And easy contemplation ; gay parterres,  
 And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades  
 And shady groves in studied contrast—  
 each,  
 For recreation, leading into each :  
 These may he range, if willing to partake  
 Their soft indulgences, and in due time  
 May issue thence, recruited for the tasks  
 And course of service Truth requires  
 from those  
 Who tend her altars, wait upon her  
 throne,  
 And guard her fortresses. Who thinks,  
 and feels,  
 And recognises ever and anon  
 The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,  
 Why need such man go desperately  
 astray,  
 And nurse 'the dreadful appetite of  
 death ?'  
 If tired with systems, each in its degree  
 Substantial, and all crumbling in their  
 turn,  
 Let him build systems of his own, and  
 smile  
 At the fond work, demolished with a  
 touch ;  
 If unreligious, let him be at once,  
 Among ten thousand innocents, enrolled  
 A pupil in the many-chambered school,  
 Where superstition weaves her airy  
 dreams.

"Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's  
 verge ;  
 And daily lose what I desire to keep :  
 Yet rather would I instantly decline  
 To the traditionary sympathies  
 Of a most rustic ignorance, and take  
 A fearful apprehension from the owl  
 Or death-watch : and as readily rejoice,  
 If two auspicious magpies crossed my  
 way ;—  
 To this would rather bend than see and  
 hear

The repetitions wearisome of sense,  
 Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no  
 place ;  
 Where knowledge, ill begun in cold  
 remark  
 On outward things, with formal inference  
 ends ;  
 Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils  
 At once—or, not recoiling, is perplexed—  
 Lost in a gloom of uninspired research ;  
 Meanwhile, the heart within the heart,  
 the seat  
 Where peace and happy consciousness  
 should dwell,  
 On its own axis restlessly revolving,  
 Seeks, yet can nowhere find, the light of  
 truth.

“ Upon the breast of new-created earth  
 Man walked ; and when and wheresoe’er  
 he moved,  
 Alone or mated, solitude was not.  
 He heard, borne on the wind, the articu-  
 late voice  
 Of God ; and Angels to his sight ap-  
 peared  
 Crowning the glorious hills of paradise ;  
 Or through the groves gliding like morn-  
 ing mist  
 Enkindled by the sun. He sate—and  
 talked  
 With winged Messengers ; who daily  
 brought  
 To his small island in the ethereal deep  
 Tidings of joy and love.—From those  
 pure heights  
 (Whether of actual vision, sensible  
 To sight and feeling, or that in this sort  
 Have condescendingly been shadowed  
 forth  
 Communications spiritually maintained,  
 And intuitions moral and divine)  
 Fell Human-kind—to banishment con-  
 demned  
 That flowing years repealed not : and  
 distress  
 And grief spread wide ; but Man escaped  
 the doom  
 Of destitution ; solitude was not.  
 —Jehovah—shapeless Power above all  
 Powers,  
 Single and one, the omnipresent God,  
 By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,  
 Or cloud of darkness, localised in heaven ;

On earth, enshrined within the wan  
 ark ;  
 Or, out of Sion, thundering from  
 throne  
 Between the Cherubim—on the  
 Race  
 Showered miracles, and ceased  
 dispense  
 Judgments, that filled the land from  
 to age  
 With hope, and love, and gratitude  
 fear ;  
 And with amazement smote ;—to  
 to assert  
 His scorned, or unacknowledged,  
 reign.  
 And when the One, ineffable of name  
 Of nature indivisible, withdrew  
 From mortal adoration or regard,  
 Not then was Deity engulfed ; nor  
 The rational creature, left, to find  
 weight  
 Of his own reason, without sense  
 thought  
 Of higher reason and a purer will,  
 To benefit and bless, through his  
 power :—  
 Whether the Persian—zealous to  
 Altar and image, and the inclusive  
 And roofs of temples built by  
 hands—  
 To loftiest heights ascending, from  
 tops,  
 With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his  
 Presented sacrifice to moon and star  
 And to the winds and mother element  
 And the whole circle of the heaven  
 him  
 A sensitive existence, and a God,  
 With lifted hands invoked, and  
 praise :  
 Or, less reluctantly to bonds of sense  
 Yielding his soul, the Babylonian  
 For influence undefined a personal  
 And, from the plain, with toil im-  
 upreared  
 Tower eight times planted on the  
 tower,  
 That Belus, nightly to his splendour  
 Descending, there might rest ; up  
 height  
 Pure and serene, diffused—to over  
 Winding Euphrates, and the city  
 Of his devoted worshippers, far and

h grove and field and garden inter-  
persed ;  
in town, and foodful region for support  
inst the pressure of beleaguering war.

Chaldean Shepherds, ranging track-  
less fields,  
neath the concave of unclouded skies  
ad like a sea, in boundless solitude,  
sed on the polar star, as on a guide  
guardian of their course, that never  
closed

steadfast eye. The planetary Five  
a submissive reverence they beheld ;  
shed, from the centre of their sleep-  
ing flocks,  
e radiant Mercuries, that seemed to  
move

ring through ether, in perpetual  
round,

ees and resolutions of the Gods ;  
by their aspects, signifying works  
m futurity, to Man revealed.

e imaginative faculty was lord  
servations natural ; and, thus  
on, those shepherds made report of  
tars

rotation passing to and fro,  
en the orbs of our apparent sphere  
is invisible counterpart, adorned  
answering constellations, under  
irth,

ved from all approach of living  
ght  
resent to the dead ; who, so they  
emed,

hose celestial messengers beheld  
cidents, and judges were of all.

ie lively Grecian, in a land of hills,  
and fertile plains, and sounding  
ores,—

a cope of sky more variable,  
find commodious place for every  
ad,

tly received, as prodigally brought,  
the surrounding countries at the  
oice

adventurers. With unrivalled skill,  
st observation furnished hints  
xious fancy, his quick hand be-  
wed

nt operations a fixed shape ;  
r stone, idolatrously served.

And yet—triumphant o'er this pompous  
show

Of art, this palpable array of sense,  
On every side encountered ; in despite  
Of the gross fictions chanted in the  
streets

By wandering Rhapsodists ; and in con-  
tempt

Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged  
Amid the wrangling schools—a SPIRIT  
hung,

Beautiful region ! o'er thy towns and  
farms,

Statues and temples, and memorial  
tombs ;

And emanations were perceived ; and acts  
Of immortality, in Nature's course,

Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt  
As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed

And armed warrior ; and in every grove  
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,

When piety more awful had relaxed.  
—'Take, running river, take these locks  
of mine'—

Thus would the Votary say—'this severed  
hair,

My vow fulfilling, do I here present,  
Thankful for my beloved child's return.

Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,  
Thy murmurs heard ; and drunk the  
crystal lymph

With which thou dost refresh the thirsty  
lip,

And, all day long, moisten these flowery  
fields !'

And, doubtless, sometimes, when the hair  
was shed

Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose  
Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired ;

That hath been, is, and where it was and is  
There shall endure,—existence unexposed

To the blind walk of mortal accident ;  
From diminution safe and weakening age ;

While man grows old, and dwindles, and  
decays ;

And countless generations of mankind  
Depart ; and leave no vestige where they  
trod.

"We live by Admiration, Hope, and  
Love ;

And, even as these are well and widely  
fixed,

In dignity of being we ascend.

But what is error?"—"Answer he who can?"

The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed:

"Love, Hope, and Admiration—are they not

Mad Fancy's favourite vassals? Does not life

Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,  
Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust  
Imagination's light when reason's fails,  
The unguarded taper where the guarded  
faints?

—Stoop from those heights, and soberly  
declare

What error is; and, of our errors, which  
Doth most debase the mind; the genuine  
seats

Of power, where are they? Who shall  
regulate,

With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?"

"Methinks," persuasively the Sage replied,

"That for this arduous office you possess  
Some rare advantages. Your early days  
A grateful recollection must supply

Of much exalted good by Heaven vouch-  
safed

To dignify the humblest state. — Your  
voice

Hath, in my hearing, often testified  
That poor men's children, they, and they  
alone,

By their condition taught, can understand  
The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks  
For daily bread. A consciousness is  
yours

How feelingly religion may be learned  
In smoky cabins, from a mother's tongue—  
Heard while the dwelling vibrates to the  
din

Of the contiguous torrent, gathering  
strength

At every moment—and, with strength,  
increase

Of fury; or, while snow is at the door,  
Assaulting and defending, and the wind,  
A sightless labourer, whistling at his work—  
Fearful; but resignation tempers fear,  
And piety is sweet to infant minds.

—The Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine  
carves,

On the green turf, a dial—to divide

The silent hours; and who to thee  
Can portion out his pleasures, and  
Throughout a long and lonely su-  
day

His round of pastoral duties, is no  
With less intelligence for *moral* th  
Of gravest import. Early he perce  
Within himself, a measure and a r  
Which to the sun of truth he can z  
That shines for him, and shines  
mankind.

Experience daily fixing his regard  
On nature's wants, he knows he  
they are,

And where they lie, how answer  
appeased.

This knowledge ample recompense  
For manifold privations; he refers  
His notions to this standard; on th  
Rests his desires; and hence, in af  
Soul-strengthening patience, and s  
content.

Imagination not permitted here  
To waste her powers, as in the wof-  
mind,

On fickle pleasures, and superfluous  
And trivial ostentation— is left free  
And puissant to range the solemn  
Of time and nature, girded by a pot  
That, while it binds, invigorates an  
ports.

Acknowledge, then, that whether I  
sue

Of his poor hut, or on the mountain  
Or in the cultured field, a Man so b  
(Take from him what you will upo  
score

Of ignorance or illusion lives and bre  
For noble purposes of mind: his he  
Beats to the heroic song of ancient  
His eye distinguishes, his soul creat  
And those illusions, which excite the  
Or move the pity of unthinking min  
Are they not mainly outward ministr  
Of inward conscience? with whose se  
charged

They came and go, appeared and  
appear,

Diverting evil purposes, remorse  
Awakening, chastening an intemp-  
grief,

Or pride of heart abating; and, wher  
For less important ends those phan-  
move,

would forbid them, if their presence  
erve,  
hinly-peopled mountains and wild  
eaths,  
f a space, else vacant, to exalt  
orms of Nature, and enlarge her  
owers?

ice more to distant ages of the world  
s revert, and place before our  
oughts  
ce which rural solitude might wear  
e unenlightened swains of pagan  
recede.  
at fair clime, the lonely herdsman,  
etched  
soft grass through half a summer's  
y,  
usic lulled his indolent repose :  
r some fit of weariness, if he,  
his own breath was silent, chanced  
hear  
int strain, far sweeter than the  
nds

his poor skill could make, his  
cy fetched,  
on the blazing chariot of the sun,  
fless Youth, who touched a golden  
x,

lled the illumined groves with  
ishment.

htly hunter, lifting a bright eye  
wards the crescent moon, with  
teful heart

on the lovely wanderer who be-  
ved

nely light, to share his joyous  
rt :

ace, a beaming Goddess with her  
nphs,

the lawn and through the dark-  
e grove,

ecompanied with tuneful notes

multipled from rock or cave,  
the storm of chase ; as moon and

apidly along the clouded heaven,  
inds are blowing strong. The  
eller slaked

t from rill or gushing fount, and  
ked

id. Sunbeams, upon distant hills  
apace, with shadows in their

Might, with small help from fancy, be  
transformed

Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.

The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed,  
their wings,

Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom  
they wooed

With gentle whisper. Withered boughs  
grotesque,

Stripped of their leaves and twigs by  
hoary age,

From depth of shaggy covert peeping  
forth

In the low vale, or on steep mountain-side ;  
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring  
horns

Of the live deer, or goat's depending  
beard,—

These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild  
brood

Of gamesome Deities ; or Pan himself,  
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring  
God :—

The strain was aptly chosen ; and I  
could mark

Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow  
Of our Companion, gradually diffused ;

While, listening, he had paced the noise-  
less turf,

Like one whose untired ear a murmuring  
stream

Detains ; but tempted now to interpose,  
He with a smile exclaimed :—

“Tis well you speak

At a safe distance from our native land,  
And from the mansions where our youth

was taught.

The true descendants of those godly men  
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of  
zeal,

Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles  
That harboured them,—the souls retaining  
yet

The churlish features of that after-race  
Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting  
rocks,

In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,  
Or what their scruples construed to be  
such—

How, think you, would they tolerate this  
scheme

Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged  
Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh



The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain  
 Uprooted ; would re-consecrate our wells  
 To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint  
 Anne ;  
 And from long banishment recall Saint  
 Giles,  
 To watch again with tutelary love  
 O'er stately Edinburgh throned on  
 crags ?  
 A blessed restoration, to behold  
 The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,  
 Once more parading through her crowded  
 streets  
 Now simply guarded by the sober powers  
 Of science, and philosophy, and sense !”

This answer followed.—“You have  
 turned my thoughts  
 Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose  
 Against idolatry with warlike mind,  
 And shrunk from vain observances, to  
 lurk  
 In woods, and dwell under impending  
 rocks  
 Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and  
 food ;  
 Why ?—For this very reason that they felt,  
 And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they  
 moved,  
 A spiritual presence, oft times miscon-  
 ceived,  
 But still a high dependence, a divine  
 Bounty and government, that filled their  
 hearts  
 With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love ;  
 And from their fervent lips drew hymns  
 of praise,  
 That through the desert rang. Though  
 favoured less,  
 Far less, than these, yet such, in their  
 degree,  
 Were those bewildered Pagans of old  
 time.  
 Beyond their own poor natures and  
 above  
 They looked ; were humbly thankful for  
 the good  
 Which the warm sun solicited, and earth  
 bestowed ; were glad sons,—and their  
 moral sense  
 They fortified with reverence for the  
 Gods ;  
 And they had hopes that c. . . . . the  
 Genes.

“Now, shall our great Discoverer  
 exclaimed,  
 Raising his voice triumphantly, “o  
 From sense and reason less than  
 obtained,  
 Though far misled ? Shall men for  
 our age  
 Unbaffled powers of vision hath pre  
 To explore the world without and  
 within,  
 Be joyless as the blind ? Am  
 spirits—  
 Whom earth, at this late season  
 produced  
 To regulate the moving spheres, and  
 The planets in the hollow of their h  
 And they who rather dive than  
 whose pains  
 Have solved the elements, or analy  
 The thinking principle—shall they  
 Prove a degraded Race ? and what  
 Renown, if their presumption make  
 such ?  
 Oh ! there is laughter at their w  
 heaven !  
 Enquire of ancient Wisdom ; go, de  
 Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever me  
 That we should pry far off yet l  
 raised ;  
 That we should pore, and dwindle  
 pore,  
 Viewing all objects unremittingly  
 In disconnection dead and spiritless  
 And still dividing, and dividing still.  
 Break down all grandeur, still unsat  
 With the perverse attempt, while  
 ness  
 May yet become more little ; waging  
 An impious warfare with the very life  
 Of our own souls !  
 And if indeed the  
 An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom  
 Our dark foundations rest, could be  
 sign  
 That this magnificent effect of power  
 The earth we tread, the sky that  
 behold  
 By day, and all the pomp which r  
 reveals ;  
 That these—and that superior myster  
 Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,  
 And the dread soul within it—  
 exist  
 Only to be examined, pondered, seen

bed, vexed, and criticised?—Accuse  
me not  
arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,  
having walked with Nature threescore  
years,  
I offered, far as frailty would allow,  
heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,  
to affirm of Nature and of Truth,  
on I have served, that their DIVINITY  
was not offended at the ways of men  
employed by such motives, to such ends  
employed ;  
philosophers, who, though the human soul  
of a thousand faculties composed,  
twice ten thousand interests, do yet  
prize  
soul, and the transcendant universe,  
more than as a mirror that reflects  
proud Self-love her own intelligence ;  
one, poor, finite object, in the abyss  
infinite Being, twinkling restlessly !

No higher place can be assigned to  
him

his compeers—the laughing Sage of  
France.—

And was he, if my memory do not  
err,

laurel planted upon hoary hairs,  
in conquest by his wit achieved  
benefits his wisdom had conferred ;  
stooping body tottered with wreaths  
of flowers

best, far less becoming ornaments  
Spring oft twines about a moulder-  
ing tree ;

so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,  
most frivolous people. Him I mean  
penned, to ridicule confiding faith,  
sorry Legend ; which by chance we  
found  
in a nook, through malice, as might  
seem,

g more innocent rubbish.”—Speak-  
ing thus,  
a brief notice when, and how, and  
here,

had espied the book, he drew it forth ;  
courteously, as if the act removed,  
all traces from the good Man's  
part

benign aversion or contempt,  
red it to its owner. “ Gentle  
friend,”

Herewith he grasped the Solitary's hand,  
“ You have known lights and guides  
better than these.

Ah ! let not aught amiss within dispose  
A noble mind to practise on herself,  
And tempt opinion to support the wrongs  
Of passion : whatso'er be felt or feared,  
From higher judgment-seats make no ap-  
peal

To lower : can you question that the soul  
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice  
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed  
By each new upstart notion ? In the  
ports

Of levity no refuge can be found,  
No shelter, for a spirit in distress.  
He, who by wilful disesteem of life  
And proud insensibility to hope,  
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn  
That her mild nature can be terrible ;  
That neither she nor Silence lack the  
power

To avenge their own insulted majesty.

“ O blest seclusion ! when the mind  
admits

The law of duty ; and can therefore move  
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,  
Linked in entire complacence with her  
choice ;

When youth's presumptuousness is mel-  
lowed down,

And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed ;  
When wisdom shows her seasonable  
fruit,

Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure  
hung

In sober plenty ; when the spirit stoops  
To drink with gratitude the crystal stream  
Of unreprieved enjoyment ; and is pleased  
To muse, and be saluted by the air  
Of meek repentance, wafting wallflower  
scents

From out the crumbling ruins of fallen  
pride

And chambers of transgression, now for-  
lorn.

O, calm contented days, and peaceful  
nights !

Who, when such good can be obtained,  
would strive

To reconcile his manhood to a couch  
Soft, as may seem, but, under that dis-  
guise,

Stuffed with the thorny substance of the  
past  
For fixed annoyance ; and full oft beset  
With floating dreams, black and dis-  
consolate,  
The vapoury phantoms of futurity ?

"Within the soul a faculty abides,  
That with interpositions, which would  
hide  
And darken, so can deal that they become  
Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to  
exalt

Her native brightness. As the ample  
moon,

In the deep stillness of a summer even  
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,  
In the green trees ; and, kindling on all  
sides

Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
Into a substance glorious as her own,  
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power  
Capacious and serene. Like power abides  
In man's celestial spirit ; virtue thus  
Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus  
feeds

A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
From error, disappointment—nay, from  
guilt ;

And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,  
From palpable oppressions of despair."

The Solitary by these words was  
touched

With manifest emotion, and exclaimed ;  
"But how begin? and whence?—"The  
Mind is free—

Resolve,' the haughty Moralist would say,  
'This single act is all that we demand.'

Alas ! such wisdom bids a creature fly  
Whose very sorrow is, that time hath  
shorn

His natural wings!—"To friendship let  
him turn

For succour ; but perhaps he sits alone  
On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat  
That holds but him, and can contain no  
more !

Religion tells of amity sublime  
Which no condition can preclude ; of One  
Who sees all suffering, comprehends all  
wants,

All weakness fathoms, can sup-  
needs :

But is that bounty absolute ?—His  
Are they not, still, in some deg-  
wards

For acts of service ? Can his love  
To hearts that own not him ? Will s  
of grace,

When in the sky no promise may b  
Fall to refresh a parched and w  
land ?

Or shall the groaning Spirit cast h  
At the Redeemer's feet ?"

In ruest  
With some impatience in his m  
spake :

Back to my mind rushed all the  
been urged

To calm the Sufferer when his  
closed ;

I looked for counsel as unbending  
But a discriminating sympathy  
Stooped to this apt reply : -

"As men from  
Do, in the constitution of their soul  
Differ, by mystery not to be explain  
And as we fall by various ways, and  
One deeper than another, self-cond  
Through manifold degrees of gui  
shame ;

So manifold and various are the wa  
Of restoration, fashioned to the step  
Of all infirmity, and tending all  
To the same point, attainable by all  
Peace in ourselves, and union wit  
God.

For you, assuredly, a hopeful road  
Lies open : we have heard from  
voice

At every moment softened in its cou  
By tenderness of heart ; have seen  
eye,

Even like an altar lit by fire from he  
Kindle before us.—Your discourse  
day,

That, like the fabled Lethe, wishe  
flow

In creeping sadness, through obli  
shades

Of death and night, has caught at t  
turn

The colours of the sun. Access for y  
Is yet preserved to principles of truth  
Which the imaginative Will upholds

ats of wisdom, not to be approached  
 ie inferior Faculty that moulds,  
 her minute and speculative pains,  
 ion, ever changing!

I have seen  
 ious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
 and ground, applying to his ear  
 convolutions of a smooth-lipped  
 bell;

rich, in silence hushed, his very soul  
 ed intensely; and his countenance  
 on

ened with joy: for from within  
 ere heard

urings, whereby the monitor ex-  
 cessed

rious union with its native sea.

uch a shell the universe itself  
 the ear of Faith; and there are  
 nes.

t not, when to you it doth impart  
 the tidings of invisible things;

and flow, and ever-during power;  
 ntral peace, subsisting at the heart

ess agitation. Here you stand,  
 and worship, when you know it

;

beyond the intention of your  
 ught;

above the meaning of your will.  
 ou have felt, and may not cease  
 feel.

ate of man would be indeed for-

conclusions of the reasoning

er

ie eye blind, and closed the pas-

ss

which the ear converses with

heart.

the soul, the being of your life.

la shock of awful consciousness,

calm season, when these lofty

s approach bring down the un-

led sky;

pon their circumambient walls;

framing of dimensions vast,

not too enormous for the sound

in anthems,—choral song, or

of instrumental harmony,

the Eternal! What if these

break the stillness that prevails

Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,  
 And the soft woodlark here did never  
 chant

Her vespers,—Nature fails not to provide  
 Impulse and utterance. The whispering  
 air

Sends inspiration from the shadowy  
 heights.

And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;

The little rills, and waters numberless,  
 Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes

With the loud streams: and often, at the  
 hour

When issue forth the first pale stars, is  
 heard,

Within the circuit of this fabric huge,  
 One voice—the solitary raven, flying

Athwart the concave of the dark blue  
 dome,

Unseen, perchance above all power of  
 sight—

An iron knell! with echoes from afar  
 Faint - and still fainter—as the cry, with  
 which

The wanderer accompanies her flight  
 Through the calm region, fades upon the

ear,

Diminishing by distance till it seemed  
 To expire; yet from the abyss is caught,

again,  
 And yet again recovered!

But descending  
 From these imaginative heights, that  
 yield

Far-stretching views into eternity.

Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler  
 power

Your cherished sullenness is forced to  
 bend

Even here, where her amenities are  
 sown

With sparing hand. Then trust yourself  
 abroad

To range her blooming bowers, and  
 spacious fields,

Where on the labours of the happy  
 throng

She smiles, including in her wide em-  
 brace

City, and town, and tower,—and sea with  
 ships

Sprinkled;—be our Companion while we  
 track

Her rivers populous with gliding life;

While, free as air, o'er printless sands we  
march,  
Or pierce the gloom of her majestic  
woods ;

Roaming, or resting under grateful shade  
In peace and meditative cheerfulness ;  
Where living things, and things in-  
animate,  
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye  
and ear,  
And speak to social reason's inner  
sense,  
With inarticulate language.

For, the Man—

Who, in this spirit, communes with the  
Forms

Of nature, who with understanding heart  
Both knows and loves such objects as  
excite

No morbid passions, no disquietude,  
No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must  
feel

The joy of that pure principle of love  
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught  
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot  
choose

But seek for objects of a kindred love  
In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.

Accordingly he by degrees perceives  
His feelings of aversion softened down ;  
A holy tenderness pervade his frame.

His sanity of reason not impaired,  
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing  
clear,

From a clear fountain flowing, he looks  
round

And seeks for good ; and finds the good  
he seeks :

Until abhorrence and contempt are  
things

He only knows by name ; and, if he  
hear,

From other mouths, the language which  
they speak,

He is compassionate ; and has no thought,  
No feeling, which can overcome his love.

“And further ; by contemplating these  
Forms

In the relations which they bear to  
man,

He shall discern, how, through the various  
means

Which silently they yield, are multiplied

The spiritual presences of absent  
Trust me, that for the instructive  
will come

When they shall meet no object  
to teach

Some acceptable lesson to their  
Of human suffering, or of human  
So shall they learn, while all things  
of man,

Their duties from all forms ; and  
laws,

And local accidents, shall tend all  
To rouse, to urge ; and, with it  
confer

The ability to spread the blessing  
Of true philanthropy. The light  
Not failing, perseverance from  
steps

Departing not, for them shall  
be firm'd

The glorious habit by which  
made

Subservient still to moral purpose  
Auxiliar to divine. That change  
clothe

The naked spirit, ceasing to de-  
The burthen of existence. Science  
Shall be a precious visitant ; and  
And only then, be worthy of her  
For then her heart shall kindle ;  
eye,

Dull and inanimate, no more  
hang

Chained to its object in brute slave  
But taught with patient interest to  
The processes of things, and see  
cause

Of order and distinctness, not for-  
Shall it forget that its most noble  
Its most illustrious province, in  
found

In furnishing clear guidance, a sup-  
Not treacherous, to the mind's ex-  
power.

—So build we up the Being that  
Thus deeply drinking-in the  
things,

We shall be wise perforce ; and,  
inspired

By choice, and conscious that the  
free,

Shall move unswerving, even as  
pelled

By strict necessity, along the path

under and of good. Whate'er we  
 ee,  
 el, shall tend to quicken and refine ;  
 fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,  
 ly desires ; and raise, to loftier  
 eights  
 ine love, our intellectual soul."

e closed the Sage that eloquent  
 arangue,  
 forth with fervour in continuous  
 ream,  
 is, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,  
 dian Chief discharges from his  
 east  
 e hearing of assembled tribes,  
 n circle seated round, and hushed  
 unbreathing air, when not a leaf  
 i the mighty woods.—So did he  
 ak ;  
 ords he uttered shall not pass  
 ay  
 ed, like music that the wind  
 es up  
 tches, and lets fall, to be for-  
 ten ;  
 ey sank into me, the bounteous gift  
 whom time and nature had made  
 e.  
 his doctrine with authority  
 ostile spirits silently allow ;  
 accustomed to desires that feed  
 tage gathered from the tree of  
 ;  
 s on knowledge and experience  
 ;  
 i whom persuasion and belief  
 med into faith, and faith become  
 onate intuition ; whence the  
 bound to earth by ties of pity  
 ove,  
 injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were  
 reached,  
 Had yet to travel far, but unto us,  
 To us who stood low in that hollow  
 dell,  
 He had become invisible—a pomp  
 Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread  
 Over the mountain-sides, in contrast  
 bold  
 With ample shadows, seemingly, no less  
 Than those resplendent lights, his rich  
 bequest ;  
 A dispensation of his evening power.  
 —Adown the path that from the glen  
 had led  
 The funeral train, the Shepherd and his  
 Mate  
 Were seen descending :—forth to greet  
 them ran  
 Our little Page : the rustic pair ap-  
 proach ;  
 And in the Matron's countenance may be  
 read  
 Plain indication that the words, which  
 told  
 How that neglected Pensioner was sent  
 Before his time into a quiet grave,  
 Had done to her humanity no wrong :  
 But we are kindly welcomed—promptly •  
 served  
 With ostentatious zeal.—Along the floor  
 Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell  
 A grateful couch was spread for our  
 repose ;  
 Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we  
 lay,  
 Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled  
 by sound  
 Of far-off torrents charming the still  
 night,  
 And, to tired limbs and over-busy  
 thoughts,  
 Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

## BOOK FIFTH.

## THE PASTOR.

## ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley.—Reflections.—A large and populous Vale described.—The Dwelling, and some account of him.—Church and Monuments.—The Solitary musing, aroused.—In the Churchyard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recent through his mind.—Lofty tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to, Baptism, and the professions accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human Apology for the Rite.—Inconsistency of the best men.—Acknowledgment that practice below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind.—General complaint of a falling value of life after the time of youth.—Outward appearances of content and happiness illusive.—Pastor approaches.—Appeal made to him.—His answer.—Wanderer in sympathy with him. Suggestion that the least ambitious enquirers may be most free from error.—It is desired to give some portraits of the living or dead from his own observation of life among Mountains—and for what purpose.—Pastor consents.—Mountain cottage.—Excellent quality of Inhabitants.—Solitary expresses his pleasure; but denies the praise of virtue to worth of the —Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon his account of persons interred in the Church Graves of unbaptized Infants.—Funeral and sepulchral observances, whence.—Ecclesiastical establishments, whence derived.—Profession of belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

"FAREWELL, deep Valley, with thy one  
rude House,  
And its small lot of life-supporting fields,  
And guardian rocks!—Farewell, attractive  
seat!  
To the still influx of the morning light  
Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but  
veiled  
From human observation, as if yet  
Primeval forests wrapped thee round with  
dark  
Impenetrable shade; once more farewell,  
Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss,  
By Nature destined from the birth of  
things  
For quietness profound!"

Upon the side  
Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale  
Which foot of boldest stranger would attempt,  
Lingered behind my comrades, thus I  
breathed

A parting tribute to a spot that seemed  
Like the fixed centre of a troubled  
world.

Again I halted with reverted eyes;  
The chain that would not slacken, was at  
length  
Snapt,—and, pursuing leisurely my way,  
How vain, thought I, is it by change of  
place

To seek that comfort which the  
denies;

Yet trial and temptation oft are  
ned

Wisely; and by such tenure do we  
Frail life's possessions, that e'en  
whose fate

Yields no peculiar reason of complaint  
Might, by the promise that is but  
won

To steal from active duties, and even  
Obscurity, and undisturbed repose.  
—Knowledge, methinks, in these  
dered times,

Should be allowed a privilege to have  
Her anchorites, like piety of old;  
Men, who, from faction sacred, are  
stained

By war, might, if so minded, turn;  
Uncensured, and subsist, a scatter  
Living to God and nature, and content  
With that communion. Consecrated  
The spots where such abide! But I  
still

The Man, whom, furthermore, a  
attends

That meditation and research may;  
His privacy to principles and power  
Discovered or invented; or set forth  
Through his acquaintance with the  
of truth,  
In lucid order; so that, when his

some faithful eulogist may say,  
ought not praise, and praise did over-  
look  
obtrusive merit ; but his life,  
to himself, was exercised in good  
shall survive his name and memory.

knowledgments of gratitude sincere  
panied these musings ; fervent  
hanks

my own peaceful lot and happy  
hoice ;  
vice that from the passions of the  
world  
lrew, and fixed me in a still retreat ;  
red, but not to social duties lost,  
led, but not buried ; and with song  
ng my days, and with industrious  
ought ;  
he ever-welcome company of books ;  
irtuous friendship's soul-sustaining  
d,  
ith the blessings of domestic love.

occupied in mind I paced along,  
ing the rugged road, by sledge or  
eel  
n the moorland, till I overtook  
Associates, in the morning sun-  
ne  
together on a rocky knoll,  
e the bare road descended rapidly  
green meadows of another vale.

did our pensive Host put forth his  
id  
of farewell. "Nay," the old Man  
l,  
agrant air its coolness still retains ;  
rds and flocks are yet abroad to  
o  
wy grass ; you cannot leave us  
,  
t not part at this inviting hour."  
ded, though reluctant ; for his  
d  
vely disposed him to retire  
wn covert ; as a billow, heaved  
e beach, rolls back into the sea.  
descend : and winding round  
ck  
point that showed the valley—  
ched  
t before us ; and, not distant far,

Upon a rising ground a grey church-  
tower,  
Whose battlements were screened by  
tufted trees.

And towards a crystal Mere, that lay  
beyond

Among steep hills and woods embosomed,  
flowed

A copious stream with boldly-winding  
course ;

Here traceable, there hidden—there again  
To sight restored, and glittering in the  
sun.

On the stream's bank, and everywhere,  
appeared

Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots ;  
Some scattered o'er the level, others  
perched

On the hill-sides, a cheerful quiet scene,  
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As 'mid some happy valley of the  
Alps,"

Said I, "once happy, ere tyrannic power,  
Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,  
Destroyed their unoffending common-  
wealth,

A popular equality reigns here,  
Save for yon stately House beneath whose  
roof

A rural lord might dwell."—"No feudal  
pomp,

Or power," replied the Wanderer, "to  
that House

Belongs, but there in his allotted Home  
Abides, from year to year, a genuine  
Priest.

The shepherd of his flock ; or, as a king  
Is styled, when most affectionately praised,  
The father of his people. Such is he ;  
And rich and poor, and young and old,  
rejoice

Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouch-  
safed

To me some portion of a kind regard ;  
And something also of his inner mind  
Hath he imparted—but I speak of him  
As he is known to all.

The calm delights

Of unambitious piety he chose,  
And learning's solid dignity ; though  
born

Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful  
friends.



Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew  
From academic bowers. He loved the spot—

Who does not love his native soil?—he prized

The ancient rural character, composed  
Of simple manners, feelings unsuppressed  
And undisguised, and strong and serious thought ;

A character reflected in himself,  
With such embellishment as well beseems  
His rank and sacred function. This deep vale

Winds far in reaches hidden from our sight,

And one a turreted manorial hall  
Adorns, in which the good Man's ancestors

Have dwelt through ages—Patrons of this Cure.

To them, and to his own judicious pains,  
The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole domain,

Owes that presiding aspect which might well

Attract your notice ; statelier than could else

Have been bestowed, through course of common chance,

On an unwealthy mountain Benefice."

This said, oft pausing, we pursued our way ;

Not reached the village-churchyard till the sun

Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen

Above the summits of the highest hills,  
And round our path darted oppressive beams.

As chanced, the portals of the sacred Pile

Stood open ; and we entered. On my frame,

At such transition from the fervid air,  
A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike

The heart, in concert with that temperate awe

And natural reverence which the place inspired.

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,

But large and massy ; for duration  
With pillars crowded, and the roof  
By naked rafters intricately crossed  
Like leafless underboughs, in so

wood,

All withered by the depth of shade  
Admonitory texts inscribed the wall  
Each, in its ornamental scroll, en  
Each also crowned with winged  
a pair

Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The  
Of nave and aisle, in unpretending  
Was occupied by oaken benches  
In seemly rows ; the chancel only  
Some vain distinctions, marks of  
state

By immemorial privilege allowed  
Though with the Encincture's  
sanctity

But ill according. An heraldic shield  
Varying its tincture with the cl  
light,

Imbued the altar-window ; fixed  
A faded hatchment hung, and  
time

Yet undiscoloured. A capacious  
Of sculptured oak stood here, with  
lined ;

And marble monuments were here  
played

Thronging the walls ; and on the  
beneath

Sepulchral stones appeared, with  
graven

And foot-worn epitaphs, and some  
small

And shining effigies of brass inlaid

The tribute by these various  
claimed,

Duly we paid, each after each, and  
The ordinary chronicle of birth,

Office, alliance, and promotion—all  
Ending in dust ; of upright magister

Grave doctors strenuous for the  
church,

And uncorrupted senators, alike  
To king and people true. A brazen

Not easily deciphered, told of one  
Whose course of earthly honour

gun

In quality of page among the train  
Of the eighth Henry, when he crowned

sons

royal state to show, and prove his  
strength  
urnament, upon the fields of France.  
her tablet registered the death,  
praised the gallant bearing, of a  
knight  
in the sea-fights of the second  
Charles.  
this brave Knight his Father lay  
ntombed ;  
o the silent language giving voice,  
I,—how in his manhood's earlier  
ay  
and the afflictions of intestine war  
ghtful government subverted, found  
nly solace—that he had espoused  
ous Lady tenderly beloved  
er benign perfections ; and yet  
ore  
red to him, for this, that, in her  
ate  
lock richly crowned with Heaven's  
gard,  
ith a numerous issue filled his  
use,  
rove, like plants, uninjured by the  
orm  
lid their country waste. No need  
speak  
particular notices assigned  
th or Maiden gone before their  
ie,  
atrons and unwedded Sisters old ;  
charity and goodness were re-  
rsed  
st panegyric.

"These dim lines,  
would they tell?" said I,—but,  
n the task  
ing out that faded narrative,  
isper soft my venerable Friend,  
ie ; and, looking down the dark-  
e aisle,  
e Tenant of the lonely vale  
; apart ; with curved arm reclined  
aptismal font ; his pallid face  
d, as if his mind were rapt, or  
abstraction ;—gracefully he stood,  
blance bearing of a sculptured  
is upon a monumental urn  
from morn to night, from year  
ar.

Him from that posture did the Sexton  
rouse ;  
Who entered, humming carlessly a tune,  
Continuation haply of the notes  
That had beguiled the work from which  
he came,  
With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder  
hung ;  
To be deposited, for future need,  
In their appointed place. The pale Re-  
cluse  
Withdrew ; and straight we followed,—  
to a spot  
Where sun and shade were intermixed ;  
for there  
A broad oak, stretching forth its leafy arms  
From an adjoining pasture, overhung  
Small space of that green churchyard  
with a light  
And pleasant awning. On the moss-  
grown wall  
My ancient Friend and I together took  
Our seats ; and thus the Solitary spake,  
Standing before us :—

"Did you note the mien  
Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,  
Death's hireling, who scoops out his  
neighbour's grave,  
Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,  
All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,  
Or plant a tree. And did you hear his  
voice ?

I was abruptly summoned by the sound  
From some affecting images and thoughts,  
Which then were silent ; but crave utter-  
ance now.

"Much," he continued, with dejected  
look,  
"Much, yesterday, was said in glowing  
phrase  
Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes  
For future states of being ; and the wings  
Of speculation, joyfully outspread,  
Hovered above our destiny on earth :  
But stoop, and place the prospect of the  
soul  
In sober contrast with reality,  
And man's substantial life. If this mute  
earth  
Of what it holds could speak, and every  
grave  
Were as a volume, shut, yet capable  
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,

We should recoil, stricken with sorrow  
and shame,  
To see disclosed, by such dread proof,  
how ill

That which is done accords with what  
is known

To reason, and by conscience is enjoined ;  
How idly, how perversely, life's whole  
course,

To this conclusion, deviates from the line,  
Or of the end stops short, proposed to all  
At her aspiring outset.

Mark the babe

Not long accustomed to this breathing  
world ;

One that hath barely learned to shape  
a smile,

Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp  
With tiny finger—to let fall a tear ;  
And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dis-  
solves,

To stretch his limbs, bemocking, as might  
seem,

The outward functions of intelligent  
man ;

A grave proficient in amusive feats  
Of puppetry, that from the lap declare  
His expectations, and announce his  
claims

To that inheritance which millions rue  
That they were ever born to ! In due  
time

A day of solemn ceremonial comes ;  
When they, who for this Minor hold in  
trust

Rights that transcend the loftiest herit-  
age

Of mere humanity, present their Charge,  
For this occasion daintily adorned,  
At the baptismal font. And when the  
pure

And consecrating element hath cleansed  
The original stain, the child is there  
received

Into the second ark, Christ's church,  
with trust

That he, from wrath redeemed, therein  
shall float

Over the billows of this troublesome  
world

To the fair land of everlasting life.  
Corrupt affections, covetous desires,  
Are all renounced ; high as the thought  
of man

Can carry virtue, virtue is profess  
A dedication made, a promise giv  
For due provision to control and  
And unremitting progress to ensu  
In holiness and truth."

"You cannot  
Here interposing fervently I said,  
"Rites which attest that Man by  
lies

Bedded for good and evil in a gul  
Fearfully low ; nor will your ju  
scorn

Those services, whereby attempt i  
To lift the creature toward that er  
On which, now fallen, erewhile  
jesty

He stood ; or if not so, whose top  
At least he feels 'tis given him to  
Not without aspirations, evermore  
Returning, and injunctions from w  
Doubt to cast off and weariness ;  
That what the Soul perceives, i  
lost,

May be, through pains and pers  
hope,

Recovered ; or, if hitherto unknow  
Lies within reach, and one day sh  
gained."

"I blame them not," he calm  
swered—"no ;

The outward ritual and established  
With which communities of men in  
These inward feelings, and the ac  
vows

To which the lips give public utter  
Are both a natural process ; and by  
Shall pass uncensured ; though the  
prove,

Bringing from age to age its op  
proach,

Incongruous, impotent, and blank  
oh !

If to be weak is to be wretched—  
able,

As the lost Angel by a human voio  
Hath mournfully pronounced, then,  
mind,

Far better not to move at all than  
By impulse sent from such  
power,—

That finds and cannot fasten dow  
grasps  
And is rejoiced, and loses while it

tempts, emboldens—for a time  
sustains,  
then betrays; accuses and inflicts  
merciless punishment; and so re-  
reads  
inevitable circle: better far  
this, to graze the herb in thought-  
less peace,  
or remembrance, undis-  
turbed!

philosophy! and thou more vaunted  
me  
on! with thy statelier retinue,  
Hope, and Charity—from the  
visible world  
for your emblems whatso'er ye  
d  
est guidance or of firmest trust—  
arch, the star, the anchor; nor  
cept  
ross itself, at whose unconscious  
t  
nerations of mankind have knelt  
y seized, and shedding bitter tears,  
rough that conflict seeking rest—  
rou,  
bled Powers, am I constrained to  
inding, with the unvoyageable sky  
reflection of infinitude  
d overhead, and at my pensive

traneous magazines of bones,  
e dark vaults my own shall soon  
aid,  
re your triumphs? your dominion  
re?  
what age admitted and con-  
ed?  
ra happy land do I enquire,  
grove, that hides a blessed few  
h obedience willing and sincere,  
serene authorities conform;  
n, I ask, of individual Souls,  
withdrawn from passion's crook-  
ays,  
and thoroughly fortified?—If  
eart  
inspected to its inmost folds  
undazzled with the glare of  
e,  
I be named—in the resplendent

Of sages, martyrs, confessors—the man  
Whom the best might of faith, wherever  
fixed,  
For one day's little compass, has pre-  
served  
From painful and discreditable shocks  
Of contradiction, from some vague desire  
Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse  
To some unsanctioned fear?"

"If this be so,  
And Man," said I, "be in his noblest  
shape  
Thus pitiaibly infirm; then, he who made,  
And who shall iudge the creature, will  
forgive.

--Yet, in its general tenor, your com-  
plaint  
Is all too true; and surely not misplaced:  
For, from this pregnant spot of ground,  
such thoughts

Rise to the notice of a serious mind  
By natural exhalation. With the dead  
In their repose, the living in their mirth.  
Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the  
round

Of smooth and solemnized complacencies.  
By which, on Christian lands, from age to  
age

Profession mocks performance. Earth is  
sick,  
And Heaven is weary, of the hollow  
words

Which States and Kingdoms utter when  
they talk  
Of truth and justice. Turn to private  
life

And social neighbourhood; look we to  
ourselves;

A light of duty shines on every day  
For all; and yet how few are warmed or  
cheered!

How few who mingle with their fellow-  
men

And still remain self-governed, and apart,  
Like this our honoured Friend; and  
thence acquire

Right to expect his vigorous decline,  
That promises to the end a blest old  
age!"

"Yet," with a smile of triumph thus  
exclaimed  
The Solitary, "in the life of man,  
If to the poetry of common speech

Faith may be given, we see as in a glass  
 A true reflection of the circling year,  
 With all its seasons. Grant that Spring  
   is there,  
 In spite of many a rough untoward blast,  
 Hopeful and promising with buds and  
   flowers ;  
 Yet where is glowing Summer's long rich  
   day,  
 That *ought* to follow faithfully expressed ?  
 And mellow Autumn, charged with boun-  
   teous fruit,  
 Where is she imaged ? in what favoured  
   clime  
 Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence ?  
 —Yet, while the better part is missed,  
   the worse  
 In man's autumnal season is set forth  
 With a resemblance not to be denied,  
 And that contents him ; bowers that hear  
   no more  
 The voice of gladness, less and less supply  
 Of outward sunshine and internal warmth ;  
 And, with this change, sharp air and  
   falling leaves,  
 Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway.

“How gay the habitations that bedeck  
 This fertile valley ! Not a house but seems  
 To give assurance of content within ;  
 Embosomed happiness, and placid love ;  
 As if the sunshine of the day were met  
 With answering brightness in the hearts  
   of all  
 Who walk this favoured ground. But  
   chance-regards,  
 And notice forced upon incurious ears ;  
 These, if these only, acting in despite  
 Of the encomiums by my Friend pro-  
   nounced  
 On humble life, forbid the judging mind  
 To trust the smiling aspect of this fair  
 And noiseless commonwealth. The sim-  
   ple race  
 Of mountaineers (by nature's self removed  
 From foul temptations, and by constant  
   care  
 Of a good shepherd tended, as themselves  
 Do tend their flocks) partake man's  
   general lot  
 With little mitigation. They escape,  
 Perchance, the heavier woes of guilt ;  
   feel not  
 The tedium of fantastic idleness :

Yet life, as with the multitude, will  
 Is fashioned like an ill-constructed  
 That on the outset wastes its gay  
 Its fair adventures, its enlivening  
 And pleasant interests—for the  
   leaving  
 Old things repeated with dir-  
   grace ;  
 And all the laboured novelties at  
 Imperfect substitutes, whose  
   power  
 Evince the want and weakness  
   they spring.”

While in this serious mood we  
   course,  
 The reverend Pastor toward the  
   yard gate  
 Approached ; and, with a mild re-  
   air  
 Of native cordiality, our Friend  
 Advanced to greet him. With a  
   mien  
 Was he received, and mutual  
   vailed.  
 Awhile they stood in conference  
   guess  
 That he, who now upon the mossy  
 Sate by my side, had vanished, if  
 Could have transferred him to the  
   clouds,  
 Or the least penetrable hiding-place  
 In his own valley's rocky guardian  
 —For me, I looked upon the pa-  
   pleased :  
 Nature had framed them both, and  
   were marked  
 By circumstance, with intermixture  
 Of contrast and resemblance. Too  
 Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten  
 Fresh in the strength and majesty  
 One might be likened : flourishing  
   peared,  
 Though somewhat past the fulness  
   prime,  
 The other—like a stately sycamore  
 That spreads, in gentle pomp, its  
   shade.

A general greeting was exchanged  
   and soon  
 The Pastor learned that his appro-  
   given  
 A welcome interruption to discom-

and in truth too often sad.—“Is  
of hope? Do generations press  
rations, without progress made?  
e individual, ere his hairs be grey,  
? Are we a creature in whom  
derates, or evil? Doth the will  
edge reason's law? A living  
er

or no better than a name,  
as health or beauty, and un-  
d?

he only substance which remains,  
s the tenour of complaint hath

o many shadows, are the pains  
ilities of miserable life,  
to decay, and then expire in

! egitations this way have been  
n,

the points,” the Wanderer said,  
which

est turns.—Accord, good Sir!  
ght

xperience to dispel this gloom:  
persuasive wisdom shall the

, or languishes, be stilled and  
ed.”

ature,” said the Priest, in mild  
y,  
may weigh and fathom: they  
ve,

tempered and unclouded spirit  
as it is; but, for ourselves,  
lative height we may not reach.  
and evil are our own; and we  
which we would contemplate  
ir.

, for us, is difficult to gain—  
to gain, and hard to keep—  
self; like virtue is beset  
s; tried, tempted, subject to

ation, fear, desire, and hate,  
we without these: through  
lone

to notice or discern  
!; we judge, but cannot be  
judges. “Spite of proudest

Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man  
An effort only, and a noble aim;  
A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,  
Still to be courted—never to be won.

—Look forth, or each man dive into  
himself;

What sees he but a creature too per-  
turbed;

That is transported to excess; that  
yearns,

Regrets, or trembles,\* wrongly, or too  
much;

Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;  
Battens on spleen, or moulders in de-  
spair?

Thus comprehension fails, and truth is  
missed;

Thus darkness and delusion round our  
path

Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury  
lurks

Within the very faculty of sight.

“Yet for the general purposes of faith  
In Providence, for solace and support,  
We may not doubt that who can best  
subject

The will to reason's law, can strictliest  
live

And act in that obedience, he shall gain  
The clearest apprehension of those truths,  
Which unassisted reason's utmost power  
Is too infirm to reach. But, waiving this,  
And our regards confining within bounds  
Of less exalted consciousness, through  
which

The very multitude are free to range,  
We safely may affirm that human life  
Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene  
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,  
Or a forbidden tract of cheerless view;  
Even as the same is looked at, or ap-  
proached.

Thus, when in changeful April fields are  
white

With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen  
north

Your walk conduct you hither, ere the  
sun

Hath gained his noontide height, this  
churchyard, filled

With mounds transversely lying side by  
side

From east to west, before you will appear

An unillumin'd, blank, and dreary, plain,  
With more than wintry cheerlessness and  
gloom

Saddening the heart. Go forward, and  
look back ;

Look, from the quarter whence the lord  
of light,

Of life, of love, and gladness doth dis-  
pense

His beams ; which, unexcluded in their  
fall,

Upon the southern side of every grave  
Have gently exercised a melting power ;

*Then* will a vernal prospect greet your  
eye,

All fresh and beautiful, and green and  
bright,

Hopeful and cheerful :—vanished is the  
pall

That overspread and chilled the sacred  
turf,

Vanished or hidden ; and the whole  
domain,

To some, too lightly minded, might appear  
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.

—This contrast, not unsuitable to life,  
Is to that other state more apposite.

Death and its two-fold aspect ! wintry—  
one,

"Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy  
shut out ;

The other, which the ray divine hath  
touched,

Replete with vivid promise, bright as  
"spring."

"We see, then, as we feel," the Wan-  
derer thus

With a complacent animation spake,

"And in your judgment, Sir ! the mind's  
repose

On evidence is not to be ensured

By act of naked reason. Moral truth

Is no mechanic structure, built by rule ;

And which, once built, retains a steadfast  
shape

And undisturbed proportions ; but a  
thing

Subject, you deem, to vitæ accidents ;

And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,  
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose

"head

Floats on the tossing waves. With joy  
sincere

I re-salute these sentiments conf  
By your authority. But how act  
The inward principle that gives  
To outward argument ; the pass  
Meek to admit ; the active energy  
Strong and unbounded to emb  
firm

To keep and cherish ? how s  
unite

With self-forgetting tenderness c  
An earth-despising dignity of sou

Wise in that union, and w  
blind."

"The way," said I, "to cou  
obtain

The ingenuous mind, apt to  
aright ;

This, in the lonely dell discoursin  
Declared at large : and by wh  
cise

From visible nature, or the inner  
Power may be trained, and rei

brought  
To those who need the gift. But.

Is aught so certain as that  
doomed

To breathe beneath a vault of igno  
The natural roof of that dark h

which  
His soul is pent ! How little

known—  
This is the wise man's sigh ; how

err—  
This is the good man's not infi

pang !  
And they perhaps err least, the

class  
Whom a benign necessity compels

To follow reason's least ambitious c  
Such do I mean who, unperplex

doubt,  
And uncited by a wish to look

Into high objects farther than they  
Pace to and fro, from morn till even

The narrow avenue of daily toil  
For daily bread."

"Yes," buoyantly ex-  
The pale Recluse—"praise to the

plough,  
And patient spade ; praise to the

crook,  
And ponderous loom—resounding

it holds

and mind in one captivity ;  
 let the light mechanic tool be hailed  
 honour ; which, encasing by the  
 over  
 ing companionship, the artist's hand,  
 off that hand, with all its world of  
 erves,  
 a too busy commerce with the  
 art !  
 otious implements of craft and toil,  
 ye that shape and build, and ye  
 at force,  
 solicitation, earth to yield  
 nual beauty, sparingly dealt forth  
 wise reluctance ; you would I  
 tol,  
 gross good alone which ye pro-  
 ce,  
 the impertinent and ceaseless strife  
 of and reasons ye preclude—in  
 se  
 your dull society are born,  
 ith their humble birthright rest  
 stent.  
 d I had ne'er renounced it ! ”

A slight flush  
 danger previously had tinged  
 Man's cheek ; but, at this closing  
 1  
 eproach, it passed away. Said he,  
 which we feel we utter ; as we  
 k  
 we argued ; reaping for our pains  
 le recompense. For our relief  
 o the Pastor turning thus he  
 ce,  
 indly interposed. May I entreat  
 ther help ? The mine of real

is ; and present us, in the shape  
 n ore, that gold which we, by  
 s  
 as those of acry alchemists,  
 n the torturing crucible. There

is a domain where you have long  
 both the outward course and  
 heart :

or our abstractions, solid facts ;  
 disputes, plain pictures. Say

man  
 o cultivates yon hanging field ;  
 alities of mind she bears, who  
 s,

For morn and evening service, with he  
 pail,  
 To that green pasture ; place before ou  
 sight  
 The family who dwell within yon house  
 Fenced round with glittering laurel ; o  
 in that  
 Below, from which the curling smoke  
 ascends,  
 Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,  
 And have the dead around us, take from  
 them  
 Your instances ; for they are both best  
 known,  
 And by frail man most equitably judged.  
 Epitomise the life ; pronounce, you can,  
 Authentic epitaphs on some of these  
 Who, from their lowly mansions hither  
 brought,  
 Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our  
 feet :  
 So, by your records, may our doubts be  
 solved ;  
 And so, not searching higher, we may  
 learn  
 To prize the breath we share with human  
 kind ;  
 And look upon the dust of man with awe.”

The Priest replied—“An office you  
 impose  
 For which peculiar requisites are mine ;  
 Yet much, I feel, is wanting—else the  
 task  
 Would be most grateful. True indeed it is  
 That they whom death has hidden from  
 our sight  
 Are worthiest of the mind's regard ; with  
 these  
 The future cannot contradict the past :  
 Mortality's last exercise and proof  
 Is undergone ; the transit made that  
 shows  
 The very Soul, revealed as she departs.  
 Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,  
 Ere we descend into these silent vaults,  
 One picture from the living.

You behold,  
 High on the breast of yon dark mountain,  
 dark  
 With stony barrenness, a shining speck  
 Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a  
 shower  
 Brush it away, or cloud pass over it ;



And such it might be deemed—a sleeping  
sunbeam ;  
But 'tis a plot of cultivated ground,  
Cut off, an island in the dusky waste ;  
And that attractive brightness is its own.  
The lofty sight, by nature framed to  
tempt  
Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones  
The tiller's hand, a hermit might have  
chosen,  
For opportunity presented, thence  
Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er  
land  
And ocean, and look down upon the  
works,  
The habitations, and the ways of men,  
Himself unseen ! But no tradition tells  
That ever hermit dipped his maple dish  
In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon  
green fields ;  
And no such visionary views belong  
To those who occupy and till the ground,  
High on that mountain where they long  
have dwelt  
A wedded pair in childless solitude.  
A house of stones collected on the spot,  
By rude hands built, with rocky knolls in  
front,  
Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose  
crest  
Of birch-trees waves over the chimney-  
top ;  
A rough abode—in colour, shape, and size,  
Such as in unsafe times of border-war  
Might have been wished for and con-  
trived, to elude  
The eye of roving plunderer—for their  
need  
Suffices ; and unshaken bears the assault  
Of their most dreaded foe, the strong  
South-west  
In anger blowing from the distant sea.  
—Alone within her solitary hut ;  
There, or within the compass of her fields,  
At any moment may the Dame be found,  
True as the stock-dove to her shallow nest  
And to the grove that holds it. She  
beguiles  
By intermingled work of house and field  
The summer's day, and winter's ; with  
success  
Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,  
Even at the worst, a smooth stream of  
content,

Until the expected hour at w  
Mate  
From the far-distant quarry's  
turns ;  
And by his converse crowns a sil  
With evening cheerfulness. In f  
mind,  
In scale of culture, few among m  
Hold lower rank than this seq  
pair :  
But true humility descends from  
And that best gift of heaven ha  
on them ;  
Abundant recompense for every  
—Stoop from your height, ye pr  
copy these !  
Who, in their noiseless dwellin  
can hear  
The voice of wisdom whispering s  
texts  
For the mind's government, or t  
peace ;  
And recommending for their mutu  
Forgiveness, patience, hope, and cl

"Much was I pleased," the grey  
Wanderer said,  
"When to those shining fields ou  
first  
You turned ; and yet more please  
from your lips  
Gathered this fair report of the  
dwell  
In that retirement ; whither, b  
course  
Of evil hap and good as oft awaits  
A tired way-faring man, once  
brought  
While traversing alone yon mo  
pass.  
Dark on my road the autumnal e  
fell,  
And night succeeded with unusual  
So hazardous that feet and hat  
came  
Guides better than mine eyes—  
light  
High in the gloom appeared, to  
methought,  
For human habitation ; but I long  
To reach it, destitute of other hope  
I looked with steadiness as sailors  
On the north star, or watch-tow  
lamp,

saw the light—now fixed—and  
 shifting now—  
 like a dancing meteor, but in line  
 never-varying motion, to and fro.  
 no night-fire of the naked hills,  
 ought I—some friendly covert must be  
 near.

this persuasion thitherward my  
 steps

n, and reach at last the guiding light ;  
 to myself ! but to the heart of her

there was standing on the open hill,  
 same kind Matron whom your  
 tongue hath praised)

n and disappointment ! The alarm  
 ed, when she learned through what  
 mishap I came,  
 by what help had gained those dis-  
 ant fields.

n from her cottage, on that aery  
 eight,

ng a lantern in her hand she stood,  
 ced the ground—to guide her Hus-  
 and home,

it unwearied signal, kenned afar ;  
 xious duty ! which the lofty site,  
 rsed but by a few irregular paths,  
 es, whensoever untoward chance  
 is him after his accustomed hour  
 ight lies black upon the ground.  
 but come,

said the Matron, 'to our poor  
 ode ;

dark rocks hide it !' Entering, I  
 held

ng fire—beside a cleanly hearth  
 own ; and to her office, with leave  
 red,

ime returned.

Or ere that glowing pile  
 untain turf required the builder's

ad  
 ted splendour to repair, the door  
 l, and she re-entered with glad

ks,  
 pmate following. Hospitable fare,  
 conversation, made the evening's

it :

a bewildered traveller wish for  
 re ?

was given ; I studied as we sate  
 bright fire, the good Man's form,

face

than beautiful ; an open brow

Of undisturbed humanity ; a cheek  
 Suffused with something of a feminine hue ;  
 Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard ;  
 But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,  
 Expression slowly varying, that evinced  
 A tardy apprehension. From a fount  
 Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,  
 But honoured once, those features and  
 that mien

May have descended, though I see them  
 here.

In such a man, so gentle and subdued,  
 Withal so graceful in his gentleness,  
 A race illustrious for heroic deeds,  
 Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.  
 This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld  
 By sundry recollections of such fall  
 From high to low, ascent from low to high,  
 As books record, and even the careless  
 mind

Cannot but notice among men and things)  
 Went with me to the place of my repose.

" Roused by the crowing cock at dawn  
 of day,

I yet had risen too late to interchange  
 A morning salutation with my Host,  
 Gone forth already to the far-off seat  
 Of his day's work. 'Three dark mid-  
 winter months

Pass,' said the Matron, 'and I never see,  
 Save when the sabbath brings its kind  
 release,

My helpmate's face by light of day. He  
 quits

His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.  
 And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we  
 gain the bread

For which we pray ; and for the wants  
 provide

Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.  
 Companions have I many ; many friends,  
 Dependants, comforters—my wheel, my  
 fire,

All day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,  
 The cackling hen, the tender chicken  
 brood,

And the wild birds that gather round my  
 porch.

This honest sheep-dog's countenance I  
 read ;

With him can talk ; nor blush to waste a  
 word

On creatures less intelligent and shrewd.

And if the blustering wind that drives the clouds

Care not for me, he lingers round my door,  
And makes me pastime when our tempers  
suit ;—

But, above all, my thoughts are my support,

My comfort :—would that they were  
oftener fixed

On what, for guidance in the way that  
leads

To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer  
taught.

The Matron ended—nor could I forbear  
To exclaim—‘O happy ! yielding to the  
law

Of these privations, richer in the main !—  
While thankless thousands are oppress  
and clogged

By ease and leisure ; by the very wealth  
And pride of opportunity made poor ;

While tens of thousands falter in their path,  
And sink, through utter want of cheering  
light ;

For you the hours of labour do not flag ;  
For you each evening bath its shining star,  
And every sabbath-day its golden sun.”

“Yes !” said the Solitary with a smile  
That seemed to break from an expanding  
heart,

“The untutored bird may found, and so  
construct,

And with such soft materials line, her nest  
Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,

That the thorns wound her not ; they  
only guard.

Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts  
Of happy instinct which the woodland bird  
Shares with her species, nature’s grace  
sometimes

Upon the individual doth confer,  
Among her higher creatures born and  
trained,

To use of reason. And, I own that, tired  
Of the ostentatious world—a swelling  
stage

With empty actions and vain passions  
stuffed,

And from the private struggles of man-  
kind

Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,  
Far less than once I trusted and be-  
lieved—

I love to hear of those, who, not co-  
ing

Nor summoned to contend for a  
prize,

Miss not the humbler good at which  
aim,

Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt  
The edge of adverse circumstance, at  
Into their contraries the petty plagues  
And hindrances with which they  
beset.

In early youth, among my native hills  
I knew a Scottish Peasant who pos-  
A few small crofts of stone-encut  
ground ;

Masses of every shape and size, the  
Scattered about under the mould-  
walls

Of a rough precipice ; and some, as  
In quarters unobnoxious to such ch.  
As if the moon had showered them  
in spite.

But he repined not. Though the  
was scared

By these obstructions, ‘round the  
stones

A fertilising moisture,’ said the Swa-  
‘Gathers, and is preserved ; and the  
dews

And damps, through all the drou-  
summer day

From out their substance issuing,  
tain

Herbage that never fails : no grass s-  
up

So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as in  
But thinly sown these natures : rare  
least,

The mutual aptitude of seed and soil  
That yields such kindly product.  
whose bed

Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the  
Pensioner

Brought yesterday from our ques-  
dell

Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,  
If living now, could otherwise report

Of rustic loneliness : that grey-h-  
Orphan—

So call him, for humanity to him  
No parent was—feelingly could he  
In life, in death, what solitude can  
Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice  
Or, if it breed not, hath not power



VO.

"But now, upstarting with affright  
At noise of man and steed,  
Away they fly to left, to right."



your compliance, Sir! with our  
request  
ords too long have hindered."

Undeterred,  
ps incited rather, by these shocks,  
ungracious opposition given  
: confiding spirit of his own  
ienced faith, the reverend Pastor  
id,

d him looking; "Where shall I  
gin?  
hall be first selected from my flock  
ed together in their peaceful fold?"  
used—and having lifted up his  
es

pure heaven, he cast them down  
am  
the earth beneath his feet; and  
ake:—

o a mysteriously-united pair  
place is consecrate; to Death and  
life.

o the best affections that proceed  
their conjunction; consecrate to  
with

o who bled for man upon the cross;  
wed to revelation; and no less  
ason's mandates; and the hopes  
ivine

re imagination;—above all,  
arity, and love, that have provided,  
i these precincts, a capacious bed  
ceptacle, open to the good  
vil, to the just and the unjust;  
ch they find an equal resting-place:

is the multitude of kindred brooks  
dreams, whose murmur fills this  
llow vale,

er their course be turbulent or  
ooth,

waters clear or sullied, all are lost  
the bosom of yon crystal Lake,  
id their journey in the same repose!

d blest are they who sleep; and  
: that know,  
in a spot like this we breathe and  
lk,

ll beneath us by the wings are  
tered

berly humanity, outspread  
thering all within their tender  
de,  
o.

Though loth and slow to come! A battle-  
field,

In stillness left when slaughter is no more,  
With this compared, makes a strange  
spectacle!

A dismal prospect yields the wild shore  
strewn

With wrecks, and trod by feet of young  
and old

Wandering about in miserable search  
Of friends or kindred, whom the angry sea  
Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who  
would think

That all the scattered subjects which  
compose

Earth's melancholy vision through the  
space

Of all her climes—these wretched, these  
depraved,

To virtue lost, insensible of peace,  
From the delights of charity cut off,  
To pity dead, the oppressor and the oppress;  
Tyrants who utter the destroying word,  
And slaves who will consent to be de-  
stroyed—

Were of one species with the sheltered few,  
Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,  
Lodged, in a dear appropriated spot,  
This file of infants; some that never  
breathed

The vital air; others, which, though allowed  
That privilege, did yet expire too soon,  
Or with too brief a warning, to admit  
Administration of the holy rite  
That lovingly consigns the babe to the  
arms

Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.  
These that in trembling hope are laid apart;  
And the besprinkled nursling, unrequired  
Till he begins to smile upon the breast  
That feeds him; and the tottering little-

one  
Taken from air and sunshine when the rose  
Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek;  
The thinking, thoughtless, school-boy;  
the bold youth

Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid  
Smitten while all the promises of life  
Are opening round her; those of middle  
age,

Cast down while confident in strength  
they stand,

Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might  
seem.

And more secure, by very weight of all  
That, for support, rests on them; the  
decayed

And burthensome; and lastly, that poor  
few

Whose light of reason is with age extinct;  
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,  
The earliest summoned and the longest  
spared---

Are here deposited, with tribute paid  
Various, but unto each some tribute paid;  
As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,  
Society were touched with kind concern,  
And gentle 'Nature grieved, that one  
should die;'

Or, if the change demanded no regret,  
Observed the liberating stroke—and  
blessed.

"And whence that tribute? wherefore  
these regards?

Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man  
(Though claiming high distinction upon  
earth

As the sole spring and fountain-head of  
tears,

His own peculiar utterance for distress  
Or gladness)—No." the philosophic Priest  
Continued, "'tis not in the vital seat

Of feeling to produce them, without aid  
From the pure soul, the soul sublime and  
pure;

With her two faculties of eye and ear,  
The one by which a creature, whom his sins  
Have rendered prone, can upward look to  
heaven;

The other that empowers him to perceive

The voice of Deity, on height and  
Whispering those truths in stillness  
the WORD,

To the four quarters of the win  
claims.

Not without such assistance co  
use

Of these benign observances prev;  
Thus are they born, thus foster  
maintained;

And by the care prospective of ou  
Forefathers, who, to guard agai  
shocks,

The fluctuation and decay of thing  
Embodied and established thes  
truths

In solemn institutions:—men conv  
That life is love and immortality,  
The being one, and one the elemer  
There lies the channel, and origina  
From the beginning, hollowed o  
scooped

For Man's affections—else betraye  
lost,

And swallowed up 'mid deserts infi  
This is the genuine course, the ain  
end

Of prescient reason; all conclusion:  
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and  
verse.

The faith partaking of those holy tri  
Life, I repeat, is energy of love  
Divine or human; exercised in pain  
In strife, in tribulation; and ordaine  
If so approved and sanctified, to pas  
Through shades and silent rest, to en  
joy."

## BOOK SIXTH.

## THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

## ARGUMENT.

It's Address to the State and Church of England.—The Pastor not inferior to the ancient ties of the Church.—He begins his Narratives with an instance of unrequited Love.—Anguish subdued, and how.—The lonely Miner.—An instance of perseverance.—Which leads by con- o an example of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness.—Solitary, applying this covertly own case, asks for an instance of some Stranger, whose dispositions may have led him to end rs here.—Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonising influence of Solitude upon en of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life.—The rule by which may be obtained expressed, and where.—Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality.—Answer Pastor.—What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives.—Conversation upon this.— ce of an unamiable character, a Female, and why given.—Contrasted with this, a meek r, from unguarded and betrayed love.—Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the er.—With this instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a Widower, ing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their female Children.

to the crown by Freedom shaped—  
gird  
English Sovereign's brow! and to the  
rone  
on he sits! Whose deep foundations

eration and the people's love;  
steps are equity, whose seat is  
v.

to the State of England! And  
join  
is a salutation as devout,  
to the spiritual fabric of her  
urch!

d in truth; by blood of Martyrdom  
ed; by the hands of Wisdom  
red

ty of holiness, with ordered pomp,  
and unreprieved. The voice, that  
its

majesty of both, shall pray for  
1;

actually protected and sustained,  
ay endure long as the sea sur-  
ids

oured Land, or sunshine warms  
soil.

, ye swelling hills, and spacious  
is!

from shore to shore with steeple-  
rs,

whose "silent finger points to  
en;"

Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk  
Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud  
Of the dense air, which town or city  
breeds

To intercept the sun's glad beams—may  
ne'er

That true succession fail of English  
hearts,

Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive  
What in those holy structures ye possess  
Of ornamental interest, and the charm  
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,  
And human charity, and social love.

—Thus never shall the indignities of time  
Approach their reverend graces,\* un-  
opposed;

Nor shall the elements be free to hurt  
Their fair proportions: nor the blinder rage  
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn;

And, if the desolating hand of war  
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow,  
Upon the thronged abodes of busy men  
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill the mind  
Exclusively with transitory things)

An air and mien of dignified pursuit;  
Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds.

The Poet, fostering for his native land  
Such hope, exerts that servants may  
abound

Of those pure altars worthy; ministers  
Detached from pleasure, to the love of  
gain

Superior, insusceptible of pride,



And by ambitious longings undisturbed ;  
Men, whose delight is where their duty  
leads

Or fixes them ; whose least distinguished  
day

Shines with some portion of that heavenly  
lustre

Which makes the sabbath lovely in the  
sight

Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.

—And, as on earth, it is the doom of truth

To be perpetually attacked by foes

Open or covert, be that priesthood still,

For her defence, replenished with a band

Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts

Thoroughly disciplined ; nor (if in course

Of the revolving world's disturbances

Cause should recur, which righteous  
Heaven avert !

To meet such trial) from their spiritual  
sires

Degenerate ; who, constrained to wield  
the sword

Of disputation, shrunk not, though as-  
sailed

With hostile din, and combating in sight

Of angry umpires, partial and unjust ;

And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in  
fire,

So to declare the conscience satisfied :

Nor for their bodies would accept release ;

But, blessing God and praising him, be-  
queathed

With their last breath, from out the  
smouldering flame,

The faith which they by diligence had  
earned,

Or, through illuminating grace, received,

For their dear countrymen, and all man-  
kind.

O high exampel, constancy divine !

Even such a Man (inheriting the zeal

And from the sanctity of elder times

Not deviating,—a priest, the like of  
whom,

If multiplied, and in their stations set,

Would o'er the bosom of a joyful land

Spread true religion and her genuine  
fruits)

Before me stood that day ; on holy  
ground

Fraught with the relics of mortality,

Exalting tender themes, by just degrees

To lofty raised ; and to the highest  
The head and mighty paramour  
truths,—

Immortal life, in never-fading world  
For mortal creatures, conquered and  
cured.

That basis laid, those principles  
Announced, as a preparatory act

Of reverence done to the spirit  
place,

The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground

Not, as before, like one oppressed with

But with a mild and social cheerful

Then to the Solitary turned, and spoke

“At morn or eve, in your  
domain,

Perchance you not unfrequently  
marked

A Visitor—in quest of herbs and flowers

Too delicate employ, as would appear

For one, who, though of drooping  
had yet

From Nature's kindliness received a

Robust as ever rural labour bred.”

The Solitary answered : “Such a  
Full well I recollect. We often cross

Each other's path ; but, as the Intruder  
seemed

Fondly to prize the silence which  
kept,

And I as willingly did cherish mine,

We met, and passed, like shadows  
have heard,

From my good Host, that being crowned  
brain

By unrequited love, he scaled the rocks

Dived into caves, and pierced the  
woods,

In hope to find some virtuous hermit  
power

To cure his malady !”

The Vicar smiled,

“Alas ! before to-morrow's sun goes

His habitation will be here : for him

That open grave is destined.”

“Died he

Of pain and grief ?” the Solitary asked

“Do not believe it ; never could that

“He loved,” the Vicar answered

“deeply loved,

fondly, truly, fervently; and dared  
 gth to tell his love, but sued in  
 in;  
 ed, yea repelled; and, if with scorn  
 the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but  
 -prized plume which female Beauty  
 ars  
 tonness of conquest, or puts on  
 at the world, or from herself to  
 le  
 tion, when no longer free.  
 ; could brook, and glory in;—but  
 en  
 ings came that she whom he had  
 ed  
 dded to another, and his heart  
 .ced to rend away its only hope;  
 . Pity could have scarcely found on  
 arth  
 ject worthier of regard than he,  
 : transition of that bitter hour!  
 as she, lost; nor could the Sufferer  
 ly  
 in the act of preference he had  
 en  
 tly dealt with; but the Maid was  
 one!  
 anished from his prospects and  
 sires;  
 / translation to the heavenly choir  
 ave put off their mortal spoils—  
 no!  
 'es another's wishes to complete,—  
 e their lot, and happiness,' he cried,  
 ot and hers, as misery must be  
 ne.'  
 ch was that strong concussion; but  
 : Man,  
 embled, trunk and limbs, like some  
 ge oak  
 erce tempest shaken, soon re-  
 ned  
 adfast quiet natural to a mind  
 position gentle and sedate,  
 its movements, circumspect and  
 w.  
 ks, and to the long-forsaken desk,  
 ich enchained by science he had  
 ed  
 d, he stoutly re-addressed him-  
 ,  
 d to quell his pain, and search for  
 h

With keener appetite (if that might be)  
 And closer industry. Of what ensued  
 Within the heart no outward sign ap-  
 peared  
 Till a betraying sickliness was seen  
 To tinge his cheek; and through his  
 frame it crept  
 With slow mutation unconcealable;  
 Such universal change as autumn makes  
 In the fair body of a leafy grove  
 Discoloured, then divested.

'Tis affirmed  
 By poets skilled in nature's secret ways  
 That Love will not submit to be controlled  
 By mastery:—and the good Man lacked  
 not friends  
 Who strove to instil this truth into his mind,  
 A mind in all heart-mysteries unversed.  
 'Go to the hills,' said one, 'remit a while  
 This baneful diligence:—at early morn  
 Court the fresh air, explore the heaths  
 and woods;  
 And, leaving it to others to foretell,  
 By calculations sage, the ebb and flow  
 Of tides, and when the moon will be  
 eclipsed,  
 Do you, for your own benefit, construct  
 A calendar of flowers, plucked as they  
 blow  
 Where health abides, and cheerfulness,  
 and peace.'  
 The attempt was made;—'tis needless to  
 report  
 How hopelessly; but innocence is strong,  
 And an entire simplicity of mind  
 A thing most sacred in the eye of  
 Heaven;  
 That opens, for such sufferers, relief  
 Within the soul, fountains of grace  
 divine;  
 And doth commend their weakness and  
 disease  
 To Nature's care, assisted in her office  
 By all the elements that round her wait  
 To generate, to preserve, and to re-  
 store;  
 And by her beautiful array of forms  
 Shedding sweet influence from above; or  
 pure  
 Delight exhaling from the ground they  
 tread."

"Impute it not to impatience, if,"  
 exclaimed

The Wanderer, "I infer that he was  
healed  
By perseverance in the course prescribed."

"You do not err: the powers, that had  
been lost  
By slow degrees, were gradually regained;  
The fluttering nerves composed; the beating  
heart  
In rest established; and the jarring  
thoughts  
To harmony restored.—But yon dark  
mould  
Will cover him, in the fulness of his  
strength,  
Hastily smitten by a fever's force;  
Yet not with stroke so sudden as refused  
Time to look back with tenderness on her  
Whom he had loved in passion; and to  
send  
Some farewell words—with one, but one,  
request;  
That, from his dying hand, she would  
accept  
Of his possessions that which most he  
prized;  
A book, upon whose leaves some chosen  
plants,  
By his own hand disposed with nicest care,  
In undecaying beauty were preserved;  
Mute register, to him, of time and place,  
And various fluctuations in the breast;  
To her, a monument of faithful love  
Conquered, and in tranquillity retained!

"Close to his destined habitation, lies  
One who achieved a humbler victory,  
Though marvellous in its kind. A place  
there is  
High in these mountains, that allured a  
band  
Of keen adventurers to unite their pains  
In search of precious ore: they tried, were  
foiled—  
And all desisted, all, save him alone.  
He, taking counsel of his own clear  
thoughts,  
And trusting only to his own weak  
hands,  
Urged unremittingly the stubborn work,  
Unseconded, uncountenanced; then, as  
time  
Passed on, while still his lonely efforts  
found

No recompense, derided; and at length  
By many pitied, as insane of mind;  
By others dreaded as the luckless t  
Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope  
By various mockery of sight and sound  
Hope after hope, encouraged and  
destroyed.

—But when the lord of season  
matured

The fruits of earth through space o  
ten years,

The mountain's entrails offered  
view

And trembling grasp the long-de  
reward.

Not with more transport did Col  
greet

A world, his rich discovery! But  
Swain,

A very hero till his point was gained  
Proved all unable to support the weight  
Of prosperous fortune. On the field  
looked

With an unsettled liberty of thought  
Wishes and endless schemes; by day  
walked

Giddy and restless; ever and anon  
Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate  
cups;

And truly might be said to die of joy  
He vanished; but conspicuous to  
day

The path remains that linked his cottage  
door

To the mine's mouth; a long and silent  
track,

Upon the rugged mountain's stony  
Worn by his daily visits to and from  
The darksome centre of a constant  
This vestige, neither force of beauty  
rain,

Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw  
Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away  
And it is named, in memory of the  
The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."

"Thou from  
Man has his strength," exclaimed  
Wanderer, "oh!

Do thou direct it! To the virtuous  
The penetrative eye which can perceive  
In this blind world the guiding way  
hope;

That, like this Labourer, such guidance  
their way,

haken, unsexed, unsoftened ;  
 to the wise his firmness of re-  
 solve !"

That prayer were not superfluous,"  
 said the Priest,  
 mid the noblest relics, proudest dust,  
 Westminster, for Britain's glory,  
 holds  
 in the bosom of her awful pile,  
 itiously collected. Yet the sigh,  
 th wafts that prayer to heaven, is  
 due to all,  
 ever laid, who living fell below  
 virtue's humbler mark ; a sigh of  
 vain  
 the opposite extreme they sank.  
 would you pity her who yonder rests ;  
 farther off ; the pair, who here are  
 hid ;  
 above all, that mixture of earth's  
 mould  
 a sight of this green hillock to my  
 mind  
 is !

He lived not till his locks were  
 peppered  
 sonable frost of age ; nor died  
 his temples, prematurely forced  
 the manly brown with silver grey,  
 obvious instance of the sad effect  
 red, when thoughtless Folly hath  
 urped  
 itural crown that sage Experience  
 ars.  
 platile, ingenious, quick to learn,  
 ompt to exhibit all that he pos-  
 sed  
 d perform ; a zealous actor, hired  
 a troop of mirth, a soldier, sworn  
 lists of giddy enterprise—  
 as he ; yet, as if within his frame  
 eral souls alternately had lodged,  
 ns of manners could the Youth  
 on ;  
 aught with antics as the Indian  
 l  
 ithes and chatters in her wiry cage,  
 ceful, when it pleased him, smooth  
 still  
 mute swan that floats adown the  
 am,  
 be waters of the unruffled lake,

Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,  
 That flutters on the bough, lighter than  
 he ;

And not a flower, that droops in the  
 green shade,  
 More winningly reserved ! If ye enquire  
 How such consummate elegance was bred  
 Amid these wilds, this answer may suf-  
 fice ;

'Twas Nature's will ; who sometimes un-  
 dertakes,

For the reproof of human vanity,  
 Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.  
 Hence, for this Favourite—lavishly en-  
 dowed

With personal gifts, and bright instinctive  
 wit,

While both, embellishing each other,  
 stood

Yet farther recommended by the charm  
 Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,  
 And skill in letters—every fancy shaped  
 Fair expectations ; nor, when to the  
 world's

Capacious field forth went the Adven-  
 turer, there

Were he and his attainments overlooked,  
 Or scantily rewarded ; but all hopes,  
 Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,  
 Like blighted buds ; or clouds that mi-  
 nicked land

Before the sailor's eye ; or diamond drops  
 That sparkling decked the morning grass ;  
 or aught

That ~~was~~ attractive, and hath ceased to  
 be !

" Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the  
 rites

Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,  
 Who, by humiliation undeterred,  
 Sought for his weariness a place of rest  
 Within his Father's gates.—Whence came  
 he?—clothed

In tattered garb, from hovels where abides  
 Necessity, the stationary host  
 Of vagrant poverty ; from rifted barns  
 Where no one dwells but the wide-staring

owl

And the owl's prey ; from these bare  
 haunts, to which

He had descended from the proud saloon,  
 He came, the ghost of beauty and of  
 health,

The wreck of gaiety ! But soon revived  
In strength, in power refitted, he renewed  
His suit to Fortune ; and she smiled again  
Upon a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose,  
Thrice sank as willingly. For he—whose  
nerves

Were used to thrill with pleasure, while  
his voice

Softly accompanied the tuneful harp,  
By the nice finger of fair ladies touched  
In glittering halls—was able to derive  
No less enjoyment from an abject choice.  
Who happier for the moment—who more  
blithe

Than this fallen Spirit ? in those dreary  
holds

His talents lending to exalt the freaks  
Of merry-making beggars,—now, provoked

To laughter multiplied in louder peals  
By his malicious wit : then, all enchained  
With mute astonishment, themselves to  
see

In their own arts outdone, their fame  
eclipsed,

As by the very presence of the Fiend  
Who dictates and inspires illusive feats,  
For knavish purposes ! The city, too,  
(With shame I speak it) to her guilty  
bowers

Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect  
As there to linger, there to eat his bread,  
Hired minstrel of voluptuous blandish-  
ment ;

Charming the air with skill of hand or  
voice,

Listen who would, be wrought upon who  
might,

Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.  
—Such the too frequent tenour of his  
boast

In ears that relished the report ;—but all  
Was from his Parents happily concealed ;  
Who saw enough for blame and pitying  
love.

They also were permitted to receive  
His last, repentant breath ; and closed  
his eyes,

No more to open on that fitful world  
Where he had long existed in the state  
Of a young fowl beneath one mother  
hatched,

Though from another sprung, different in  
kind :

Where he had lived, and could ne  
to live,

Distracted in propensity ; content  
With neither element of good or ill  
And yet in both rejoicing ; man ur  
Of contradictions infinite the slave,  
Till his deliverance, when Mercy  
him

One with himself, and one with the  
sleep."

" 'Tis strange," observed the S  
"strange

It seems, and scarcely less than pit  
That in a land where charity provi  
For all that can no longer feed them:  
A man like this should choose to  
his shame

To the parental door : and with his  
Infect the air which he had freely br  
In happy infancy. He could not p  
Through lack of converse ; no—h  
have found

Abundant exercise for thought and  
In his dividual being, self-reviewed.  
Self-catechised, self-punished.—  
there are

Who, drawing near their final hon  
much

And daily longing that the same  
reached,

Would rather shun than seek the  
ship

Of kindred mould.—Such haply he  
laid ?"

"Yes," said the Priest, "the Gen  
our hills—

Who seems, by these stupendous ba  
cast

Round his domain, desirous not al  
To keep his own, but also to exclude  
All other progeny—doth sometimes  
Even by his studied depth of privacy  
The unhappy alien hoping to obtain  
Concealment, or seduced by wish to  
In place from outward molestation fi  
Helps to internal ease. Of many su  
Could I discourse ; but as their stay

brief,  
So their departure only left behind  
Fancies, and loose conjectures.

trace  
Survives, for worthy mention, of a p

from the pressure of their several  
fates,  
meeting as strangers, in a petty town  
whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach  
this far-winding vale, remained as  
friends  
to their choice; and gave their  
bones in trust  
this loved cemetery, here to lodge  
th unescutcheoned privacy interred  
from the family vault.—A Chieftain  
one  
right of birth; within whose spotless  
breast  
fire of ancient Caledonia burned:  
with the foremost whose impatience  
hailed  
Stuart, landing to resume, by force  
arms, the crown which bigotry had  
lost,  
used his clan; and, fighting at their  
head,  
his brave sword endeavoured to  
prevent  
Eden's fatal overthrow. Escaped  
that disastrous rout, to foreign shores  
led; and when the lenient hand of  
time  
e troubles had, appeased, he sought  
and gained,  
his obscured condition, an obscure  
at, within this nook of English  
round.

he other, born in Britain's southern  
tract,  
fixed his milder loyalty, and placed  
entire sentiments of love and hate.  
, where they placed them who in  
conscience prized  
few succession, as a line of kings  
oath had virtue to protect the  
nd  
st the dire assaults of papacy  
bitrary rule. But launch thy bark  
distempered flood of public life,  
cause for most rare triumph will be  
ine  
te of keenest eye and steadiest  
nd,  
ream, that bears thee forward,  
ove not, soon  
a perilous master. He—who oft,  
the battlements and stately trees  
to.

That round his mansion cast a sober  
gloom,  
Had moralised on this, and other truths  
Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied—  
Was forced to vent his wisdom with a  
sigh  
Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitter-  
ness,  
When he had crushed a plentiful estate  
By ruinous contest, to obtain a seat  
In Britain's senate, Fruitless was the  
attempt:  
And while the uproar of that desperate  
strife  
Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,  
The vanquished Whig, under a borrowed  
name,  
(For the mere sound and echo of his  
own  
Haunted him with sensations of disgust  
That he was glad to lose) slunk from the  
world  
To the deep shade of those untravelled  
Wilds;  
In which the Scottish Laird had long  
possessed  
An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they  
met,  
Two doughty champions; flaming Ja-  
cobite  
And sullen Hanoverian! You might think  
That losses and vexations, less severe  
Than those which they had severally sus-  
tained,  
Would have inclined each to abate his  
zeal  
For his ungrateful cause; no,—I have  
heard  
My reverend, Father tell that, 'mid the  
calm  
Of that small town encountering thus,  
they filled,  
Daily, its bowling-green with harmless  
strife;  
Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the  
church:  
And vexed the market-place. But in the  
breasts  
Of these opponents gradually was wrought,  
With little change of general sentiment,  
Such leaning towards each other, that  
their days  
By choice were spent in constant fellow-  
ship;

And if, at times, they fretted with the  
yoke,  
Those very bickerings made them love it  
more.

"A favourite boundary to their length-  
ened walks  
This Churchyard was. And, whether they  
had come  
Treading their path in sympathy and  
linked  
In social converse, or by some short space  
Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,  
One spirit seldom failed to extend its  
sway  
Over both minds, when they awhile had  
marked  
The visible quiet of this holy ground,  
And breathed its soothing air ;—the spirit  
of hope  
And saintly magnanimity ; that—spurn-  
ing  
The field of selfish difference and dispute,  
And every care which transitory things,  
Earth and the kingdoms of the earth,  
create—  
Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,  
Perclude forgiveness, from the praise de-  
barred,  
Which else the Christian virtue might  
have claimed.

"There live who yet remember here to  
have seen  
Their courtly figures, seated on the stump  
Of an old yew, their favourite resting-  
place.  
But as the remnant of the long-lived tree  
Was disappearing by a swift decay,  
They, with joint care, determined to erect,  
Upon its site, a dial, that might stand  
For public use preserved, and thus sur-  
vive  
As their own private monument : for this  
Was the particular spot, in which they  
wished  
(And Heaven was pleased to accomplish  
the desire)  
That, undivided, their remains should lie.  
So, where the mouldered tree had stood,  
was raised  
Yon structure, framing, with the ascent  
of steps  
That to the decorated pillar lead,

A work of art more sumptuous  
might seem  
To suit this place ; yet built in no  
scorn  
Of rustic homeliness ; they only aim  
To ensure for it respectful guardians  
Around the margin of the plate, where  
The shadow falls to note the  
hours,  
Winds an inscriptive legend."—A  
words  
Thither we turned ; and gathered,  
read,  
The appropriate sense, in Latin not  
couched :  
*"Time flies ; it is his melancholy to  
To bring, and bear away, delusive ;  
And reproduce the troubles he destroys ;  
But, while his blindness thus is occu-  
Discerning Mortal ! do thou serve  
Of Time's eternal Master, and that  
Which the world wants, shall be fir-  
confirmed !"*

"Smooth verse, inspired by no  
lettered Muse,"  
Exclaimed the Sceptic, "and the  
of thought  
Accords with nature's language ;—the  
voice  
Of yon white torrent falling down  
rocks  
Speaks, less distinctly, to the same  
fect.  
If, then, their blended influence be  
lost  
Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grieve  
Even upon mine, the more are we  
quired  
To feel for those among our fellow-men  
Who, offering no obeisance to the world,  
Are yet made desperate by 'too quick  
sense  
Of constant infelicity,' cut off  
From peace like exiles on some barren  
rock,  
Their life's appointed prison ; not more  
free  
Than sentinels, between two armies,  
With nothing better, in the chill  
air,  
Than their own thoughts to comfort them  
Say why  
That ancient story of Prometheus chained

he bare rock, on frozen Caucasus ;  
 vulture, the inexhaustible repast  
 vn from his vitals ? Say what meant  
 the woes  
 antalus entailed upon his race,  
 the dark sorrows of the line of  
 Thebes ?  
 ons in form, but in their substance  
 ruths,  
 endous truths ! familiar to the men  
 ng-past times, nor obsolete in ours.  
 ange the shepherd's frock of native  
 grey  
 robes with regal purple tinged ; con-  
 vert  
 crook into a sceptre ; give the pomp  
 circumstance ; and here the tragic  
 muse  
 find apt subjects for her highest art.  
 the groves, under the shadowy  
 hills,  
 erations are prepared ; the pangs,  
 ernal pangs, are ready ; the dread  
 rife  
 r humanity's afflicted will  
 gling in vain with ruthless destiny."

ough," said the Priest in answer,  
 these be terms  
 a divine philosophy rejects,  
 whose established and unfailing  
 ist  
 ontrolling Providence, admit  
 through all stations, human life  
 ounds  
 nysteries ;—for, if Faith were left  
 tried,  
 ould the might, that lurks within  
 ; then  
 wn ? her glorious excellence—that  
 ks  
 the first of Powers and Virtues—  
 ved ?  
 tem is not fashioned to preclude  
 mpathy which you for others ask ;  
 could tell, not travelling for my  
 ne  
 these humble graves, of grievous  
 ies  
 nge disasters ; but I pass them  
 disturb what Heaven hath hushed  
 eace.  
 ss, far less, am I inclined to treat

Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight  
 By the deformities of brutish vice :  
 For, in such portraits, though a vulgar  
 face  
 And a coarse outside of repulsive life  
 And unassuming manners might at once  
 Be recognised by all—"Ah ! do not  
 think,"  
 The Wanderer somewhat eagerly ex-  
 claimed,  
 "Wish could be ours that you, for such  
 poor gain,  
 (Gain shall I call it ?—gain of what ?—for  
 whom ?)  
 Should breathe a word tending to violate  
 Your own pure spirit. Not a step we  
 look for  
 In slight of that forbearance and reserve  
 Which common human-heartedness in-  
 spires,  
 And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,  
 Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."

"True," said the Solitary, "be it far  
 From us to infringe the laws of charity.  
 Let judgment here in mercy be pro-  
 nounced ;  
 This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and  
 this  
 Wisdom enjoins ; but if the thing we seek  
 Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in  
 mind  
 How, from his lofty throne, the sun can  
 fling  
 Colours as bright on exhalations bred  
 By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,  
 As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,  
 Or the pellucid lake."

"Small risk," said I,  
 "Of such illusion do we here incur ;  
 Temptation here is none to exceed the  
 truth ;  
 No evidence appears that they who rest  
 Within this ground, were covetous of  
 praise,  
 Or of remembrance even, deserved or not.  
 Green is the Churchyard, beautiful and  
 green,  
 Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,  
 A heaving surface, almost wholly free  
 From interruption of sepulchral stones,  
 And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf  
 And everlasting flowers. These Dalesmen  
 trust



The lingering gleam of their departed  
lives

To oral record, and the silent heart ;  
Depositories faithful and more kind  
Than fondest epitaph : for, if those fail,  
What boots the sculptured tomb? And  
who can blame,

Who rather would not envy, men that feel  
This mutual confidence ; if, from such  
source,

The practice flow,—if thence, or from a  
deep

And general humility in death ?

Nor should I much condemn it, if it  
spring

From disregard of time's destructive  
power,

As only capable to prey on things

Of earth, and human nature's mortal part.

"Yet—in less simple districts, where  
we see

Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone  
In courting notice ; and the ground all  
paved

With commendations of departed worth ;  
Reading, where'er we turn, of innocent  
lives,

Of each domestic charity fulfilled,  
And sufferings meekly borne—I, for my  
part,

Though with the silence pleased that here  
prevails,

Among those fair recitals also range,  
Soothed by the natural spirit which they  
breathe.

And, in the centre of a world whose soil  
Is rank with all unkindness, compassed  
round

With such memorials, I have sometimes  
felt,

It was no momentary happiness

To have *one* Enclosure where the voice  
that speaks,

In envy or detraction is not heard ;

Which malice may not enter ; where the  
traces

Of evil inclinations are unknown ;

Where love and pity tenderly unite

With resignation ; and no jarring tone

Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb

Of amity and gratitude."

"Thus sanctioned,"

The Pastor said, "I willingly confine

My narratives to subjects that ex  
Feelings with these accordant ;  
teem,

And admiration ; lifting up a veil  
A sunbeam introducing among h  
Retired and covert ; so that ye sh  
Clear images before your gladde  
Of nature's unambitious underwo  
And flowers that prosper in th  
And when

I speak of such among my  
swerved

Or fell, those only shall be singled  
Upon whose lapse, or error, so  
more

Than brotherly forgiveness may a  
To such will we restrict our notice  
Better my tongue were mute.

And yet th

I feel, good reasons why we sho  
leave

Wholly untraced a more forbiddin  
For, strength to persevere and to s  
And energy to conquer and repel—  
These elements of virtue, that decl  
The native grandeur of the human  
Are oftentimes not unprofitably show  
In the perverseness of a selfish cou  
Truth every day exemplified, no les  
In the grey cottage by the murr  
stream

Than in fantastic conqueror's :  
camp,

Or 'mid the factious senate unappal  
Whoe'er may sink, or rise—to sink—  
As merciless proscription ebbs and

"There," said the Vicar, pointing  
spake,

"A woman rests in peace ; surpass  
few

In power of mind, and eloquent disco  
Tall was her stature ; her comple  
dark

And saturnine ; her head not raise  
hold

Converse with heaven, nor yet del  
towards earth,

But in projection carried, as she walk  
For ever musing. Sunken were here

Wrinkled and furrowed with habi  
thought

Was her broad forehead ; like the b  
of one

ose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare  
overpowering light.—While yet a child,  
'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,  
ered like the imperial thistle, not unfurnished

its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking  
e admired, than coveted and loved.  
at that age she ruled, a sovereign queen,  
her comrades; else their simple sports,  
ting all relish for her strenuous mind,  
crossed her only to be shunned with scorn.

h! pang of sorrowful regret for those  
om, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,  
t they have lived for harsher servitude,  
ether in soul, in body, or estate!  
doom was hers; yet nothing could subdue  
keen desire of knowledge, nor efface  
e brighter images by books imprest  
n her memory, faithfully as stars  
occupy their places, and, though oft  
len by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,  
not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

wo passions, both degenerate, for  
hey both

n in honour, gradually obtained  
over her, and vexed her daily life;  
remitting, avaricious thrift;  
a strange thralldom of maternal love,  
held her spirit, in its own despite,  
d—by vexation, and regret, and  
corn,  
rained forgiveness, and relenting  
ows,  
ears, in pride suppressed, in shame  
ncealed—

oor dissolute Son, her only child.  
wedded days had opened with  
ishap,  
ce dire dependence. What could  
e perform  
ake the burthen off? Ah! there  
as felt,

Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.  
She mused, resolved, adhered to her  
resolve;  
The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the  
heart  
Closed by degrees to charity; heaven's  
blessing  
Not seeking from that source, she placed  
her trust  
In ceaseless pains—and strictest parsimony  
Which sternly hoarded all that could be  
spared,  
From each day's need, out of each day's  
least gain.

“Thus all was re-established, and a pile  
Constructed, that sufficed for every end,  
Save the contentment of the builder's  
mind;

A mind by nature indisposed to aught  
So placid, so inactive, as content;  
A mind intolerant of lasting peace,  
And cherishing the pang her heart de-  
plored.

Dread life of conflict! which I oft com-  
pared

To the agitation of a brook that runs  
Down a rocky mountain, buried now and  
lost

In silent pools, now in strong eddies  
chained:

But never to be charmed to gentleness:  
Its best attainment fits of such repose  
As timid eyes might shrink from batho-  
ning.

“A sudden illness seized her in the  
strength

Of life's autumnal season.—Shall I tell  
How on her bed of death the Matron lay,  
To Providence submissive, so she thought;  
But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon,  
almost

To anger, by the malady that griped  
Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing  
power,

As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb?  
She prayed, she moaned;—her husband's  
sister watched

Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;  
And yet the very sound of that kind foot  
Was anguish to her ears! ‘And must she  
rule,’

This was the death-doomed Woman heard  
to say  
In bitterness, 'and must she rule and  
reign,  
Sole Mistress of this house, when I am  
gone?  
Tend what I tended, calling it her own !'  
Enough ;—I fear, too much.—One vernal  
evening,  
While she was yet in prime of health and  
strength,  
I well remember, while I passed her door  
Alone, with loitering step, and upward  
eye  
Turned towards the planet Jupiter that  
hung  
Above the centre of the Vale, a voice  
Roused me, her voice ; it said, 'That  
glorious star  
In its untroubled element will shine  
As now it shines, when we are laid in  
earth  
And safe from all our sorrows.' With a  
sigh  
She spake, yet, I believe, not unsustained  
By faith in glory that shall far transcend  
Aught by these perishable heavens dis-  
closed  
To sight or mind. Nor less than care  
divine  
Is divine mercy. She, who had rebelled,  
Was into meekness softened and sub-  
dued ;  
Did, after trials not in vain prolonged,  
With resignation sink into the grave ;  
And her uncharitable acts, I trust,  
And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven,  
Tho', in this Vale, remembered with deep  
awe."

THE Vicar paused ; and toward a seat  
advanced,  
A long stone-seat, fixed in the Church-  
yard wall ;  
Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part  
Offering a sunny resting-place to them  
Who seek the House of worship, while  
the bells  
Yet ring with all their voices, or before  
The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.  
Beneath the shade we all sat down ; and  
there  
His office, uninvited, he resumed.

"As on a sunny bank, a tender  
Lurks in safe shelter from the w  
March,  
Screened by its parent, so the  
mound  
Lies guarded by its neighbour ; the  
heap  
Speaks for itself ; an Infant ther  
rest ;  
The sheltering hillock is the M  
grave.  
If mild discourse, and manners the  
ferred  
A natural dignity on humblest rank  
If glad some spirits, and benignant  
That for a face not beautiful did me  
Than beauty for the fairest face can  
And if religious tenderness of heart,  
Grieving for sin, and penitential tea  
Shed when the clouds had gather  
dismained  
The spotless ether of a maiden life ;  
If these may make a hallowed sp  
earth  
More holy in the sight of God or Ma  
Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity  
brood  
Till the stars sicken at the day of do

"Ah ! what a warning for a thought  
man,  
Could field or grove, could any sp  
earth,  
Show to his eye an image of the pang  
Which it hath witnessed ; render b  
an echo  
Of the sad steps by which it hath b  
trod !  
There, by her innocent Baby's preci  
grave,  
And on the very turf that roofs her own  
The Mother oft was seen to stand ;  
kneel  
In the broad day, a weeping Magdalen  
Now she is not ; the swelling turf rep  
Of the fresh shower, but of poor El  
tears  
Is silent ; nor is any vestige left  
Of the path worn by mournful tread of  
Who, at her heart's light bidding, o  
had moved  
In virgin fearlessness, with step  
seemed  
Caught from the pressure of elastic

in the mountains gemmed with morn-  
 ing dew,  
 the prime hour of sweetest scents and  
 airs.  
 rious and thoughtful was her mind ;  
 and yet,  
 reconciliation exquisite and rare,  
 form, port, motions, of this Cottage-  
 girl  
 : such as might have quickened and  
 inspired  
 dian's hand, address to picture forth  
 d or Dryad glancing through the  
 hade  
 time the hunter's earliest horn is  
 heard  
 ing the golden hills.

A wide-spread elm  
 s in our valley, named THE JOYFUL  
 'REE ;  
 dateless usage which our peasants  
 old  
 giving welcome to the first of May  
 dances round its trunk.—And if the  
 sky  
 nit, like honours, dance and song, are  
 paid  
 he Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty  
 stars  
 he clear moon. The queen of these  
 gay sports,  
 it in beauty yet in sprightly air,  
 hapless Ellen.—No one touched the  
 ground  
 eftly, and the nicest maiden's locks  
 gracefully were braided ;—but this  
 praise  
 links, would better suit another place.

he loved, and fondly deemed her-  
 self beloved.

e road is dim, the current unper-  
 ceived,  
 weakness painful and most pitiful,  
 which a virtuous woman, in pure  
 youth,  
 be delivered to distress and shame.  
 fate was hers.—The last time Ellen  
 lanced,

ag her equals, round THE JOYFUL  
 'REE,  
 wore a secret burthen ; and full soon  
 left to tremble for a breaking vow,—  
 , to bewail a sternly-broken vow,

Alone, within her widowed Mother  
 house.

It was the season of unfolding leaves,  
 Of days advancing toward their utmost  
 length,

And small birds singing happily to mate  
 Happy as they. With spirit-saddenin'  
 power

Winds pipe through fading woods ; but  
 those blithe notes

Strike the deserted to the heart ; I speak  
 Of what I know, and what we feel within  
 —Beside the cottage in which Ellen  
 dwelt

Stands a tall ash-tree ; to whose topmost  
 twig

A thrush resorts, and annually chants,  
 At morn and evening from that naked  
 perch,

While all the undergrove is thick with  
 leaves,

A time-beguiling ditty, for delight

Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.

—'Ah why,' said Ellen, sighing to her-  
 self,

'Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn  
 pledge,

And nature that is kind in woman's  
 breast,

And reason that in man is wise and  
 good,

And fear of him who is a righteous judge ;

Why do not these prevail for human life,

To keep two hearts together, that began

Their spring-time with one love, and that  
 have need

Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet

To grant, or be received ; while that poor  
 bird—

O come and hear him ! Thou who hast to  
 me

Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly  
 creature,

One of God's simple children that yet  
 know not

The universal Parent, now he sings

As if he wished the firmament of heaven

Should listen, and give back to him the  
 voice

Of his triumphant constancy and love ;

The proclamation that he makes, how  
 far

His darkness doth transcend our fickle  
 light !

"Such was the tender passage, not by  
 me  
 Repeated without loss of simple phrase,  
 Which I perused, even as the words had  
 been  
 Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand  
 To the blank margin of a Valentine,  
 Bedropped with tears. 'Twill please you  
 to be told  
 That, studiously withdrawing from the eye  
 Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet  
 In lonely reading found a meek resource :  
 How thankful for the warmth of summer  
 days,  
 When she could slip into the cottage-  
 barn,  
 And find a secret oratory there ;  
 Or, in the garden, under friendly veil  
 Of their long twilight, pore upon her  
 book  
 By the last lingering help of the open  
 sky  
 Until dark night dismissed her to her  
 bed !  
 Thus did a waking fancy sometimes lose  
 The unconquerable pang of despised love.

"A kindlier passion opened on her soul  
 When that poor Child was born. Upon  
 its face  
 She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift  
 Of unexpected promise, where a grief  
 Or dread was all that had been thought  
 of,—joy  
 Far livelier than bewildered traveller  
 feels,  
 Amid a perilous waste that all night long  
 Hath harassed him toiling through fearful  
 storm,  
 When he beholds the first pale speck  
 serene  
 Of day-spring, in the gloomy east, re-  
 vealed,  
 And greets it with thanksgiving. 'Till  
 this hour,  
 Thus, in her Mother's hearing Ellen  
 spake,  
 'There was a stony region in my heart ;  
 But He, at whose command the parched  
 rock  
 Was smitten, and poured forth a quench-  
 ing stream,  
 Hath softened that obduracy, and made  
 Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,

To save the perishing ; and, henceforth  
 breathe  
 The air with cheerful spirit, for thy  
 My Infant ! and for that good Mother  
 dear,  
 Who bore me ; and hath prayed for me  
 in vain ;—  
 Yet not in vain ; it shall not be in vain  
 She spake, nor was the assurance  
 filled ;  
 And if heart-rending thoughts would  
 return ;  
 They stayed not long.—The blame  
 Infant grew ;  
 The Child whom Ellen and her Mother  
 loved  
 They soon were proud of ; tended and  
 nursed ;  
 A soothing comforter, although forlorn  
 Like a poor singing-bird from distant  
 lands ;  
 Or a choice shrub, which he, who pass  
 by  
 With vacant mind, not seldom may  
 serve  
 Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled land  
 Whose window, somewhat sadly  
 adorns.

"Through four months' space the Child  
 drew its food  
 From the maternal breast : then season  
 rose ;  
 Thoughts, which the rich are free to  
 came and crossed  
 The fond affection. She no more  
 bear  
 By her offence to lay a twofold weight  
 On a kind parent willing to forget  
 Their slender means : so, to that poor  
 care  
 Trusting her child, she left their common  
 home,  
 And undertook with dutiful content  
 A Foster-mother's office. 'Tis possible  
 Unknown to you that in these  
 vales  
 The natural feeling of equality  
 Is by domestic service unimpaired ;  
 Yet, though such service be, and  
 removed  
 From sense of degradation, not the  
 The ungentle mind can easily find

pose severe restraints and laws  
 just, hapless Ellen now was doomed to  
 d :  
 inded by an over-anxious dread  
 excitement and divided thought  
 her office would but ill accord)  
 ir, whose infant she was bound to  
 se,  
 her all communion with her own :  
 after week, the mandate they en-  
 ded.  
 ear ! yet not allowed upon that  
 it  
 er eyes—alas ! 'twas hard to bear !  
 re affliction must be borne—far  
 se ;  
 heaven's will—that, after a disease  
 ended within three days' space,  
 d should die ; as Ellen now ex-  
 ned,  
 —deserted child !—Once, only  
 it in that mortal malady ;  
 he burial-day, could scarcely gain  
 on to attend its obsequies.  
 ed the house, last of the funeral  
 ;  
 e one, as she entered, having  
 ced  
 unthinkingly their prompt de-  
 re,  
 id she, with commanding look,  
 it  
 ever seen in her before,  
 must wait my time !' and down  
 ite,  
 e unclosed coffin kept her seat  
 and looking, looking on and  
 ng,  
 last sweet slumber of her Child,  
 ngth her soul was satisfied.

the Infant's Grave ; and to  
 not,  
 r, oft as she was sent abroad,  
 ever errand, urged her steps :  
 came ; here stood, and some-  
 knelt  
 id day, a rueful Magdalene !  
 ; for not only she bewailed  
 loss, but mourned in bitter-  
 ansgression ; penitent sincere

As ever raised to heaven a streaming eye !  
 —At length the parents of the foster-  
 child,  
 Noting that in despite of their commands  
 She still renewed and could not but renew  
 Those visitations, ceased to send her  
 forth ;  
 Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, con-  
 fined.  
 I failed not to remind them that they  
 erred ;  
 For holy Nature might not thus be  
 crossed,  
 Thus wronged in woman's breast : in vain  
 I pleaded—  
 But the green stalk or Ellen's life was  
 snapped,  
 And the flower drooped ; as every eye  
 could see,  
 It hung its head in mortal languishment.  
 Aided by this appearance, I at length  
 Prevailed ; and, from those bonds released,  
 she went  
 Home to her mother's house.

The Youth was fled ;  
 The rash betrayer could not face the  
 shame  
 Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had  
 caused ;  
 And little would his presence, or proof  
 given  
 Of a relenting soul, have now availed ;  
 For, like a shadow, he was passed away  
 From Ellen's thoughts ; had perished to  
 her mind

For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,  
 Save only those which to their common  
 shame,  
 And to his moral being appertained :  
 Hope from that quarter would, I know,  
 have brought  
 A heavenly comfort ; there she recognised  
 An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need ;  
 There, and, as seemed, there only.

• She had built,  
 Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest  
 In blindness all too near the river's edge ;  
 That work a summer flood with hasty  
 swell  
 Had swept away ; and now her Spirit  
 longed  
 For its last flight to heaven's security.  
 —The bodily frame wasted from day to  
 day ;

Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,  
Her mind she strictly tutored to find  
peace

And pleasure in endurance. Much she  
thought,  
And much she read ; and brooded feel-  
ingly

Upon her own unworthiness. To me,  
As to a spiritual comforter and friend,  
Her heart she opened ; and no pains were  
spared

To mitigate, as gently as I could,  
The sting of self-reproach, with healing  
words.

Meek Saint ! through patience glorified  
on earth !

In whom, as by her lonely hearth she  
sate,

The ghastly face of cold decay put on  
A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine !  
May I not mention—that, within those  
walls,

In due observance of her pious wish,  
The congregation joined with me in  
prayer

For her soul's good ? Nor was that office  
vain.

—Much did she suffer : but, if any friend,  
Beholding her condition, at the sight  
Gave way to words of pity or complaint,  
She stilled them with a prompt reproof,  
and said,

‘He who afflicts me knows what I can  
bear ;

And, when I fail, and can endure no  
more,

Will mercifully take me to himself ;’

“So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit  
passed

Into that pure and unknown world of love  
Where injury cannot come :—and here is  
laid

The mortal Body by her Infant's side.”

The Vicar ceased ; and downcast looks  
made known

That each had listened with his inmost  
heart.

For me, the emotion scarcely was less  
strong

Or less benign than that which I had felt  
When seated near my venerable Friend,  
Under those shady elms, from him I  
heard

The story that retraced the slow de-  
Of Margaret, sinking on the lonely  
With the neglected house to which  
clung.

—I noted that the Solitary's cheek  
Confessed the power of nature.—Pl,  
though sad,

More pleased than sad, the grey-  
Wanderer sate ;

Thanks to his pure imaginative soul  
Capacious and serene ; his blameless  
His knowledge, wisdom, love of  
and love

Of human kind ! He was it who  
broke

The pensive silence, saying :—

“Fiest are  
Whose sorrow rather is to suffer woe  
Than to do wrong, albeit themselves  
erred.

This tale gives proof that Heaven  
gently deals

With such, in their affliction.—E  
fate,

Her tender spirit, and her contrite  
Call to my mind dark hints which  
heard

Of one who died within this vale, by  
Heavier, as his offence was heavier  
Where, Sir, I pray you, where are his  
bones

Of Wilfred Armathwaite ?”

The Vicar answered  
“In that green nook, close by the C  
yard wall,

Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by :  
In memory and for warning, and in

Of sweetness where dire anguish has  
known,

Of reconciliation after deep offence  
There doth he rest. No theme his  
supplies

For the smooth glossings of the indi-  
world ;

Nor need the windings of his d  
course

Be here retraced ;—enough that, by  
And venial error, robbed of compet

And her obsequious shadow, peace  
He craved a substitute in trouble

Against his conscience rose in ar  
braving

Divine displeasure, broke the  
now.

which he had been weak enough to do  
 misery in remembrance; he was  
 mg.  
 by his inward thoughts, and by the  
 iles  
 and children stung to agony.  
 ed at home, he gained no peace  
 oad;  
 through the mountains, slept  
 in the earth,  
 omfort of the open air, and found  
 t in the darkness of the night,  
 sure in the beauty of the day.  
 ; he slighted: his paternal fields  
 a clog to him, whose spirit wished  
 but whither! And this gracious  
 reh,  
 ars a look so full of peace and  
 :  
 , benignant mother of the vale,  
 amid her brood of cottages!  
 to him a sickness and reproach.  
 the last remained unknown: but  
  
 that through remorse and grief  
 ed;  
 itied among men, absolved by  
  
 not find forgiveness in himself;  
 l endure the weight of his own  
 e.  
  
 rests a Mother. But from her  
 her grave.—Behold—upon that  
  
 tching boldly from the moun-  
 ide,  
 o the centre of the vale  
 and woods—the Cottage where  
 felt;  
 yet dwells her faithful Partner,  
  
 : years past) the solitary prop  
 helpless Children. I begin  
 ds that might be prelude to  
  
 and dejection; but I feel  
 is, when I think of what mine  
  
 n that happy family.  
 arland form they for the pen-  
 row  
 drooping Father's widowhood,

Those six fair Daughters, budding yet—  
 not one,  
 Not one of all the band, a full-blown  
 flower.  
 Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once  
 That Father was, and filled with anxious  
 fear,  
 Now, by experience taught, he stands  
 assured,  
 That God, who takes away, yet takes not  
 half  
 Of what he seems to take; or gives it  
 back,  
 Not to our prayer, but far beyond our  
 prayer;  
 He gives it—the boon produce of a soil  
 Which our endeavours have refused to till,  
 And hope hath never watered. The Abode,  
 Whose grateful owner can attest these  
 truths,  
 Even were the object nearer to our sight,  
 Would seem in no distinction to surpass  
 The rudest habitations. Ye might think  
 That it had sprung self-raised from earth,  
 or grown  
 Out of the living rock, to be adorned  
 By nature only: but, if thither led,  
 Ye would discover, then, a studious work  
 Of many fancies, prompting many hands,  
  
 “Brought from the woods the honey-  
 suckle twines  
 Around the porch, and seems, in that  
 trim place,  
 A plant no longer wild; the cultured rose  
 There blossoms, strong in health, and will  
 be soon  
 Roof-high: the wild pink crowns the  
 garden-wall,  
 And with the flowers are intermingled  
 stones  
 Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of  
 the hills.  
 These ornaments, that fade not with the  
 year,  
 A hardy Girl continues to provide;  
 Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky  
 heights,  
 Her Father's prompt attendant, does for  
 him  
 All that a boy could do, but with delight  
 More keen and prouder daring; yet hath  
 she,  
 Within the garden, like the rest, a bed



For her own flowers and favourite herbs,  
 a space,  
 By sacred charter, holden for her use.  
 —These, and whatever else the garden  
 bears  
 Of fruit or flower, permission asked or  
 not,  
 I freely gather ; and my leisure draws  
 A not unfrequent pastime from the hum  
 Of bees around their range of sheltered  
 hives  
 Busy in that enclosure ; while the rill,  
 That sparkling thrills the rocks, attunes  
 his voice  
 To the pure course of human life which  
 there  
 Flows on in solitude. But, when the  
 gloom  
 Of night is falling round my steps, then  
 most  
 This Dwelling charms me ; often I stop  
 short,  
 (Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth  
 my sight

With prospect of the company will  
 Laid open through the blazing win-  
 dows  
 I see the eldest Daughter at her  
 Spinning again, as if to overtake  
 The never-halting time ; or, in her  
 Teaching some Novice of the sister  
 That skill in this or other her  
 work,  
 Which, from her Father's honour  
 herself,  
 While she was yet a little-  
 one  
 learned.  
 Mild Man ! he is not gay, but  
 gay ;  
 And the whole house seems full  
 of  
 gaiety.  
 —Thrice happy, then, the Mother  
 deemed,  
 The Wife, from whose consolatory  
 I turned, that ye in mind might  
 where,  
 And how, her Spirit yet survive  
 earth !”

## BOOK SEVENTH.

## THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—(CONTINUED)

## ARGUMENT.

Impression of these Narratives upon the Author's mind.—Pastor invited to give :  
 certain Graves that lie apart.—Clergyman and his Family.—Fortunate influence of  
 situation.—Activity in extreme old age.—Another Clergyman, a character of resolute  
 Lamentations over mis-directed applause.—Instance of less exalted excellence in a de-  
 Elevated character of a blind man.—Reflection upon Blindness.—Interrupted by a Pe-  
 passes—his animal cheerfulness and care-less vivacity.—He occasions a digression on  
 beautiful and interesting Trees.—A female Infant's Grave.—Joy at her Birth.—Sorrow  
 Departure.—A youthful Peasant—his patriotic enthusiasm and distinguished qualities  
 timely death.—Exultation of the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this Picture.—Solitary how-  
 Monument of a Knight.—Traditions concerning him.—Peroration of the Wanderer on  
 toriness of things and the revolutions of society.—Hints at his own past Calling.—The  
 Pastor.

WHILE thus 'from theme to theme the  
 Historian passed,  
 The words he uttered, and the scene that  
 lay  
 Before our eyes, awakened in my mind  
 Vivid remembrance of those long-past  
 hours ;  
 When, in the hollow of some shadowy  
 vale,  
 (What time the splendour of the setting sun

Lay beautiful on Snowdon's  
 brow,  
 On Cader Idris, or huge Penman  
 A wandering Youth, I listened  
 light  
 To pastoral melody or warlike air  
 Drawn from the chords of the  
 British harp  
 By some accomplished Master,  
 who

ie quiet of the green recess,  
 re did inexhaustibly dispense  
 change of soft or solemn tunes,  
 or blithe ; now, as the varying  
 own spirit urged,—now, as a  
 uth or maiden, or some honoured  
 mpatriot villagers (that hung  
 him, drinking in the impassioned  
 me-hallowed minstrelsy) required  
 heart's ease or pleasure. Strains  
 over  
 ey, to seize and occupy the  
 e ;  
 higher mark than song can reach  
 pure eloquence. And, when the  
 im  
 overflowed the soul was passed  
 r,  
 ousness remained that it had left,  
 d upon the silent shore  
 ry, images and precious thoughts,  
 ill not die, and cannot be de-  
 red.

grassy heaps lie amicably  
 like surges heaving in the wind  
 surface of a mountain pool :  
 comes it, then, that yonder we  
 ld  
 res, and only five, that rise to-  
 er  
 ly sequestered, and encroaching  
 nooth playground of the village-  
 d ?”

car answered,—“ No disdainful

who rest beneath, nor any course  
 ge or tragic accident, hath  
 d  
 those hillocks in that lonely  
 ore look forth, and follow with  
 sight  
 h of road that from yon moun-  
 base  
 bare enclosures stretches, 'till  
 ie  
 hin a little tuft of trees ;

Then, reappearing in a moment, quits  
 The cultured fields ; and up the heathy  
 waste,  
 Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,  
 Led towards an easy outlet of the vale.  
 That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,  
 By which the road is hidden, also hides  
 A cottage from our view ; though I dis-  
 cern

(Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering  
 trees

The smokeless chimney-top.—

All unembowered  
 And naked stood that lowly Parsonage  
 (For such in truth it is, and appertains  
 To a small Chapel in the vale beyond)  
 When hither came its last Inhabitant.

Rough and forbidding were the choicest  
 roads

By which our northern wilds could then  
 be crossed ;

And into most of these secluded vales  
 Was no access for wain, heavy or light.

So, at his dwelling-place the Priest ar-  
 rived

With store of household goods, in pan-  
 niers slung

On sturdy horses graced with jingling  
 bells,

And on the back of more ignoble beast ; •  
 That, with like burthen of effects most

prized  
 Or easiest carried, closed the motley  
 train.

Young was I then, a schoolboy of eight  
 years ;

But still, methinks, I see them as they •  
 passed

In order, drawing toward their wished-  
 for home.

—Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass  
 Two ruddy children hung, a well-poised  
 freight,

Each in his basket nodding drowsily ;  
 Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed  
 with flowers,

Which told it was the pleasant month of  
 June ;

And, close behind, the comely Matron  
 rode,

A woman of soft speech and gracious  
 smile,

And with a lady's mien.—From far they  
 came,

Even from Northumbrian hills ; yet theirs  
had been

A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered  
By music, prank, and laughter-stirring  
jest ;

And freak put on, and arch word dropped  
—to swell

The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise  
That gathered round the slowly-moving  
train.

—‘Whence do they come ? and with what  
errand charged ?

Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe  
Who pitch their tents under the green-  
wood tree ?

Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact  
Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the  
Wood,

And, by that whiskered tabby’s aid, set  
forth

The lucky venture of sage Whittington  
When the next village hears the show  
announced

By blast of trumpet ?’ Plenteous was the  
growth

Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen  
On many a staring countenance portrayed  
Of boor or burgher, as they marched  
along.

And more than once their steadiness or  
face

Was put to proof, and exercise supplied  
To their inventive humour, by stern looks,  
And questions in authoritative tone,  
From some staid guardian of the public  
peace,

Checking the sober steed on which he  
rode,

In his suspicious wisdom ; oftener still,  
By notice indirect, or blunt demand  
From traveller halting in his own despite,  
A simple curiosity to ease :

Of which adventures, that beguiled and  
cheered . .

Their grave migration, the good pair  
would tell,

With undiminished glee, in hoary age.

“ A Priest he was by fiction ; but his  
course

From his youth up, and high as man-  
hood’s noon,

(The hour of life to which he the way  
brought).

Had been irregular, I might say, w.  
By books unsteadied, by his pastoral  
Too little checked. An active, a  
mind ;

A fancy pregnant with resource  
scheme

To cheat the sadness of a rainy day  
Hands apt, for all ingenious arts  
games ;

A generous spirit, and a body strong  
To cope with stoutest champions o  
bowl ;

Had earned for him sure welcome,  
the rights

Of a prized visitant, in the jolly hall  
Of country ‘squire ; or at the stat  
board

Of duke or earl, from scenes of co  
pomp

Withdrawn,—to while away the su  
hours

In condescension among rural guest

“ With these high comrades he  
revelled long,

Frolicked industriously, a simple Cl  
By hopes of coming patronage begu  
Till the heart sickened. So, each l  
aim

Abandoning and all his showy friend  
For a life’s stay (slender it was, but  
He turned to this secluded chapelry  
That had been offered to his do  
choice

By an unthought-of patron. Bleat  
bare

They found the cottage, their al  
home ;

Naked without, and rude within ; a  
With which the Cure not long ha  
endowed :

And far remote the chapel stoo  
mote,

And, from his Dwelling, unapproa  
Save through a gap high in the h  
opening

Shadeless and shelterless, by c  
showers

Frequented, and beset with h  
winds.

Yet cause was none, whate’er regret  
hang

On his own mind, to quarrel on  
choice

necessity that fixed him here ;  
 from old temptations, and con-  
 tained  
 actual labour in his sacred charge.  
 in a constant preacher to the poor !  
 sitting, though not with saintly zeal,  
 when need was, with no reluctant  
 will,  
 sick in body, or distress in mind ;  
 as salutary change, compelled  
 from timely sleep, and meet the  
 day  
 in engagement, in his thoughts,  
 more proud  
 candid than his garden could afford,  
 fields, or mountains by the heath-  
 lands ranged,  
 wild brooks ; from which he now  
 returned  
 to partake the quiet meal  
 on his own board, where sat his gentle  
 wife  
 and her fair Children, plentifully fed  
 simply, from their little house-  
 hold farm ;  
 invited timely treat of fish or fowl  
 he yielded to his practised hand ; —  
 the small but certain comings-in  
 sparse benefit. Yet not the less  
 was a hospitable board, and theirs  
 the able door.

So days and years  
 on ; — the inside of that rugged  
 seat  
 warmed and brightened by the  
 sun's care,  
 gradually enriched with things of  
 value,  
 might be lacked for use or orna-  
 ment.  
 Though no soft and costly sofa  
 easily stretched out its lazy length,  
 the vain mirror glittered upon the  
 wall,  
 the windows of the low abode  
 were weather-fenced, which at  
 the storm and deadened its loud  
 now-white curtains hung in decent  
 rows, and long-enduring mountain-  
 tops,

That creep along the ground with sinuous  
 trail,  
 Were nicely braided ; and composed a  
 work  
 Like Indian mats, that with appropriate  
 grace  
 Lay at the threshold and the inner doors ;  
 And a fair carpet, woven of homespun  
 wool  
 But tintured daintily with florid hues,  
 For seemliness and warmth, on festal  
 days,  
 Covered the smooth blue slabs of moun-  
 tain-stone  
 With which the parlour-floor, in simplest  
 guise  
 Of pastoral homesteads, had been long  
 inlaid.

“Those pleasing works the Housewife's  
 skill produced :

Meanwhile the unsedentary Master's hand  
 Was busier with his task—to rid, to plant,  
 To rear for food, for shelter, and delight ;  
 A thriving covert ! And when wishes,  
 formed

In youth, and sanctioned by the riper  
 mind,  
 Restored me to my native valley, here •  
 To end my days ; well pleased was I to  
 see

The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-  
 side,

Screen'd from assault of every bitter blast ;  
 While the dark shadows of the summer  
 leaves

Danced in the breeze, chequering its  
 mossy roof.

Time, which had thus afforded willing  
 help

To beautify with nature's fairest growths  
 This rustic tenement, had gently shed,  
 Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace ;  
 The comeliness of unencumbered age.

“But how could I say, gently ? for he  
 still

Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,  
 A stirring foot, a head which beat at  
 nights

Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.  
 Few things had he dropped, few pleasures

lost ;  
 Generous and charitable, prompt to serve ;

And still his harsher passions kept their hold—

Anger and indignation. Still he loved  
The sound of titled names, and talked in  
glee

Of long-past banquetings with high-born  
friends :

Then, from those lulling fits of vain de-  
light

Uproused by recollected injury, railed  
At their false ways, disdainfully,—and oft  
In bitterness, and with a threatening eye  
Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow.

—Those transports, with staid looks of  
pure good-will,

And with soft smile, his consort would  
reprove.

She, far behind him in the race of years,  
Yet keeping her first mildness, was ad-  
vanced

Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,  
To that still region whither all are bound.  
Him might we liken to the setting sun  
As seen not seldom on some gusty day,  
Struggling and bold, and shining from  
the west

With an inconstant and unmellowed  
light ;

She was a soft attendant cloud, that  
hung

As if with wish to veil the restless orb ;  
From which it did itself imbibe a ray  
Of pleasing lustre.—But no more of this ;  
I better love to sprinkle on the sod  
That now divides the pair, or rather say,  
That still unites them, praises, like hea-  
ven's dew,

Without reserve descending upon both.

“Our very first in eminence of years  
The old Man stood, the patriarch of the  
Vale !

And, to his unmolested mansion, death  
Had never come, through space of forty  
years ;

Sparing both old and young in that  
abode.

Suddenly then they disappeared : not  
twice •

Had summer scorched the fields ; not  
twice had fallen,

On those high peaks, the first autumnal  
snow,

Before the greedy visiting was closed.

And the long-privileged house left  
—swept

As by a plague. Yet no rapacious p  
Had been among them ; all was g  
death,

One after one, with intervals of peace  
A happy consummation ! an accord  
Sweet, perfect, to be wished for !  
that here •

Was something which to mortal  
might sound

Like harshness,—that the old grey-he  
Sire,

The oldest, he was taken last, surviv  
When the meek Partner of his age, his  
His Daughter, and that late and  
prized gift,

His little smiling Grandchild, were  
more.

“All gone, all vanished ! he dep  
and bare,

How will he face the remnant of his  
What will become of him ?” we said  
mused

In sad conjectures—“ Shall we mee  
now

Haunting with rod and line the ci  
brooks ?

Or shall we overhear him, as we pass  
Striving to entertain the lonely hour  
With music ?” (for he had not ceas  
touch

The harp or viol which himself  
framed,

For their sweet purposes, with pi  
skill.)

“What titles will he keep ? will he re  
Musician, gardener, builder, mechan  
A planter, and a rearer from the seed  
A man of hope and forward-looking  
Even to the last !”—Such was  
subdued.

But Heaven was gracious ; yet  
while,

And this Survivor, with his c  
throng

Of open projects, and his inward t  
Of unsunned griefs, too many a

keen,  
Was overcome by unexpected slee

In one blest moment. Like a  
thrown

Softly and lightly from a passing t

fell upon him, while reclined he  
 Yontide solace on the summer grass,  
 arm lap of his mother earth : and so,  
 enient term of separation past,  
 family (whose graves you there  
 hold)

a higher privilege once more  
 gathered to each other."

Calm of mind  
 Silence waited on these closing  
 rds ;

he Wanderer (whether moved by

those passages of life were some  
 might have touched the sick heart  
 his Friend

urly, or intent to reinforce  
 a firm spirit in degree deprest  
 her sorrow for our mortal state)

lence broke :—" Behold a thought-  
 Man

ice and premature decay pre-  
 red

il habits, to a fitter soil  
 anted ere too late.—The hermit,

ged  
 he untrodden desert, tells his

ds,  
 ch repeating its allotted prayer,

is divides and thus relieves the  
 ;

task, with *his* compared, whose  
 d could string,

untily, bright minutes on the  
 ad

domestic anguish ; and beguile  
 le, unchosen, unprofessed ;

lest death released him.

Far from us

esire—too curiously to ask  
 uch of this is but the blind

lt  
 al spirits and vital temperament,

at to higher powers is justly

Sir, know that in a neighbouring

abides before whose life such

its  
 e ground ; whose gifts of nature

rom notice, lost in attributes  
 n, honourably effaced by debts

Which her poor treasure-house is content  
 to owe,

And conquests over her dominion gained,  
 To which her frowardness must needs  
 submit.

In this one Man is shown a temperance—  
 proof

Against all trials ; industry severe  
 And constant as the motion of the day ;  
 Stern self-denial round him spread, with  
 shade

That might be deemed forbidding, did  
 not there

All generous feelings flourish and rejoice ;  
 Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,  
 And resolution competent to take  
 Out of the bosom of simplicity

All that her holy customs recommend,  
 And the best ages of the world prescribe.

—Preaching, administering, in every work  
 Of his sublime vocation, in the walks

Of worldly intercourse between man and  
 man,

And in his humble dwelling, he appears  
 A labourer, with moral virtue girt,

With spiritual graces, like a glory,  
 crowned."

"Doubt can be none," the Pastor said,  
 "for whom

This portraiture is sketched. The great,  
 the good,

The well-beloved, the fortunate, the  
 wise,—

These titles emperors and chiefs have  
 borne,

Honour assumed or given : and him, the  
 WONDERFUL,

Our simple shepherds, speaking from the  
 heart.

Deservedly have styled.—From his abode  
 In a dependent chapelry that lies

Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,  
 Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,

And, having once espoused, would never  
 quit ;

Into its graveyard will ere long be borne  
 That lowly, great, good Man. A simple

stone  
 May cover him ; and by its help, per-  
 chance,

A century shall hear his name pro-  
 nounced,

With images attendant on the sound ;

Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilight  
 close  
 In utter night ; and of his course remain  
 No cognizable vestiges, no more  
 Than of this breath, which shapes itself  
 in words  
 To speak of him, and instantly dissolves."

The Pastor pressed by thoughts which  
 round his theme  
 Still linger'd, after a brief pause, resumed ;  
 "Noise is there not enough in doleful  
 war,  
 But that the heaven-born poet must stand  
 forth,  
 And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,  
 To multiply and aggravate the din ?  
 Pangs are there not enough in hopeless  
 love—

And, in requited passion, all too much  
 Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear—  
 But that the minstrel of the rural shade  
 Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse  
 The perturbation in the suffering breast,  
 And propagate its kind, far as he may ?  
 —Ah who (and with such rapture as befits  
 The hallowed theme) will rise and cele-  
 brate  
 The good man's purposes and deeds ;  
 retrace

His struggles, his discomfitures deplore,  
 His triumphs hail, and glorify his end ;  
 That virtue, like the fumes and vapoury  
 clouds

Through fancy's heat redounding in the  
 brain,

And like the soft infections of the heart,  
 By charm of measured words may spread  
 o'er field,

Hamlet, and town ; and piety survive  
 Upon the lips of men in hall or bower ;  
 Not for reproof, but high and warm  
 delight,

And grave encouragement, by song in-  
 spired? • •

—Vain thought ! but wherefore murmur  
 or repine ?

The memory of the just survives in  
 heaven:

And, without sorrow, with the ground  
 receive

That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best  
 Of what lies here confines us  
 In excellent, and difficult to teach, what

And milder worth : nor need we travel  
 From those to whom our last re-  
 were paid,  
 For such example.

Almost at the  
 Of that tall pine, the shadow of v  
 bare

And slender stem, while here I sit at  
 Oft stretches toward me, like a  
 straight path

Traced faintly in the greensward ; t  
 beneath

A plain blue stone, a gentle Dale  
 lies,

From whom, in early childhood,  
 withdrawn

The precious gift of hearing. He grew  
 From year to year in loneliness of se  
 And this deep mountain-valley was to  
 Soundless, with all its streams. The  
 of dawn

Did never rouse this Cottager from  
 With startling summons ; not fo  
 delight

The vernal cuckoo shouted ; not for  
 Murmured the labouring bee. A  
 stormy winds

Were working the broad bosom o  
 lake

Into a thousand thousand spar  
 waves,

Rocking the trees, or driving clou  
 cloud

Along the sharp edge of yon lofty cr  
 The agitated scene before his eye  
 Was silent as a picture : evermore  
 Were all things silent, wheresoe'er  
 moved.

Yet, by the solace of his own  
 thoughts

Upheld, he duteously pursued the  
 Of rural labours ; the steep mountain  
 Ascended, with his staff and faithful  
 The plough he guided, and the scyt  
 swayed ;

And the ripe corn before his sickle  
 Among the jocund reapers. For hi  
 All watchful and industrious as he  
 He wrought not : neither field no  
 he owned :

No wish for wealth had place wit  
 mind ;

For husband's love, nor father's  
 care.

though born a younger brother, need  
 as none  
 from the floor of his paternal home  
 could depart, to plant himself anew.  
 When, mature in manhood, he beheld  
 treads laid in earth, no loss ensued  
 'tis to him; but he remained well  
 eased,  
 by pure bond of independent love,  
 mate of a second family;  
 fellow-labourer and friend of him  
 on the small inheritance had fallen.  
 He deemed that his mild presence was  
 weight  
 pressed upon his brother's house;  
 books  
 ready comrades whom he could not  
 miss;  
 in society the blameless Man  
 never satiate. Their familiar voice,  
 in old age, with unabated charm  
 of his leisure hours; refreshed his  
 thoughts;  
 its natural elevation raised  
 his reverted spirit; and bestowed  
 on life an outward dignity  
 all acknowledged. The dark  
 later night,  
 every day, each had its own re-  
 ceive;  
 the muses, sage historic tale,  
 severe, or word of holy Writ  
 giving immortality and joy  
 assembled spirits of just men  
 perfect, and from injury secure.  
 soothed at home, thus busy in the  
 day,  
 reverse suspicion he gave way,  
 nor, peevishness, nor vain com-  
 ment;  
 who were about him, did not fail  
 grace, or in courtesy; they prized  
 the manners: and his peaceful  
 ease,  
 tones of his slow-varying counte-  
 nance,  
 met with answering sympathy and  
 strength, when sixty years and five  
 were told,  
 disease insensibly consumed  
 powers of nature: and a few short

Of friends and kindred bore him from  
 his home

(Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)  
 To the profounder stillness of the grave.

—Nor was his funeral denied the grace  
 Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful  
 grief;

Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.  
 And now that monumental stone pre-  
 serves

His name, and unambitiously relates  
 How long, and by what kindly outward  
 aids,

And in what pure contentedness of mind,  
 The sad privation was by him endured.

—And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing  
 sound

Was wasted on the good Man's living ear,  
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;

And, at the touch of every wandering  
 breeze,

Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful  
 grave.

"Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful  
 of things!

Guide of our way, mysterious comforter!  
 Whose sacred influence, spread through  
 earth and heaven,

We all too thanklessly participate,  
 Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him  
 Whose place of rest is near yon ivied  
 porch.

Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he com-  
 plained;

Ask of the channelled rivers if they held  
 A safer, easier, more determined, course.  
 What terror doth it strike into the mind  
 To think of one, blind and alone, ad-  
 vancing

Straight toward some precipice's airy  
 brink!

But, timely warned, *He* would have stayed  
 his steps,

Protected, say enlightened, by his ear;

And on the very edge of vacancy  
 Not more endangered than a man whose  
 eye

Beholds the *•* If beneath.—No floweret  
 blooms

Through the lofty range of these rough

roads, from him

unclear



Its birthplace ; none whose figure did  
 not live  
 Upon his touch. The bowels of the  
 earth  
 Enriched with knowledge his industrious  
 mind ;  
 The ocean paid him tribute from the  
 stores  
 Lodged in her bosom ; and, by science  
 led,  
 His genius mounted to the plains of  
 heaven.  
 —Methinks I see him—how his eyeballs  
 rolled,  
 Beneath his ample brow, in darkness  
 paired,—  
 But each instinct with spirit ; and the  
 frame  
 Of the whole countenance alive with  
 thought,  
 Fancy, and understanding ; while the  
 voice  
 Discoursed of natural or moral truth  
 With eloquence, and such authentic  
 power,  
 That, in his presence, humbler knowledge  
 stood  
 Abashed, and tender pity overawed."

"A noble—and, to unreflecting minds,  
 A marvellous spectacle," the Wanderer  
 said,  
 "Beings like these present ! But proof  
 abounds  
 Upon the earth that faculties, which seem  
 Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease to  
 be.  
 And to the mind among her powers of  
 sense  
 This transfer is permitted,—not alone  
 That the bereft their recompense may  
 win ;  
 But for remoter purposes of love  
 And charity ; nor last nor least for  
 this,  
 That to the imagination may be given  
 A type and shadow of an awful truth ;  
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,  
 Darkness is banished from the realms of  
 death,  
 By an imperishable spirit called.  
 Unto the venerable, see not, while  
 Futurity was he, in an  
 To be laid down, and they prophesied."

And know we not that from the  
 have flowed  
 The highest, holiest, raptures of the  
 And wisdom married to immortal ve

Among the humbler Worthies, a  
 feet  
 Lying insensible to human praise,  
 Love, or regret — *whose* fineaments,  
 next  
 Have been portrayed, I guess not ; I  
 chanced  
 That, near the quiet churchyard whe  
 sate,  
 A team of horses, with a ponderous fi  
 Pressing behind, adown a rugged sk  
 Whose sharp descent confounded  
 array,  
 Came at that moment, ringing noisil

"Here," said the Pastor, "do we  
 and mourn  
 The waste of death ; and lo ! the gian  
 Stretched on his bier— that massy ti  
 wain ;  
 Nor fail to note the Man who guide  
 team."

He was a peasant of the lowest cl  
 Grey locks profusely round his ter  
 hung  
 In clustering curls, like ivy, which  
 bite  
 Of winter cannot thin ; the fres  
 lodged  
 Within his cheek, as light within a cl  
 And he returned our greeting wi  
 smile.

When he had passed, the Solitary sp  
 "A Man he seems of cheerful yester  
 And confident to-morrows ; with a fa  
 Not worldly-minded, for it bears too  
 Of Nature's impress,—gaiety and he  
 Freedom and hope ; but keen, withal  
 shrewd.

His gestures note,—and hark ! his  
 of voice  
 Are all vivacious as his mien and lo

The Pastor answered, "You have  
 him well.  
 Year after year is added to his store  
 With *silent* increase ; summers, wint  
 past,

or to come ; yea, boldly might I say,  
 summers and ten winters of a space  
 lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,  
 his sprightly vigour cannot fix  
 obligation of an anxious mind,  
 le in having, or a fear to lose ;  
 ssed like outskirts of some large  
 omain,  
 y one more thought of than by him  
 holds the land in fee, its careless  
 ard !  
 the creature rational, endowed  
 foresight ; hears, too, every sabbath  
 y.  
 hristian promise with attentive ear ;  
 ill, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven  
 the incense offered up by him,  
 h of the kind which beasts and  
 rds present  
 ve or pasture : cheerfulness of soul,  
 repidation and repining free.  
 many scrupulous worshippers fall  
 wn  
 heir knees, and daily homage pay  
 orthy, less religious even, than his !  
 is qualified respect, the old Man's  
 e,  
 without reluctance ; but in truth,"  
 he good Vicar with a fond half-  
 ile)  
 at times a motion of despite  
 s one, whose bold contrivances and  
 ll.  
 have seen, bear such conspicuous  
 t  
 ss of havoc ; taking from these  
 es,  
 er one, their proudest ornaments.  
 his doings leave me to deplore  
 i-tree, sown by winds, by vapours  
 sed,  
 by crannies of the pendent rocks ;  
 rch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,  
 f glory for the ascending moon :  
 k whose roots by noontide dew  
 e damped,  
 whose forehead inaccessible  
 ven lodged in safety.—Many a  
 ,  
 d into Morecambe-bay, to him  
 owed  
 ong knee timbers, and the mast  
 bears

The loftiest of her pendants ; He, from  
 park  
 Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree  
 That whirls (how slow itself !) ten thou  
 sand spindles :  
 And the vast engine labouring in the mine  
 Content with meaner prowess, must have  
 lacked  
 The trunk and body of its marvellous  
 strength,  
 If his undaunted enterprise had failed  
 Among the mountain coves.

Yon household fir,  
 A guardian planted to fence off the blast,  
 But towering high the roof above, as if  
 Its humble destination were forgot—  
 That sycamore, which annually holds  
 Within its shade, as in a stately tent  
 On all sides open to the fanning breeze,  
 A grave assemblage, seated while they  
 shear

The fleece-encumbered flock—the JOYFUL  
 ELM,

Around whose trunk the maidens dance  
 in May —

And the LORD'S OAK--would plead their  
 several rights

In vain, if he were master of their fate ;  
 His sentence to the axe would doom  
 them all.

But, green in age and lusty as he is,  
 And promising to keep his hold on earth  
 Less, as might seem, in rivalry with  
 men

Than with the forest's more enduring  
 growth,

His own appointed hour will come a  
 last ;

And, like the haughty Spoilers of the  
 world,

This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must  
 fall.

" Now from the living pass we once  
 again :

From Age," the Priest continued, " turn  
 your thought :

From Age, that often unlamented drops,  
 And mark t' it daisied hillock, three  
 spans lo

--Seven l-- Sons sate daily round the

Of old the hope

Of other progeny, a Daughter then  
 Was given, the crowning bounty of the  
 whole ;  
 And so acknowledged with a tremulous  
 joy  
 Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm  
 With which by nature every mother's soul  
 Is stricken in the moment when her throes  
 Are ended, and her ears have heard the  
 cry  
 Which tells her that a living child is  
 born ;  
 And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,  
 That the dread storm is weathered by  
 them both.

"The Father—him at this unlooked-  
 for gift  
 A bolder transport seizes. From the side  
 Of his bright hearth, and from his open  
 door,  
 Day after day the gladness is diffused  
 To all that come, almost to all that pass ;  
 Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer  
 Spread on the never-empty board, and  
 drink  
 Health and good wishes to his new-born  
 girl,  
 From cups replenished by his joyous  
 hand.  
 —Those seven fair brothers variously were  
 moved  
 Each by the thoughts best suited to his  
 years :  
 But most of all and with most thankful  
 mind  
 The hoary grandsire felt himself enriched ;  
 A happiness that ebb'd not, but remained  
 To fill the total measure of his soul !  
 —From the low tenement, his own abode,  
 Whither, as to a little private cell,  
 He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and  
 noise,  
 To spend the sabbath of old age in peace,  
 Once every day meticulously repaired  
 To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe :  
 For in that female infant's name he heard  
 The silent name of his departed wife ;  
 Heart-stirring music ! how joyfully heard that  
 name ;  
 Full blest he was, 'Another Margaret  
 Generable  
 Oft did he hear her voice, in the same  
 side.'

"Oh ! pang unthought of, as  
 cious boon  
 Itself had been unlooked-for ; a  
 stroke  
 Of desolating anguish for them a  
 —Just as the Child could totter  
 floor,  
 And, by some friendly finger's  
 stayed  
 Ranged round the garden walk, a  
 perchance  
 Was catching at some novelty of  
 Ground-flower, or glossy insect  
 cell  
 Drawn by the sunshine—at that  
 season  
 The winds of March, smiting insi-  
 Raised in the tender passage of the  
 Viewless obstruction ; whence, all  
 warned,  
 The household lost their pride and  
 delight.  
 —But time hath power to soften  
 grets,  
 And prayer and thought can be  
 worst distress  
 Due resignation. Therefore, though  
 tears  
 Fail not to spring from either Parent  
 Oft as they hear of sorrow like their  
 Yet this departed Little-one, too for  
 The innocent troubler of their quiet,  
 In what may now be called a pe-  
 bed.

"On a bright day—so calm and b-  
 it seemed  
 To us, with our sad spirits, heav-  
 fair—  
 These mountains echoed to an un-  
 sound ;  
 A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Cor-  
 Let down into the hollow of that grave  
 Whose shelving sides are red with  
 mould.  
 Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth  
 Spare, burning sun of midsummer,  
 sods,  
 That they may knit together, and el-  
 with  
 Our thoughts unite in kindred quietude  
 Nor so the Valley shall forget her lost  
 Dear Youth, by young and old alike  
 loved.

as precious as my own!—Green  
 (I wish that they would softly  
 by last abode, and we may pass  
 ded less imperiously of thee;—  
 lge itself may sink into the breast  
 h, the great abyss, and be no more;  
 all not thy remembrance leave our  
 arts,  
 age disappear!

The Mountain-ash  
 can overlook, when 'mid a grove  
 unfaded trees she lifts her head  
 l with autumnal berries, that out-  
 ne  
 s richest blossoms; and ye may  
 e marked,  
 ook-side or solitary tarn,  
 he her station doth adorn: the  
 ol  
 at her feet, and all the gloomy  
 ks  
 ghtened round her. In his native  
 e  
 nd so glorious did this Youth  
 ear;  
 that kindled pleasure in all hearts  
 ngenuous beauty, by the gleam  
 ur eyes, by his capacious brow,  
 ie graces with which nature's hand  
 ishly arrayed him. As old bards  
 their idle songs of wandering  
 s,  
 Apollo, veiled in human form:  
 the sweet-breathed violet of the  
 le,  
 ed in their own despite to sense  
 ils (if such fables without blame  
 l chance-mention on this sacred  
 ind) —  
 ough a simple rustic garb's dis-  
 e,  
 ough the impediment of rural  
 s  
 ealed a scholar's genius shone;  
 not wholly hidden from men's  
 t,  
 he spirit of a hero walked  
 retending valley.—How the quoit  
 from the Stripling's arm! If  
 hed by him,  
 lorious football mounted to the

Of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow  
 curve,  
 Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!  
 The indefatigable fox had learned  
 To dread his perseverance in the chase.  
 With admiration would he lift his eyes  
 To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand  
 Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:  
 Else had the strongest fastnesses proved  
 weak  
 To guard the royal brood. The sailing  
 glead,  
 The wheeling swallow, and the darting  
 snipe,  
 The sportive sea-gull dancing with the  
 waves,  
 And cautious water-fowl, from distant  
 climes,  
 Fixed at their seat, the centre of the  
 Mere,  
 Were subject to young Oswald's steady  
 aim,  
 And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast  
 Of France a boastful Tyrant hurled his  
 threats;  
 Our Country marked the preparation vast  
 Of hostile forces; and she called—with  
 voice  
 That filled her plains, that reached her  
 utmost shores,  
 And in remotest vales was heard—to  
 arms!  
 —Then, for the first time, here you might  
 have seen  
 The shepherd's grey to martial scarlet  
 changed,  
 That flashed uncouthly through the woods  
 and fields.  
 Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,  
 And graced with shining weapons, weekly  
 marched,  
 From this lone valley, to a central spot  
 Where, in assemblage with the flower and  
 choice  
 Of the surrounding district, they might  
 learn  
 The rudiments of war; ten—hardy,  
 strong,  
 And valiant; but young Oswald, like a  
 chief  
 And yet the best comrade, led forth  
 From the old Mountain-ash the

With a gay confidence and seemly pride ;  
 Measuring the soil beneath their happy  
 feet  
 Like Youths released from labour, and  
 yet young  
 To most laborious service, though to them  
 A festival of unencumbered ease ;  
 The inner spirit keeping holiday,  
 Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshine  
 left.

"Oft have I marked him, at some  
 leisure hour,  
 Stretched on the grass, or seated in the  
 shade,

Among his fellows, while an ample map  
 Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,  
 From which the gallant teacher would  
 discourse,

Now pointing this way, and now that.  
 — 'Here flows,'

Thus would he say, 'the Rhine, that  
 famous stream !

Eastward, the Danube toward this inland  
 sea,

A mightier river, winds from realm to  
 realm ;

And, like a serpent, shows his glittering  
 back

Bespotted—with innumerable isles :

Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk :  
 observe

His capital city !' Thence, along a tract  
 Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears,  
 His finger moved, distinguishing the spots  
 Where wide-spread conflict then most  
 fiercely raged ;

Nor left unstigmatized those fatal fields  
 On which the sons of mighty Germany  
 Were taught a base submission.—'Here  
 behold

A nobler race, the Switzers, and their  
 land,

Vales deeper far than these of ours, huge  
 woods,

And mountains white with everlasting  
 snow !

—And, surely, he, that spake with kind-  
 ling brow,

Was a true patriot, hopeful as the best  
 Of that young peasantry who, in our

Have to be seen  
 rights—

Ah, not in vain !—or those who, if  
 time,

For work of happier issue, to the side  
 Of Tell came trooping from a thou-  
 huts,

When he had risen alone ! No bi-  
 Youth

Descended from Judean heights, to m-  
 With righteous Joshua ; nor appear  
 arms

When grove was felled, and altar was  
 down,

And Gideon blew the trumpet, so  
 flamed,

And strong in hatred of idolatry."

The Pastor, even as if by these  
 words

Raised from his seat within the ch  
 shade,

Moved towards the grave ;—instinct  
 his steps

We followed ; and my voice with  
 exclaimed :

"Power to the Oppressors of the wor-  
 given,

A might of which they dream not.  
 the curse,

To be the awakener of divinest thoug  
 Father and founder of exalted deeds :

And, to whole nations bound in se  
 straits,

The liberal donor of capacities

More than heroic ! this to be, nor yet  
 Have sense of one connatural wish, no

Deserve the least return of human tha  
 Winning no recompense but deadly h

With pity mixed, astonishment  
 scorn."

When this involuntary strain  
 ceased,

The Pastor said : "So Providen-  
 served ;

The forked weapon of the skies can s  
 Illumination into deep, dark holds,

Which the mild sunbeam hath not p  
 to pierce.

Ye Thrones that have defied remor-  
 cast

Pity away, soon shall ye quake with  
 For, not unconscious of the mighty

Which to outrageous wrong the s  
 owes,





.. Pregnant with recollections of the time

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ope, through all her habitable bounds,  
 thirsting for *their* overthrow, who yet  
 live, as pagan temples stood of yore,  
 horror of their impious rites, pre-  
 served ;  
 still permitted to extend their pride,  
 cedars on the top of Lebanon  
 kening the sun.

But less impatient thoughts,  
 love 'all hoping and expecting all,'  
 hallowed grave demands, where rests  
 in peace  
 humble champion of the better cause ;  
 pleasant-youth, so call him, for he  
 asked  
 higher name ; in whom our country  
 showed,  
 a favourite son, most beautiful.  
 site of vice, and misery, and disease,  
 ad with the spreading of her wealthy  
 arts,  
 and, the ancient and the free, ap-  
 peared  
 him to stand before my swimming  
 eyes,  
 unquarably virtuous and secure.  
 more of this, lest I offend his dust :  
 it was his life, and a brief tale re-  
 mains.

One day—a summer's day of annual  
 pomp  
 solemn chase—from morn to sultry  
 noon  
 steps had followed, fleetest of the  
 leet,  
 red-deer driven along its native  
 heights  
 cry of hound and horn ; and, from  
 that toil  
 ned with sinews weakened and re-  
 lax'd,  
 generous Youth, too negligent of self,  
 ed—mid a gay and busy throng  
 convened  
 sh the fleeces of his Father's flock—  
 he chilling flood. Convulsions dire  
 l him, that self-same night ; and  
 rough the space  
 elve ensuing days his frame was  
 faded,  
 ture re- from her work in death.  
 n, thus snatched away, his com-  
 des paid  
 wo,

A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour  
 Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless  
 blue—

A golden lustre slept upon the hills ;  
 And if by chance a stranger, wandering  
 there,

From some commanding eminence had  
 looked

Down on this spot, well pleased would  
 he have seen

A glittering spectacle ; but every face  
 Was pallid : seldom hath that eye been  
 moist

With tears, that wept not then ; nor were  
 the few,

Who from their dwellings came not forth  
 to join

In this sad service, less disturbed than  
 we.

They started at the tributary peal  
 Of instantaneous thunder, which an-  
 nounced,

Through the still air, the closing of the  
 Grave ;

And distant mountains echoed with a  
 sound

Of lamentation, never heard before !”

The Pastor ceased.—My venerable  
 Friend

Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye ;  
 And, when that eulogy was ended, stood  
 Enrapt, as if his inward sense perceived  
 The prolongation of some still response,  
 Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide  
 land,

The Spirit of its mountains and its seas ;  
 Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,  
 Its rights and virtues—by that Deity  
 Descending, and supporting his pure  
 heart

With patriotic confidence and joy.  
 And, at the last of those memorial words,  
 The pining Solitary turned aside ;  
 Whether through a holy instinct to con-  
 ceal

Tender emotions spreading from the  
 heart

To his worn cheek ; or with uneasy shame  
 For those cold humours of habitual spleen  
 That, for the seeking in dispraise of man  
 Solace, self-excuse, sometimes  
 his old Master's  
 tongue.



—Right toward the sacred Edifice his  
steps  
Had been directed ; and we saw him now  
Intent upon a monumental stone,  
Whose uncouth form was grafted on the  
wall,  
Or rather seemed to have grown into the  
side  
Of the rude pile ; as oftentimes trunks of  
trees,  
Where nature works in wild and craggy  
spots,  
Are seen incorporate with the living  
rock—  
To endure for aye. The Vicar, taking note  
Of his employment, with a courteous  
smile  
Exclaimed—

“The sagest Antiquarian’s eye  
That task would foil ;” then, letting fall  
his voice  
While he advanced, thus spake : “Tradition tells  
That, in Eliza’s golden days, a Knight  
Came on a war-horse sumptuously attired,  
And fixed his home in this sequestered  
vale.  
’Tis left untold if here he first drew  
breath,  
Or as a stranger reached this deep recess,  
Unknowing and unknown. A pleasing  
thought  
I sometimes entertain, that haply bound  
To Scotland’s court in service of his  
Queen,  
C. sent on mission to some northern  
Chief  
Of England’s realm, this vale he might  
have seen  
With transient observation ; and thence  
caught  
An image fair, which, brightening in his  
soul  
When joy of war and pride of chivalry  
Languished beneath accumulated years,  
Had power to draw him from the world,  
resolved  
To make this paradise his chosen home  
To which his peaceful fancy had turned.

“Venerable are the  
beliefs  
Upon unwritten

From sire to son, in this obscure retreat  
The Knight arrived, with spear and shield  
and borne

Upon a Charger gorgeously bedecked  
With broidered housings. And the  
Steed—

His sole companion, and his faithful  
friend,

Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to roam  
In fertile pastures—was beheld with eyes  
Of admiration and delightful awe,  
By those untravelled Dalesmen. A  
less pride,

Yet free from touch of envious discontent  
They saw a mansion at his bidding rise  
Like a bright star, amid the lowly bars  
Of their rude homesteads. Here  
Warrior dwelt ;

And, in that mansion, children of his  
Or kindred, gathered round him. A  
tree

That falls and disappears, the house  
gone ;

And, through improvidence or war  
love

For ancient worth and honourable  
The spear and shield are vanished, with  
the Knight

Hung in his rustic hall. One lived and  
Myself have seen, a gateway, last remnant  
Of that foundation in domestic care  
Raised by his hands. And now no  
is left

Of the mild-hearted Champion, save  
stone.

Faithless memorial ! and his family  
Borne by yon clustering cottages,  
sprang

From out the ruins of his stately  
These, and the name and title  
length.

Sir Alfred Erthing, with appropriate  
Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath  
Or posy, girding round the several  
Of three clear-sounding and harmonious  
bells

That in the steeple hang, his pious

“So falls, so languishes, grows old,  
and dies.”  
The grey-haired Wanderer  
claimed,  
“All that this world  
their sons”

tars of human glory are cast down ;  
 the roses and the flowers of  
 ngs,  
 s, and emperors, and the crowns  
 nd palms  
 the mighty, withered and con-  
 med !  
 power given to lowliest innocence  
 o protect her own. The man him-  
 lf  
 s : and soon is spent the line of  
 se  
 n the bodily image, in the mind,  
 t or soul, in station or pursuit,  
 ost resemble him. Degrees and  
 lks,  
 ities and orders—heaping high  
 alth upon the burthen of the old,  
 eing trust in privilege confirmed  
 -confirmed are scoffed at with a  
 ile  
 dy foretaste, from the secret stand  
 ation, aimed : to slow decline  
 eld, and these to sudden over-  
 ow :  
 rtue, service, happiness, and state  
 and nature's pleasant robe of  
 en,  
 ty's appointed shroud, enwraps  
 onuments and their memory. The  
 . Frame  
 l nature changes evermore  
 ins and her members, with decay  
 , and restless generation, powers  
 ctions dying and produced at  
 l —  
 this law the mighty whole sub-  
 :  
 ascent and progress in the  
 :  
 : how disproportioned to the  
 es  
 ctations of self-flattering minds !  
  
 courteous Knight, whose bones  
 ere interred,  
 an age conspicuous as our own  
 e and ferment in the minds of  
 :  
 iteration in the forms of things,  
 'vast. A memorable age !  
 : — from a pensive lot —  
 s strid — — — — — res bright  
 id

That, on the steady breeze of honour,  
 sailed  
 In long procession calm and beautiful  
 He who had seen his own bright order  
 fade,  
 And its devotion gradually decline,  
 (While war, relinquishing the lance and  
 shield,  
 Her temper changed, and bowed to other  
 laws)  
 Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,  
 That violent commotion, which o'erthrew,  
 In town and city and sequestered glen,  
 Altar, and cross, and church of solemn  
 roof,  
 And old religious house—pile after pile ;  
 And shook their tenants out into the  
 fields,  
 Like wild beasts without home ! Their  
 hour was come ;  
 But why no softening thought of grati-  
 tude,  
 No just remembrance, scruple, or wise  
 doubt ?  
 Benevolence is mild ; nor borrows help,  
 Save at worst need, from bold impetuous  
 force,  
 Fitliest allied to anger and revenge.  
 But Human-kind rejoices in the might ,  
 Of mutability ; and airy hopes,  
 Dancing around her, hinder and disturb  
 Those meditations of the soul that feed  
 The retrospective virtues. Festive songs  
 Break from the maddened nations at the  
 sight  
 Of sudden overthrow ; and cold neglect  
 Is the sure consequence of slow decay. ~

“Even,” said the Wanderer, “as that  
 courteous Knight,  
 Bound by his vow to labour for redress  
 Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact  
 By sword and lance the law of gentle-  
 ness,  
 (If I may venture of myself to speak,  
 Trusting that not incongruously I blend  
 Low things with lofty) I too shall be  
 doomed  
 To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem  
 Of the poor, calling which my youth  
 emb  
 With — — — — — by prom — — — — — though ;  
 is old M — — — — — and 'twere

To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks  
 For the pathetic records which his voice  
 Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt  
 truth,

Tending to patience when affliction  
 strikes;  
 To hope and love; to confident repose  
 In God; and reverence for the dust  
 of Man."

## BOOK EIGHTH.

## THE PARSONAGE.

## ARGUMENT.

Pastor's apology and apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long, the Pastor's invitation to his house.—Solitary disinclined to comply—rallies the Wanderer—playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight—rallies which leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes in the Country from the manufacturing spirit.—Favourable effects.—The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected humbler classes.—Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported moral worth.—Physical science unable to support itself.—Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among the humbler Classes of Society.—Picture of a Child employed in Cotton-mill.—Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population viewed.—Conversation broken off by a renewed Invitation from the Pastor.—Path leading to House.—Its appearance described.—His daughter.—His Wife.—His Son (a Boy) enters with Companion.—Their happy appearance.—The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

THE pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale  
 To those acknowledgments subscribed his  
 own,  
 With a sedate compliance, which the  
 Priest  
 Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and  
 said:—

"If ye, by whom invited I began  
 These narratives of calm and humble life,  
 Be satisfied, 'tis well,—the end is gained;  
 And in return for sympathy bestowed  
 And patient listening, thanks accept from  
 me.

—Life, death, eternity! momentous  
 themes

Are they—and might demand a scraph's  
 tongue,

Were they not equal to their own support;  
 And therefore no incompetence of mine  
 Could do them wrong. The universal  
 forms

Of human nature, in a spot like this,  
 Present themselves at once to all men's  
 view:

Ye wished for act and circumstance, that

The heart, the eye, and the ear  
 And such select

From what the place afforded, have been  
 given;

Though apprehensions crossed me to  
 my zeal

To his might well be likened, who unlocks  
 A cabinet stored with gems and pictures  
 draws

His treasures forth, soliciting regard  
 To this, and this, as worthier than  
 last,

Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased  
 More than the exhibitor himself, becomes

Weary and faint, and longs to be released  
 —But let us hence! my dwelling

sight,  
 And there—"

At this the Solitary stood  
 With backward will; but, wanting  
 address

That inward motion to disguise, he said  
 To his Compatriot, smiling as he spoke

—"The peaceable remains of this  
 Knight

Would be disturbed, I fear, with wrong  
 scorn,

If consciousness could reach  
 he lies

That one, albeit  
 times

bring changes past, or dreading  
change  
een, had dared to couple, even in  
hought,  
ine vocation of the sword and lance  
the gross aims and body-bending  
oil  
poor brotherhood who walk the  
arth  
, and, where they are not known,  
espised.

at, by the good Knight's leave, the  
to estates  
graced with some resemblance.  
rrant those,  
and wanderers—and the like are  
ese ;  
with their burthen, traverse hill and  
le,  
ing relief for nature's simple wants.  
t though no higher recompense be  
ght  
honest maintenance, by irksome  
l  
t procured, yet may they claim  
pect,  
the intelligent, for what this  
irse  
s them to be and to perform.  
urdy steps give leisure to observe,  
olitude permits the mind to feel ;  
s, and prompts her to supply  
ects  
division of her inward self  
teful converse : and to these poor  
1  
(I but repeat your favourite  
st)  
iful—go wheresoe'er they may ;  
ature's various wealth is all their  
in the characters of men ; and  
nd,  
of daily interest, to maintain  
lory manners and smooth speech :  
ive been, and still are in their  
ee,  
s efficacious to refine  
r course ; apt agents to expel,  
of unlooked-for arts,  
and prejudice ;  
s still  
id

To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.  
—Within their moving magazines is  
lodged  
Power that comes forth to quicken and  
exalt  
Affections seated in the mother's breast,  
And in the lover's fancy ; and to feed  
The sober sympathies of long-trying  
friends.  
—By these Itinerants, as experienced  
men,  
Counsel is given ; contention they appease  
With gentle language ; in remotest wilds,  
Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings  
bring ;  
Could the proud quest of chivalry do  
more?"

"Happy," rejoined the Wanderer,  
"they who gain  
A panegyric from your generous tongue !  
But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained  
Aught of romantic interest, it is gone.  
Their purer service in this realm at least,  
Is past for ever.—An inventive Age  
Has wrought, if not with speed of magic,  
yet  
To most strange issues. I have lived to  
mark  
A new and unforeseen creation rise  
From out the labours of a peaceful Land  
Wielding her potent enginery to frame  
And to produce, with appetite as keen  
As that of war, which rests not night or  
day.  
Industrious to destroy ! With fruitless  
pains  
Might one like me *now* visit many a tract  
Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod  
again,  
A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,  
Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he  
came—  
Among the tenantry of morpe and vill ;  
Or straggling burg, of ancient charter  
proud.  
And dignified by battlements and towers  
Of some stern castle, mouldering on the  
brow  
Of a green hill or bank of rugged  
stream  
The old Man of the horse-

(Prized avenues ere others had been  
shaped  
Or easier links connecting place with  
place)  
Have vanished—swallowed up by stately  
roads  
Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom  
Of Britain's farthest glens. The Earth  
has lent  
Her waters, Air her breezes; and the  
sail  
Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,  
Glistening along the low and woody dale;  
Or, in its progress, on the lofty side  
Of some bare hill, with wonder kenned  
from far.

"Meanwhile, at social Industry's com-  
mand,  
How quick, how vast an increase! From  
the germ  
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced  
Here a huge town, continuous and com-  
pact,  
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and  
there,  
Where not a habitation stood before,  
Abodes of men irregularly massed  
Like trees in forests,—spread through  
spacious tracts,  
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires  
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as  
wreaths  
Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.  
And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his  
steps,  
He sees the barren wilderness erased,  
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims  
How much the mild Directress of the  
plough  
Owes to alliance with these new-born  
arts!  
—Hence is the wide sea peopled,—hence  
the shores  
Of Britain are resorted to by ships  
Freighted from every clime of the world  
With the world's choicest produce.  
Hence that sum  
Of keels that rest within her crowded  
ports.  
Or her anchor in her sea-bays;  
That annual commerce  
That, through all her straits,  
flows

Pass with the respirations of the tide,  
Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,  
Hence a dread arm of floating power  
voice  
Of thunder daunting those who w  
approach  
With hostile purposes the blessed Isle  
Truth's consecrated residence, the ser-  
Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

"And yet, O happy Pastor of a flock  
Faithfully watched, and, by that lo-  
care  
And Heaven's good providence, preserv-  
from taint!  
With you I grieve, when on the da-  
side  
Of this great change I look; and to  
behold  
Such outrage done to nature as com-  
The indignant power to justify herself  
Yea, to avenge her violated rights,  
For England's bane.—When soon  
darkness spreads  
O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer  
expressed  
His recollections, "and the pun-  
stars,  
While all things else are gathering to  
homes,  
Advance, and in the firmament of he-  
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturb-  
As if their silent company were charg-  
With peaceful admonitions for the he-  
Of all-beholding Man, earth's thoug-  
lord;  
Then, in full many a region, once  
this  
The assured domain of calm simplici-  
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light  
Prepared for never-resting Labour's  
Breaks from a many-windowed fe-  
huge;  
And at the appointed hour a be-  
heard,  
Of harsher import than the curfew-kn  
That spake the Norman Conqueror's  
behest—  
A local summons to unceasing toil  
Disgorge are now the minister  
And, as they issue from  
pile,  
A fresh band

in the courts,—and where the rumbling stream,  
 it turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,  
 as, like a troubled spirit, in its bed  
 among the rocks below. Men, maidens,  
 youths,  
 her and little children, boys and girls,  
 and each the wonted task resumes  
 in this temple, where <sup>is</sup> offered up  
 the master-idol of the realm,  
 eternal sacrifice. Even thus of old  
 ancestors, within the still domain  
 of cathedral or conventual church,  
 their vigils kept; where tapers day and  
 night  
 the dim altar burned continually,  
 when that the House was evermore  
 breathing to God. Religious men were  
 they;  
 would their reason, tutored to aspire  
 to this transitory world, allow  
 there should pass a moment of the  
 year,  
 in their land the Almighty's service  
 ceased.

triumph who will in these profaner  
 rites  
 how we, a generation self-extolled,  
 proudly perform! I cannot share  
 your complacency:—yet do I exult,  
 reserving away, exult to see  
 intellectual mastery exercised  
 the blind elements: a purpose given,  
 severance fed: almost a soul  
 lifted to brute matter. I rejoice,  
 arising the force of those gigantic  
 powers  
 by the thinking mind, have been  
 impelled  
 reverse the will of feeble-bodied Man.  
 With the sense of admiration blends  
 animating hope that time may come  
 strengthened, yet not dazzled, by  
 the night  
 its dominion over nature gained,  
 of all lands shall exercise the same  
 in proportion to their country's need;  
 and, though late, that all true glory  
 rests,

all safety, and all happiness,  
 Egyptian Thebes,  
 of the sounding  
 thus said

Palmyra, central in the desert, fell;  
 And the Arts died by which they had  
 been raised.

— Call Archimedes from his buried tomb  
 Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,  
 And feelingly the Sage shall make report  
 How insecure, how baseless in itself,  
 Is the Philosophy whose sway depends  
 On mere material instruments;—how  
 weak

Those arts, and high inventions, if un-  
 propped  
 By virtue.—He, sighing with pensive  
 grief,

Amid his calm abstractions, would admit  
 That not the slender privilege is theirs  
 To save themselves from blank forgetful-  
 ness!"

When from the Wanderer's lips these  
 words had fallen,  
 I said, "And, did in truth those vaunted  
 Arts

Possess such privilege, how could we  
 escape

Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,  
 And would preserve as things above all  
 price,

The old domestic morals of the land.  
 Her simple manners, and the stable worth  
 That dignified and cheered a low estate?  
 Oh! where is now the character of  
 peace

Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,  
 And honest dealing, and untainted speech,  
 And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer;  
 That made the very thought of country-  
 life

A thought of refuge, for a mind detained  
 Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?  
 Where now the beauty of the sabbath  
 kept

With conscientious reverence, as a day  
 By the almighty Law-giver pronounced  
 Holy and blest? and where the winning  
 grace

(Of all the lighter ornaments attached  
 To time and season, as the year rolled  
 round?)

"Fleeting was the Wanderer's passion-  
 the old Master's face traced

Which I behold with trembling, when I think

What lamentable change, a year—a month—

May bring ; that brook converting as it runs

Into an instrument of deadly bane  
For those, who, yet untempted to forsake  
The simple occupations of their sires,  
Drink the pure water of its innocent stream

With lip almost as pure.—Domestic bliss  
(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)  
How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart !

Lo ! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,

The habitations empty ! or perchance  
The Mother left alone,—no helping hand  
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe ;  
No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,

Or in dispatch of each day's little growth  
Of household occupation ; no nice arts  
Of needle-work ; no bustle at the fire,  
Where once the dinner was prepared with pride ;

Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind ;

Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command !

“The Father, if perchance he still retain

His old employments, goes to field or wood,

No longer led or followed by the Sons ;  
Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his* sight ;

Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth ;

Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,

Ne'er to return ! That birthright now is lost.

Economists will tell you that the State  
Thrives by the forfeiture—unfeeling thought,

And false as monstrous ! On the mother thrive

By the destruction of her independent sons

In which the mother needs no more  
Blocks out the sun, and sums

The reason, famishes the heart, shun  
The infant Being in itself, and make  
Its very spring a season of decay !

The lot is wretched, the condition sordid  
Whether a pining discontent survives  
And thirst for change ; or habit has  
died

The soul depreſt, dejected—even to  
Of her close tasks, and long captivity

“Oh, banish far such wisdom as  
demns

A native Briton to those inward chains  
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep  
Without his own consent, or knowledge  
fixed !

He is a slave to whom release comes  
And cannot come. The boy, when he  
turns,

Is still a prisoner ; when the wind is  
Among the clouds, and roars through  
ancient woods ;

Or when the sun is shining in the  
Quiet and calm. Behold him—  
school

Of his attainments ? no ; but with  
Fanning his temples under heaven's  
arch.

His raiment, whitened o'er with  
flakes

Our locks of wool, announces when  
comes.

Creeping his gait and cowering,  
pale,

His respiration quick and audible ;  
And scarcely could you fancy  
gleam

Could break from out those languid  
or a blush

Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the  
Is that the countenance, and su-  
port,

Of no mean Being ? One who should  
clothed

With dignity befitting his proud  
Who, in his very childhood, should  
Sublime from present purity and joy

The limbs increase ; but liberty of  
Is gone for ever ; and this organic  
So joyful in its motions, is become

Dull, to the joy of her own

And even the touch,  
Through the whole

forms its functions ; rarely competent  
impress a vivid feeling on the mind  
what there is delightful in the breeze,  
gentle visitations of the sun,  
apace of liquid element—by hand,  
oot, or lip, in summer's warmth—per-  
ceived.

in hope look forward to a manhood  
raised  
uch foundations ? ”

“ Hope is none for him ! ”

pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,  
d tens of thousands suffer wrong as  
leep.

he it asked, in justice to our age,  
ere were not, before those arts ap-  
peared,

e structures rose, commingling old  
and young,

unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint ;  
ere were not, *then*, in our far-famed  
sle,

tudes, who from infancy had breathed  
imprisoned, and had lived at large ;  
walked beneath the sun, in human  
hapse,

ject, as degraded ? At this day,  
shall enumerate the crazy huts  
rottering hovels, whence do issue  
orther

ged Offspring, with their upright  
air

ied like the image of fantastic Fear ;  
aring, (shall we say ?) in that white  
rowth

adjusted turban, for defence  
‘ceness, wreathed around their sun-  
rrent brows,

‘rage Nature ? Shrivelled are their  
as ;

l, and coloured like the soil, the feet  
ich they stand ; as if thereby they  
ew

nourishment, as trees do by their  
ots,

earth, the common mother of us all.  
and mien, complexion and attire,

agued to strike dismay ; but out-  
retched hand

shining voice denote them suppli-

ity can bestow.

he heaths

And with their parents occupy the skirts  
Of furze-clad commons ; such are born  
and reared

At the mine's mouth under impending  
rocks ;

Or dwell in chambers of some natural  
cave ;

Or where their ancestors erected huts,  
For the convenience of unlawful gain,  
In forest purlicus ; and the like are bred,  
All England through, where nooks and  
slips of ground

Purloined, in times less jealous than our  
own,

From the green margin of the public way,  
A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom  
And gaiety of cultivated fields.

Such we will hope the lowest in the scale)  
Do I remember oftentimes to have seen

'Mid Buxton's dreary heights. In earnest  
watch,

Till the swift vehicle approach, they  
stand ;

Then, following closely with the cloud of  
dust,

An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone  
Heels over head, like tumblers on a stage.

Up from the ground they snatch the  
copper coin

And, on the freight of merry passengers  
Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed ;

And spin and pant—and overhead again,  
Wild pursuivants ! until their breath is  
lost,

Or bounty tires—and every face, that  
smiled

Encouragement, hath ceased to look that  
way.

But, like the vagrants of the gipsy  
tribe,

These, bred to little pleasure in them-  
selves,

Are profitless to others.

Turn we then  
To Britons born and bred within the pale  
Of civil polity, and early trained

To earn, by whole some labour in the field,  
The bread they eat. A sample should I

give  
Of what this stock hath long produced to

en-  
The old man, of life, I claim,  
is old Man, whose  
hold a res-



Impart new gladness to the morning air!  
 Forgive me if I venture to suspect  
 That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,  
 Are of no finer frame. Stiff are his joints;  
 Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the  
 knees  
 Invests the thriving churl, his legs ap-  
 pear,

Fellows to those that lustily upheld  
 The wooden stools for everlasting use,  
 Whereon our fathers sate. And mark  
 his brow!

Under whose shaggy canopy are set  
 Two eyes—not dim, but of a healthy  
 stare—

Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and  
 strange—

Proclaiming boldly that they never drew  
 A look or motion of intelligence  
 From infant-conning of the Christ-cross-  
 row,

Or puzzling through a primer, line by  
 line,

Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last.  
 —What kindly warmth from touch of  
 fostering hand,

What penetrating power of sun or breeze,  
 Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his  
 soul

Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?  
 This torpor is no pitiable work  
 Of modern ingenuity; no town  
 Nor crowded city can be taxed with aught  
 Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law,  
 To which (and who can tell where or how  
 soon?)

He may be roused. This Boy the fields  
 produce:

His spade and hoe, mattock and glitter-  
 ing scythe,

The carter's whip that on his shoulder  
 rests

In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,  
 The sceptre of his sway; his country's  
 name,

Her equal rights, her churches and her  
 schools—

What have they done for him? And, let  
 me ask,

For tens of thousands unimprisoned as he?  
 In what liberty of mind are they?

This is

Man.

To whom the appeal couched in its clo-  
 ing words

Was pointedly addressed; and to it  
 thoughts

That, in assent or opposition, rose  
 Within his mind, he seemed prepared  
 to give

Prompt utterance; but the Vicar inter-  
 posed

With invitation urgently renewed.

—We followed, taking as he led, a path  
 Along a hedge of hollies dark and tall,  
 Whose flexile boughs low bending with  
 a weight

Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and  
 roots

That gave them nourishment. Whence  
 frosty winds

Howl from the north, what kindly warmth  
 methought,

Is here—how grateful this impervious  
 screen!

—Not shaped by simple wearing of the  
 foot

On rural business passing to and fro  
 Was the commodious walk: a cart  
 hand

Had marked the line, and strewn its  
 face o'er

With pure cerulean gravel, from the  
 heights

Fetch'd by a neighbouring brook.—At  
 the vale

The stately fence accompanied our steps  
 And thus the pathway, by perpetually  
 green

Guarded and graced, seemed fash-  
 ioned to unite,

As by a beautiful yet solemn chain.  
 The Pastor's mansion with the house  
 of prayer.

Like image of solemnity, conjoined  
 With feminine allurements soft and fair  
 The mansion's self displayed;—a rare  
 pile

With bold projections and recesses and  
 shadowy, yet gay and lightsome  
 stood

Fronting the noontide sun. We  
 to admire

The pillared porch, elegant  
 The low wide

cornice, richly fretted, of grey stone ;  
 that smooth slope from which the  
 dwelling rose,  
 beds and banks Arcadian of gay  
 flowers  
 flowering shrubs, protected and  
 adorned :  
 fusion bright ! and every flower as-  
 suming  
 more than natural vividness of hue  
 in unaffected contrast with the gloom  
 of cypress, and the darker foil  
 of yew, in which survived some traces,  
 here  
 unbecoming, of grotesque device  
 uncouth fancy. From behind the  
 roof  
 the slim ash and massy sycamore,  
 ding their diverse foliage with the  
 green  
 y, flourishing and thick, that clasped  
 huge round chimneys, harbour of  
 delight  
 vren and redbreast,—where they sit  
 and sing  
 slender ditties when the trees are  
 bare.  
 must I leave untouched (the picture  
 is  
 incomplete) a relique of old times  
 illy spared, a little Gothic niche  
 ceast workmanship ; that once had  
 eld  
 sculptured image of some patron-  
 saint,  
 the blessed Virgin, looking down  
 who entered those religious doors.

lo ! where from the rocky garden-  
 out  
 ed by its antique summer-house—  
 ascends,  
 as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl ;  
 re hath recognised her honoured  
 end,  
 anderer ever welcome ! A prompt  
 ss  
 ladsome child bestows at his re-  
 quest ;  
 to the flowery lawn as we advance,  
 the old Man with a happy  
 of love.

Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port  
 A lofty stature undepressed by time,  
 Whose visitation had not wholly spared  
 The finer lineaments of form and face ;  
 To that complexion brought which pru-  
 dence trusts in  
 And wisdom loves.—But when a stately  
 ship  
 Sails in smooth weather by the placid  
 coast  
 On homeward voyage,—what if wind and  
 wave,  
 And hardship undergone in various  
 climes,  
 Have caused her to abate the virgin  
 pride,  
 And that full trim of inexperienced hope  
 With which she left her haven—not for  
 this,  
 Should the sun strike her, and the im-  
 partial breeze  
 Play on her streamers, fails she to as-  
 sume  
 Brightness and touching beauty of her  
 own,  
 That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair,  
 appeared  
 This goodly Matron, shining in the  
 beams  
 Of unexpected pleasure.—Soon the board  
 Was spread, and we partook a plain re-  
 past.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled  
 The mid-day hours with desultory talk ;  
 From trivial themes to general argument  
 Passing, as accident or fancy led,  
 Or courtesy prescribed. While question  
 rose  
 And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve  
 Dropping from every mind, the Solitary  
 Resumed the manners of his happier  
 days ;  
 And in the various conversation bore  
 A willing, nay, at times, a forward part ;  
 Yet with the grace of one who, in the  
 world  
 Had learned the art of pleasing, and had  
 now  
 Occasion given him to display his skill,  
 Upon that headfast vantage-ground of  
 his old Man's experience. I suppressed,

Seen, from the shady room in which we  
sate,  
In softened perspective; and more than  
once

Praised the consummate harmony serene  
Of gravity and elegance, diffused  
Around the mansion and its whole do-  
main;

Not, doubtless, without help of female  
taste

And female care.—“A blessed lot is  
yours!”

The words escaped his lip, with a tender  
sigh

Breathed over them: but suddenly the  
door

Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys  
Appeared, confusion checking their de-  
light.

—Not brothers they in feature or attire.

But fond companions, so I guessed, in  
field,

And by the river's margin—whence they  
come,

Keen anglers with unusual spoil elated.

One bears a willow-pannier on his back,

The boy of plainer garb, whose blush  
survives

More deeply tinged. Twin might the  
other be

To that fair girl who from the garden-  
mount

Bounded:—triumphant entry this for  
him!

Between his hands he holds a smooth  
blue stone,

On whose capacious surface see outspread  
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted  
trouts;

Ranged side by side, and lessening by  
degrees

Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.

Upon the board he lays the sky-blue  
stone

With its rich freight their number he  
proclaims;

Tells from what pool the noblest had  
been dragged;

And where the very march of the  
brook,

After a struggle, had escaped at last—  
Stealing—

(As doth his) —  
And, verily, the

A splendid sight, together thus exposed  
Dead—but not sullied or deformed by  
death,  
That seemed to pity what he could not  
spare.

But O, the animation in the mien  
Of those two boys! yea in the very work  
With which the young narrator was in-  
spired.

When, as our questions led, he told;  
large

Of that day's prowess! Him might  
compare,

His looks, tones, gestures, eager el-  
quence,

To a bold brook that splits for better speed  
And at the self-same moment, works its way

Through many channels, ever and anon  
Parted and re-united: his compeer

To the still lake, whose stillness is  
sight

As beautiful—as grateful to the mind.  
—But to what object shall the lov-

Girl  
Be likened? She whose countenance:

air  
Unite the graceful qualities of both,

Even as she shares the pride and joy  
both.

My grey-haired Friend was moved;  
vivid eye

Glistened with tenderness; his mind  
knew,

Was full; and had, I doubted not,  
turned,

Upon this impulse, to the theme—  
while

Abruptly broken off. The ruddy boys  
Withdrew, on summons to their

earned meal;

And He—to whom all tongues resign  
their rights

With willingness, to whom the general  
Listened with readier patience than

strain  
Of music, lute or harp, a long delight

That ceased not when his voice  
ceased—as One

Who from truth's central point  
views

The compass of

## BOOK NINTH.

DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, AND AN EVENING VISIT  
TO THE LAKE.

## ARGUMENT.

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe, its noblest seat the human  
—How lively this principle is in Childhood.—Hence the delight in old Age of looking back upon  
hood The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted.—These not to be looked for  
ally but under a just government.—Right of a human Creature to be exempt from being con-  
d as a mere Instrument.—The condition of multitudes deplored.—Former conversation recurred  
ed the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light.—Truth placed within reach of the humblest.—  
ity.—Happy state of the two Boys again adverted to.—Earnest wish expressed for a System of  
onal Education established universally by Government.—Glorious effects of this foretold.—Walk  
Lake.—Grand spectacle from the side of a hill.—Address of Priest to the Supreme Being—in  
urse of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before  
—The change ascribed to Christianity.—Apostrophe to his flock, living and dead.—Gratitude to  
mighty.—Return over the Lake.—Parting with the Solitary.—Under what circumstances,

every Form of Being is assigned,"  
calmly spake the venerable Sage,  
active Principle : how'er removed  
sense and observation, it subsists  
things, in all natures ; in the stars  
ure heaven, the unenduring clouds,  
wer and tree, in every pebbly stone  
paves the brooks, the stationary  
ocks,  
moving waters, and the invisible air.  
e'er exists hath properties that  
pread  
nd itself, communicating good,  
ple blessing, or with evil mixed ;  
that knows no insulated spot,  
iasm, no solitude ; from link to link  
ulates, the Soul of all the worlds.  
s the freedom of the universe ;  
ded still the more, more visible,  
ore we know ; and yet is revered  
ast,  
ast respected in the human Mind,  
ost apparent home. The food of  
pe  
titated action ; robbed of this  
le support, she languishes and dies.  
rish also ; for we live by hope  
y desire ; we see by the glad light  
reathe the sweet air of futurity ;  
re live, or else we have no life.  
v perchance this very

Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are  
almost sick  
With present triumph, will be sure to  
find  
A field before them freshened with the  
dew  
Of other expectations ;—in which course  
Their happy year spins round. The youth  
obeys  
A like glad impulse ; and so moves the  
man  
'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and  
fears.—  
Or so he ought to move. Ah ! why in age  
Do we revert so fondly to the walks  
Of childhood—but that there the Soul  
discerns  
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired  
Of her own native vigour ; thence can  
hear  
Reverberations ; and a choral song,  
Commencing with the incense that as-  
cends,  
Undaunted, toward the imperishable hea-  
vens,  
From her own lonely altar ?

Do not think  
That good and wise ever will be allowed,  
Though strength decay, to breathe in such  
estate  
As shall tempt them wholly to stir  
Oft old men said  
As old Men said  
the VALE OF

own to

Yet have I thought that we might also  
speak,

And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,  
As of a final EMINENCE ; though bare  
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point  
On which 'tis not impossible to sit  
In awful sovereignty ; a place of power,  
A throne, that may be likened unto his,  
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks  
Down from a mountain-top,—say one of  
those

High peaks, that bound the vale where  
now we are.

Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,  
Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,  
With all the shapes over their surface  
spread :

But, while the gross and visible frame of  
things

Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,  
Yea almost on the Mind herself, and  
seems

All unsubstantialized,—how loud the voice  
Of waters, with invigorated peal  
From the full river in the vale below,  
Ascending ! For on that superior height  
Who sits, is disencumbered from the press  
Of near obstructions, and is privileged  
To breathe in solitude, above the host  
Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air  
That suits not them. The murmur of the  
leaves

Many and idle, visits not his ear :  
This he is freed from, and from thousand  
notes

(Not less unceasing, not less vain than  
these,)

By which the finer passages of sense  
Are occupied ; and the Soul, that would  
incline

To listen, is prevented or deterred.

“ And may it not be hoped, that, placed  
by age

In like removal, tranquil though severe,  
We are not so removed for utter loss ;  
But for some favour, suited to our need ?  
What more than that the evering should  
confer

Fresh power to commune with the in-

And hear  
Uttering, for  
A clear and

To the vast multitude ; whose doom  
To run the giddy round of vain delight,  
Or fret and labour on the Plain below,

“ But, if to such sublime ascent  
hopes

Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close  
And termination of his mortal course ;  
Them only can such hope inspire who  
minds

Have not been starved by absolute  
glect ;

Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil  
To whom kind Nature, therefore, can  
afford

Proof of the sacred love she bears for  
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, can  
ensure.

For me, consulting what I feel within  
In times when most existence with her  
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,

That, far as kindly Nature hath  
scope

And Reason's sway predominates :  
so far,

Country, society, and time itself,  
That saps the individual's bodily frame  
And lays the generations low in dust,  
Do, by the almighty Ruler's grace part  
Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth  
And cherishing with ever-constant love  
That tires not, nor betrays. Our life  
turned

Out of her course, wherever man is  
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool

Or implement, a passive thing employ  
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment  
Of common right or interest in the end  
Used or abused, as selfishness may prove  
Say, what can follow for a rational soul  
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good  
And strength in evil? Hence an all  
call

For chastisement, and custody, and blood  
And oft-times Death, avenger of the deed  
And the sole guardian in whose hands  
dare

Entrust the future. Not for these  
issues

Was Man created ; but to obey  
Of life, and hope, and  
known

That when w

active powers, those powers themselves become  
 strong to subvert our noxious qualities :  
 they sweep distemper from the busy day,  
 and make the chalice of the big round  
 year  
 in order with gladness ; whence the Be-  
 ing moves  
 beauty through the world ; and all  
 who see  
 bless him, rejoicing in his neighbour-  
 hood."

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what force  
 language shall a feeling heart express  
 or sorrow for that multitude in whom  
 we look for health from seeds that have  
 been sown  
 sickness, and for increase in a power  
 that works but by extinction? On them-  
 selves  
 they cannot lean, nor turn to their own  
 hearts  
 know what they must do ; their wis-  
 dom is  
 look into the eyes of others, thence  
 be instructed what they must avoid :  
 rather, let us say, how least observed,  
 now with most quiet and most silent  
 death,  
 with the least taint and injury to the air  
 the oppressor breathes, their human form  
 divine,  
 and their immortal soul, may waste  
 away."

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you you  
 have spared  
 my voice the utterance of a keen regret,  
 wide compassion which with you I  
 share.  
 When, heretofore, I placed before your  
 sight  
 Little-one, subjected to the arts  
 modern ingenuity, and made  
 the senseless member of a vast machine,  
 revolving as doth a spindle or a wheel ;  
 I think not, that, pitying him, I could  
 forget  
 the rustic Boy, who walks the fields,  
 taught ;  
 ignorance, and oft of want.  
 Much, too much,  
 youth

We both have witnessed, lot which  
 myself  
 Shared, though in mild and merciful  
 degree :

Yet was the mind to hinderances exposed  
 Through which I struggled, not without  
 distress

And sometimes injury, like a lamb en-  
 thrall'd

'Mid thorns and brambles ; or a bird that  
 breaks

Through a strong net, and mounts upon  
 the wind,

Though with her plumes impaired. I  
 they, whose souls

Should open while they range the rich  
 fields

Of merry England, are obstructed less  
 By indigence, their ignorance is not less,  
 Nor less to be deplored. For who can  
 doubt

That tens of thousands at this day exist  
 Such as the boy you painted, lineal heirs  
 Of those who once were vassals of her soil  
 Following its fortunes like the beasts of  
 trees

Which it sustained. But no one takes  
 delight

In this oppression : none are proud of it ;  
 It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore ;  
 A standing grievance, an indigenous vice  
 Of every country under heaven. My  
 thoughts

Were turned to evils that are new and  
 chosen.

A bondage lurking under shape of good :—  
 Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,  
 But all too fondly followed and too far ;—  
 To victims, which the merciful can see  
 Nor think that they are victims—turned  
 to wrongs,

By women, who have children of their  
 own,

Beheld without compassion, yea, with  
 praise !

I spake of mischief by the wise diffused  
 With gladness thinking that the more it  
 spreads

The healthier, the securer, we become ;  
 Delusion which a moment may destroy !

Lastly, he mourned for those whom I had  
 favoured

His old Mother, who  
 beheld a re-

Where circumstance and nature had combined  
 To shelter innocence, and cherish love ;  
 Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,  
 Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind ;  
 Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

“Alas ! what differs more than man from man !

And whence that difference ! Whence but from himself ?

For see the universal Race endowed  
 With the same upright form ! The sun is fixed,

And the infinite magnificence of heaven  
 Fixed, within reach of every human eye ;  
 The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears ;  
 The vernal field infuses fresh delight  
 Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,

Even as an object is sublime or fair,  
 That object is laid open to the view  
 Without reserve or veil ; and as a power  
 Is salutary, or an influence sweet,  
 Are each and all enabled to perceive  
 That power, that influence, by impartial law.

Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all ;  
 Reason, and, with that reason, smiles and tears ;

Imagination, freedom in the will ;  
 Conscience to guide and check ; and death to be

Foretasted, immortality conceived  
 By all, —a blissful immortality,  
 To them whose holiness on earth shall make

The Spirit capable of heaven, assured.  
 Strange, then, nor less than monstrous,  
 might be deemed

The failure, if the Almighty, to this point

Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide  
 The excellence of moral qualities

From common understanding ; leaving truth

And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark ;  
 Hard to be won, and only by ; w ;

Strange, should He deal here in such a  
 respect

And frustrate a

The primal duties shine aloft—like stars  
 The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,

Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers.

The generous inclination, the just rule,  
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—

No mystery is here ! Here is no boon  
 For high—yet not for low ; for proud—graced

Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends

To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth

As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose soul

Ponders this true equality, may walk  
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope :

Yet, in that meditation, will he find  
 Motive to sadder grief, as we have found  
 Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,  
 And for the injustice grieving, that hath made

So wide a difference between man and man.

“Then let us rather fix our gladdened thoughts

Upon the brighter scene. How blest the pair

Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even now)

Blest in their several and their common lot !

A few short hours of each returning day  
 The thriving prisoners of their village school :

And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant homes

Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy ;  
 To breathe and to be happy, run and shout

Idle, but no delay, no harm, no loss ;  
 For every genial power of heaven and earth,

Through all the seasons of the changeable year,

Obsequiously doth take upon herself  
 To labour for them ; bringing

turn  
 The tribute of enjoy

health,

uty, or strength! Such privilege is theirs,  
 met alike in the outset of their course  
 both; and, if that partnership must cease,  
 rieve not," to the Pastor here he turned,  
 uch as I glory in that child of yours,  
 ine not for his cottage-comrade, whom  
 ke no higher destiny awaits  
 n the old hereditary wish fulfilled;  
 wish for liberty to live—content  
 what Heaven grants, and die—in  
 peace of mind,  
 in the bosom of his native vale.  
 ast, whatever fate the noon of life  
 rves for either, sure it is that both  
 e been permitted to enjoy the dawn:  
 ther regarded as a jocund time,  
 in itself may terminate, or lead  
 urse of nature to a sober eve.  
 have been fairly dealt with; looking  
 ack  
 will allow that justice has in them  
 shown, alike to body and to mind."

paused, as if revolving in his soul  
 weighty matter; then, with fervent  
 nce  
 n impassioned majesty, exclaimed—

for the coming of that glorious time  
 , prizing knowledge as her noblest  
 ealth  
 est protection, this imperial Realm,  
 she exacts allegiance, shall admit  
 egation, on her part, to *teach*  
 who are born to serve her and  
 ey;  
 herself by statute to secure  
 the children whom her soil main-  
 ns  
 diments of letters, and inform  
 ind with moral and religious truth,  
 understood and practised,—so that  
 ne,  
 er destitute, be left to droop  
 ly culture unsustained; or run  
 d disorder; or be forced  
 a weary life without  
 shate

A savage horde among the civilised,  
 A servile band among the lordly free!  
 This sacred right, the lisping babe pro-  
 claims

To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will  
 For the protection of his innocence;  
 And the rude boy—who, having overpas-  
 The sinless age, by conscience is en-  
 rolled,

Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,  
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent  
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech  
 To impious use—by process indirect  
 Declares his due, while he makes known  
 his need.

—This sacred right is fruitlessly an-  
 nounced,

This universal plea in vain addressed,  
 To eyes and ears of parents who them-  
 selves

Did, in the time of their necessity,  
 Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a  
 prayer

That from the humblest floor ascends to  
 heaven,

It mounts to reach the State's parental  
 ear:

Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,  
 And be not most unfeelingly devoid  
 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant  
 The unquestionable good—which, Eng-  
 land, safe

From interference of external force,  
 May grant at leisure; without risk in-  
 curred

That what in wisdom for herself she doth,  
 Others shall e'er be able to undo.

"Look! and behold, from Calpe's sun-  
 burnt cliffs

To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,  
 Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds;  
 Laws overturned; and territory split,  
 Like fields of ice rent by the polar  
 wind.

And forced to join in less obnoxious  
 shapes

Which, ere they gain consistence, by a  
 gust

Of the same breath are shattered and  
 destroyed

Meantime, ere the sovereignty  
 of old Monarchs is fair



And, if that ignorance were removed,  
 which breeds  
 Within the compass of their several shores  
 Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each  
 Might still preserve the beautiful repose  
 Of heavenly bodies shining in their  
 spheres.

—The discipline of slavery is unknown  
 Among us,—hence the more do we re-  
 quire

The discipline of virtue ; order else  
 Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.  
 Thus, duties rising out of good possest  
 And prudent caution needful to avert  
 Impending evil, equally require  
 That the whole people should be taught  
 and trained.

So shall licentiousness and black resolve  
 Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take  
 Their place : and genuine piety descend,  
 Like an inheritance, from age to age.

“With such foundations laid, avaunt  
 the fear  
 Of numbers crowded on their native soil,  
 To the prevention of all healthful  
 growth

Through mutual injury ! Rather in the law  
 Of increase and the mandate from above  
 Rejoice !—and ye have special cause for  
 joy.

—For, as the element of air affords  
 An easy passage to the industrious bees  
 Fraught with their burthens ; and a way  
 as smooth

For those ordained to take their sounding  
 — flight

From the thronged hive, and settle where  
 they list

In fresh abodes their labour to renew ;  
 So the wide waters, open to the power,  
 The will, the instincts, and appointed  
 needs

Of Britain, do invite her to cast off  
 Her swarms, and in succession send them  
 forth ;

Bound to establish new communities  
 On every shore whose aspect favours  
 hope

Or bold adventure ; promising to skill  
 And recompence their diligent reward.

“Yes,  
 snake

“Change wide, and deep, and sil-  
 performed,

This Land shall witness ; and as days  
 on,

Earth's universal frame shall feel  
 effect ;

Even till the smallest habitable rock,  
 Beaten by lonely billows, hear the song  
 Of humanised society ; and bloom  
 With civil arts, that shall breathe forth  
 their fragrance,

A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.  
 From culture, unexclusively bestowed  
 On Albion's noble Race in freedom born  
 Expect these mighty issues : from  
 pains

And faithful care of unambitious schools  
 Instructing simple childhood's ready  
 Thence look for these magnificent results  
 —Vast the circumference of hope-  
 ye

Are at its centre, British Lawgivers :  
 Ah ! sleep not there in shame ! Shall  
 dom's voice

From out the bosom of these trou-  
 times

Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind  
 And shall the venerable halls ye fill  
 Refuse to echo the sublime decree ?

Trust not to partial care a general good  
 Transfer not to futurity a work  
 Of urgent need.—Your Country's  
 complete

Her glorious destiny. Begin even now  
 Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian  
 plague

Of darkness, stretched o'er guilty Egypt  
 makes

The brightness more conspicuous than  
 vests

The happy Island where ye think  
 act ;

Now, when destruction is a prime  
 suit,

Show to the wretched nations for-  
 end

The powers of civil polity were given

Abruptly here, but with a graceful  
 The Sage broke off. No sooner  
 ceased

Than, looking forth  
 “Behold the  
 fall

this flowery slope; and see—be-  
 yond  
 silvery lake is streaked with placid  
 blue;  
 preparing for the peace of evening.  
 temptingly the landscape shines!  
 The air  
 the invitation; easy is the walk  
 the lake's margin, where a boat lies  
 moored  
 her a sheltering tree."—Upon this hint  
 rose together: all were pleased; but  
 most  
 beautiful girl, whose cheek was  
 flushed with joy.  
 it as a sunbeam glides along the  
 hills  
 vanished—eager to impart the scheme  
 her loved brother and his shy com-  
 peer.  
 now was there bustle in the Vicar's  
 house  
 earnest preparation.—Forth we went,  
 down the vale along the streamlet's  
 edge  
 and our way, a broken company,  
 two or conversing, single or in pairs.  
 having reached a bridge, that over-  
 arched  
 a hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed  
 deep pool, by happy chance we saw  
 of old image: on a grassy bank  
 a snow-white ram, and in the crystal  
 flood  
 her and the same! Most beautiful,  
 the green turf, with his imperial front  
 grey and bold, and wreathed horns  
 superb,  
 breathing creature stood; as beauti-  
 ful,  
 with him, showed his shadowy coun-  
 terpart.  
 had his glowing mountains, each  
 his sky,  
 each seemed centre of his own fair  
 world:  
 modes unconscious of each other,  
 in partition, with their several  
 heres,

perfect stillness, to our sight!

disperse,

These few words  
 The Lady whispered, while we stood and  
 gazed

Gathered together, all in still delight,  
 Not without awe. Thence passing on  
 she said

In like low voice to my particular ear,  
 "I love to hear that eloquent old Man  
 Pour forth his meditations, and descant  
 On human life from infancy to age.  
 How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues  
 His mind gives back the various forms  
 of things,

Caught in their fairest, happiest, atti-  
 tude!

While he is speaking, I have power to see  
 Even as he sees; but when his voice hath  
 ceased,

Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as  
 now,

That combinations so serene and bright  
 Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,  
 Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it is,  
 Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,  
 Seems but a fleeting sunbeam's gift, whose  
 peace

The sufferance only of a breath of air!"

More had she said—but sportive shouts  
 were heard

Sent from the jocund hearts of those two  
 Boys,

Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,  
 Down the green field came tripping after  
 us.

With caution we embarked; and now the  
 pair

For prouder service were address; but  
 each,

Wishful to leave an opening for my  
 choice,

Dropped the light oar his eager hand had  
 seized.

Thanks given for that coming courtesy,  
 Their place I took, and for a grateful  
 office

Pregnant with recollections of the time  
 When, on thy bosom, spacious Winder-  
 mere!

A Youth, I practised this delightful art;  
 Tossed on the waves alone, and a  
 his old Man green, as the reedy  
 beheld a reed

Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accordant, oars  
 Free from obstruction ; and the boat advanced  
 Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,  
 That, disentangled from the shady boughs  
 Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves  
 With correspondent wings the abyss of air.  
 —“Observe,” the Vicar said, “yon rocky isle  
 With birch-trees fringed ; my hand shall guide the helm,  
 While thitherward we shape our course ; or while  
 We seek that other, on the western shore ;  
 Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,  
 Supporting gracefully a massy dome  
 Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate  
 A Grecian temple rising from the Deep.”

“Turn where we may,” said I, “we cannot err  
 In this delicious region.”—Cultured slopes,  
 Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves,  
 And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,  
 Surrounded us ; and, as we held our way  
 Along the level of the glassy flood,  
 They ceased not to surround us ; change of place,  
 From kindred features diversely combined,  
 Producing change of beauty ever new.  
 —Ah ! that such beauty, varying in the light  
 Of living nature, cannot be portrayed  
 By words, nor by the pencil’s silent skill ;  
 But is the property of him alone  
 Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,  
 And in his mind recorded it with love !  
 Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse  
 Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet speaks  
 Of trivial occupations well revised,  
 And unsought pleasures springing up by chance ;  
 As if some friendly Genius had ordained  
 That, as the scene is changed,  
 enriched

By acquisition of sincere delight, •  
 The same should be continued to close.

One spirit animating old and young  
 A gipsy-fire we kindled on the shore  
 Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed  
 and there,  
 Merrily seated in a ring,\* partook  
 A choice repast—served by our young  
 companions  
 With rival earnestness and kindred gl  
 Launched from our hands the sm  
 stone skimmed the lake ;  
 With shouts we raised the echoes  
 stiller sounds  
 The lovely Girl supplied—a simple son  
 Whose low tones reached not to  
 distant rocks  
 To be repeated thence, but gently san  
 Into our hearts ; and charmed the pe  
 ful flood.  
 Rapaciously we gathered flowery spo  
 From land and water ; lilies of each hu  
 Golden and white, that float upon  
 waves,  
 And court the wind ; and leaves of  
 shy plant,  
 (Her flowers were shed) the lily of  
 vale,  
 That loves the ground, and from the  
 withholds  
 Her pensive beauty ; from the breeze  
 sweets.

Such product, and such pastime—  
 the place  
 And season yield ; but, as we  
 embarked,  
 Leaving, in quest of other scenes,  
 shore  
 Of that wild spot, the Solitary said  
 In a low voice, yet careless who n  
 hear,  
 “The fire, that burned so brightly to  
 wish,  
 Where is it now?—Deserted on  
 beach—  
 Dying, or dead ! Nor shall the  
 breeze  
 Revive its ashes. What  
 Whose ends are  
 emblem her

in this unpremeditated slight  
 hat which is no longer needed, see  
 common course of human gratitude !”

his plaintive note disturbed not the  
 repose  
 the still evening. Right across the lake  
 pinnacle moves ; then, coasting creek  
 and bay,  
 as we behold, and into thickets peep,  
 the couch the spotted deer ; or raised  
 our eyes  
 haggly steeps on which the careless  
 goat  
 sed by the side of dashing water-  
 falls :  
 thus the bark, meandering with the  
 bore,  
 led her voyage, till a natural pier-  
 ting rock invited us to land.

rt to follow as the Pastor led,  
 lomb a green hill's side ; and, as we  
 lomb,  
 valley, opening out her bosom, gave  
 prospect, intercepted less and less,  
 the flat meadows and indented coast  
 the smooth lake, in compass seen :—  
 ur off,  
 yet conspicuous, stood the old  
 church-tower,  
 jesty presiding over fields  
 abitations seemingly preserved  
 all intrusion of the restless world  
 cks impassable and mountains huge.

heath this elevated spot supplied,  
 choice of moss-clad stones, whereon  
 e couched  
 e reclined ; admiring quietly  
 eneral aspect of the scene ; but each  
 ldom over anxious to make known  
 own discoveries ; or to favourite  
 hints  
 ing notice, merely from a wish  
 apart a joy, imperfect while un-  
 shared.  
 rapturous moment never shall I  
 rget  
 these particular interests were

Already had the

Attained his western bound ; but rays of  
 light—

Now suddenly diverging from the orb  
 Retired behind the mountain-tops or  
 veiled

By the dense air—shot upwards to the  
 crown

Of the blue firmament—aloft, and wide :  
 And multitudes of little floating clouds,  
 Through their ethereal texture pierced—  
 ere we,

Who saw, of change were conscious—had  
 become

Vivid as fire ; clouds separately poised,—  
 Innumerable multitude of forms  
 Scattered through half the circle of the  
 sky ;

And giving back, and shedding each on  
 each,

With prodigal communion, the bright  
 hues

Which from the unapparent fount of  
 glory

They had imbibed, and ceased not to  
 receive.

That which the heavens displayed, the  
 liquid deep

Repeated ; but with unity sublime !

While from the grassy mountain's open  
 side

We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes  
 intent

On the refulgent spectacle, diffused  
 Through earth, sky, water, and all visible  
 space,

The Priest in holy transport thus ex-  
 claimed :

“ Eternal Spirit ! universal God !

Power inaccessible to human thought.  
 Save by degrees and steps which thou  
 hast deigned

To furnish ; for this effluence of thyself,  
 To the infirmity of mortal sense  
 Vouchsafed ; this local transitory type  
 Of thy paternal splendours, and the  
 pomp

Of those who fill thy courts in highest  
 heaven,

The radiant Cherubim :—accept, the  
 thank

Whose old Man-steeped Creatures, here

Presume to offer; we, who—from the  
breast

Of the frail earth, permitted to behold  
The faint reflections only of thy face—  
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!

Such as they are who in thy presence  
stand

Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink  
Imperishable majesty streamed forth  
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of  
earth

Shall be—divested at the appointed hour  
Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal  
stain.

—Accomplish, then, their number; and  
conclude

Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,  
The consummation that will come by  
stealth

Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,  
Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away  
The sting of human nature. Spread the  
law,

As it is written in thy holy book,  
Throughout all lands: let every nation  
hear

The high behest, and every heart obey;  
Both for the love of purity, and hope  
Which it affords, to such as do thy will  
And persevere in good, that they shall  
rise,

To have a nearer view of thee, in heaven.  
—Father of good! this prayer in bounty  
grant,

In mercy grant it, to thy wretched sons.  
Then, nor till then, shall persecution  
cease,

And cruel wars expire. The way is  
marked,

The guide appointed, and the ransom  
paid.

Alas! the nations, who of yore received  
These tidings, and in Christian temples  
meet

The sacred truth acknowledge, linger  
still;

Preferring bonds and darkness to a state  
Of holy freedom, by redeeming love  
Proffered to all, while yet on earth  
detained.

—Are the many; and the thoughtful  
few,  
Who in the anguish

This dire perverseness, cannot choose  
ask,

Shall it endure?—Shall enmity and  
Falsehood and guile, be left to sow  
seed;

And the kind never perish? Is the lie  
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obey  
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,  
And ne'er to fail? Shall that blest  
arrive

When they, whose choice or lot it  
dwell

In crowded cities, without fear shall  
Studious of mutual benefit; and he,  
Whom Morn awakens, among dews  
flowers

Of every clime, to till the lonely field,  
Be happy in himself?—The law of faith  
Working through love, such conquest  
shall it gain,

Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve  
Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart  
And with that help the wonder shall  
seen

Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and  
praise

Be sung with transport and unceasing

"Once," and with wild demeanour  
he spake,

On us the venerable Pastor turned  
His beaming eye that had been raised  
Heaven,

"Once, while the Name, Jehovah,  
sound

Within the circuit of this sea-girt island  
Unheard, the savage nations bowed  
head

To Gods delighting in remorseless  
Gods which themselves had fashioned  
promote

Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.  
Then, in the bosom of yon mountain  
To those inventions of corrupted man  
Mysterious rites were solemnised;  
there—

Amid impending rocks and glacial  
woods—

Of those terrific Idols some received  
Such dismal service, that the loud  
Of the swollen cataracts (which  
heard  
Soft murmuring)  
come.

ough aided by wild winds, the groans  
and shrieks  
human victims, offered up to appease  
to propitiate. And, if living eyes  
visionary faculties to see  
e thing that hath been as the thing  
that is,  
hast we might behold this crystal Mere  
limmed with smoke, in wreaths volumi-  
nous,  
ng from the body of devouring fires,  
Taranis erected on the heights  
priestly hands, for sacrifice performed  
itlingly, in view of open day  
I full assemblage of a barbarous host :  
to Andates, female Power ! who gave  
r so they fancied) glorious victory.  
few rude monuments of mountain-  
stone  
vive : all else is swept away. -- How  
bright  
: appearances of things ! From such,  
how changed  
: existing worship : and with those  
compared,  
: worshippers how innocent and blest !  
wide the difference, a willing mind  
ght almost think, at this affecting  
hour,  
it paradise, the lost abode of man,  
s raised again : and to a happy few,  
ts original beauty, here restored.

Whence but from thee, the true and  
only God,  
I from the faith derived through Him  
who bled  
on the cross, this marvellous advance  
good from evil : as if one extreme  
re left, the other gained.—O ye, who  
come  
kneel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,  
led to such office by the peaceful sound  
sabbath bells ; and ye, who sleep in  
earth,  
cares forgotten, round its hallowed  
walls !  
You, in presence of this little band  
hered together on the green hill-side,  
Pastor is emboldened to prefer  
sacrificings to the eternal King ;  
counsel, whose com-  
s snatched  
id

And in good works ; and him, who is  
endowed  
With scantiest knowledge, master of all  
truth  
Which the salvation of his soul requires.  
Conscious of that abundant favour show-  
ered  
On you, the children of my humble care,  
And this dear land, our country, while on  
earth  
We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,  
Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.  
These barren rocks, your stern inheri-  
tance ;  
These fertile fields, that recompense your  
pains ;  
The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-  
top ;  
Woods waving in the wind their lofty  
heads,  
Or hushed ; the roaring waters, and the  
still—  
They see the offering of my lifted hands,  
They hear my lips present their sacrifice,  
They know if I be silent, morn or even :  
For, though in whispers speaking, the  
full heart  
Will find a vent ; and thought is praise  
to him,  
Audible praise, to thee, omniscient Mind,  
From whom all gifts descend, all bless-  
ings flow !"

This vesper-service closed, without de-  
lay,  
From that exalted station to the plain  
Descending, we pursued our homeward  
course,  
In mute composure, o'er the shadowy lake,  
Under a faded sky. No trace remained  
Of those celestial splendours ; grey the  
vault—  
Pure, cloudless, ether ; and the star of  
eve  
Was wanting ; but inferior lights appeared  
Faintly, too faint almost for sight ; and  
some  
Above the darkened hills stood boldly  
forth  
In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained  
Her mooring place ; where, to the shelter-  
ing tree  
Old Mariners bound fast her

With prompt yet careful hands. This  
 done, we paced  
 The dewy fields ; but ere the Vicar's door  
 Was reached, the Solitary checked his  
 steps ;  
 Then, intermingling thanks, on each be-  
 stowed  
 A farewell salutation ; and, the like  
 Receiving, took the slender path that  
 leads  
 To the one cottage in the lonely dell :  
 But turned not without welcome promise  
 made  
 That he would share the pleasures and  
 pursuits  
 Of yet another summer's day, not loth  
 To wander with us through the fertile  
 vales,  
 And o'er the mountain-wastes. "An-  
 other sun,"  
 Said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we  
 part ;  
 Another sun, and peradventure more ;

If time, with free consent, be you  
 give,  
 And season favours."  
 To enfeebled Po  
 From this communion with unin-  
 Minds,  
 What renovation had been brought ;  
 what  
 Degree of healing to a wounded spin  
 Dejected, and habitually disposed  
 To seek, in degradation of the Kind,  
 Excuse and solace for her own defect  
 How far those erring notions were  
 formed ;  
 And whether aught, of tendency as  
 And pure, from further intercourse  
 sued ;  
 This if delightful hopes, as heretofore  
 Inspire the serious song, and yet  
 Hearts  
 Cherish, and lofty Minds approve  
 past  
 My future labours may not leave un-

## POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

### THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

The class of Beggars, to which the Old Man here  
 described belongs, will probably soon be ex-  
 tinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old  
 and infirm persons, who confined themselves  
 to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and  
 had certain fixed days, on which, at different  
 houses, they regularly received alms, some-  
 times in money, but mostly in provisions.

I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk ;  
 And he was seated, by the highway side,  
 On a low structure of rude masonry  
 Built at the foot of a huge hill, that  
 they  
 Who lead their horses down the steep  
 rough road  
 May thence remount at ease. The aged  
 Man  
 Had placed his staff across the broad  
 smooth stone  
 That overlays the pile

All white with flour, the dole of old  
 dames,  
 He drew his scraps and fragments  
 by one ;  
 And scanned them with a fixed  
 serious look  
 Of idle computation. In the sun,  
 Upon the second step of that small  
 Surrounded by those wild unpeopled  
 He sat, and ate his food in solitude ;  
 And ever, scattered from his palsied  
 That, still attempting to prevent  
 waste,  
 Was baffled still, the crumbs in  
 showers  
 Fell on the ground ; and the small  
 tain birds,  
 Not venturing yet to peck their  
 meal,  
 Approached within  
 staff.

from my childhood have I known ;  
 and then  
 so old, he seems not older now ;  
 wheels on, a solitary Man,  
 helpless in appearance, that for him  
 auntering Horseman throws not  
 the slack  
 careless hand his alms upon the  
 bound,  
 hopes, -that he may safely lodge the  
 in  
 the old Man's hat ; nor quits  
 in so,  
 when he has given his horse the  
 in,  
 as the aged Beggar with a look  
 ga, and half-reverted. She who  
 dis  
 ill-gate, when in summer at her  
 or  
 ns her wheel, if on the road she  
 and Beggar coming, quits her work,  
 is the latch for him that he may  
 s,  
 st-boy, when his rattling wheels  
 take  
 ed Beggar in the woody lane,  
 to him from behind ; and, if thus  
 ned  
 man does not change his course,  
 boy  
 with less noisy wheels to the road-  
 s,  
 ses gently by, without a curse  
 is lips or anger at his heart.

travels on, a solitary Man ;  
 he has no companion. On the  
 und  
 s are turned, and, as he moves  
 lg,  
 ove along the ground ; and, ever-  
 e,  
 of common and habitual sight  
 s with rural works, of hill and  
 blue sky, one little span of earth  
 is prospect. Thus, from day to  
 ,  
 eves for ever on the ground,  
 eeing still,  
 sees, some

Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in  
 one track,  
 The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have  
 left  
 Impressed on the white road,—in the  
 same line,  
 At distance still the same. Poor Tra-  
 veller !  
 His staff trails with him ; scarcely do his  
 feet  
 Disturb the summer dust ; he is so still  
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,  
 Ere he has passed the door, will turn  
 away,  
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,  
 The vacant and the busy, maids and  
 youths,  
 And urchins newly breeched—all pass  
 him by :  
 Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves  
 behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—States-  
 men ! ye  
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye  
 Who have a broom still ready in your  
 hands  
 To rid the world of nuisances ; ye proud,  
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye con-  
 template  
 Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem  
 him not  
 A burthen of the earth ! 'Tis Nature's law  
 That none, the meanest of created things,  
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,  
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse  
 of good,  
 A life and soul, to every mode of being  
 Inseparably linked. Then be assured  
 That least of all can aught—that ever  
 owned  
 The heaven-regarding eye and front sub-  
 lime  
 Which man is born to—sink, howe'er de-  
 pressed,  
 So low as to be scorned without a sin ;  
 Without offence to God cast out of view ;  
 Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower  
 Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement  
 Worn out and worthless. While, from  
 door to door,  
 This old Man creeps, the villagers in him  
 hold a mirror which together binds



Past deeds and offices of charity,  
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive  
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of  
years,  
And that half-wisdom half-experience  
gives,  
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps  
resign

To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.  
Among the farms and solitary huts,  
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,  
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his  
rounds,

The mild necessity of use compels  
To acts of love ; and habit does the work  
Of reason ; yet prepares that after-joy  
Which reason cherishes. And thus the  
soul,

By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,  
Doth find herself insensibly disposed  
To virtue and true goodness.

Some there are,  
By their good works exalted, lofty minds,  
And meditative, authors of delight  
And happiness, which to the end of time  
Will live, and spread, and kindle : even  
such minds

In childhood, from this solitary Being,  
Or from like wanderer, haply have re-  
ceived

(A thing more precious far than all that  
books

Or the solitudes of love can do !)  
That first mild touch of sympathy and  
thought,

In which they found their kindred with  
a world

Where want and sorrow were. The easy  
man

Who sits at his own door, —and, like the  
pear

That overhangs his head from the green  
wall,

Feeds in the sunshine ; the robust and  
young,

The prosperous and unthinking, they who  
live

Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove  
Of their own kindred ; — all behold in  
him

A silent monitor, which on their minds  
Must needs impress a transitory thought  
Of self-congratulation, to the heart  
Of each recalling his past boons,

His charters and exemptions ; and  
chance,  
Though he to no one give the fortune  
And circumspection needful to preserve  
His present blessings, and to husband  
The respite of the season, he, at least,  
And 'tis no vulgar service, makes it  
felt.

Yet further. — Many, I believe, are

Who live a life of virtuous decency,  
Men who can hear the Decalogue and  
No self-reproach ; who of the moral law  
Established in the land where they are  
Are strict observers ; and not neglect  
In acts of love to those with whom  
dwell,

Their kindred, and the children of the  
blood.

Praise be to such, and to their slum-  
ber !

—But of the poor man ask, the al-  
poor ;

Go, and demand of him, if there be  
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds  
And these inevitable charities,

Wherewith to satisfy the human soul.

No— man is dear to man ; the poorest  
Long for some moments in a weary life

When they can know and feel that they  
have been,

Themselves, the fathers and the de-  
out

Of some small blessings ; have been  
to such

As needed kindness, for this single act  
That we have all of us one human bond

—Such pleasure is to one kind of  
known,

My neighbour, when with punctual  
each week.

Duly as Friday comes, though poor  
herself

By her own wants, she from her st-  
meal

Takes one unsparing handful for the  
Of this old Mendicant, and, from her

Returning with exhilarated heart,  
Sits by her fire, and builds her

heaven.

Then let him

While in that vast solitude to which  
 Life of things has borne him, he  
 Appears  
 As if he were alone, and live but for himself alone,  
 And, uninjured, let him bear about  
 The good which the benignant law of  
 Heaven  
 Surrounds him : and, while life is  
 Left, let him prompt the unlettered vil-  
 lagers  
 To their offices and pensive thoughts.  
 Let him pass, a blessing on his  
 Road !  
 Long as he can wander, let him  
 Breathe  
 The freshness of the valleys ; let his  
 Food  
 Be with frosty air and winter snows ;  
 Let the chartered wind that sweeps  
 The heath  
 Scatter his grey locks against his withered  
 Cheek.  
 Let the hope whose vital anxious-  
 ness  
 Give the last human interest to his heart.  
 Never HOUSE, misnamed of IN-  
 STRY,  
 Make him a captive !—for that pent-up  
 Life-consuming sounds that clog the  
 ;  
 The natural silence of old age !  
 Let him be free of mountain solitudes ;  
 Let him be around him, whether heard or  
 Not,  
 The pleasant melody of woodland birds.  
 Let him have his pleasures : if his eyes have  
 W  
 Been doomed so long to settle upon  
 Nothing  
 Not without some effort they behold  
 The maintenance of the horizontal sun,  
 Or setting, let the light at least  
 Have free entrance to their languid  
 Eyes,  
 Let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit  
 Down  
 In the trees, or on a grassy bank  
 On the side, and with the little birds  
 Share their meal ; and,

# THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely  
 refined,  
 The squeamish in taste, and the narrow  
 of mind,  
 And the small critic wielding his delicate  
 pen,  
 That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old  
 men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide  
 Town ;  
 His staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a  
 crown ;  
 And his bright eyes look brighter, set off  
 by the streak  
 Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on  
 his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—  
 'Mid the joy  
 Of the fields, he collected that bloom,  
 when a boy ;  
 That countenance there fashioned, which,  
 spite of a stain  
 That his life hath received, to the last  
 will remain.

A Farmer he was ; and his house far and  
 near  
 Was the boast of the country for excellent  
 cheer ;  
 How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury  
 Vale  
 Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he  
 dealt his mild ale !

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from  
 ruin.  
 His fields seemed to know what their  
 Master was doing ;  
 And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow,  
 and lea,  
 All caught the infection—as generous as  
 he.

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the  
 bowl,—  
 The fields better suited the ease of his  
 soul :  
 He strayed through the fields like an  
 indolent giant.

For Adam was simple in thought ; and  
the poor,  
Familiar with him, made an inn of his  
door :  
He gave them the best that he had ; or,  
to say  
What less may mislead you, they took it  
away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on  
his farm :  
The Genius of plenty preserved him from  
harm :  
At length, what to most is a season of  
sorrow,  
His means are run out,—he must beg, or  
must borrow.

To the neighbours he went,—all were free  
with their money ;  
For his hive had so long been replenished  
with honey,  
That they dreamt not of dearth ;—He  
continued his rounds,  
Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds  
still adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten  
pelf,  
And something, it might be, reserved for  
himself :  
Then (what is too true) without hinting a  
word,  
Turned his back on the country—and off  
like a bird.

You lift up your eyes !—but I guess that  
you frame  
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the  
shame ;  
In him it was scarcely a business of art,  
For this he did all in the *ease* of his  
heart.

To London—a sad emigration I ween—  
With his grey hairs he went from the  
brook and the green ;  
And there, with small wealth but his legs  
and his hands,  
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.

All grades, as need was, did old Adam  
assume,—  
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, por-  
and room ;

But nature is gracious, necessity kind  
And, in spite of the shame that may  
in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is  
and is stout ;  
Twice as fast as before does his blood  
about ;  
You would say that each hair of his  
was alive,  
And his fingers as busy as bees in a

For he's not like an Old Man that leis-  
goes  
About work that he knows, in a  
that he knows ;  
But often his mind is compelled to d  
And you guess that the more the  
body must stir.

In the throng of the town like a str  
is he,  
Like one whose own country's far  
the sea ;  
And Nature, while through the gre  
he hies,  
Full ten times a day takes his be  
surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one  
young,  
More of soul in his face than of wo  
his tongue ;  
Like a maiden of twenty he tremble  
sighs,  
And tears of fifteen will come into his

What's a tempest to him, or th  
parching heats ?  
Yet he watches the clouds that pa  
the streets ;  
With a look of such earnestness o  
stand,  
You might think he'd twelve re  
work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in de  
hours  
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads  
and her flowers,  
Old Adam will smile  
have made  
Poor winter

coaches and chariots, a waggon of  
raw,  
magnet, the heart of old Adam can  
raw ;  
a thousand soft pictures his memory  
ill teem,  
his hearing is touched with the  
sounds of a dream.

Haymarket hill he oft whistles his  
ay,  
his hands in a waggon, and  
nells at the hay ;  
inks of the fields he so often hath  
own,  
happy as if the rich freight were  
s own.

iefly to Smithfield he loves to re-  
ir,—  
pass by at morning, you'll meet  
th him there.  
eath of the cows you may see him  
nale,  
is heart all the while is in Tilsbury  
le.

rewell, old Adam ! when low thou  
laid,  
ne blade of grass spring up over  
head ;  
hope that thy grave, wheresoever  
be,  
ar the wind sigh through the leaves  
a tree.

### THE SMALL CELANDINE.

is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,  
brinks, like many more, from cold  
rain ;  
the first moment that the sun may  
ne,  
as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

tailstones have been falling, swarm  
swarm,  
is the green field and the trees dis-  
up nom

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I  
passed  
And recognised it, though an altered  
form,  
Now standing forth an offering to the  
blast,  
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered  
voice,  
"It doth not love the shower, nor seek the  
cold :  
This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
But its necessity in being old.

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the  
dew ;  
It cannot help itself in its decay ;  
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of  
hue."  
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was  
grey.

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse  
truth,  
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot !  
O Man, that from thy fair and shining  
youth  
Age might but take the things Youth  
needed not !

### THE TWO THIEVES ;

OR,

### THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.

O NOW that the genius of Bewick were  
mine,  
And the skill which he learned on the  
banks of the Tyne,  
Then the Muses might deal with me just  
as they chose,  
For I'd take my last leave both of verse  
and of prose.

What feats would I work with my magical  
hand !  
Book-learning and books should be  
banished the land :  
And, for hunger and thirst and such  
troublesome calls,  
Every ale-house should then have a feast

The traveller would hang his wet clothes  
on a chair ;  
Let them smoke, let them burn, not a  
straw would he care !  
For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream  
and his sheaves,  
Oh, what would they be to my tale of two  
Thieves ?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three  
birthdays old,  
His Grandsire that age more than thirty  
times told ;  
There are ninety good seasons of fair and  
foul weather  
Between them, and both go a-pilfering  
together.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his  
floor ?  
Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's  
door ?  
Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will  
slide !  
And his Grandson's as busy at work by  
his side.

Old Daniel begins ; he stops short--and  
his eye,  
Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning  
and sly :  
'Tis a look which at this time is hardly  
his own,  
But tells a plain tale of the days that are  
flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by  
the wires  
Of manifold pleasures and many desires :  
And what if he cherished his purse ?  
'Twas no more  
Than treading a path trod by thousands  
before.

'Twas a path trod by thousands ; but  
Daniel is one  
Who went something farther than others  
have gone,  
And now with old Daniel you see how it  
fares ;  
You see to what end he has brought his  
grey hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand : ere  
the sun

Has peered o'er the beeches, their work  
begun :  
And yet, into whatever sin they may  
This child but half knows it, and that  
at all.

They hunt through the streets with  
liberate tread,  
And each, in his turn, becomes lead-  
led ;  
And, wherever they carry their plots  
their wives,  
Every face in the village is dimpled  
smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the  
they roam ;  
For the grey-headed Sire has a dau-  
at home,  
Who will gladly repair all the da-  
that's done ;  
And three, were it asked, would be  
dered for one.

Old Man ! whom so oft I with pity  
eyed,  
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy  
side :  
Long yet may'st thou live ! for a ta-  
we see  
That lifts up the veil of our nature in

## ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY & DECAY.

THE little hedgerow bird  
That peck along the road, regard him  
He travels on, and in his face, his  
His gait, is one expression : every  
His look and bending figure, all be-  
A man who does not move with pain  
moves

With thought.—He is insensibly  
To settled quiet : he is one by whom  
All effort seems forgotten ; one to  
Long patience hath such mild com-  
given,  
That patience now doth seem a  
which  
He hath no need. He is,  
To peace so perfect  
With envy, &c.

# EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAC PIECES.

## EPITAPHS

ANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

### I.

not, belovèd Friends! nor let the  
with sighs be troubled. Not from  
been taken; this is genuine life  
is alone - the life which now I live  
e eternal; where desire and joy  
er move in fellowship without  
l.  
so Ceni willed that, after death,  
abstane thus should speak for him.  
d surely  
ause there is for that fond wish of  
s  
continue in this world: a world  
eeps not faith, nor yet can point a  
e  
l, whereof itself is destitute.

### II.

As some needful service of the State  
ITUS from the depth of studious  
ers,  
omed him to contend in faithless  
rts,  
gold determines between right and  
ng.  
at length his loyalty of heart  
s pure native genius, lead him  
k  
upon the bright and gracious  
ses,  
he had early loved. And not in  
l  
urse he held! Bologna's learned  
ools  
addened by the Sage's voice, and

on those sweet Nestorian

and all

A roseate fragrance breathed.\*—O human  
life,  
That never art secure from dolorous  
change!  
Behold a high injunction suddenly  
To Arno's side hath brought him, and he  
charmed  
A Tuscan audience: but full soon was  
called  
To the perpetual silence of the grave.  
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood  
A Champion steadfast and invincible,  
To quell the rage of literary War!

### III.

O THOU who movest onward with a mind  
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in  
haste!  
'Twill be no fruitless moment. I was  
born  
Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.  
On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate  
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shep-  
herd  
Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous  
flock.  
Well did I watch, much laboured, nor  
had power  
To escape from many and strange indig-  
nities;  
Was smitten by the great ones of the  
world,  
But did not fall; for Virtue braves all  
shocks,  
Upon herself resting immovably.  
Me did a kindlier fortune then invite  
To serve the glorious Henry, King of  
France.  
And in his hands I saw a high reward  
Stretched out for my acceptance—but  
Death came.  
Now, Reader, learn from this my fate,  
how false,

\* Ivi vivea giocondo e i suoi pensieri  
Erano tutti rose.

The Translator had not skill to come nearer

How treacherous to her promise, is the  
world ;  
And trust in God—to whose eternal doom  
Must bend the sceptred Potentates of  
earth.

## IV.

THERE never breathed a man who, when  
his life  
Was closing, might not of that life relate  
Toils long and hard.—The warrior will  
report  
Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in  
the field,  
And blast of trumpets. He who hath  
been doomed  
To bow his forehead in the court of  
kings,  
Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,  
Envy and heart-inquietude, derived  
From intricate cabals of treacherous  
friends.  
I, who on shipboard lived from earliest  
youth,  
Could represent the countenance horrible  
Of the vexed waters, and the indignant  
rage  
Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years  
Over the well-steered galley did I rule :—  
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,  
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown ;  
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and  
oft.  
Of every cloud which in the heavens  
might stir  
I knew the force ; and hence the rough  
sea's pride  
Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.  
What noble pomp and frequent have  
not I  
On regal decks beheld ! yet in the end  
I learned that one poor moment can  
suffice ,  
To equalize the lofty and the low.  
We sail the sea of life—a *Calm* One  
finds,  
And One a *Tempest*—and, the voyage o'er,  
Death is the quiet haven of us all.  
If more of my condition ye would know,  
Savogna was my birthplace, and I sprang  
Of noble parents : seventy years and  
three  
I lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.

## V.

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero  
With an untoward fate was long involv'd  
In odious litigation ; and full long,  
Fate harder still ! had he to endure  
saults

Of racking malady. And true it is  
That not the less a frank courageous  
And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain  
And he was strong to follow in the steps  
Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path  
Leads to the dear Parnassian forest  
shade,

That might from him be hidden ; nor  
track

Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but  
Had traced its windings. This Salinero  
knows,

Yet no sepulchral honours to her son  
She paid, for in our age the heart is  
Only by gold. And now a simple stone  
Inscribed with this memorial he  
raised

By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.  
Think not, O Passenger ! who reads these  
lines

That an exceeding love hath dazzled  
No—he was One whose memory ought  
spread

Where'er Permessus bears an hono-  
name,

And live as long as its pure stream  
flow.

## VI.

DESTINED to war from very infancy  
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took  
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross  
Nor in life's vigorous season did I  
Hazard or toil ; among the sands was  
Of Lybia ; and not seldom, on the banks  
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas  
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sound  
So lived I, and repined not at such  
This only grieves me, for it seems  
wrong,

That stripped of arms I to my grave  
brought

On the soft down of my paternal  
Yet haply Arno shall be snared  
To blush for me. Thou art  
In thy appointed  
How fleet—

VII.

FLOWER of all that springs from gentle  
 blood,  
 And all that generous nurture breeds to  
 make  
 'outh amiable ; O friend so true of soul  
 'o fair Aglaia ; by what envy moved,  
 elius ! has death cut short thy brilliant  
 day  
 a its sweet opening ? and what dire  
 mishap  
 las from Savona torn her best delight ?  
 or thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease  
 to mourn ;  
 nd, should the out-pourings of her eyes  
 suffice not  
 pr her heart's grief, she will entreat  
 Sebeton  
 to withhold his bounteous aid,  
 Sebeton  
 saw thee, on his margin, yield to  
 leath,  
 e chaste arms of thy beloved Love !  
 : profit riches ? what does youth  
 ail ?  
 are our hopes ;—I, weeping bitterly,  
 ed these sad lines, nor can forbear to  
 ray  
 every gentle Spirit hither led  
 read them not without some bitter  
 ears.

VIII.

without heavy grief of heart did  
 le  
 hom the duty fell (for at that time  
 uth sojourn'd in a distant land)  
 sit in the hollow of this tomb  
 ther's Child, most tenderly beloved !  
 CESCO was the name the Youth had  
 orne,  
 DONNELLI his illustrious house ;  
 when beneath this stone the Corse  
 as laid,  
 yes of all Sāvona streamed with  
 ars.  
 the twentieth April of his life  
 scarcely flowered : and at this early  
 pe

That greatly cheered his country : to his  
 kin  
 He promised comfort ; and the flattering  
 thoughts  
 His friends had in their fondness enter-  
 tained,  
 He suffered not to languish or decay.  
 Now is there not good reason to break  
 forth  
 Into a passionate lament ?—O Soul !  
 Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,  
 Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air ;  
 And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,  
 An everlasting spring ! in memory  
 Of that delightful fragrance which was  
 once  
 From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.

IX.

PAUSE, courteous Spirit !—Balbi suppli-  
 cates  
 That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for  
 him  
 Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst  
 prefer  
 A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.  
 This to the dead by sacred right belongs ;  
 All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit  
 To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb  
 Would ill suffice : for Plato's lore sublime,  
 And all the wisdom of the Stagyrice,  
 Enriched and beautified his studious  
 mind :  
 With Archimedes also he conversed  
 As with a chosen friend ; nor did he leave  
 Those laureat wreaths ungathered which  
 the Nymphs  
 Twine near their loved Permessus.—  
 Finally,  
 Himself above each lower thought up-  
 lifting,  
 His ears he closed to listen to the songs  
 Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old ;  
 And his Permessus found on Lebanon.  
 A blessed Man ! who of protracted days  
 Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar  
 sleep ;  
 But truly did *He* live his life. Urbino,  
 Take pride in him !—O Passenger, fare-  
 well !



## I.

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came  
 From nearest kindred, Vernon her new  
 name ;  
 She came, though meek of soul, in seemly  
 pride  
 Of happiness and hope, a youthful  
 Bride.  
 O dread reverse ! if aught be so, which  
 proves  
 That God will chasten whom he dearly  
 loves.  
 Faith bore her up through pains in mercy  
 given,  
 And troubles that were each a step to  
 Heaven :  
 Two Babes were laid in earth before she  
 died ;  
 A third now slumbers at the Mother's  
 side ;  
 Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles  
 afford  
 A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader ! if to thy bosom e'ring the  
 pain  
 Of recent sorrow combated in vain :  
 Or if thy cherished grief have failed to  
 'thwart  
 Time still intent on his insidious part,  
 Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts  
 asleep.  
 Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot,  
 keep ;  
 Bear with Him—judge *Him* gently who  
 makes known  
 His bitter loss by this memorial Stone ;  
 And pray that in his faithful breast the  
 grace  
 Of resignation find a hallowed place.

## II.

Six months to six years added he re-  
 mained  
 Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained :  
 O blessed Lord ! whose mercy then re-  
 moved  
 A Child whom every eye that looked on  
 loved ;  
 Support us, teach us calmly to resign  
 ——— is wholly

## III.

## CENOTAPH.

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fernor  
 whose remains are deposited in the church  
 Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected  
 by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of  
 George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not  
 than the love of a brother for the deceased,  
 commends this memorial to the care of  
 heirs and successors in the possession of  
 place.

By vain affections unenthralled,  
 Though resolute when duty called  
 To meet the world's broad eye,  
 Pure as the holiest cloistered nun  
 That ever feared the tempting sun  
 Did Fernor live and die.  
 This Tablet, hallowed by her name,  
 One heart-relieving tear may claim ;  
 But if the pensive gloom  
 Of fond regret be still thy choice,  
 Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice  
 Of Jesus from her tomb !

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE  
 LIFE."

## IV.

## EPITAPH.

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGFORD  
 WESTMORELAND.

By playful smiles, (alas ! too oft  
 A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft  
 And gentle nature, and a free  
 Yet modest hand of charity,  
 Through life was OWEN LIAPPENIEAN  
 To young and old ; and how revered  
 Had been that pious spirit, a tide  
 Of humble mourners testified.  
 When, after pains dispensed to prove  
 The measure of God's chastening love  
 Here, brought from far, his corse for  
 rest, —

Fulfilment of his own request : —  
 Urged less for this Yew's shade, though  
 Planted with such fond hope the tree ;  
 Less for the love of stream and rock,  
 Dear as they were, than that his Flock  
 When they no more their Pastor's voice  
 Could hear to guide them in their choice  
 Through good and evil, help might have  
 Admonished, from his silent grave,  
 Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,  
 and bliss in better

V.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF  
THE VILLAGE SCHOOL OF—.

WHE, ye little noisy Crew,  
Long your pastime to prevent ;  
And the blessing which to you  
Common Friend and Father sent.  
And his cheek before he died ;  
When his breath was fled,  
And, while kneeling by his side,  
Said :—it dropped like lead.  
Hands, dear Little-ones, do all  
That can be done, will never fall  
Till they are dead.  
Night or day, blow foul or fair,  
Will the best of all your train  
With the locks of his white hair,  
And between his knees again.

He did he sit confined for hours ;  
He could see the woods and plains,  
Hear the wind and mark the showers  
Streaming down the streaming  
Falls.  
He stretched beneath his grass-green  
Ground  
As a prisoner of the ground.  
He loved the breathing air,  
He loved the sun, but if it rise  
; to him where now he lies,  
Was not a moment's care.  
What idle words ; but take  
Pride which for our Master's sake  
Ours, love prompted me to make.  
Times so homely in attire  
Turned ears may ill agree,  
Led by your Orphan Quire  
Like a touching melody.

DIRGE.

Shepherd, near thy old grey stone :  
Gleer, by the silent flood :  
When thou art all alone,  
Goodman, in the distant wood !

He blind Sailor, rich in joy  
Blind, thy tunes in sadness hum ;  
When, thou poor half-witted Boy !  
Deaf, and living deaf and dumb.

Helping sick Man. bless the Guide

As he before had sanctified  
The infancy with heavenly truth.

Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay,  
Bold settlers on some foreign shore,  
Give, when your thoughts are turned this  
Way,  
A sigh to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain  
With one accord our voices raise,  
Let sorrow overcharged with pain  
Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

And when our hearts shall feel a sting  
From ill we meet or good we miss,  
May touches of his memory bring  
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME  
YEARS AFTER.

LONG time his pulse hath ceased to beat ;  
But benefits, his gift, we trace—  
Expressed in every eye we meet  
Round this dear Vale, his native place.

To stately Hall and Cottage rude  
Flowed from his life what still they hold,  
Light pleasures, every day renewed ;  
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,  
Thy faults, where not already gone  
From memory, prolong their stay  
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss ;  
And what beyond this thought we crave  
Comes in the promise from the Cross,  
Shining upon thy happy grave.

VI.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE  
CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY  
SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged  
Pile !  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of  
Thee :

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !  
 So like, so very like, was day to day !  
 Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was  
 there ;  
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no  
 sleep ;  
 No mood, which season takes away, or  
 brings :  
 I could have fancied that the mighty  
 Deep  
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle  
 Things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's  
 hand,  
 To express what then I saw ; and add  
 the gleam,  
 The light that never was, on sea or land,  
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream ;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary  
 Plie  
 Amid a world how different from this !  
 Beside a sea that could not cease to  
 smile ;  
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-  
 house divine  
 Of peaceful years ; a chronicle of heaven ;  
 Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
 The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;  
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
 Such Picture would I at that time have  
 made :  
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
 A steadfast peace that might not be be-  
 trayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no  
 more ;  
 I have submitted to a new control :  
 A power is gone, which nothing can re-  
 store ;  
 A *dear* distance hath humanised my

Not for a moment could I now behold  
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been  
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old  
 This, which I know, I speak with mi-  
 serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who *was*  
 have been the Friend,  
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplor  
 This work of thine I blame not, but co-  
 mend ;  
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shor  
 O 'tis a passionate Work !— yet wise a  
 well,

Well chosen is the spirit that is here :  
 That Hulk which labours in the dear  
 swell,  
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear

And this huge Castle, standing so  
 sublime,  
 I love to see the look with which  
 braves,  
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of a  
 time,  
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and tran-  
 quil waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that is  
 alone,  
 Housed in a dream, at distance from  
 Kind !  
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
 Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient che-  
 And frequent sights of what is to  
 borne !  
 Such sights, or worse, as are before  
 here. —  
 Not without hope we suffer and  
 mourn.

## VII.

## TO THE DAISE.

SWEET Flower ! belike one day to have  
 A place upon thy Poet's grave ;  
 I welcome thee once more :  
 But He, who was on land, at sea,  
 My Brother, too, in loving thee,  
 Although he loved more silently,  
*at sea*

hopeful, hopeful was the day  
 n to that Ship he bent his way,  
 overn and to guide :  
 ish was gained : a little time  
 ld bring him back in manhood's  
 prime  
 free for life, these hills to climb,  
 all his wants supplied.

full of hope day followed day  
 e that stout Ship at anchor lay  
 le the shores of Wight ;  
 May had then made all things green ;  
 floating there, in pomp serene,  
 Ship was goodly to be seen,  
 ride and his delight !

hen, when called ashore, he sought  
 tender peace of rural thought :  
 ore than happy mood  
 our abodes, bright daisy Flowers !  
 en would steal at leisure hours,  
 loved you glittering in your bowers,  
 rry multitude.

ark the word !—the ship is gone ; —  
 ns from her long course :—anon  
 sail : —in season due,  
 more on English earth they stand :  
 when a third time from the land  
 parted, sorrow was at hand  
 him and for his crew.

ed Vessel !—ghastly shock !  
 length delivered from the rock,  
 leep she hath regained ;  
 brought the stormy night they steer :  
 uring for life, in hope and fear,  
 ach a safer shore—how near,  
 ot to be attained !

nce !” the brave Commander cried :  
 at calm word a shriek replied,  
 s the last death-shriek.  
 ew (my soul oft sees that sight)  
 ve upon the tall mast's height :  
 me dear remnant of the night --  
 him in vain I seek.

eeks beneath the moving sea  
 y in slumber quietly ;  
 fced by wind or wave

And there they found him at her side ;  
 And bore him to the grave.

Vain service ! yet not vainly done  
 For this, if other end were none,  
 That He, who had been cast  
 Upon a way of life unmeet  
 For such a gentle Soul and sweet,  
 Should find an undisturbed retreat  
 Near what he loved, at last--

That neighbourhood of grove and field  
 To Him a resting-place should yield,  
 A meek man and a brave !  
 The birds shall sing and ocean make  
 A mournful murmur for *his* sake ;  
 And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and  
 wake  
 Upon his senseless grave.

# VIII.

## ELEGIAC VERSES,

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN  
 WORDSWORTH,

Commander of the E. I. Company's ship, the  
 Earl of Abergavenny, in which he perished  
 by calamitous shipwreck, Feb. 6th, 1805.  
 Composed near the Mountain track, that  
 leads from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes,  
 where it descends towards Patterdale.

### I.

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo !  
 That instant, startled by the shock,  
 The Buzzard mounted from the rock.  
 Deliberate and slow :  
 Lord of the air, he took his flight ;  
 Oh ! could he on that woeful night  
 Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,  
 For one poor moment's space to Thee,  
 And all who struggled with the Sea,  
 When safety was so near.

### II.

Thus in the weakness of my heart  
 I spoke (but let that pang be still)  
 When rising from the rock at will,  
 I saw the Bird depart.  
 And let me calmly bless the Power  
 That meets me in this unknown Flower,

And grieve, and know that I must grieve,  
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

## III.

Here did we stop ; and here looked round  
While each into himself descends,  
For that last thought of parting Friends  
That is not to be found.  
Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,  
Our home and his, his heart's delight,  
His quiet heart's selected home.  
But time before him melts away,  
And he hath feeling of a day  
Of blessedness to come.

## IV.

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,  
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,  
In sorrow, but for higher trust,  
How miserably deep !  
All vanished in a single word,  
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard.  
Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it  
came,  
The meek, the brave, the good, was gone ;  
He who had been our living John  
Was nothing but a name.

## V.

That was indeed a parting ! oh,  
Glad am I, glad that it is past ;  
For there were some on whom it cast  
Unutterable woe.  
But they as well as I have gains ;—  
From many a humble source, to pains  
Like these, there comes a mild release ;  
Even here I feel it, even this Plant  
Is in its beauty ministrant  
To comfort and to peace.

## VI.

He would have loved thy modest grace,  
Meek Flower ! To Him I would have  
said,  
“ It grows upon its native bed  
Beside our Parting-place ;  
There, cleaving to the ground, it lies  
With multitude of purple eyes,  
Spangling a cushion green like moss ;  
But we will see it, joyful tide !  
Some day, to see it in its pride,  
The mountain will once more ”

## VII.

—Brother and friend, if verse of mine  
Have power to make thy virtues know  
Here let a monumental Stone  
Stand—sacred as a Shrine ;  
And to the few who pass this way,  
Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,  
Long as these mighty rocks endure, —  
Oh do not Thou too fondly brood,  
Although deserving of all good,  
On any earthly hope, however pure !

## IX.

## SONNET.

WHY should we weep or mourn, Ange-  
boy,  
For such thou wert ere from our sight  
removed,  
Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved  
From day to day with never-ceasing joy  
And hopes as dear as could the life  
employ  
In aught to earth pertaining ? Death has  
proved  
His might, nor less his mercy, as I  
hoped—  
Death conscious that he only could destr-  
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid to  
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome ;  
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy  
Spirit's home :  
When such divine communion, which we  
know,  
Is felt, thy Roman burial-place will be  
Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee.

## X.

## LINES

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Ev-  
ing, after a stormy day, the Author having  
just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution  
of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

Loud is the Vale ! the Voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are  
gone,  
A mighty unison of streams !  
Of all her Voices, One !

Loud is the Vale ;—this inland Depth  
Is more like the Sea !

star upon the mountain-top  
sterning quietly.

was I, even to pain deprest,  
fortunate and heavy load !  
Comforter hath found me here,  
in this lonely road ;

many thousands now are sad —  
the fulfilment of their fear ;  
we must die who is their stay,  
and glory disappear.

Power is passing from the earth  
to ruthless Nature's dark abyss ;  
when the great and good depart  
is it more than this —

Man, who is from God sent forth,  
yet again to God return ? —  
what and how must ever be,  
wherefore should we mourn ?

XI.

LOCATION TO THE EARTH.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

I.

" REST, rest, perturbed Earth !  
rest, thou doleful Mother of Man-  
and !"

It sang in tones more plaintive than  
the wind :

In regions where no evil thing has  
birth

" — thy stains to wash away,  
cherished fetters to unbind,  
open thy sad eyes upon a milder  
day.

Heavens are thronged with martyrs  
that have risen

From out thy noisome prison :

The penal caverns groan  
Of thousands rent from off the  
face

of life, — by battle's whirlwind  
own

the deserts of Eternity.

Oh, woe ! Victims unlamented !  
lost on high, where madness is re-  
nured,

murder causes some sad tears to  
flow

Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,  
The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly  
augmented.

II.

" False Parent of Mankind !

Obdurate, proud, and blind,

I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,

Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse !

Scattering this far-fetched moisture from  
my wings,

Upon the act a blessing I implore,

Of which the rivers in their secret springs,

The rivers stained so oft with human gore,

Are conscious ; — may the like return no  
more !

May Discord — for a Seraph's care

Shall be attended with a bolder prayer —

May she, who once disturbed the seats of  
bliss

These mortal spheres above,

Be chained for ever to the black abyss !

And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and  
love,

And merciful desires, thy sanctity ap-  
prove !"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
And the pure vision closed in darkness  
infinite.

XII.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY  
OF THE AUTHOR'S POEM "THE EX-  
CURSION," UPON HEARING OF THE  
DEATH OF THE LATE VICAR OF  
KENDAL.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,  
Did I deliver this unfinished Song :

Yet for one happy issue : — and I look

With self-congratulation on the Book

Which pious, learned, MR FITT saw and  
read : —

Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed ;  
He conned the new-born Lay with grate-  
ful heart —

Foreboding not how soon he must de-  
part ;

Unweeting that to him the joy was given  
Which good men take with them from  
earth to heaven.

## XIII.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B. UPON THE  
DEATH OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.)

O FOR a dirge ! But why complain ?  
Ask rather a triumphal strain  
When FERMOR'S race is run ;  
A garland of immortal boughs  
To twine around the Christian's brows ;  
Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt ;  
No tears of passionate regret  
Shall stain this votive lay ;  
Ill-worthy, Beaumont ! were the grief  
That flings itself on wild relief  
When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,  
For ever covetous to feel,  
And impotent to bear !  
Such once was hers to think and think  
On severed love, and only sink  
From anguish to despair !

But nature to its inmost part  
Faith had refined ; and to her heart  
A peaceful cradle given ;  
Calit as the dew-drop's, free to rest  
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast  
Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend  
So graciously ?—that could descend,  
Another's need to suit,  
So promptly from her lofty throne ? --  
In works of love, in these alone,  
How restless, how minute !

Pale was her hue ; yet mortal cheek  
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak  
When aught had suffered wrong, -  
When aught that breathes had felt a  
wound :  
Such look the Oppressor might confound,  
However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs  
From out the bitterness of things ;  
Her quiet is secure ;  
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,  
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,  
As climbing jasmine, pure—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,  
Or lily heaving with the wave  
That feeds it and defends ;  
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed  
The mountain top, or breathed the n  
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away. O Death !  
Thou strikest—absence perisheth,  
Indifference is no more ;  
The future brightens on our sight ;  
For on the past hath fallen a light  
That tempts us to adore.

## XIV.

## ELEGIAC MUSINGS.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLLETON H  
THE SEAT OF THE LATE SIR  
BEAUMONT, BART.

In these grounds stands the Parish C  
wherein is a mural monument bearing  
inscription which, in deference to the  
request of the deceased, is confined to  
dates, and these were . . . . .  
ment with this event. O Lord !

WITH copious eulogy in prose or th  
Graven on the tomb we struggle ag  
Time,

Alas, how feebly ! but our feelings str  
And still we struggle when a good  
dies.

Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded  
forbade,

A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.  
Yet *here* at least, though few have m  
bered days

That shunned so modestly the light  
praise.

His graceful manners, and the temper  
ray

Of that arch fancy which would rou  
him play,

Brightening a converse never known  
swerve

From courtesy and delicate reserve ;  
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,

Which checked discussion ere it warme  
to strife ;

Those rare accomplishments, and varie  
powers,

Might have their record among sylv  
bowers.

led for ever ! vanished like a blast  
 shook the leaves in myriads as it  
 passed ;—  
 : from this world of earth, air, sea,  
 and sky,  
 all its spirit-moving imagery,  
 ely studied with a painter's eye,  
 et's heart ; and, for congenial view,  
 ayed with happiest pencil, not untrue  
 ommon recognitions while the line  
 ed in a course of sympathy divine ;—  
 severed, too abruptly, from delights  
 all the seasons shared with equal  
 ights ;—  
 in the grace of undismantled age,  
 soul-felt music, and the treasured  
 age  
 y that evening lamp which loved to  
 hed  
 yellow lustre round thy honoured  
 lead ;  
 : Friends beheld thee give with eye,  
 oice, mien,  
 than theatric force to Shakspeare's  
 cene ;—  
 ou hast heard me—if thy spirit know  
 t of these bowers and whence their  
 pleasures flow ;  
 ings in our remembrance held so  
 ear,  
 thoughts and projects fondly che-  
 shed here,  
 y exalted nature only seem  
 s vanities, light fragments of earth's  
 ream—  
 te us not !—the mandate is obeyed  
 said, " Let praise be mute where I  
 m laid ;"  
 olier deprecation, given in trust  
 e cold marble, waits upon thy dust ;  
 ave we found how slowly genuine  
 relief  
 silent admiration wins relief.  
 ong abashed thy Name is like a rose  
 doth " within itself its sweetness  
 ose ;"  
 ipping daisy changed into a cup  
 ch her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.  
 a these groves, where still are flit-  
 ing by  
 s of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,  
 stand a votive Tablet, haply free,  
 towers and temples fall, to speak of  
 thee !  
 10.

If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom  
 Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,  
 Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth  
 Will fringe the lettered stone ; and herbs  
 spring forth,  
 Whose fragrance, by soft dew and rain  
 unbound,  
 Shall penetrate the heart without a wound ;  
 While truth and love their purposes fulfil,  
 Commemorating genius, talent, skill,  
 That could not lie concealed where Thou  
 wert known ;  
 Thy virtues *He* must judge, and He alone,  
 The God upon whose mercy they are  
 thrown.

XV.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF  
 CHARLES LAMB.

To a good Man of most dear memory  
 This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart  
 From the great city where he first drew  
 breath,  
 Was reared and taught ; and humbly  
 earned his bread,  
 To the strict labours of the merchant's  
 desk  
 By duty chained. Not seldom did those  
 tasks  
 Tease, and the thought of time so spent  
 depress,  
 His spirit, but the recompense was high ;  
 Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful  
 sire ;  
 Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air ;  
 And when the precious hours of leisure  
 came,  
 Knowledge and wisdom, gained from con-  
 verse sweet  
 With books, or while he ranged the  
 crowded streets  
 With a keen eye, and overflowing heart :  
 So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,  
 And poured out truth in works by thought-  
 ful love  
 Inspired—works potent over smiles and  
 tears.  
 And as round mountain-tops the lightning  
 plays,  
 Thus innocently sported, breaking forth  
 As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,  
 Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all



The vivid flashes of his spoken words.  
 From the most gentle creature nursed in  
   fields  
 Had been derived the name he bore--  
   a name,  
 Wherever Christian altars have been  
   raised,  
 Hallowed to meekness and to innocence ;  
 And if in him meekness at times gave way,  
 Provoked out of herself by troubles  
   strange,  
 Many and strange, that hung about his  
   life ;  
 Still, at the centre of his being, lodged  
 A soul by resignation sanctified :  
 And if too often, self-reproached, he felt  
 That innocence belongs not to our kind,  
 A power that never ceased to abide in him,  
 Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins  
 That she can cover, left not his exposed  
 To an unforgiving judgment from just  
   Heaven.  
 O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived !  
 From a reflecting mind and sorrowing  
   heart  
 Those simple lines flowed with an earnest  
   wish,  
 Though but a doubting hope, that they  
   might serve  
 Fitly to guard the precious dust of him  
 Whose virtues called them forth. That  
   aim is missed ;  
 For much that truth most urgently re-  
   quired  
 Had from a faltering pen been asked in  
   vain :  
 Yet, haply, on the printed page received,  
 The imperfect record, there, may stand  
   unblamed  
 As long as verse of mine shall breathe the  
   air  
 Of memory, or see the light of love.

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my  
   Friend,  
 But more in show than truth ; and from  
   the fields,  
 And from the mountains, to thy rural  
   grave  
 Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er  
 Its green untrodden turf, and blowing  
   flowers ;  
 And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still

Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity  
 Which words less free presumed not  
   to touch)  
 Or that fraternal love, whose heav-  
   lamp  
 From infancy, through manhood, to  
   last  
 Of threescore years, and to thy last  
   hour,  
 Burnt on with ever-strengthening  
   enshrined  
 Within thy bosom.

“Wonderful” hath  
 The love established between man  
   man,  
 “Passing the love of women ;” and  
   tween  
 Man and his help mate in fast wed-  
   joined  
 Through God, is raised a spirit and  
   of love  
 Without whose blissful influence Para-  
 Had been no Paradise ; and earth  
   now  
 A waste where creatures bearing hu-  
   man  
 Direct of savage beasts, would roam in  
 Joyless and comfortless. Our days  
   on ;  
 And let him grieve who cannot chide  
   but grieve  
 That he hath been an Elm without  
   Vine,  
 And her bright dower of clustering ch-  
   ries,  
 That, round his trunk and branch  
   might have clung  
 Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,  
 Not so enriched, not so adorned, to th  
 Was given (say rather thou of later bir-  
 Wert given to her) a Sister. 'tis a wor-  
 Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek  
 The self-restraining, and the ever-kind  
 In whom thy reason and intelligent heart  
 Found - for all interests, hopes, and ten-  
   der  
   cares,  
 All softening, humanising, hallowi-  
   powers,  
 Whether withheld, or for her sake un-  
   sought --  
 More than sufficient recompense !  
   Her lov-  
 (What weakness prompts the voice to tell  
   it here ?)

as the love of mothers ; and when  
years,  
ing the boy to man's estate, had called  
long-protected to assume the part  
a protector, the first filial tie  
undissolved ; and, in or out of sight,  
nained imperishably interwoven  
h life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting  
world,  
they together testify of time  
l season's difference - a double tree  
h two collateral stems sprung from  
one root ;  
h were they ---such thro' life they *might*  
have been  
mion, in partition only such ;  
erwise wrought the will of the Most  
High ;  
thro' all visitations and all trials,  
they were faithful ; like two vessels  
launched  
n the same beach one ocean to explore  
h mutual help, and sailing—to their  
league  
as inexorable winds, or bars  
ting or fixed of polar ice, allow.

at turn we rather, let my spirit turn  
r thine, O silent and invisible Friend !  
hose dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,  
n reunited, and by choice withdrawn  
n miscellaneous converse, ye were  
taught  
the remembrance of foregone distress,  
the worse fear of future ill (which oft  
hang around it, as a sickly child  
n its mother) may be both alike  
rmed of power to unsettle present  
good  
rized, and things inward and outward  
held  
uch an even balance, that the heart  
nowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,  
in its depth of gratitude is still.

gift divine of quiet sequestration !  
hermit, exercised in prayer and  
praise,  
feeding daily on the hope of heaven,  
appy in his vow, and fondly cleaves  
ife-long singleness ; but happier far  
to your souls, and, to the thoughts  
of others,  
usand times more beautiful appeared,

Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie  
Is broken ; yet why grieve ? for Time but  
holds  
His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead  
To the blest world where parting is un-  
known.

XVI.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON  
THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

WHEN first, descending from the moor-  
lands,  
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies ;  
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes :

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :  
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
Has vanished from his lonely hearth,

Like clouds that rake the mountain-sum-  
mits,  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
"Who next will drop and disappear ?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
Like London with its own black wreath,  
On which with thee, O Crabbe ! forth-  
looking,  
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,  
Thou too art gone before ; but why,  
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh ?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,  
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;  
For Her who, ere her summer faded,  
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid !  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet  
dead.

## XVII.

## INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE  
CHURCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK.

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither  
drew

The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on  
you

His eyes have closed ! And ye,  
books, no more  
Shall Southey feed upon your pre-  
lore,

To works that ne'er shall forfeit  
renown,

Adding immortal labours of his own  
Whether he traced historic truth, wit  
For the State's guidance, or the Ch-  
weal,

Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art  
Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the  
Or judgments sanctioned in the Pa-  
mind

By reverence for the rights of all man  
Wide were his aims, yet in no h-  
breast

Could private feelings meet for holie  
His joys, his griefs, have vanished  
cloud

From Skiddaw's top ; but he to h-  
was vowed

Through his industrious life, and Chi-  
faith

Calmed in his soul the fear of chang-  
death.

## ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF  
EARLY CHILDHOOD.

The Child is father of the Man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

## I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,  
and stream,

The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can  
see no more.

## II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the Rose.

The Moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heaven  
bare,

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair ;

The sunshine is a glorious birth ;

But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath past away a glory  
the earth.

## III.

w, while the birds thus sing a joyous  
 song,  
 and while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 me alone there came a thought of  
 grief;  
 timely utterance gave that thought  
 relief,  
 And I again am strong;  
 ; cataracts blow their trumpets from  
 the steep;  
 more shall grief of mine the season  
 wrong;  
 ar the Echoes through the mountains  
 throng,  
 Winds come to me from the fields of  
 sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday; -  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 at round me, let me hear thy shouts,  
 thou happy Shepherd-boy!

## IV.

blessèd Creatures, I have heard the  
 call  
 : to each other make; I see  
 heavens laugh with you in your  
 jubilee;  
 y heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it  
 all.  
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen  
 While Earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May-morning,  
 And the Children are culling  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines  
 warm,  
 the Babe leaps up on his Mother's  
 arm;—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
 gle Field which I have looked upon,  
 of them speak of something that is  
 gone:

## The Pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

## V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar:  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing Boy,  
 But He beholds the light, and whence it  
 flows,  
 He sees it in his joy;  
 The Youth, who daily farthest from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her  
 own;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural  
 kind.  
 And, even with something of a Mother's  
 mind,  
 And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate  
 Man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born  
 blisses.  
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he  
 lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's  
 eyes!  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,

Some fragment from his dream of human  
life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous  
stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied  
Age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

#### VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy Soul's immensity;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost  
keep

Thy heritage, thou Eye among the  
blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal  
deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the  
grave;

Thou, over whom thy Immortality

Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a  
Slave,

A Presence which is not to be put by;

[To whom the grave

Is but a lonely bed without the sense or  
sight

Of day or the warm light,

A place of thought where we in waiting  
lie:]

Thou little Child, yet glorious in the  
night

Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's  
height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou

Thus blindly with thy blessedness  
strife?

Full soon thy Soul shall have her ear-  
freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

#### IX.

O joy! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me  
breed

Perpetual benediction: not indeed

For that which is most worthy to  
blest;

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest

With new-fledged hope still fluttering  
his breast:

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise

But for those obstinate question

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised

High instincts before which our  
Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our  
sight

Are yet a master-light of all our  
seeing

Uphold us, cherish, and have power

to make

Our noisy years seem moments in  
the

being

O, the eternal Silence: truths that  
we

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad

deavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal

sea

Which brought us hither,

and thither.

I see the Children sport upon the  
shore,  
I hear the mighty waters rolling ever-  
more.

## X.

In sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous  
song !  
And let the young Lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !  
In thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !  
At though the radiance which was  
once so bright  
Now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the  
hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the  
flower ;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind ;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be :  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;  
In the faith that looks through  
death,  
Ears that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills,  
and Groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your  
might ;  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual  
sway.  
I love the Brooks which down their  
channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly  
as they ;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
Is lovely yet ;  
The Clouds that gather round the setting  
sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-  
tality ;  
Another race hath been, and other palms  
are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we  
live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and  
fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can  
give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears.

## GUILT AND SORROW ;

OR,

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

PREFIRED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS POEM, PUBLISHED IN 1842.

Not less than one-third of the following poem, though it has from time to time been altered in expression, was published so far back as the year 1793, under the title of "The Female Muse." The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it, but it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the rest would have been illegible. The whole was written before the year 1794, and I will detail, rather in the manner of literary biography than for any other reason, the circumstances under which it was

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the Allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed

upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of

modern society, and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. Those reflections, joined with particular facts which had come to my knowledge, the following have originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some misapprehensions in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say that the features described as belonging to it are either taken from other desolate parts of England.

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain

Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare ;

Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain  
Help from the staff he bore ; for mien  
and air

Were hardy, though his cheek seemed  
worn with care

Both of the time to come, and time long  
fled :

Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey  
hair ;

A coat he wore of military red

But faded, and stuck o'er with many a  
patch and shred.

While thus he journeyed, step by step led  
on,

He saw and passed a stately inn, full  
sure

That welcome in such house for him was  
none.

No board inscribed the needy to allure  
Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old  
and poor

And desolate, "Here you will find a  
friend !"

The pendent grapes glittered above the  
door ;—

On he must pace, perchance till night  
descend,

Where'er the dreary roads their bare white  
lines extend.\*

The gathering clouds grew red with  
stormy fire,

In streaks diverging wide and mounting  
high ;

That ign he long had passed ; the distant  
spire,

Which oft as he looked back had fixed his  
eye,

Was lost, though still he looked, in  
blank sky.

Perplexed and comfortless he  
went  
around,

And scarce could any trace of man be  
seen  
Save cornfields stretched and stretch  
without bound ;

But where the sower dwelt was now  
to be found.

No tree was there, no meadow's gleam  
green,

No brook to wet his lip or soothe his  
Long files of corn-stacks here and there  
were seen,

But not one dwelling-place his heart  
cheer.

Some labourer, thought he, may  
chance be near ;

And so he sent a feeble shout in vain  
No voice made answer, he could  
hear

Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain  
Or whistling thro' thin grass along  
unfurrowed plain.

Long had he fancied each successive  
Concealed some cottage, whither he might  
turn

And rest ; but now along heaven's dark  
evening cope

The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward  
borne.

Thus warned he sought some shepherd  
spreading thorn

Or hovel from the storm to shield his  
head,

But sought in vain ; for now, all was  
forlorn,

And vacant, a huge waste around him  
spread ;

The wet cold ground, he feared, must  
his only bed.

be it so—for to the chill night shower  
 the sharp wind his head he oft hath  
 bared ;  
 color he, who many a wretched hour  
 told ; for, landing after labour hard,  
 long endured in hope of just reward,  
 to an armèd fleet was forced away  
 seamen, who perhaps themselves had  
 shared  
 fate : was hurried off, a helpless  
 prey,  
 not all that in *his* heart, or theirs  
 perhaps, said nay.

years the work of carnage did not  
 cease,  
 death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,  
 his minister ; then came his glad re-  
 lease,  
 hope returned, and pleasure fondly  
 made  
 dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's  
 ed  
 happy husband flies, his arms to  
 throw  
 and his wife's neck ; the prize of victory  
 laid  
 or full lap, he sees such sweet tears  
 flow  
 thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she  
 could know.

hope for fraud took all that he had  
 gained,  
 on roars and gluts his tawny brood  
 in the desert's heart ; but he, re-  
 turned,  
 not to those he loves their needful  
 food  
 home approaching, but in such a  
 mood  
 from his sight his children might  
 have run,  
 as a traveller, robbed him, shed his  
 load ;  
 when the miserable work was done  
 and, a vagrant since, the murderer's  
 due to shun.

that day forth no place to him  
 could be  
 truly, but that thence might come a  
 pang  
 that from without to inward misery.

Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang  
 A sound of chains along the desert rang ;  
 He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high  
 A human body that in irons swang,  
 Uplifted by the tempest whirling by ;  
 And, hovering, round it often did araven fly.

It was a spectacle which none might view,  
 In spot so savage, but with shuddering  
 pain ;  
 Nor only did for him at once renew  
 All he had feared from man, but roused  
 a train

Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.  
 The stones, as if to over him from day,  
 Rolled at his back along the living plain ;  
 He fell, and without sense or motion lay ;  
 But, when the trance was gone, feebly  
 pursued his way.

As one whose brain habitual frenzy fires  
 Owes to the fit in which his soul hath  
 tossed

Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,  
 Even so the dire phantasma which had  
 crossed

His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,  
 Left his mind still as a deep evening  
 stream.

Nor, if accosted now, in thought en-  
 grossed.

Moody, or only troubled, would he seem  
 To traveller who might talk of any casual  
 theme.

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,  
 Gone is the raven timely rest to seek ;  
 He seemed the only creature in the wild  
 On whom the elements their rage might  
 wreak :

Save that the bustard, of those regions  
 bleak

Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light  
 A man there wandering, gave a mournful  
 shriek,

And half upon the ground, with strange  
 affright.

Forced hard against the wind a thick  
 unwieldy flight.

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's  
 bound ;  
 The weary eye—which, wheresoe'er it  
 strays,



Marks nothing but the red sun's setting  
 round,  
 Or on the earth strange lines, in former  
 days  
 Left by gigantic arms—at length surveys  
 What seems an antique castle spreading  
 wide;  
 Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise  
 Their brow sublime: in shelter there to  
 bide  
 He turned, while rain poured down smok-  
 ing on every side.

Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet  
 keep  
 Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and  
 hear  
 The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's  
 sweep,  
 Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year;  
 Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear  
 For sacrifice its throngs of living men,  
 Before thy face did ever wretch appear,  
 Who in his heart had groined with dead-  
 lier pain  
 Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter  
 now would gain?

Within that fabric of mysterious form  
 Winds met in conflict, each by turns  
 supreme;  
 And, from the perilous ground dislodged,  
 through storm  
 And rain he wildered on, no noon to  
 stream  
 From gulf of parting clouds one friendly  
 beam,  
 Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led;  
 Once did the lightning's faint disastrous  
 gleam  
 Disclose a naked guide-post's double head,  
 Sight which, tho' lost at once, a gleam of  
 pleasure shed.

No swinging sign-board creaked from  
 cottage elm  
 To stay his steps with faintness over-  
 come;  
 'Twas dark and void as ocean's watery  
 realm  
 Roaming with storms beneath night's star-  
 less gloom:  
 No gipsy cower'd o'er fire of furze or  
 broom;

No labourer watched his red kiln  
 bright,  
 Nor taper glimmered dim from sick  
 room;  
 Along the waste no line of mournful  
 From lamp of lonely toll-gate struc-  
 athwart the night.

At length, though hid in clouds, the  
 arose;  
 The downs were visible and re-  
 vealed  
 A structure stands, which two bare  
 enclose.  
 It was a spot where, ancient vows fulfil-  
 Kind pious hands did to the Virgin!  
 A lonely Spital, the belated swain  
 From the night terrors of that wa-  
 shield:  
 But there no human being could re-  
 And now the walls are named the  
 "House" of the plain.

Though he had little cause to lo-  
 abode  
 Of man, or covert sight of mortal face  
 Yet when faint beams of light that  
 showed,  
 How glad he was at length to find  
 trace  
 Of human shelter in that dreary place  
 Till to his flock the early shepherd  
 Here shall much-needed sleep his  
 embrace.  
 In a dry nook where fern the floor  
 strows  
 He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eye  
 gin to close;

When hearing a deep sigh, that see-  
 to come  
 From one who mourned in sleep, he raised  
 his head,  
 And saw a woman in the naked room  
 Outstretched, and turning on a restless  
 The moon a wan dead light around  
 shed.  
 He waked her—spoke in tone that wo-  
 not fail,  
 He hoped, to calm her mind; but ill  
 sped,  
 For of that ruin she had heard a tale  
 Which now with freezing thoughts  
 her powers assail;

heard of one who, forced from storms  
 shroud,  
 he loose walls of this decayed  
 treat  
 to incessant neighings shrill and  
 id,  
 his horse pawed the floor with  
 ious heat ;  
 a stone, that sparkled to his feet,  
 and still struck again, the trou-  
 ed horse :  
 in half raised the stone with pain  
 d sweat,  
 ised, for well his arm might lose  
 force  
 ing the grim head of a late mur-  
 red corse.

ale of this lone mansion she had  
 rned,  
 en that shape, with eyes in sleep  
 f drowned,  
 moon's sullen lamp she first dis-  
 ned,  
 my horror all her senses bound.  
 addressed in words of cheering  
 ind ;  
 ing heart, like answer did she  
 ke ;  
 ll it was that of the corse there  
 nd  
 verse that ensued she nothing  
 ke ;  
 ew not what dire pangs in him  
 h tale could wake.

on his voice and words of kind  
 ent  
 ed that dismal thought ; and now  
 wind  
 ter howlings told its rage was  
 nt ;  
 hile discourse ensued of various  
 d,  
 by degrees a confidence of mind  
 stual interest failed not to create.  
 a natural sympathy resigned,  
 forsaken building where they  
 e  
 oman thus retraced her own un-  
 ard fate.

erwent's side my father dwelt—a

Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred ;  
 And I believe that, soon as I began  
 To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,  
 And in his hearing there my prayers I said :  
 And afterwards, by my good father  
 taught,  
 I read, and loved the books in which I  
 read ;  
 For books in every neighbouring house  
 I sought,  
 And nothing to my mind a sweeter plea-  
 sure brought.

"A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,  
 A garden stored with peas, and mint, and  
 thyme,  
 And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday  
 morn  
 Plucked while the church bells rang their  
 earliest chime.  
 Can I forget our freaks at shearing time !  
 My hen's rich nest through long grass  
 scarce espied ;  
 The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy  
 prime :  
 The swans that with white chests up-  
 reared in pride  
 Rushing and racing came to meet me at  
 the waterside !

"The staff I well remember which upbore  
 The bending body of my active sire ;  
 His seat beneath the honied sycamore  
 Where the bees hummed, and chair by  
 winter fire ;  
 When market-morning came, the neat  
 attire  
 With which, though bent on haste, myself  
 I decked ;  
 Our watchful house-dog, that would tease  
 and tire  
 The stranger till its barking-fit I checked ;  
 The red-breast, known for years, which  
 at my casement pecked.

"The suns of twenty summers danced  
 along,  
 Too little marked how fast they rolled  
 away :  
 But, through severe mischance and cruel  
 wrong,  
 My father's substance fell into decay :  
 We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day  
 When Fortune might put on a kinder look ;

But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they;  
He from his old hereditary nook  
Must part; the summons came;—our final  
leave we took.

"It was indeed a miserable hour  
When, from the last hill-top, my sire sur-  
veyed,  
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower  
That on his marriage day sweet music  
made!  
Till then he hoped his bones might there  
be laid  
Close by my mother in their native  
bowers:  
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and  
prayed;—  
I could not pray: through tears that fell  
in showers  
Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no  
longer ours!

"There was a Youth whom I had loved  
so long,  
That when I loved him not I cannot  
say:  
'Mid the green mountains many a thought-  
less song  
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in  
May;  
When we began to tire of childish play,  
We seemed still more and more to prize  
each other;  
We talked of marriage and our marriage  
day;  
And I in truth did love him like a brother,  
For never could I hope to meet with such  
another.

"Two years were passed since to a distant  
town  
He had repaired to ply a gainful trade:  
What tears of bitter grief, till then un-  
known,  
What tender vows our last sad kiss de-  
layed!  
To him we turned: we had no other aid:  
Like one revived, upon his neck I wept;  
And her whom he had loved in joy, he  
said,  
He could love in grief; his faith he  
kept;  
And in a quiet home once more my father  
slept.

"We lived in peace and comfort  
were blest  
With daily bread, by constant toil  
plied.  
Three lovely babes had lain up  
breast;  
And often, viewing their sweet  
sighed,  
And knew not why. 'My happy  
died,  
When threatened war reduced the  
children's meal:  
Thrice happy! that for him the  
could hide  
The empty loom, cold hearth, and  
wheel,  
And tears which flowed for ill  
patience might not heal.

"'Twas a hard change: an evil time  
came;  
We had no hope, and no relief could  
But soon, with proud parade, the drum  
beat round to clear the streets of  
and pain.  
My husband's arms now only set  
strain  
Me and his children\* hungering  
view;  
In such dismay my prayers and  
were vain:  
To join those miserable men he fled  
And now to the sea-coast, with no  
more, we drew.

"There were we long neglected, a  
bore  
Much sorrow ere the fleet its  
weighed;  
Green fields before us, and our  
shore,  
We breathed a pestilential air,  
made  
Ravage for which no knell was  
We prayed  
For our departure: wished and wished  
nor knew,  
'Mid that long sickness and those  
delayed,  
That happier days we never more  
view.  
The parting signal streamed—at last  
land withdrew.

the calm summer season now was  
 last,  
 we drove, the equinoctial deep  
 mountains high before the howling  
 last,  
 many perished in the whirlwind's  
 sweep.  
 gazed with terror on their gloomy  
 deep,  
 light that soon such anguish must  
 issue,  
 ope such harvest of affliction reap.  
 we the mercy of the waves should  
 see:  
 reached the western world, a poor  
 devoted crew.

pains and plagues that on our heads  
 came down,  
 and famine, agony and fear,  
 and wilderness, in camp or town,  
 did unman the firmest heart to bear.  
 perished—all in one remorseless year,  
 and children! one by one, by  
 sword  
 venous plague, all perished: every  
 one  
 up, despairing, desolate, on board  
 the ship I waked, as from a trance  
 restored."

paused she, of all present thought  
 devoid,  
 voice, nor sound, that moment's pain  
 pressed,  
 attitude, with excess of grief o'er-  
 borne,  
 her full eyes their watery load re-  
 leased.  
 was mute: and, ere her weeping  
 ceased,  
 she, and to the ruin's portal went,  
 where the dawn opening the silvery east  
 rays of promise, north and south-  
 ward sent;  
 soon with crimson fire kindled the  
 moment.

"he," he cried, "come, after weary  
 night  
 through rough storm, this happy change  
 view."  
 she came, and eastward looked;  
 she gazed

Over her brow like dawn or gladness  
 threw;  
 Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue  
 Seemed to return, dried the last lingering  
 tear,  
 And from her grateful heart a fresh one  
 drew:  
 The whilst her comrade to her pensive  
 cheer  
 Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark  
 warbled near.

They looked and saw a lengthening road,  
 and wain  
 That rang down a bare slope not far re-  
 mote:  
 The barrows glistened bright with drops  
 of rain,  
 Whistled the waggoner with merry note,  
 The cock far off sounded his clarion  
 throat;  
 But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they  
 viewed,  
 Only were told there stood a lonely cot  
 A long mile thence. While thither they  
 pursued  
 Their way, the Woman thus her mournful  
 tale renewed.

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain  
 Is now, by beams of dawning light im-  
 prest,  
 In the calm sunshine slept the glittering  
 main:  
 The very ocean hath its hour of rest,  
 I too forgot the heavings of my breast.  
 How quiet 'round me ship and ocean  
 were!  
 As quiet all within me. I was blest,  
 And looked, and fed upon the silent air  
 Until it seemed to bring a joy to my de-  
 spair.

"Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,  
 And groans that rage of macking famine  
 spoke:  
 The unburied dead that lay in festering  
 heaps,  
 The breathing pestilence that rose like  
 smoke,  
 The shriek that from the distant battle  
 broke,  
 The mine's dire earthquake, and the  
 pallid host

Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-  
stroke  
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick an-  
guish tossed,  
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was  
lost !  
" Some mighty gulf of separation passed,  
I seemed transported to another world ;  
A thought resigned with pain, when from  
the mast  
The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,  
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly  
curled  
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts  
of home  
And from all hope I was for ever hurled.  
For me—farthest from earthly port to  
roam  
Was best, could I but shun the spot where  
man might come.

" And oft I thought (my fancy was so  
strong)  
That I, at last, a resting-place had found ;  
' Here will I dwell,' said I, ' my whole life  
long,  
Roaming the illimitable waters round ;  
Here will I live, of all but heaven dis-  
owned,  
And end my days upon the peaceful  
flood.' —  
To break my dream the vessel reached its  
bound ;  
And homeless near a thousand homes I  
stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined and  
wanted food.

" No help I sought ; in sorrow turned  
adrift,  
Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare  
rock ;  
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did  
lift,  
Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.  
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the  
cock  
From the cross-timber of an outhouse  
hung ;  
Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock !  
At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely  
stung,  
Nor to the beggar's language could I fit  
my tongue.

" So passed a second day ; and, with  
third  
Was come, I tried in vain the  
resort.  
— In deep despair, by frightful  
stirred,  
Near the sea-side I reached a ruin  
There, pains which nature could not  
support  
With blindness linked, did on my  
fall ;  
And, after many interruptions short  
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step  
crawl ;  
Unsought for was the help that  
life recall.

" Borne to a hospital, I lay with  
Drowsy and weak, and shattered  
I heard my neighbours in their bed  
plain  
Of many things which never troubled  
Of feet still bustling round with  
glee,  
Of looks where common kindness  
part,  
Of service done with cold formality  
Fretting the fever round the  
heart,  
And groans which, as they said,  
make a dead man start.

" These things just served to stir the  
bering sense,  
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raise  
With strength did memory return  
thence  
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed  
At houses, men, and common life  
mazed.  
The lanes I sought, and, as the sun  
Came where beneath the trees a  
blazed ;  
The travellers saw me weep, my face  
quired,  
And gave me food and rest, more  
come, more desired.

" Rough potters seemed they, trad-  
berly  
With panniered asses driven from the  
door ;  
But life of happier sort set forth to  
And other joys my fancy to allure—

the bag-pipe dinning on the midnight  
moor  
barn uplighted; and companions boon,  
ell met from far with revelry secure  
among the forest glades, while jocund  
June  
died fast along the sky his warm and  
genial moon.

but ill they suited me—those journeys  
dark  
er moor and mountain, midnight theft  
to hatch!  
charm the surly house-dog's faithful  
bark,  
hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.  
e gloomy lantern, and the dim blue  
match,  
e black disguise, the warning whistle  
shrill,  
dear still busy on its nightly watch,  
are not for me, brought up in nothing  
ill:  
sides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts  
were brooding still.

What could I do, unaided and unblest?  
father! gone was every friend of  
thine:

d kindred of dead husband are at best  
all help; and, after marriage such as  
mine,  
th little kindness would to me incline.  
er was I then for toil or service fit;  
deep-drawn sighs no effort could con-  
fine;  
open air forgetful would I sit  
hole hours, with idle arms in moping  
sorrow knit.

he roads I paced, I loitered through  
the fields;  
pientedly, yet sometimes self-accused,  
sted my life to what chance bounty  
yields,

v coldly given, now utterly refused.  
ground I for my bed have often used:  
what afflicts my peace with keenest  
ruth,  
at I have my inner self abused,  
gone the home delight of constant  
truth,  
I clear and open soul, so prized in  
fearless youth.

"Through tears the rising sun I oft have  
viewed,  
Through tears have seen him towards  
that world descend

Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:  
Three years a wanderer now my course I  
bend—

Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend  
Have I."—She ceased, and weeping turned  
away;

As if because her tale was at an end,  
She wept; because she had no more to say  
Of that perpetual weight which on her  
spirit lay.

True sympathy the Sailor's looks ex-  
pressed,

His looks—for pondering he was mute the  
while.

Of social Order's care for wretchedness,  
Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,  
Joy's second spring and Hope's long-  
treasured smile,

'Twas not for *him* to speak—a man so  
tried.

Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style  
Proverbial words of comfort he applied,  
And not in vain, while they went pacing  
side by side.

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their  
sight,

Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,  
Rise various wreaths that into one unite  
Which high and higher mount, with  
silver gleam:

Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream  
Thence bursting shrill did all remark  
prevent;

They paused, and heard a hoarser voice  
blaspheme,

And female cries. Their course they  
thither bent,

And met a man who foamed with anger  
vehement.

A woman stood with quivering lips and  
pale,

And, pointing to a little child that lay  
Stretched on the ground, began a piteous  
tale;

How in a simple freak of thoughtless play  
He had provoked his father, who straight-  
way,

As if each blow were deadlier than the last,  
Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay  
The Soldier's Widow heard and stood aghast ;  
And stern looks on the man her grey-haired Comrade cast.

His voice with indignation rising high  
Such further deed in manhood's name forbade ;

The peasant, wild in passion, made reply  
With bitter insult and revilings sad ;  
Asked him in scorn what business there he had ;

What kind of plunder he was hunting now ;

The gallows would one day of him be glad ;—

Though inward anguish damped the Sailor's brow,

Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

Softly he stroked the child, who lay outstretched

With face to earth : and, as the boy turned round

His battered head, a groan the Sailor fetched

As if he saw—there and upon that ground—

Strange repetition of the deadly wound  
He had himself inflicted. Through his brain

At once the griding iron passage found :  
Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed amain,

Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain.

Within himself he said—What hearts have we !

The blessing that a father gives his child !  
Yet happy thou, poor boy ! compared with me,

Suffering not doing ill—fate far more mild.  
The stranger's looks and tears of wrath beguiled \*

The father, and relenting thoughts awoke ;  
He kissed his son—so all was reconciled.  
Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke

Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor bespoke.

“ Bad is the world, and hard is the law

Even for the man who wears the wolf's fleece :

Much need have ye that time more draw

The bond of nature, all unkindness  
And that among so few there's peace :

Else can ye hope but with such nursing foes

Your pains shall ever with your years increase ? ”

While from his heart the appalling lesson flows,

A correspondent calm stole gentle his woes.

Forthwith the pair passed on ; and they look

Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene  
Where wreaths of vapour tracked a living brook,

That babbled on through groves meadows green ;

A low-roofed house peeped out the between ;

The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,

And melancholy lowings intervene  
Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze.

Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's rays.

They saw and heard, and, winding the road

Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale ;

Comfort by prouder mansions unbestowed  
Their wearied frames, she hoped, were soon regale.

Ere long they reached that cottage in the dale :

It was a rustic inn ;—the board spread,

The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,

And lustily the master carved the bread  
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they comfort fed.

breakfast done, the pair, though  
loth, must part ;  
derers whose course no longer now  
agrees.

rose and bade farewell ! and, while  
her heart

gled with tears nor could its sorrow  
ease,

left him there ; for, clustering round  
his knees,

his oak-staff the cottage children  
layed :

soon she reached a spot o'erhung  
with trees

banks of ragged earth ; beneath the  
shade

is the pebbly road a little runnel  
strayed.

and horse beside the rivulet stood ;  
uring the canvas roof the sunbeams  
hone.

saw the carman bend to scoop the  
load

e wain fronted her,-- wherein lay one,  
e-faced Woman, in disease far gone.

carman wet her lips as well behaved ;  
under her lean body there was none.

gh even to die, near one she most  
ad loved

could not of herself those wasted  
mb's have moved.

Soldier's Widow learned with honest  
ain

omefelt force of sympathy sincere,  
thus that worn-out wretch must

here sustain

olting road and morning air severe.  
vain pursued its way ; and following

ear

re compassion she her steps retraced  
s the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"

ried aloud ; and forth ran out in haste  
friends whom she had left but a few

inutes past.

to the door with eager speed they  
an,

her bare straw the Woman half  
praised

ony visage—gaunt and deadly wan ;  
ity asking, on the group she gazed

a dim eye, distracted and amazed ;

Then sank upon her straw with feeble  
moan.

Fervently cried the housewife—"God be  
praised,

I have a house that I can call my own ;  
Nor shall she perish there, untended and

alone !"

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,  
And busily, though yet with fear, untie

Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet  
And chafe her temples, careful hands

apply.

Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh  
She strove, and not in vain, her head to

rear ;

Then said—"I thank you all ; if I must  
die,

The God in heaven my prayers for you  
will hear ;

Till now I did not think my end had been  
so near.

"Barred every comfort labour could pro-  
cure.

Suffering what no endurance could  
assuage.

I was compelled to seek my father's door,  
Though loth to be a burthen on his age.

But sickness stopped me in an early  
stage

Of my sad journey ; and within the wain  
They placed me—there to end life's pil-

grimage,

Unless beneath your roof I may remain :  
For I shall never see my father's door

again.

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been  
burthensome :

But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek  
May my end be ! Soon will this voice be

dumb :

Should child of mine e'er wander hither,  
speak

Of me, say that the worm is on my  
cheek.—

Torn from our hut, that stood beside the  
sea

Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome  
creek,

My husband served in sad captivity  
On shipboard, bound till peace or death

should set him free.



"A sailor's wife I knew a widow's cares,  
 Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed;  
 Hope cheered my dreams, and to my  
 daily prayers [bread;  
 Our heavenly Father granted each day's  
 Till one was found by stroke of violence  
 dead, [lie;  
 Whose body near our cottage chanced to  
 A dire suspicion drove us from our shed;  
 In vain to find a friendly face we try,  
 Nor could we live 'together those poor  
 boys and I;

"For evil tongues made oath how on that  
 day  
 My husband lurked about the neighbour-  
 hood;  
 Now he had fled, and whither none could  
 say,  
 And he had done the deed in the dark  
 wood—  
 Near his own home!—but he was mild  
 and good;  
 Never on earth was gentler creature seen;  
 He'd not have robbed the raven of its food.  
 My husband's loving kindness stood be-  
 tween [however keen."  
 Me and all worldly harms and wrongs

Alas! the thing she told with labouring  
 breath [ness  
 The Sailor knew too well. That wicked-  
 His hand had wrought; and when, in the  
 hour of death, [bless  
 He saw his Wife's lips move his name to  
 With her last words, unable to suppress  
 His anguish, with his heart he ceased to  
 strive; [tress,  
 And, weeping loud in this extreme dis-  
 He cried—"Do pity me! That thou  
 shouldst live [forgive!"  
 I neither ask nor wish—forgive me, but

To tell the change that Voice within her  
 wrought

Nature by sign or sound made no essay;  
 A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,  
 And every mortal pang dissolved away.  
 Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;  
 Yet still, while over her the husband bent,  
 A look was in her face which seemed to say,  
 "Be blest: by sight of thee from heaven  
 was sent [content."  
 Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of

She slept in peace,—his pulses th  
 and stopped,  
 Breathless he gazed upon her face  
 Her hand in his, and raised it, b  
 dropped,  
 When on his own he cast a rueful  
 His ears were never silent; sleep  
 His burning eyelids stretched and  
 lead;  
 All night from time to time unc  
 The floor as he lay shuddering on l  
 And oft he groaned aloud, "O G  
 I were dead!"

The Soldier's Widow lingered in t  
 And, when he rose, he thanked he  
 care [shelter l  
 Through which his Wife, to th  
 Died in his arms; and with those  
 a prayer  
 He breathed for her, and for that  
 The corpse interred, not one h  
 remained  
 Beneath their roof, but to the open  
 A burthen, now with fortitude sust  
 He bore within a breast where c  
 quiet reigned.

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly p  
 For act and suffering, to the city:  
 He journeyed, and forthwith his  
 declared:

"And from your doom," he added  
 Nor let it linger long, the murderer  
 Not ineffectual was that piteous cl  
 "O welcome sentence which w  
 though late,"

He said, "the pangs that to my con  
 came [in thy  
 Out of that deed. My trust, Savi

His fate was pitied. Him in iron  
 Reader, forgive the intolerable the  
 They hung not:—no one on his f  
 face

Could gaze, as on a show by idlers s  
 No kindred sufferer, to his death  
 brought

By lawless curiosity or chance,  
 When into storm the evening s  
 wrought, [e  
 Upon his swinging corpse an ey  
 And drop, as he once dropped, in mis  
 trance.

## NOTES.

The poet's own notes are marked W.

21. **AN EVENING WALK.**—Published originally in 1793, this poem was considerably later, being reduced in length from 446 lines.

22. **REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.**—In Collins (1721-1759), one of the first pure poets," as we now, somewhat arbitrarily use the phrase.

23. **DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES.**—This was originally published in 1793, but was reduced later that the 813 lines were reduced

30. **ADDRESS TO A CHILD.**—"By my *etc.*, Dorothy Wordsworth.

40. **TO H. C., *etc.***, Hartley Coleridge.

57. **THE SPARROW'S NEST, *etc.***, the sparrow, not the common sparrow.

61. **LOUISA.**—Originally four stanzas; in editions the second stanza was omitted.

73. **VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.**—See interesting passages of Book IX. of "The *etc.*"

96. **THE WAGGONER.**—Several years before the event that forms the subject of the poem, in company with my friend, the late Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the man to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road him or his waggon, he said: "They do not do without me; and as for the man who is put in my place, no good could come of him; he was a man of no ideas." The man's discarded hero's getting the horses was a great difficulty with a word, as in the poem, was told me by an eye-witness.—W.

96. **The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling.**—When the poem was first published, the note of the bird was thus described: "Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune, and his watchman's rattle about—"

in unwillingness to startle the reader at the poet's so bold a mode of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.—W.

103. **Can any mortal clog come to her?**—The line followed in the MS. an incident

which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reading Reader will find no difficulty in excusing:—

Can any mortal clog come to her?

It can: . . . . .

But Benjamin, in his vexation,  
Possesses inward consolation;  
He knows his ground, and hopes to find  
A spot with all things to his mind,  
An upright mural block of stone,  
Moist with pure water trickling down.  
A slender spring; but kind to man  
It is, a true Samaritan;  
Close to the highway, pouring out  
Its offering from a chink or spout;  
Whence all, however athirst, or drooping  
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.

Cries Benjamin "Where is it, where?  
Voice it hath none, but must be near."  
—A star, declining towards the west,  
Upon the watery surface threw  
Its image tremulously impress,  
That just marked out the object and withdrew  
Right welcome service! . . . . .

#### Rock of Names!

Light is the strain, but not unjust  
To Thee and Thy memorial-trust  
That once seemed only to express  
Love that was love in idleness;  
Tokens, as year hath followed year  
How changed, alas, in character!  
For they were graven on thy smooth breast,  
By hands of those my soul loved best;  
Meek women, men as true and brave  
As ever went to a hopeful grave:  
Their hands and mine, when side by side  
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,  
We worked until the Initials took  
Shapes that defied a scornful look.—  
Long as for us a genial feeling  
Survives, or one in need of healing,  
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,  
Thy monumental power, shall last  
For me and mine! Oh thought of pain,  
That would impair it or profane!  
Take all in kindness then, as said  
With a staid heart but playful head;  
And fail not Thou, loved Rock! to keep  
Thy charge when we are laid asleep.—W.

**PAGE 111. TO THE DAISY.**—This poem, and two others to the same flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and

likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled "A Field Flower." This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him. I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets:—

Though it happe me to rehersin  
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,  
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaied,  
Sich that ye se I dōe it in the honour  
Of Love, and eke in service of the Flour.  
1807. —W.

Page 124. THE SEVEN SISTERS.—The story of this poem is from the German of Frederica Brun.—W.

Page 128. THE WORK OF E. M. S., i.e., Edith May, daughter of Robert Southey.

Page 131. *There was a boy*, etc.—The poem forms part of Book V. of "The Prelude."

Page 136. *She was a phantom of delight*.—The Hon. Justice Coleridge, in his *Memoirs of Wordsworth* (Vol. II., p. 306), says: "'She was a phantom of delight,' he (Wordsworth) said, was written 'on his dear wife.'"

Page 151. LAODAMIA.—Wordsworth considerably altered the last stanza but one of this poem long after he had originally written it. In its first form it stood:—

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!  
Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,  
Was in a trance of passion thus removed;  
Delivered from the galling yoke of time  
And these frail elements, to gather flowers  
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Page 156. RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.—In the "Memoirs of Wordsworth" (Vol. I., pp. 172-3) is given the following interesting letter, in which the poet explains in prose the feelings which prompted him to write the poem:—"I describe myself as having been exalted to the highest pitch of delight by the joyousness and beauty of nature; and then as depressed, even in the midst of those beautiful objects, to the lowest dejection and despair. A young poet in the midst of the happiness of nature is described as overwhelmed by the thoughts of the miserable reverses which have befallen the happiest of all men, viz., poets. I think of this till I am so deeply impressed with it, that I consider the manner in which I was rescued from my dejection and despair almost as an interposition of providence. A person reading the poem with feelings like mine will have been awed and controlled, expecting

something spiritual or supernatural. Was brought forward? A lonely place, 'a place which an old man was, far from all his home;' not stood, nor sat, but was—the presented in the most naked simplicity. This feeling of spirituality or supernatural is again referred to as being strong in me in this passage. How came he here? Is I, or what can he be doing? I then doubt him, whether ill or well is not for me to with perfect confidence; but this I confidently affirm, that though I believe this has given me a strong imagination, I conceive a figure more impressive than an old man like this, the survivor of a whole ten children, travelling alone among the mountains and all lonely places, carrying with his own fortitude, and the necessities an unjust state of society has laid upon him.

Page 159. THE THORN.—This Poem to have been preceded by an introductory Poem, which I have been prevented from writing by never having felt myself in a mood when it was probable that I should do it well. The character which I have introduced speaking is sufficiently obvious. The Reader will, perhaps, have a notion of it, if he has ever known a captain of a small trading vessel, formerly who being past the middle age of life retired upon an annuity or small independent income to some village or country to which he was not a native, or in which he had not been accustomed to live. Such men, little to do, become credulous and tainted from indolence; and from the same cause other predisposing causes by which it is probable that such men may have been at that time prone to superstition. On account it appeared to me proper to give a character like this to exhibit some general laws by which superstition acts upon the mind. Superstitious men are almost men of slow faculties and deep feelings; their minds are not loose, but adhesive; they have a reasonable share of imagination, by which I mean the faculty which produces impressive effects out of simple elements; they are utterly destitute of fancy, the faculty by which pleasure and surprise are excited by sudden varieties of situation and by accurate imagery.

It was my wish in this Poem to show a manner in which some men cleave to their ideas; and to follow the turns of their thoughts always different, yet not palpably different, which their conversation is swayed. P.W.

to attain: first, to represent a picture should not be unimpressive, yet consistent with the character that should describe secondly, while I adhered to the style in such persons describe, to take care that is, which in their mind are impregnated passion, should likewise convey passion to readers who are not accustomed to sympathise with men feeling in that manner or in such language. It seemed to me that might be done by calling in the assistance lyrical and rapid Metre. It was necessary the Poem, to be natural, should in reality be slowly; yet I hoped that, by the aid of metre, to those who should at all enter into spirit of the Poem, it would appear to move quickly. The Reader will have the kindness excuse this note, as I am sensible that an inductive Poem is necessary to give the poem its full effect.

Upon this occasion I will request permission to add a few words closely connected with "The Thorn" and many other Poems in these notes. There is a numerous class of readers who imagine that the same words cannot be repeated without tautology: this is a great error: virtual tautology is much oftener produced by using different words when the meaning is exactly the same. Words, a Poet's business more particularly, ought to be weighed in the balance of feeling, and not measured by space which they occupy upon paper. For the Reader cannot be too often reminded that poetry is passion: it is the history or science of feelings. Now every man must know that an attempt is rarely made to communicate unpassioned feelings without something of an accompanying consciousness of the inadequateness of our own powers, or the deficiencies of language. During such efforts there will be a struggle in the mind, and as long as it is undecided the speaker will cling to the same words, or words of the same character. There are also various other reasons why repetition and apparent tautology are frequently beauties of the highest kind. Among the chief of these is the interest which the mind attaches to words, not only as symbols of the passion, but as things, active and efficient, which are of themselves part of the passion. And further, a spirit of fondness, exultation, and gratification the mind luxuriates in the repetition of words which appear successfully to communicate feelings. The truth of these remarks may be shown by innumerable passages from the Bible, and from the impassioned poetry of Milton. "Awake, awake, Deborah!"

etc. Judges, chap. v., verses 12th, 27th, and part of 28th. See also the whole of that tumultuous and wonderful Poem.—W.

Page 171. FRENCH REVOLUTION.—These lines are from Book XI. of "The Prelude."

Page 174. *Wings at my shoulders*, etc.—In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.—W.

Page 175. LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY.—I have not ventured to call this Poem an Ode; but it was written with a hope that in the transitions and the impassioned music of the versification, would be found the principal requisites of that species of composition.—W.

Page 178. PETER BELL.—Towards the close of Part I. originally appeared a stanza which Shelley ridiculed in his "Peter Bell the Third." This stanza ran:—

Is it a party in a parlour?  
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd—  
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,  
But, as you by their faces see,  
All silent and all damn'd.

Page 196. *That thou, if not with partial joy elate*.—"Something less than joy, but more than dull content."

COUNTRESS OF WINCHILSEA.—W. Ann Finch, Countess of Winchilsea (died 1720), was the author of several poems.

Page 199. *Aerial rock*, etc., i.e., Holme-Scar.

Page 201. *Shall live the name of Walton*, i.e., Izaak Walton, author of "The Compleat Angler."

Page 201. *Bard of the Fleece*, etc., i.e., John Dyer (1700?-1758), author of poems entitled "The Fleece," and "Georgar Hill."

Page 203. To S. H., i.e., Sarah Hutchinson, the poet's sister-in-law.

Page 203. COMPOSED ON THE EVE, etc.—The marriage was that of the poet's brother-in-law, Thomas Hutchinson, with Mary Monkhouse.

Page 205. *Surprised by joy*, etc.—"Suggested by my daughter Catherine long after

her death."—W. Catherine, the poet's second daughter, died in her fourth year, in June, 1812.

Page 209. TO B. R. HAYDON, *i.e.*, Benjamin Robert Haydon (1785-1846), the celebrated historical painter.

Page 210. TO RAISLEY CALVERT. Calvert left £900 to the poet in 1795.

Page 214. TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.—See note to page 196.

Page 214. *There is a pleasure*, etc.—The opening words of this sonnet are quoted from Cowper.

Page 215. *With how sad steps*, etc.—The two opening lines are quoted from the thirty-first sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney's "*Astrophel and Stella*," where, however, the last word of the first line is "*skies*."

Page 221. *The sweet-souled poet of "The Seasons"*, *i.e.*, James Thomson (1700-1748), who lived near, and is buried at Richmond.

Page 221. A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE, *i.e.*, that of Souldern.

Page 222. TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P., *i.e.*, the Lady Eleanor Butler (1745-1829) and her friend Sarah Ponsonby (?17—1831), who lived in simple retirement for over half a century in a cottage at Plasnewydd in the Vale of Llangollen. De Quincey refers to them and their opinion of Wordsworth in "*The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*."

Page 222. *Gives to airy nothing*, etc.—Shakespeare, "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," Act V., Sc. 1.

Page 223. *Wild Redbreast*.—This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living, creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the verses to the Redbreast. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hear-

ing of the invalid, who had been long to her room. These attachments to a lar person, when marked and continued to be reckoned ominous; but the super passing away.—W.

Page 223. *When Philoctetes*.—Philoctetes the greatest archer of the Trojan War, bound for Troy, was left wounded on the coast of Lemnos, until the tenth year of the war, when an oracle declared that he could only be taken by the arrows of which Philoctetes possessed.

Page 224. THE INFANT M—— M—— Mary Monkhouse.

Page 224. TO RUTHA Q——, *i.e.*, Ruth, daughter of the poet's friend, Edward Taylor, whose second wife was Wordsworth's sister Dorothy.

Page 227. FILIAL PIETY.—A man killed while building a turf stack at Ormskirk and Preston Caves in 1779; finished the stack, and while he lived in constant repair in memory of his fall.

Page 227. TO B. R. HAYDON.—See p. 209.

Page 229. TO THE REV. CHRIS. WORDSWORTH.—A nephew of the poet became head master of Harrow School, Bishop of Lincoln (1807-1885).

Page 232. TO THE SONS OF BURNS.—The following is extracted from the journal of a fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been on other occasions:—

"DUMFRIES, August 1."

"On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died in a mean appearance, and in a dirty situation; the front whitewashed, dirty the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowers in the window. Went to visit the grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, has a stone to mark the spot. There is no stone to mark the spot, but a hundred guineas have been collected and expended upon some sort of monument. 'There,' said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr. — (I forgot the name); a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney; and scarcely ever

he undertook. Burns made many a moon upon him, and there they rest as you  
We looked at Burns's grave with  
melancholy and painful reflections, repeating  
each other his own poet's epitaph:

Is there a man, etc.

The churchyard is full of grave-stones and  
nervous monuments, in all sorts of fantastic  
es obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, etc. When  
guide had left us we turned again to Burns's  
grave, and afterwards went to his house,  
going to enquire after Mrs. Burns, who had  
to spend some time by the sea-shore  
her children. We spoke to the maid-  
at the door, who invited us forward,  
we sat down in the parlour. The walls  
coloured with a blue wash; on one side  
of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite  
window a clock, which Burns mentions,  
and of his letters, having received as a  
gift. The house was cleanly and neat in  
inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the  
floor on the right side of the passage, the  
floor on the left. In the room above the  
where the poet died, and his son, very lately,  
in the same room. The servant told us she  
lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was  
in great sorrow for the death of Wallace.  
said that Mrs. B's youngest son was now  
in the Hospital. We were glad to leave  
the place, where we could think of little but  
Mrs. Burns, and his moving about on that  
melancholy ground. In our road to Brownhill,  
next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little  
distance on our right—his farm-house. Our  
impression in looking round would have been  
greater if the road had led us near the spot.

cannot take leave of this country which  
passed through to-day without mentioning  
we saw the Cumberland mountains within  
a mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the  
few we had of them. Drayton has prettily  
described the connection which this neighbour-  
hood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw

Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous  
eye  
as me every day, or at my pride looks grim,  
threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten  
him.

These lines came to my brother's memory,  
as the Cumberland saying:—

If Skiddaw hath a cap  
Scruffel wots well of that.

We talked of Burns, and of the prospect

he must have had, perhaps from his own door,  
of Skiddaw and his companions; indulging  
ourselves in the fancy that we might have been  
personally known to each other, and he have  
looked upon those objects with more pleasure  
for our sakes."—W.

Page 239. SONNET. COMPOSED AT (NID-  
PATH) CASTLE.—As originally written this  
begin:—

Now, as I live, I pity that great Lord  
Whom mere despotie, etc.

Page 244. *In such a vessel never more.*—  
The blind boy in the original version used a  
more homely vessel:—

But say, what was it? Thought of fear!  
Well may ye tremble when ye hear!  
—A Household Tub, like one of those  
Which women use to wash their clothes,  
This carried the blind Boy.

Page 260. To M. H., i.e., Mary Hutchin-  
son, afterwards the poet's wife.

Page 270. *Jones! as from Calais, etc.*—This  
excellent Person, one of my earliest and  
dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We  
were undergraduates together of the same year,  
at the same college; and companions in many  
a delightful ramble through his own romantic  
country of North Wales. Much of the latter  
part of his life he passed in comparative  
solitude, which I know was often cheered by  
remembrance of our youthful adventures, and  
of the beautiful regions which, at home and  
abroad, we had visited together. Our long  
friendship was never subject to a moment's  
interruption; and while revising these volumes  
for the last time, I have been so often reminded  
of my loss, with a not displeasing sadness, that  
I trust the Reader will excuse this passing  
mention of a Man who well deserves from me  
something more than so brief a notice. Let  
me only add, that during the middle part of his  
life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the  
Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is  
the subject of the seventh of the "Miscellaneous  
Sonnets," Part III.—W. There are several  
widely differing versions of this sonnet.

Page 271. *Once did she hold, etc.*—The  
Republic of Venice was extinguished by the  
Treaty of Campo Formio in 1797, and that of  
Luneville in 1801.

Page 271. *The voice of song, etc.*—In this  
and a succeeding sonnet on the same subject,  
let me be understood as a Poet availing himself  
of the situation which the King of Sweden

occupied, and of the principles AVOWED IN HIS MANIFESTOS; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous; and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot hereafter placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.—W.

Page 272. *Toussaint*, etc.—Toussaint L'Ouverture was the Governor of St. Domingo, and was the chief of the slaves enfranchised by the French Convention of 1794. When Napoleon sought to re-impose slavery Toussaint opposed him, was taken prisoner, sent to Paris, and died there in 1803.

Page 274. *Great men have been among us*.—The men referred to are Algernon Sidney (1622-1683), Andrew Marvell (1621-1678), James Harrington (1611-1677), and Sir Henry Vane the Younger (1612-1662).

Page 277. *Another year!—another deadly blow*, etc.—Prussia was overthrown at the battle of Jena, October 14, 1806.

Page 277. *Who are to judge*, etc.—“Danger which they fear, and honour which they understand not.” Words in Lord Brooke’s “Life of Sir P. Sidney.”—W.

Page 279. *A Roman master stands*, etc.—T. Quirinus Flaminius proclaimed the liberty of Greece in B.C. 196.

Page 281. *See the first mighty hunter*, etc.—Compare Genesis, chap. 10, v. 9, and the opening of “Paradise Lost,” Book I.

Page 281. *Of mortal parents*, etc.—Andreas Hofer (1767-1810), a Tyrolese patriot, defeated at Wagram by the Bavarians in 1809.

Page 283. *The truth was felt by Palafox*, etc.—Jose de Palafox y Melgi (1780-1847), the hero of the siege of Saragossa (1808-9).

Page 284. *Hail, Zaragoza!*—In this sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.—W.

Page 284. *Brave Schill*.—Friederich Schill, killed at Stralsund, May 31, 1809, was one of the leaders in the German rising against Napoleon.

Page 285. *Call not the royal Swede* Gustavus IV., who abdicated in 1809 note to sonnet, “The Voice of Song.”

Page 285. *Is there a power*, etc.—I Knight suggests that this may refer to See note to page 283.

Page 286. *Alas! where in Palafox* note to page 283.

Page 287. *We can endure that H* i.e., Napoleon.

Page 289. *In one who lived*, etc.—A shepherd who became leader of the Christians against the Romans in the century B.C.

Page 289. *And Mina*, etc.—Don F Mina, a leader of the Guerrillas of Navarre.

Page 289. *With that great leader*, etc.—The Roman general Sertorius, died B.C.

Page 291. *The triumphs of this*—the overthrow of Napoleon at Leipzig, 16-19, 1813.

Page 291. *Fear reliques*, etc.—That of the Duke d’Enghien, lawlessly executed by Napoleon in 1804, was disinterred at Restoration in 1816.

Page 305. *FISH-WOMEN*.—If in this I should seem to have borne a little upon the personal appearance of the Poissards of Calais, let me take shelter in the authority of my lamented friend, Sir George Beaumont. He, a most observant, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in events, the resemblance was striking.—

Page 308. *THE SOURCE OF THE DANNE*.—Before this quarter of the Black Fore inhabited, the source of the Danne have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described. In the present, the contrast is most striking. A spring appears in a capacious stone basin in front of a ducal palace, with a pleasure-garden opposite; then, passing under the park gates, it takes the form of a little, clear, bright, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over, and, entering the garden, it joins, after a

few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The copiousness of spring at Doneschingen must have procured the honour of being named the Source of Danube.—W.

Page 315. *Though searching damps*, etc.—The picture of the Last Supper has not only grievously injured by time, but the greatest of it, if not the whole, is said to have retouched, or painted over again. These es may be left to connoisseurs; I speak as I felt. The copy exhibited in London years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, both admirable; but in the original is a which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.—W.

Page 329. ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.—During the month of December, 1820, I spanied a much-beloved and honoured d in a walk through different parts of his with a view to fix upon the site of a new which he intended to erect. It was f the most beautiful mornings of a mild ; our feelings were in harmony with the hing influences of the scene; and such our purpose, we were naturally led to hack upon past events with wonder and ade, and on the future with hope. Not afterwards, some of the Sonnets which e found towards the close of this series produced as a private memorial of that ng's occupation.

e Catholic Question, which was agitated ariament about that time, kept my hts in the same course; and it struck me ertain points in the Ecclesiastical History country might advantageously be pre- l to view in verse. Accordingly, I took e subject, and what I now offer to the r was the result.

en this work was far advanced, I was ably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. ey, had been engaged with similar views iting a concise history of the Church in and. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate other, it will prove a high gratification to hich I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

DAL MOUNT, January 24, 1822.

the convenience of passing from one of the subject to another without shocks uptness, this work has taken the shape of of Sonnets; but the Reader, it is to be

hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.—W.

Page 329. *A verse may catch*, etc.—By George Herbert.

Page 338. *That, like the Red-cross Knight*.—In allusion to Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

Page 350. *And the green lizard*, etc.—These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," etc., and the line, "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet.—W.

Page 363. THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends, Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of advertising to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, February 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."—W.

Page 372. *Yet will we not conceal*, etc.—The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.—W.

Page 374. *Or like the Alpine Mount*, etc.—Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.—W.

Page 375. THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.—The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows:—



"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe," say the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—Dr. Whitaker's *History of the Deanery of Craven*. Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.—W.

Page 401. *Their Sabbath music*—"God us ayde."—On one of the bells of Rylstone Church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, "I. N.," for John Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde."—W.

Page 420. THE RIVER DUDDON.—A poet whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Rome":—

The rising Sun  
Flames on the ruins in the purer air  
Towering aloft;

and ends thus:—

The setting Sun displays  
His visible great round, between yon towers,  
As through two shady cliffs.

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, "Lewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast:—

To-morrow for severer thought, but now  
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years—the one which stands the fourteenth was the first produced, and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them.—W.

The "poet" of Wordsworth's note was John Dyer (1699-1758), author of "Grongar Hill," "The Fleece," and other works. "Mr. Crowe" was the Rev. William Crowe, author of "Lewesdon Hill."

Page 422. *There bloomed the strawberry*. etc.—These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenal Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Sympson. was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead School. His poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and animated. In describing motions of the Solips, that constitute strange machinery of his poem, he uses following illustrative simile:—

Glancing from their plumes  
A changeful light the azure vault illumines,  
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn  
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,  
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed  
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread.  
Where the lone native, as he homeward guides  
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides,  
And still the balance of his frame preserves,  
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curve  
Sees at a glance, above him and below,  
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow,  
Spurred in the centre of the world he seems;  
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;  
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray  
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day.

He was a man of ardent feeling, and faculties of mind, particularly his memory were extraordinary. Brief notices of his ought to find a place in the History of W. moreland.—W.

Page 426. RETURN.—The Eagle requires large domain for its support: but several years ago, were constantly residing in this country, building their nests in steeples of Borrowdale, Wasdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. I have heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its bar, the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle. There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seem to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, to check over the Passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail Raise, and of Hardknot and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The ROMAN FORT here alluded to, called by the country people

**Hardknot Castle**, is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by ysons. The **DRUIDICAL CIRCLE** is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending one-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it *Sunken Church*.—W.

Page 426. "*Mother of form and fear*."—quoted from a poem by Samuel Daniel.

Page 426. *When this low pile a gospel wher knew*, i.e., the Rev. Robert Walker, whom the poet wrote at some length in 1656; in the seventh book of "*The Excursion*" an abstract of his character is given beginning "*A Priest abides*."

Page 432. *We feel that we are greater than we know*.—"And feel that I am happier than I know."—MILTON.

Page 433. *Perilous is sweeping change*, etc. "All change is perilous, all chance unkind."—SPENSER.

Page 435. **TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS**.—In 1830 Wordsworth noted that the reproach of this sonnet was no longer applicable.

Page 436. *Young England*, etc.—This was the name of a small political party of seceders from Sir Robert Peel when that statesman set himself against the Protectionist policy.

Page 480. **ON THE DEPARTURE**, etc.—Wordsworth arrived at Abbotsford on September 21, 1831, and Scott set out for Italy ten days later; he died at Abbotsford on September 21 of the following year.

Page 487. **HART'S-HORN TREE**.—"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, Scotland, and back again to this place; here, both being spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just

by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhyme was made upon them:—

Hercules kill'd Hart a greese,  
And Hart a greese killed Hercules.

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."—*Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*.

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions, viz., Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont; Long Meg and her daughters, near Eden, etc., etc.—W.

Page 541. **TO THE RIVER GRETA**.—Many years ago, when I was at Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said that "the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the North of England, "to greet," signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up that name till within three miles of its disappearance in the River Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his "*Colloquies*," "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most memorable kind: 'ambiguo

*lapsu refuitque fluitque, Occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas.*"—W.

*Page 543. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*—"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and, with about twenty attendants, landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alteration in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.—W.

*Page 545. And they are led by noble Hillary.*—THE TOWER OF REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the lifeboat establishment at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.—W.

*Page 546. BY A RETIRED MARINER.*—This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.—W.

*Page 550. IONA: UPON LANDING.*—Wordsworth explains that the four last lines of this sonnet "are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do."

*Page 554. TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.*—This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.—W.

*Page 560. TO —, UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD, &c., to the wife of the poet's son John.*

*Page 595. THE SIMPLON PASS.*—lines form part of Book VI. of "The Piel

*Page 601. THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.*—Having been told, upon what I the good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it had been walled up, I gave vent immediately to feelings in these stanzas. But, going to the place some time after, I found, with my delight, my old favourite unmolested.—W.

*Page 613. He said, When I am there.*—These words were quoted to me from "Y. Unvisited," by Sir Walter Scott, when I met him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy; and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon me from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of coming to him thither.—W. See note to page 480.

*Page 619. THE PINK OF MONTE MARINO.*—Within a couple of hours of my arrival in Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the pink as described in the sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, was told by an acquaintance of my travelling companion, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for the late Sir G. Beaumont's, upon condition the proprietor should not act upon his intention of cutting it down.—W.

*Page 639. THE BORDERERS.*—This Dramatic Piece was composed in 1795-6. It lay dormant from that time till within the last two or three months unregarded among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions in my mind which made me unwilling to deposit the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own lifetime rather than impose upon my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was originally written, and is now published, without the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the leading Persons of the Drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that, as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from the very opposite qualities, so are there no in-

the hardening of the heart, and the per-  
 sion of the understanding to which they  
 carry their slaves. During my long resi-  
 ce in France, while the Revolution was  
 dily advancing to its extreme of wicked-  
 ness, I had frequent opportunities of being  
 eye-witness of this process, and it was  
 le that knowledge was fresh upon my  
 nory, that the Tragedy of "The Borderers"  
 composed.—W., 1842.

### THE PREFACE.

Page 755. *Upon the borders of the unhappy*  
 re.—Beaupuy was General Michel Beaupuy.  
 ee his biography, by G. Bussiere and Emile  
 ouis.

Page 757. *O, happy time of youthful lovers,*  
 —From this line to the end of Book IX.  
 summary of "Vaudracour and Julia."—  
 p. 73.

Page 764. *As Lear reproached the winds.*—  
 "King Lear," Act III., Sc. 2.

Page 787. *The name of Calvert.*—See note  
 p. 210.

### THE EXCURSION.

Page 832. *Of Mississippi or that northern*  
*am, etc.*—"A man is supposed to improve  
 going out into the *World*, by visiting *London*.  
 icial man does; he extends with his  
 ere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic;  
 formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his  
 uine vision to the artist, in order to embrace  
 n his ken. His bodily senses grow acute,  
 n to barren and inhuman pruriency, while  
 mental become proportionally obtuse. The  
 erse is the Man of Mind: he who is placed  
 he sphere of Nature and of God, might be  
 pock at Tattersall's and Brooks's, and a  
 er at St. James's: he would certainly be  
 blowed alive by the first *Pizarro* that crossed  
 :—But when he walks along the river of  
 azons; when he rests his eye on the un-  
 lled Andes; when he measures the long

and watered savannah; or contemplates, from  
 a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific  
 —and feels himself a freeman in this vast  
 theatre, and commanding each ready produced  
 fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of  
 this stream—his exaltation is not less than  
 imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great;  
 his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his  
 elevation of sentiment; for he says, "These  
 were made by a good Being, who, unsought  
 by me, placed me here to enjoy them." He  
 becomes at once a child and a king. His  
 mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and  
 from hence he acts, and he argues unerringly,  
 and he acts magisterially; his mind in himself  
 is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and  
 therefore he soars."—From the notes upon  
 "The Hurricane," a Poem, by William Gilbert.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the  
 above quotation, which, though from a strange  
 book, is one of the finest passages of modern  
 English prose.—W.

Page 861. *Or rather, as we stand on holy*  
*earth, etc.*—Compare "The Brothers," p. 43.

Page 899. *Perish the roses and the flowers of*  
*Kings.*—The "Transit gloria mundi" is finely  
 expressed in the Introduction to the Founda-  
 tion-charters of some of the ancient Abbeys.  
 Some expressions here used are taken from  
 that of the Abbey of St. Mary's, Furness, the  
 translation of which is as follows:—"Con-  
 sidering every day the uncertainty of life, that  
 the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and  
 Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the  
 great, wither and decay; and that all things,  
 with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolu-  
 tion and death: I therefore," etc.—W.

Page 913. *Binding herself by statute, etc.*—  
 The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous  
 facilities for carrying this into effect; and it is  
 impossible to overrate the benefit which might  
 accrue to humanity from the universal applica-  
 tion of this simple engine under an enlightened  
 and conscientious government.—W.

"Dr. Bell" was Andrew Bell (1753-1832),  
 founder of the Madras system of education.

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